

WORLD



REVOLUTION

THE PLOT AGAINST CIVILISATION

Nesta
WEBSTER

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ANTHONY GITTENS

Bind flat

WORLD REVOLUTION

THE PLOT AGAINST CIVILIZATION

BY

NESTA H. WEBSTER
(MRS. ARTHUR WEBSTER)

AUTHOR OF "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: A STUDY IN DEMOCRACY"
"THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS," ETC.



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"Si les hommes comprenaient la révolution aujourd'hui,
elle finirait demain."

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE in 1811.

"Les personnes qui ignorent la véritable situation des choses, et le nombre en est grand, s'imaginent que les sociétés secrètes ont pour objet l'alliance des peuples contre les rois; c'est une erreur capitale. Les sociétés secrètes sont ennemies des uns et des autres; elles flattent les passions, elles excitent les divisions, les haines, les vengeances; mais c'est à leur profit, ou plutôt à celui de quelques ambitieux qui ne voudraient détrôner les rois que pour mieux opprimer les sujets."

LOMBARD DE LANGRES in 1819.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

IN reply to numerous enquiries as to whether the statements I made in *The French Revolution* have since been disproved, I take this opportunity to say that, as far as I am aware, no one has attempted to bring forward any contrary evidence. The Socialist press was completely silent, whilst hostile reviewers in the general press contented themselves with saying the work was "biassed," but without quoting chapter and verse in support of this assertion. My book was not intended to be the last word on the French Revolution, but the first attempt, in English, to tell the truth, and had my view on any essential point been shown to be erroneous, I should have been perfectly ready to readjust it in further editions. No such honest challenge was made, however; my opponents preferring the method of creating prejudice against my work by attributing to me views I never expressed. Thus, at the moment of this book going to press, it has been brought to my notice that I am represented as having attacked British Freemasonry. This can only have been said in malice, as I have always clearly differentiated between British and Continental masonry, showing the former to be an honourable association not only hostile to subversive doctrines but a strong supporter of law, order, and religion. (See *The French Revolution*, pp. 20 and 492.) I am in fact indebted to certain distinguished British masons for valuable help and advice in my work, which I here gratefully acknowledge.

▼

FOREWORD

AMONGST all the books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles that are now devoted to the World Revolution through which we are passing, it is strange to notice how little scientific investigation is being brought to bear on the origins of the movement. A frequent explanation advanced, and, I believe, the most fallacious, is that the present unrest must be attributed to "war weariness." Human nature, we are told, exasperated by the protracted horror of the recent international conflict, has become the victim of a *crise de nerfs* which finds its expression in world-wide discontent. In support of this theory we are reminded that former wars have likewise been followed by periods of social disturbance, and that by a process of analogy the symptoms may be expected to subside as the strain of war is relieved, in the same manner as they have subsided hitherto. It is true that political conflicts between nations have frequently in the past been followed by social upheavals — the Napoleonic Wars by industrial troubles in England, the Franco-Prussian War by revolutionary agitation not only in the land of the conquered, but of the conquerors — but to regard these social manifestations as the direct outcome of the preceding international conflict is to mistake contributing for fundamental causes. Revolution is not the product of war, but a malady that a nation suffering from the after-effects of a war is most likely to develop, just as a man enfeebled by fatigue is more liable to contract disease than one who is in a state of perfect vigour.

Yet this predisposing cause is by no means essential to the outbreak of revolutionary fever. The great French Revolution was not immediately preceded by a war of any magnitude, and to the observant mind England in 1914 was as near to revolution as in 1919. The intervening World War, far from producing the explosion in this country, merely retarded it by rallying citizens of all classes around the standard of national defence.

The truth is that for the last one hundred and forty-five years the fire of revolution has smouldered steadily beneath the ancient structure of civilization, and already at moments has burst out into flame threatening to destroy to its very foundations that social edifice which eighteen centuries have been spent in constructing. The crisis of today is then no development of modern times, but a mere continuation of the immense movement that began in the middle of the eighteenth century. In a word, it is all one and the same revolution — the revolution that found its first expression in France of 1789. Both in its nature and its aims it differs entirely from former revolutions which had for their origin some localized or temporary cause. The revolution through which we are now passing is not local but universal, it is not political but social, and its causes must be sought not in popular discontent, but in a deep-laid conspiracy that uses the people to their own undoing.

In order to follow its course we must realize the dual nature of the movement by studying concurrently the outward revolutionary forces of Socialism, Anarchism, etc., and the hidden power behind them as indicated in the chart accompanying this work. The present writer believes that hitherto no book has been written on precisely these lines; many valuable works have been devoted to secret societies, others to the surface history of revolution, but none so far has attempted to trace the connection between the two in the form of a continuous narrative. The object of this book is therefore to describe not only the evolution of Socialist and Anarchist ideas and their effects in succeeding revolutionary outbreaks, but at the same time to follow the workings of that occult force, terrible, unchanging, relentless, and wholly destructive, which constitutes the greatest menace that has ever confronted the human race.

Parts of Chapters I and III appeared in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, and certain later passages in *The Morning Post*.

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CHAPTER I:

ILLUMINISM

The Philosophers — Rousseau — Secret Societies — Freemasonry — Adam Weishaupt — The Illuminati — Congress of Wilhelmsbad — Illuminati suppressed.

It is a commonly accepted opinion that the great revolutionary movement which began at the end of the eighteenth century originated with the philosophers of France, particularly with Rousseau. This is only to state half the case; Rousseau was not the originator of his doctrines, and if we were to seek the cause of revolution in mere philosophy it would be necessary to go a great deal further back than Rousseau — to Mably, to the *Utopia* of Thomas More, and even to Pythagoras and Plato.

At the same time it is undoubtedly true that Rousseau was the principal medium through which the doctrines of these earlier philosophers were brought home to the intelligentzia of eighteenth century France, and that his *Contrat Social* and *Discours sur l'origine de l'inégalité parmi les hommes* contained the germs of modern Socialism in all its forms. The theory of Rousseau that has the most important bearing on the theme of this book might be expressed in the colloquial phrase that "Civilization is all wrong" and that salvation for the human race lies in a return to nature. According to Rousseau, civilization had proved the bane of humanity; in his primitive state Man was free and happy, only under the paralysing influence of social restraints had his liberty been curtailed, whilst to the laws of property alone was due the fact that a large proportion of mankind had fallen into servitude. "The first man who bethought himself of saying 'This is mine,' and found

people simple enough to believe him was the real founder of civil society. What crimes, what wars, what murders, what miseries and horrors would he have spared the human race who, snatching away the spades and filling in the ditches, had cried out to his fellows: 'Beware of listening to this impostor; you are lost if you forget that the fruits of the earth belong to all and the earth to no one.'"¹ In these words the whole principle of Communism is to be found.

There is a certain substratum of truth in Rousseau's indictment of civilization — a substratum common to all dangerous errors. For if there were no truth at the bottom of false philosophies they would obtain no credence, and thus could never constitute a menace to the world. Rousseau's gigantic error was to argue that because there are certain evils attendant on civilization therefore civilization is wrong from the beginning. As well might one point to a neglected patch in a garden and say: "See the results of cultivation!" In order to remedy the evils of the existing social system more civilization, not less, is needed. Civilization in its higher aspects, not in the mere acquisition of the physical amenities of life, or even of artistic and scientific knowledge, but in the sphere of *moral aspiration* is all that separates Man from the brute. Destroy civilization in its entirety and the human race sinks to the level of the jungle in which the only law is that of the strong over the weak, the only incentive the struggle for material needs. For although Rousseau's injunction, "Go back into the woods and become men!" may be excellent advice if interpreted as a temporary measure, "go back into the woods and remain there" is a counsel for anthropoid apes.

It would be idle, however, to refute the folly of Rousseau's theories, to show that in Nature Communism does not exist, that the first creature to establish the law of property was not man staking out his claim, but the first bird appropriating the branch of a tree whereon to build its nest, the first rabbit selecting the spot wherein to burrow out his hole — a right that no other bird or rabbit has ever dreamt of disputing.

¹ *Discours sur l'inégalité des conditions.*

As to the distribution of the "fruits of the earth" one has only to watch two thrushes on the lawn disputing over a worm to see how the question of food supply is settled in primitive society. Nothing could be more absurd than Rousseau's conception of ideal barbarians living together on the principle of "Do as you would be done by"; only a dreamer utterly unacquainted with the real conditions of primitive life — the life of rule by the strongest, of pitiless preying on the weak and helpless — could have conjured up such a vision.¹

Even eighteenth-century France, with all its avidity for novelty and its dreams of "a return to Nature," never regarded the primitive Utopia of Rousseau in the light of an attainable ideal, and it is as inconceivable that the philosophy of the *Discours sur l'inégalité* should have led to the attempt to overthrow civilization in 1793 as that the mockeries of Voltaire should have led to the Feasts of Reason and the desecration of the churches. The teaching of Rousseau never reached the people to any appreciable extent, his influence was confined to the aristocracy and *bourgeoisie*, and it was certainly not the hyper-civilized *habitués* of the salons nor the prosperous *bourgeois* of the provinces, nor indeed was it Rousseau himself, living on the bounty of the most dissolute amongst the rich and sharing their vices, who would have welcomed a return to aboriginal conditions of life.

The salons toyed with the philosophy of Rousseau as they toyed with any new thing — Mesmerism, Martinism, Magic — whilst the disgruntled members of the middle class who took him seriously used his theories merely as a lever for stirring up hatred against the class by which they believed themselves to be slighted, and never dreamt of emulating the Caribbean savages held up to their admiration by the exponent of primitive equality.

¹ On the Indian frontier, where still to-day no laws exist, the inhabitants are obliged to resort to the plan of building towers reached only by ladders wherein to sleep at night, and by ascending into these refuges and pulling the ladders up after them they are able to slumber in comparative security from assassination. Equality of wealth is maintained by the same primitive methods. "How do you prevent any one getting too rich?" a British general inquired of an inhabitant of the Swat Valley, where a rudimentary form of Communism is carried out. "We cut his throat," was the brief reply.

It is not then to the philosophers, but to the source whence they drew many of their inspirations, that the great dynamic force of the Revolution must be attributed. Rousseau and Voltaire were Freemasons; the *Encyclopédie* was published under the auspices of the same order.¹ Without this powerful aid the drawing-room doctrinaires of the eighteenth century could no more have brought about the mighty cataclysm of 1789 than could the Fabian Society have produced the world revolution of to-day. The organization of the Secret Societies was needed to transform the theorizings of the philosophers into a concrete and formidable system for the destruction of civilization.

In order to trace the origins of these sects it would be necessary to go back quite six centuries before the first French Revolution. As early as 1185 an order had been formed, calling itself the "Confrérie de la Paix," with the main object of putting an end to wars, but also with the idea of establishing community of land. In their attacks on the nobles and clergy, the Confrères thus expressed their belief in the system now known as nationalization: "By what right do they invade the goods that should be common to all such as the meadows, the woods, the game that runs about the fields and forests, the fish that people the rivers and the ponds, gifts that Nature destines equally to all her children?" Accordingly the Confrères set out to destroy the châteaux and monasteries, but the nobles arming themselves in self-defence ended by destroying the "Confrérie."²

It will be seen, therefore, that Rousseau in attacking the rights of property was proclaiming a doctrine that had not only been preached but which it had actually been attempted to put into practice in France 600 years earlier.

The fact that the Confrères of the twelfth century had been thus summarily suppressed did not prevent the formation of further subversive sects; early in the following century came the Albigeois professing much the same

¹ *Martinès de Pasqually*, by Papus, President of the Supreme Council of the Martiniste Order (1895), p. 146.

² *Recherches politiques et historiques*, by the Chevalier de Malet (1817), p. 17.

doctrines; in 1250 a Hungarian ex-priest named Jacobi organized a crusade against the priests and nobles, and at about the same date the order of the Templars was founded in Jerusalem by certain *gentilshommes* of Picardy during the Crusades. On their return to France the Knights Templars instituted themselves as a power independent of the Monarchy, and under their Grand Master, Jacques du Molay, rose against the authority of the King, Philippe le Bel. In 1312 several of their number were arrested and accused, amongst other things, of spitting on the crucifix and of denying the Christ. In the course of their cross-examination they declared that they had not been fully initiated into the Statutes of the Order, and that they suspected "that there were two sorts, some that were shown to the public, others that were carefully hidden and were not even known to all the Knights."¹

Jacques du Molay and several of the leaders were executed, and, according to the Chevalier de Malet, "those who had escaped the storm afterwards met in obscurity so as to re-knit the ties that had united them, and in order to avoid fresh denunciations they made use of allegorical methods which indicated the basis of their association in a manner unintelligible to the eyes of the vulgar: that is the origin of the Free Masons."²

This last assertion finds further confirmation from the Martiniste Papus, who explains that the "Grand Chapter" of French Freemasonry founded in the eighteenth century was constituted under the Templars, "that is to say that their most eminent members are animated by the desire to avenge Jacobus Burgundus Molay and his companions for the assassination of which they were the victims on the part of two tyrannical powers: Royalty and Papacy."³

Meanwhile Freemasonry in England had developed

¹ *Recherches politiques et historiques*, by the Chevalier de Malet (1817), p. 37. ² *Ibid.* p. 39.

³ *Martinès de Pasqually*, by Papus, p. 140. In the above passages I have only touched very briefly on the origins of Continental masonry, as the subject was recently fully dealt with in the very interesting articles that appeared in the *Morning Post* during July 1920 under the title of *The Cause of World Unrest*, and republished in pamphlet form by Grant Richards.

along quite different lines. This is not the place to discuss its aims or origins; suffice it to say that although French Freemasonry of the Grande Loge Nationale derived from one of the same sources — the Confrérie of the Rose Croix — and received its first charters from the Grand Lodge of London (founded in 1717), the two Orders must not be confounded. The craft masonry of Britain, which was largely a development of the real guild of working masons, has always retained the spirit of brotherly association and general benevolence which animated its founders, and has adhered throughout to the principle that "nothing touching religion or government shall ever be spoken of in the Lodge."¹

In France, however, as in other Continental countries, the lodges speedily became centres of political intrigue. The *Grand Orient*, founded in 1772, with the Duc de Chartres (later Philippe Egalité) as its Grand Master, was an undeniably subversive body, and by a coalition with the Grand Chapter in 1786 acquired a far more dangerous character. For whilst "the spirit of the Grand Orient was frankly democratic (though not demagogic)," the spirit of the Grand Chapter was revolutionary, "but the Revolution was to be accomplished above all for the benefit of the upper class² (*la haute bourgeoisie*), with the people as its instrument." The brothers of the Templar rite, that is to say, of the Grand Chapter, were thus "the real fomentors of revolutions, the others were only docile agents."³ In the opinion of Papus and of contemporary masons themselves the Revolution of 1789 was the outcome of this combination.⁴

Indeed the influence of Freemasonry on the French Revolution cannot be denied by any honest inquirer into the causes of that great upheaval, and, as we shall see later, the French Freemasons themselves proudly claimed the Revolution as their work. It was thus that George Sand, herself a mason (for the Grand Orient from the beginning admitted women to the Order), wrote long afterwards: "Half a century before those days marked out by destiny

¹ Robison, *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, p. 10.

² *Ibid.* p. 144.

³ Papus, *op. cit.* p. 139.

⁴ *Ibid.* pp. 142, 144, 146.

. . . the French Revolution was fermenting in the dark and hatching below ground. It was maturing in the minds of believers to the point of fanaticism, in the form of a dream of universal revolution. . . ." ¹

The Socialist historian, Louis Blanc, also a Freemason, has thrown much light on the question of these occult forces.

We know, moreover, that George Sand was right in attributing to the Secret Societies the origin of the revolutionary war-cry, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Long before the Revolution broke out the formula "Liberty and Equality" had been current in the lodges of the Grand Orient — a formula that sounds wholly pacific, yet which holds within it a whole world of discord. For observe the contradiction: it is impossible to have complete liberty and equality, the two are mutually exclusive. It is possible to have a system of complete liberty in which every man is free to behave as he pleases, to do what he will with his own, to rob or to murder, to live, that is to say, under the law of the jungle, rule by the strongest, but there is no equality there. Or one may have a system of absolute equality, of cutting every one down to the same dead level, of crushing all incentive in man to rise above his fellows, but there is no liberty there. So Grand Orient Freemasonry, by coupling together two words for ever incompatible, threw into the arena an apple of discord over which the world has never ceased to quarrel from that day to this, and which has throughout divided the revolutionary forces into two opposing camps.

As to the word Fraternity, which completes the masonic formula, we find that this was added by a further Secret Society, the Martinistes, founded in 1754 by a Portuguese Jew, Martinez Paschalis (or Pasqually), who had evolved a system out of gnosticism, Judaized Christianity, and the philosophies of Greece and of the East.

This Order split up into two branches, one continued by Saint-Martin, a disciple of Martinez Paschalis, but also of Jacob Boehme, and a fervent Christian, and the other a more or less revolutionary body by which the lodge of the

¹ *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*, ii. 219.

Philalèthes was founded in Paris. In the book of Saint-Martin, *Des erreurs et de la vérité*, published in 1775, the formula "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" is referred to as "le ternaire sacré."

The Martinistes, frequently referred to in French contemporary records as the Illuminés, were in reality dreamers and fanatics,¹ and must not be confounded with the Order of the Illuminati of Bavaria that came into existence twenty-two years later. It is by this "terrible and formidable sect" that the gigantic plan of World Revolution was worked out under the leadership of the man whom Louis Blanc has truly described as "the profoundest conspirator that has ever existed."

Adam Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati, was born on the 6th of February, 1748. His early training by the Jesuits had inspired him with a violent dislike for their Order, and he turned with eagerness to the subversive teaching of the French philosophers and the anti-Christian doctrines of the Manicheans. It is said that he was also indoctrinated into Egyptian occultism by a certain merchant of unknown origin from Jutland, named Kölmer, who was travelling about Europe during the year 1771 in search of adepts.² Weishaupt, who combined the practical German brain with the cunning of Machiavelli, spent no less than five years thinking out a plan by which all these ideas should be reduced to a system, and at the end of this period he had evolved the following theory:

Civilization, Weishaupt held with Rousseau, was a mistake: it had developed along the wrong lines, and to this cause all the inequalities of human life were due. "Man," he declared, "is fallen from the condition of Liberty and Equality, the State of Pure Nature. He is under subordination and civil bondage arising from the vices of Man. This is the Fall and Original Sin." The first step towards regaining the state of primitive liberty consisted in learning to do without things. Man must divest himself of all the trappings laid on him by civilization and return to nomadic

¹ "The Martinistes, whose tendencies were purely scientific, passed frequently for madmen and despised politics" (Papus, *op. cit.* p. 55).

² *Les Sectes et sociétés secrètes*, by the Comte Le Couteux de Canteleu (1863), p. 152.

conditions — even clothing, food, and fixed abodes should be abandoned. Necessarily, therefore, all arts and sciences must be abolished. "Do the common sciences afford real enlightenment, real human happiness? or are they not rather children of necessity, the complicated needs of a state contrary to Nature, the inventions of vain and empty brains?" Moreover, "are not many of the complicated needs of civilization the means of retaining in power the mercantile class (Kaufmannschaft), which if allowed any authority in the government would inevitably end by exercising the most formidable and despotic power? You will see it dictating the law to the universe, and from it will perhaps ensue the independence of one part of the world, the slavery of the other. For he is a master who can arouse and foresee, stifle, satisfy, or lessen needs. And who can do that better than tradesmen?"

Once released from the bondage civilization imposes, Man must then be self-governing. "Why," asked Weishaupt, "should it be impossible to the human race to attain its highest perfection, the capacity for governing itself?" For this reason not only should kings and nobles be abolished, but even a Republic should not be tolerated, and the people should be taught to do without any controlling authority, any law, or any civil code. In order to make this system a success it would be necessary only to inculcate in Man "a just and steady morality," and since Weishaupt professed to share Rousseau's belief in the inherent goodness of human nature this would not be difficult, and society might then "go on peaceably in a state of perfect Liberty and Equality." For since the only real obstacle to human perfection lay in the restraints imposed on Man by artificial conditions of life, the removal of these must inevitably restore him to his primitive virtue. "Man is not bad except as he is made so by arbitrary morality. He is bad because Religion, the State, and bad examples pervert him." It was necessary, therefore, to root out from his mind all ideas of a Hereafter, all fear of retribution for evil deeds, and to substitute for these superstitions the religion of Reason. "When at least Reason becomes the religion of men, then will the problem be solved."

After deliverance from the bondage of religion, the loosening of all social ties must follow. Both family and national life must cease to exist so as to "make of the human race one good and happy family." The origins of patriotism and the love of kindred are thus described by Weishaupt in the directions given to his Hierophants for the instruction of initiates:

At the moment when men united themselves into nations they ceased to recognise themselves under a common name. Nationalism or National Love took the place of universal love. With the division of the globe and its countries benevolence restricted itself behind boundaries that it was never again to transgress. Then it became a virtue to spread out at the expense of those who did not happen to be under our dominion. Then in order to attain this goal, it became permissible to despise foreigners, and to deceive and to offend them. This virtue was called Patriotism. That man was called a Patriot, who, whilst just towards his own people, was unjust to others, who blinded himself to the merits of foreigners and took for perfections the vices of his own country. So one sees that Patriotism gave birth to Localism, to the family spirit, and finally to Egoism. Thus the origin of states or governments of civil society was the seed of discord and Patriotism found its punishment in itself. . . . Diminish, do away with this love of country, and men will once more learn to know and love each other as men; there will be no more partiality, the ties between hearts will unroll and extend.¹

In these words, the purest expression of Internationalism as it is expounded today, Weishaupt displayed an ignorance of primeval conditions of life as profound as that of Rousseau. The idea of palaeolithic man, whose skeleton is usually exhumed with a flint instrument or other weapon of warfare grasped in its hand, passing his existence in a state of "universal love," is simply ludicrous. It was not, however, in his diatribes against civilization that Weishaupt surpassed Rousseau, but in the plan he devised for overthrowing it. Rousseau had merely paved the way for revolution; Weishaupt constructed the actual machinery of revolution itself.

It was on the 1st of May 1776 that Weishaupt's five

¹ *Nachtrag . . . Originalschriften (des Illuminaten Ordens), Zweite Abtheilung*, p. 65.

years of meditation resulted in his founding the secret society that he named, after bygone philosophical systems, the Illuminati.¹ All the members were required to adopt classical names: thus Weishaupt took that of Spartacus, the leader of an insurrection of slaves in ancient Rome; his principal ally, Herr von Zwack, privy councillor to the Prince von Salm, became Cato; the Marquis di Constanza, Diomedes; Massenhausen, Ajax; Hertel, Marius; the Baron von Schroeckenstein, Mahomed; the Baron Mengenhofen, Sylla, etc. In the same way the names of places were changed to those celebrated in antiquity; Munich, the headquarters of the system, was to be known as Athens; Ingoldstadt, the birthplace of Illuminism, as Ephesus, or to the adepts initiated into the inner mysteries of the Order, as Eleusis; Heidelberg as Utica, Bavaria as Achaia, Suabia as Pannonia, etc. For greater secrecy in correspondence the word Illuminism was to be replaced by the cypher ϕ , and the word lodge by \square . The calendar also was to be reconstructed and the months known by names suggestive of Hebrew origin — January as Dimeh, February as Benmeh, etc. For the letters of the alphabet a complete code of figures was constructed, beginning with *m* as number 1, and working back to *a* and on to *z*.

The grades of the Order were a combination of the grades of Freemasonry and the degrees belonging to the Jesuits. Weishaupt, as has already been said, detested the Jesuits, but recognizing the efficiency of their methods in acquiring influence over the minds of their disciples, he conceived the idea of adopting their system to his own purpose. "He admired," says the Abbé Barruel, "the institutions of the founders of this Order, he admired above all those laws, that régime of the Jesuits, which under one head made so many men dispersed all over the universe tend towards the same object; he felt that one might imitate their methods whilst proposing to himself views diametrically opposed. He said to himself: 'What all these men have done for altars and empires, why should I not do against altars and empires? By the attraction of

¹ A German sect of this name professing Satanism, with which Weishaupt's Order may have been connected, existed in the fifteenth century.

mysteries, of legends, of adepts, why should not I destroy in the dark what they erect in the light of day? ' "

Weishaupt at first entertained hopes of persuading other ex-Jesuits to join the society, but having succeeded in enlisting only two he became more than ever the enemy of their Order, and injunctions were given to his adepts to admit no Jews or Jesuits to the sect of the Illuminati unless by special permission. " Ex-Jesuits," he wrote emphatically, " must be avoided as the plague."

It was in the training of adepts that Weishaupt showed his profound subtlety. Proselytes were not to be admitted at once to the secret aims of Illuminism, but initiated step by step into the higher mysteries — and the greatest caution was to be exercised not to reveal to the novice doctrines that might be likely to revolt him. For this purpose the initiators must acquire the habit of " talking backwards and forwards " so as not to commit themselves. " One must speak," Weishaupt explained to the Superiors of the Order, " sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, so that our real purpose should remain impenetrable to our inferiors."

Thus to certain novices (the *novices écossais*) the Illuminati must profess to disapprove of revolutions, and demonstrate the advantages of proceeding by peaceful methods towards the attainment of *world domination*. But to the Minerval the plan of world power must not be revealed; on the contrary, one of the opening sentences in the initiation for this grade runs as follows: " After two years' reflection, experience, intercourse, reading of the graduated writings and information, you will necessarily have formed the impression that the final aim of our society is nothing less than to win power and riches, to undermine secular or religious government and to obtain the mastery of the world." *Qui s'excuse s'accuse* indeed! The passage then goes on to say vaguely that this is not the case and that the Order only demands of the initiate the fulfilment of his obligations. Nor must antagonism to religion be admitted; on the contrary, Christ was to be represented as the first author of Illuminism, whose secret mission was to restore to men the original liberty and

equality they had lost in the Fall. "No one," the novice should be told, "paved so sure a way for liberty as our Grand Master Jesus of Nazareth, and if Christ exhorted his disciples to despise riches it was in order to prepare the world for that community of goods that should do away with property."

This device proved particularly successful not only with young novices, but with men of all ranks and ages. "The most admirable thing of all," wrote Spartacus triumphantly to Cato, "is that great Protestant and reformed theologians (Lutherans and Calvinists) who belong to our Order really believe they see in it the true and genuine mind of the Christian religion. Oh! man, what cannot you be brought to believe!" By this means, as Philo (the Baron von Knigge) later on pointed out, the Order was able "to tickle those who have a hankering for religion."

It was not, then, until his admission to the higher grades that the adept was initiated into the real intentions of Illuminism with regard to religion. When he reached the grade of Illuminated Major or Minor, of Scotch Knight, Epopte, or Priest he was told the whole secret of the Order in a discourse by the Initiator:

Remember that from the first invitations which we have given you in order to attract you to us, we commenced by telling you that in the projects of our Order there did not enter any designs against religion. You remember that such an assurance was given you when you were admitted into the ranks of our novices, and that it was repeated when you entered into our Minerval Academy. . . . You remember with what art, with what simulated respect we have spoken to you of Christ and of his gospel; but in the grades of greater Illuminism, of Scotch Knight, and of Epopte or Priest, how we have to know to form from Christ's gospel that of our reason, and from its religion that of nature, and from religion, reason, morality and Nature, to make the religion and morality of the rights of man, of equality and of liberty. . . . We have had many prejudices to overcome in you before being able to persuade you that the pretended religion of Christ was nothing else than the work of priests, of imposture and of tyranny. If it be so with that religion so much proclaimed and admired, what are we to think of other religions? Understand then that they have all the same fictions for their origin, that they are all equally founded on lying, error, chimera and imposture. Behold our secret. . . . If in order to destroy

all Christianity, all religion, we have pretended to have the sole true religion, remember that the end justifies the means, and that the wise ought to take all the means to do good which the wicked take to do evil. Those which we have taken to deliver you, those which we have taken to deliver one day the human race from all religion, are nothing else than a pious fraud which we reserve to unveil one day in the grade of Magus or Philosopher Illuminated.

But all this was unknown to the novice, whose confidence being won by the simulation of religion was enjoined to strict obedience. Amongst the questions put to him were the following:

If you came to discover anything wrong or unjust to be done under the Order what line would you take?

Will you and can you regard the good of the Order as your own good?

Will you give to our Society the right of life and death?

Do you bind yourself to absolute and unreserved obedience? And do you know the force of this undertaking?

By way of warning as to the consequences of betraying the Order a forcible illustration was included in the ceremony of initiation. Taking a naked sword from the table, the Initiator held the point against the heart of the novice with these words:

If you are only a traitor and perjurer learn that all our brothers are called upon to arm themselves against you. Do not hope to escape or to find a place of safety. Wherever you are, shame, remorse, and the rage of our brothers will pursue you and torment you to the innermost recesses of your entrails.

It will thus be seen that the Liberty vaunted by the leaders of the Illuminati had no existence, and that iron discipline was in reality the watchword of the Order.

A great point impressed upon the adepts — of which we shall see the importance later — was that they should not be known as Illuminati; this rule was particularly enforced in the case of those described as "enrollers," and by way of attracting proselytes they were further admonished to be irreproachable. "The Superiors of the Order are to be regarded as the most perfect and enlightened of men; they must not even permit any doubts on their infallibility." Therefore to the enrollers it was said: "Apply yourselves to inward and outward perfection," but also

"Apply yourselves to the art of counterfeit, of hiding and masking yourselves when observing others, so as to penetrate into their minds (Die Kunst zu erlernen, andere zu beobachten und auszuforschen)." These precepts were summed up in the one phrase: "Keep silence, be perfect, mask yourselves." How far the founder of the Order had himself attained perfection was subsequently revealed by the discovery of his papers, amongst which was found a letter from Weishaupt to Hertel in 1783, confessing that he had seduced his sister-in-law, and adding: "I am therefore in danger of losing my honour and that reputation which gave me so much authority over our world."

For a time this reputation for perfectibility was successfully maintained for the benefit of the members, who would have been revolted by a breach of morality, and only those likely to be attracted by it were to be allowed to know of the laxity permitted by the Order.

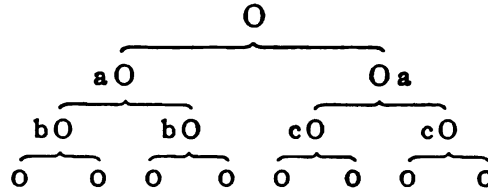
Women were also to be enlisted as Illuminati by being given "hints of emancipation."¹ "Through women," wrote Weishaupt, "one may often work the best in the world; to insinuate ourselves with these and to win them over should be one of our cleverest studies. More or less they can all be led towards change by vanity, curiosity, sensuality, and inclination. From this can one draw much profit for the good cause. This sex has a large part of the world in its hands."² The female adepts were then to be divided into two classes, each with its own secret, the first to consist of virtuous women who would give an air of respectability to the Order, the second of "light women," "who would help to satisfy those brothers who have a penchant for pleasure." But the present utility of both classes would consist in providing funds for the society. Fools with money, whether men or women, were to be particularly welcomed. "These good people," wrote Spartacus to Ajax and Cato, "swell our numbers and fill our money-box; set yourselves to work; these gentlemen must be made to nibble at the bait. . . . But let us beware of telling them our secrets, this sort of people *must always*

¹ Heckethorn's *Secret Societies*, ii. 34.

² *Neuesten Arbeiten des Spartacus und Philo*, vi. 139.

be made to believe that the grade they have reached is the last."¹

The sect was thus to consist of Weishaupt and the adepts who had been initiated into the inner mysteries, and, besides these, of a large following of simple and credulous people who could be kept in ignorance of the real goal towards which they were being driven. Weishaupt's method for obtaining proselytes is thus shown by a diagram in the code of the Illuminati:



(Reproduced from *Originalschriften des Illuminaten Ordens, Zweite Abtheilung*, p. 60.)

Naturally the least educated classes offered a wide field for Weishaupt's activities. "It is also necessary," runs the code of the Illuminati, "to gain the common people (das gemeine Volk) to our Order. The great means to that end is influence in the schools. One can also succeed, now by liberty, now by striking an effect, and at other times by humiliating oneself, by making oneself popular, or enduring with an air of patience prejudices that one can gradually root out later."²

Espionage formed a large part of Weishaupt's programme. The adepts known as the "Insinuating Brothers" were enjoined to assume the rôle of "observers" and "reporters"; "every person shall be made a spy on another and on all around him"; "friends, relations, enemies, those who are indifferent — all without exception shall be the object of his inquiries; he shall attempt to discover their strong side and their weak, their passions, their prejudices, their connections, above all, their actions — in a word, the most detailed information about them." All this is to be entered on tablets that the Insinuant carries with him, and from which he shall draw up reports to be sent in twice a month to his Superiors, so that the Order

¹ Barruel, *Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme*, iii. 28, quoting *Originalschriften*.

² *Neuesten Arbeiten des Spartacus und Philo*, vii.

may know which are the people in each town and village to whom it can look for support.

It is impossible not to admire the ingenuity of the system by which each section of the community was to be made to believe that it would reap untold benefits from Illuminism — princes whose kingdoms were to be reft from them, priests and ministers whose religion was to be destroyed, merchants whose commerce was to be ruined, women who were to be reduced to the rank of squaws, peasants who were to be made to return to a state of savagery, were all, by means of dividing up the secrets of the Order into watertight compartments, to be persuaded that in Illuminism alone lay their prosperity or salvation,

Secrecy being thus the great principle of his system. Weishaupt had not been slow to perceive the advantages offered by an alliance with Freemasonry. During the period when he was thinking out his plan the real aims of masonry were unknown to him. "He only knew," says the Abbé Barruel, "that the Freemasons held secret meetings, he saw them united by a mysterious link and recognizing each other as brothers by certain signs and certain words, to whatever nation or religion they belonged; he therefore conceived a new combination of which the result was to be a society adopting for its methods — as far as it suited him — the régime of the Jesuits and the mysterious silence, the obscure existence of the Masons. . . ."

It was in 1777, nearly two years after he had founded the Order of the Illuminati, that Weishaupt became a Freemason, and towards the end of 1778 the idea was first launched of amalgamating the two societies. Cato, that is to say Herr von Zwack, who became a mason on November 27, 1778, talked the matter over with a brother mason, the Abbé Marotti, to whom he confided the whole secret of Illuminism; and two years later a further understanding between Illuminism and Freemasonry was brought about by a certain Freemason, Freiherr von Knigge, who in July 1780 arrived at Frankfurt, where he met the Illuminatus Diomedes — the Marquis di Constanza — sent by the Bavarian Illuminati to establish colonies in Protestant countries. The two men compared notes on the aims of

their respective societies, and Knigge then expressed the wish to be received into the Order of the Illuminati. This met with the approval of Weishaupt, and Knigge, adopting the name of Philo, was thereupon initiated into the secrets of the first class of Illuminism — the Minervals. The zeal he displayed in obtaining proselytes delighted Spartacus. "Philo," he wrote, "is the master from whom to take lessons; give me six men of his stamp and with them I will change the face of the Universe."

As a result of the negotiations between Weishaupt and Knigge a kind of union was arranged between the two societies, and Spartacus agreed to Illuminism receiving the first three degrees of masonry. On the 20th of December 1781 it was finally decided that the combined Order should be composed of three classes: (a) the Minervals, (b) the Freemasons, and (c) the Mystery Class, which, as the highest of all, was divided into the lesser and greater mysteries, the former including the grades of "Priests" and "Regents," the latter the "Mages" and the "Men-Kings."

But it was not until the Congrès de Wilhelmsbad that the alliance between Illuminism and Freemasonry was finally sealed. This assembly, of which the importance to the subsequent history of the world has never been appreciated by historians, met for the first time on the 16th of July 1782, and included representatives of all the Secret Societies — Martinistes as well as Freemasons and Illuminati — which now numbered no less than three million members all over the world. Amongst these different orders the Illuminati of Bavaria alone had formulated a definite plan of campaign, and it was they who henceforward took the lead. What passed at this terrible Congress will never be known to the outside world, for even those men who had been drawn unwittingly into the movement, and now heard for the first time the real designs of the leaders, were under oath to reveal nothing. One such honest Freemason, the Comte de Virieu, a member of a Martiniste lodge at Lyons, returning from the Congrès de Wilhelmsbad could not conceal his alarm, and when questioned on the "tragic secrets" he had brought back with

him, replied: "I will not confide them to you. I can only tell you that all this is very much more serious than you think. The conspiracy which is being woven is so well thought out that it will be, so to speak, impossible for the Monarchy and the Church to escape from it." From this time onwards, says his biographer, M. Costa de Beauregard, "the Comte de Virieu could only speak of Freemasonry with horror."

The years of 1781 and 1782 were remarkable for the growth of another movement which found expression at the Congrès de Wilhelmsbad, namely, the emancipation of the Jews. During these years a wave of pro-Semitism was produced throughout Europe by Dohm's great book *Upon the Civil Amelioration of the Condition of the Jews*, written under the influence of Moses Mendelssohn and finished in August 1781.¹ "It was thus," wrote the Abbé Lemann, "that eight years before the Revolution the programme in favour of Judaism was sent out by Prussia. . . . This book had a considerable influence on the revolutionary movement; it is the trumpet call of the Jewish cause, the signal for the step forward."²

Graetz, the Jewish historian, himself recognizes the immense importance of Dohm's work, "painting the Christians as cruel barbarians and the Jews as illustrious martyrs."³ "All thinking people," he adds, "now began to interest themselves in the Jewish question." Mirabeau, a few years later on a mission to Berlin, formed a friendship with Dohm and became an habitué of the salon of a young and beautiful Jewess, Henriette de Lemos, wife of Dr. Herz, and it was there that the disciples of Mendelssohn, who had just died, pressed him to raise his voice in favour of the oppressed Jews, with the result that Mirabeau published a book in London on the same lines as Dohm's.⁴

Meanwhile, in 1781, Anacharsis Clootz, the future

¹ Graetz, *History of the Jews*, v. 438; A. de la Rive, *Le Juif dans la franc-maçonnerie*, pp. 40-43.

² Abbé Lemann, *L'Entrée des Israélites dans la société française*, Paris, 1886.

³ Graetz, v. 373.

⁴ *Sur Moses Mendelssohn, sur la réforme politique des Juifs; et en particulier sur la révolution tentée en leur faveur en 1753 dans la Grande-Bretagne.* A Londres, 1787.

author of *La République Universelle*, wrote his pro-Semitic pamphlet called "Lettre sur les Juifs."

The result of this agitation was seen later in the edicts passed through the influence of Mirabeau and the Abbé Grégoire by the National Assembly in 1791 decreeing the emancipation of the Jews. A more immediate effect, however, was the resolution taken at the masonic congress of Wilhelmsbad — which was attended by Lessing and a company of Jews¹ — that henceforth Jews should no longer be excluded from the lodges.² At the same time it was decided to remove the headquarters of illuminized Freemasonry to Frankfurt, which incidentally was the stronghold of Jewish finance, controlled at this date by such leading members of the race as Rothschild, Mayer Amschel — later to become Rothschild also — Oppenheimer, Wertheimer, Schuster, Speyer, Stern, and others.³ At this head lodge of Frankfurt the gigantic plan of world revolution was carried forward, and it was there that at a large masonic congress in 1786 two French Freemasons afterwards declared the deaths of Louis XVI. and Gustavus III. of Sweden were definitely decreed.⁴

From the moment of the great coalition effected at Wilhelmsbad, Illuminism, aided largely by the activities of Knigge, was able to extend its ramifications all over Germany; the lodge of Eichstadt under Mahomed (the Baron Schroeckenstein) illuminated Baireuth and other Imperial towns; Berlin under Nicolai and Leuchtsenring illuminated the provinces of Brandenburg and Pomerania; Frankfurt illuminated Hanover, and so on. All these

¹ A. Cowan, *The X-Rays in Freemasonry*, p. 122; *Archives israélites* (1867), p. 466.

² A. de la Rive, *Le Juif dans la franc-maçonnerie*, p. 36. Hitherto Jews had only been admitted into the lodges of the Order of Melchisedeck, of which the three principal grades are given by the Marquis de Luchet as (1) *The Frères Initiés d'Asie*; (2) *The Maîtres des Sages*; (3) *The Prêtres Royaux or Véritables Frères Rose-croix*, or the grade of Melchisedeck.

The *Frères Initiés d'Asie* were an order of which the hieroglyphics were taken from Hebrew, the supreme direction was called "The small and constant Sanhedrim of Europe" (*Essai sur la secte des Illuminés* (1789), p. 212). Lombard de Langres says this secret society became affiliated to Illuminism, that its centre was at Hamburg, and that only the Grand Master knew the whole secret (*Des sociétés secrètes en Allemagne*, pp. 81, 82).

³ Werner Sombart, *The Jews and Modern Capitalism*, p. 187.

⁴ Charles d'Héricault, *La Révolution*, p. 104.

branches were controlled by the twelve leading adepts headed by Weishaupt, who at the lodge in Munich held in his hands the threads of the whole conspiracy.

But dissensions had now begun amongst the two principal leaders — Weishaupt and Knigge. Both were indeed born intriguers, but whilst Weishaupt preferred to work in the dark and wrap himself in mystery, Knigge loved to make a noise in the world and to meddle with everything. It was inevitable that two such men could not continue to work together harmoniously, and before long Knigge's persistent attempts to pry into Weishaupt's secrets and to usurp a share of his glory roused the animosity of his chief, who ended by depriving Knigge of his post as director of the provinces and placing him in a subordinate position. Whereat "Philo," on the 20th of January 1783, wrote indignantly to "Cato": "It is the Jesuitry of Weishaupt that causes all our divisions, it is the despotism that he exercises over men perhaps less rich than himself in imagination, in ruses, in cunning. . . . I declare that nothing can put me on the same footing with Spartacus as that on which I was at first." As a matter of fact Knigge was in no way behind Weishaupt in what he described as "Jesuitry," but revolted by the tyranny of his leader he finally left the Illuminati in anger and disgust. "I abhor treachery and profligacy," he wrote again to Cato, "and I leave him to blow himself and his Order into the air."

Public opinion had now, however, become thoroughly roused on the subject of the society, and the Elector of Bavaria, informed of the danger to the State constituted by its adepts, who were said to have declared that "the Illuminati must in time rule the world," published an edict forbidding all secret societies. In April of the following year, 1785, four other Illuminati, who like Knigge had left the society, disgusted by the tyranny of Weishaupt, were summoned before a Court of Inquiry to give an account of the doctrines and methods of the sect. The evidence of these men — Utschneider, Cossandey, Grünberger, and Renner, all professors of the Marianen Academy — left no further room for doubt as to the diabolical nature of Illuminism. "All religion," they declared, "all love of

country and loyalty to sovereigns, were to be annihilated, a favourite maxim of the Order being:

Tous les rois et tous les prêtres
Sont des fripons et des traîtres.

Moreover, every effort was to be made to create discord not only between princes and their subjects but between ministers and their secretaries, and even between parents and children, whilst suicide was to be encouraged by inculcating in men's minds the idea that the act of killing oneself afforded a certain voluptuous pleasure. Espionage was to be extended even to the post by placing adepts in the post offices who possessed the art of opening letters and closing them again without fear of detection." Robison, who studied all the evidence of the four professors, thus sums up the plan of Weishaupt as revealed by them:

The Order of the Illuminati adjured Christianity and advocated sensual pleasures. "In the lodges death was declared an eternal sleep; patriotism and loyalty were called narrow-minded prejudices and incompatible with universal benevolence";¹ further, "they accounted all princes usurpers and tyrants, and all privileged orders as their abettors . . . they meant to abolish the laws which protected property accumulated by long-continued and successful industry; and to prevent for the future any such accumulation. They intended to establish universal liberty and equality, the imprescriptible rights of man . . . and as necessary preparations for all this they intended to root out all religion and ordinary morality, and even to break the bonds of domestic life, by destroying the veneration for marriage vows, and by taking the education of children out of the hands of the parents."²

Reduced to a simple formula the aims of the Illuminati may be summarized in the following six points:

1. Abolition of Monarchy and all ordered Government.
2. Abolition of private property.
3. Abolition of inheritance.
4. Abolition of patriotism.

¹ Robison's *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, pp. 106, 107.

² *Ibid.* p. 375.

5. Abolition of the family (*i.e.* of marriage and all morality, and the institution of the communal education of children).
6. Abolition of all religion.

Now it will surely be admitted that the above forms a programme hitherto unprecedented in the history of civilization. Communistic theories had been held by isolated thinkers or groups of thinkers since the days of Plato, but no one, as far as we know, had ever yet seriously proposed to destroy everything for which civilization stands. Moreover, when, as we shall see, the plan of Illuminism as codified by the above six points has continued up to the present day to form the exact programme of the World Revolution, how can we doubt that the whole movement originated with the Illuminati or with secret influences at work behind them?

Here a curious point arises. Was Weishaupt the inventor of his system? We know that he was indoctrinated in occultism by K  lmer, but beyond this we can discover nothing. If indeed Weishaupt himself thought out his whole plan of world revolution — that “gigantic conception” as it is described by Louis Blanc — how is it that so vast a genius should have remained absolutely unknown to posterity? How is it that succeeding groups of world revolutionaries whilst all following in his footsteps, even those who we know positively to have belonged to his Order, never once have referred to the source of their inspiration? Is not the answer to the latter question that throughout the movement the adepts of the Order have always adhered to the stringent rule laid down by Weishaupt that they should never allow themselves to be known as Illuminati? The persistent efforts to conceal the very existence of the Order, or, if this proves impossible, to represent it as an unimportant philanthropic movement, has continued up to the very year in which I write.

With regard to the philanthropic nature of Illuminism it is only necessary to consult the original writings of Weishaupt to realize the hollowness of this assurance. Amongst the whole correspondence which passed between Weishaupt and his adepts laid bare by the Government of

to suppress the truth about its subsequent activities. The truth is that not until Illuminism had been apparently extinguished in Bavaria was it able to make its formidable influence felt abroad, and public anxiety being allayed it could secretly extend its organization over the whole civilized world.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION

Illuminism in France — Cagliostro — Mirabeau — Intrigues of Prussia — The Orléanistes — The Reign of Terror — Cloutz and Internationalism — Robespierre and Socialism — The plan of depopulation — After-effects of revolution.

Two years before the suppression of Illuminism in Bavaria its adepts had begun their work in France. The "magician" Cagliostro, generally reputed to be a Jew¹ from Sicily, had been enrolled as an Illuminatus in Germany. According to his own account given in the course of his interrogatory before the Holy See in Rome in 1790, "his initiation took place at a little distance from Frankfort in an underground room. An iron box filled with papers was opened. The introducers took from it a manuscript book on the first page of which one read: 'We, Grand Masters of the Templars —' Then followed a form of oath, traced in

¹ It has been denied that Cagliostro was a Jew, but no definite proof to the contrary has been produced. M. Louis Dasté in his book *Maria-Antoinette et le complot maçonnique*, p. 70, gives passages from various contemporaries affirming his Jewish origin. Friedrich Bülow (*Geheime Geschichten und Räthselhafte Menschen* (1850), vol. i. p. 311) says that his father was Peter Balsamo, the son of a bookseller in Palermo — Antonio Balsamo — who appears to have been of the Jewish race, but Joseph (i. e. Cagliostro) was brought up in a seminary as a Christian. Bülow adds that it was Cagliostro who brought about the admission of Jews to the masonic lodges. Cagliostro himself pretended to know nothing of his origin, declaring that he was brought up in Arabia, in the palace of the Muphti at Medina. Replying to Mme. de la Motte's assertion that he was a Jew, he stated: "I was brought up as the son of Christian parents — I have never been a Jew or a Mohammedan," but he did not say that he was not of Jewish race. Bülow further relates that Cagliostro on a visit to England formed a friendship with Lord George Gordon, who in the following year made a plan to burn down London and incidentally became a Jew. (See *Chambers's Biographical Dictionary*, article on Lord George Gordon; *Mémoire pour le Comte de Cagliostro*, p. 83 (1786 edition).)

blood. The book stated that Illuminism was a conspiracy directed against thrones and altars, and that the first blows were to attain France, that after the fall of the French Monarchy, Rome must be attacked. Cagliostro learnt from the mouths of the Initiators that the secret society of which henceforth he formed a part possessed a mass of money dispersed in the banks of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, London, Genoa, and Venice. He himself drew a substantial sum destined for the expenses of propaganda, received the instructions of the Sect and went to Strasbourg."¹ It was in Strasbourg that Cagliostro then made the acquaintance of the Cardinal de Rohan,² who quickly fell under the spell of the hypnotic power which formed Cagliostro's stock-in-trade and is still practised by propagandists of Illuminism. Soon after this the Cardinal introduced the magician to Mme. de la Motte,³ and the "Affair of the Necklace" was the result. It was thus that the first blow at the French Monarchy was planned in the councils of the German Illuminati.

Two years later a further success was achieved for Illuminism by the acquisition of Mirabeau. That great adventurer had been sent by the French Government on a mission to Berlin, and whilst in Germany became acquainted with some of the Illuminati, amongst others Nicolai and Leuchtsenring. Finally at Brunswick he formed a friendship with Mauvillon, who initiated him into the highest mysteries of the Order.⁴ With superb effrontery Mirabeau then published a pamphlet entitled *Essai sur la secte des Illuminés*, purporting to expose the follies of Illuminism but in reality describing the sect of the Martinistes, so as to throw a veil over the manoeuvres of the real Illuminati of Bavaria.⁵ On his return to France, Mirabeau (who had assumed the illuminated name "Leonidas"), in co-operation with Talleyrand, introduced Illuminism into his lodge, which he had called the "Philalèthes,"⁶ again throwing dust in the eyes of the

¹ Louis Blanc, *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, ii. 81.

² *Mémoire pour le Comte de Cagliostro*, p. 34.

³ *Ibid.* p. 44.

⁴ Barruel, *Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme*, iv. 258; Robison, *op. cit.* 276.

⁵ Clifford, *Application of Barruel's Memoirs of Jacobinism*, p. xvii.

⁶ Barruel, *op. cit.* iv. 258, 373.

public, for, as we have seen, the "Philalèthes" was a lodge of the Martinistes — and it was then decided that all the masonic lodges of France should be illuminized. Finding this task, however, beyond his powers, Mirabeau sent to Germany for two more adepts — Bode, known as Amelius, and the Baron de Busche, known as Bayard. At the lodge of the "Amis Réunis," where the members of the masonic lodges from all over France congregated, the mysteries of Illuminism were unveiled by the two German emissaries and the code of Weishaupt was formally placed on the table.¹ The result of this was that by March 1789 the 266 lodges controlled by the Grand Orient were all "illuminized" without knowing it, for the Freemasons in general were not told the name of the sect that brought them these mysteries, and only a very small number were really initiated into the secret.²

In the following month the Revolution broke out.

No one will deny that France at this period was ripe for drastic reforms. It is true that Babeuf, the Socialist, afterwards declared that the people of France were no worse off than the people of other countries,³ and that Arthur Young, whose earlier views on the Revolution, written under Orléaniste influence, are always quoted as the strongest indictment of the Old Régime, was later on led by fuller knowledge to assert that "the old government of France, with all its faults, was certainly the best enjoyed by any considerable country in Europe, England alone excepted."⁴ Still an examination of facts shows that there was very real cause for discontent, more on the part of the peasants than of the industrial workers. The Game Laws, or *capitaineries* — by which the crops of the peasants could be trampled down by the hunt or destroyed by the game — the salt tax or *gabelle*, the enforced labour known as the *corvée*, the dues paid to the landlords, and a host of other agricultural grievances, but above all, the iniquitous inequality of taxation, were burdens that the people very naturally resented. But it must not be forgotten that the

¹ Barruel, *op. cit.* iv. 280.

² *Ibid.* iv. 281.

³ *Pièces saisies chez Babeuf*, 142.

⁴ Arthur Young, *The Example of France, a Warning to Britain*, p. 36.

King himself had continued to urge the abolition of these injustices, and that the attitude of the aristocracy as a whole was at this moment far from intractable. The philosophy of Rousseau had opened the eyes of many of the nobles to the need for reforms, and there was probably never a moment in the history of the world when a great regeneration might have been carried out with less violence.

The work of the revolutionaries was not, however, to accelerate reforms, but to arrest them in order to increase popular discontent and bring themselves into power. The manner in which they accomplished their designs has been described in detail in my study of the French Revolution, and for the purpose of the present work the history of this period must be condensed as far as possible so as to indicate only the course of the social revolution.

For, during the first three years of the great upheaval, the plan of Illuminism was obscured by the intrigues of political factions — the conspiracy of the Orléanistes to change the dynasty, and later the struggle of the Girondins to achieve political power. Meanwhile Prussia was playing an insidious part in the troubles of France.

For many years before the Revolution the cherished scheme of Frederick the Great had been to break the Franco-Austrian alliance of 1756, which barred his way to power, and to establish a unified Germany under Prussian domination. In 1778 the Empress Maria Theresa in a letter to her daughter Marie Antoinette wrote these prophetic words:

Every one in Europe knows to what point one can count on the King of Prussia and how far one can depend on his word. France has been able to perceive this under diverse circumstances. And yet that is the sovereign who aspires to erect himself as protector and dictator of Germany. What is still more extraordinary, the Powers do not think of uniting to prevent such a misfortune, from which, sooner or later, all will have to endure the disastrous consequences. What I put forward concerns all the Powers of Europe; the future does not appear to me under a smiling aspect. Yet to-day we endure the influence of *that military and despotic monarchy which recognizes no principle*, but which, in all that it does and all that it undertakes, always pursues the same goal, its own interest and its exclusive advantage. If this Prussian principle is allowed to continue to

gain ground, what hope is there for those who will succeed us one day? ¹

As a result of warnings such as these Marie Antoinette adopted that anti-Prussian attitude for which she paid so dearly, and Frederick, centring all his hatred of Austria on the luckless Dauphine of France, circulated libels against her through his agent von der Goltz, who combined the rôle of ambassador and spy at the Court of Versailles. Such indeed was the thoroughness of Hohenzollern methods that he had even taken the trouble to enter into relations with an obscure thief in France named Carra, afterwards to become a leading revolutionary, who apparently proved so efficient that Frederick saw fit to reward him with a gold snuff-box in recognition of his services. The policy of Frederick the Great was faithfully carried out by his successor, Frederick William II., and Prussian agents, chief amongst them a Jew named Ephraim, were sent over to Paris to mingle with the revolutionary mobs and inflame their passions.

The intrigue that directed the opening stages of the Revolution was, however, the Orléaniste conspiracy, and it was by this faction that the artificial scarcity of grain was created during the spring and summer of 1789, and that the siege of the Bastille on July 14 and the march on Versailles on October 5 were organized. Now it has been objected by several critics that in my descriptions of these days I over-rated the importance of the Orléaniste conspiracy, and that the feeble character of the Duc d'Orléans makes it impossible to see in him a determined conspirator. The latter fact is true, but it will be noticed that I did not attribute to the Duke himself the organization of the conspiracy, but to his supporters, notably Choderlos de Laclos. Since, however, in research of this kind no progress can be made unless one is willing to reconstruct one's view in the light of further knowledge, I frankly admit that in my *French Revolution* I underrated the importance of Illuminism, and it is therefore quite possible that part of the organization I attributed to the genius of Choderlos de Laclos was in reality the work of illuminized Freemasonry. This would

¹ Deschamps, *op. cit.* pp. 22-28, quoting from the German press.

in no way affect the descriptions of the mechanism by which the so-called popular risings were brought about, but would supply a further explanation of its efficiency.

But since the Duc d'Orléans, whilst lending himself to the plan of usurping the throne of France, was at the same time Grand Master of the Grand Orient, and all the revolutionary leaders, Orléaniste or otherwise, were members of the lodges, it is obviously impossible to disentangle the threads of the two intrigues. How can we know which of the Duke's supporters were genuinely working for a change of dynasty and which for the overthrow of monarchy and all ordered government? The plan of Weishaupt was always to make use of princes to further their own ends, and it would be interesting to discover whether the loans raised by the Duc d'Orléans in Amsterdam and England, wherewith, as the Revolution proceeded he replenished his coffers, came from the funds of the Illuminati in those places.

To whatever agency we attribute it, however, the mechanism of the French Revolution distinguishes it from all previous revolutions. Hitherto the isolated revolutions that had taken place throughout the history of the world can be clearly recognized as spontaneous movements brought about by oppression or by a political faction enjoying some measure of popular support, and therefore endeavouring to satisfy the demands of the people. But in the French Revolution we see for the first time that plan in operation which has been carried on right up to the present moment — *the systematic attempt to create grievances in order to exploit them.*

The most remarkable instance of engineered agitation during the early stages of the Revolution was the extraordinary incident known to history as "The Great Fear," when on the same day, July 22, 1789, and almost at the same hour, in towns and villages all over France, a panic was created by the announcement that brigands were approaching and therefore that all good citizens must take up arms. The messengers who brought the news post-haste on horseback in many cases exhibited placards headed "Edict of the King," bearing the words "The King orders

all châteaux to be burnt down; he only wishes to keep his own!" And the people, obedient to these commands, seized upon every weapon they could find and set themselves to the task of destruction. The object of the conspirators was thus achieved — the arming of the populace against law and order, a device which ever since 1789 has always formed the first item in the programme of the social revolution.

It is said that the idea originated with Adrien Dupont and has therefore been attributed to the Orléaniste conspiracy, but Dupont was not only an *intime* of the Duc d'Orléans, but an adept of illuminized Freemasonry, and the organization of the "Great Fear" may well have been masonic. This explanation seems the more probable when we remember that the plan of the lodges even before they became illuminized had been "to make a revolution for the benefit of the *bourgeoisie* with the people as instruments." With this end in view the conspirators held up the food supplies, blocked all reforms in the National Assembly, and organized demonstrations directly opposed to the interests of the people. From the attack on the factory of Reveillon in April 1789 to the murder of the baker François in October, nearly every outrage was directed against men who had fed and befriended the poor.

Under the domination of the Tiers État — almost entirely composed of *bourgeoisie* far more occupied with their own grievances against the nobles than with the sufferings of the people — the legislation carried out by the National Assembly cannot be described by so mild a word as "reactionary"; it was frankly and ruthlessly repressive of all Socialistic or even democratic ideas. Not only was property safeguarded by new laws, but suffrage was extended only to citizens possessing certain incomes, whilst the trade unions that had existed peacefully under the name of "working-men's corporations" were rigorously suppressed by the famous "Loi Chapelier" on June 14, 1791.

By this glaringly anti-democratic act working-men were forbidden to "name presidents, keep registers, make resolutions, deliberate or draw up regulations on their pre-

tended common interests," or to agree on any fixed scale of wages. The wording of the first Article runs as follows:

The annihilation of all kinds of corporations of citizens belonging to the same state or profession being one of the fundamental bases of the French Constitution, it is forbidden to reestablish them on any pretext or under any form whatsoever.

This law was passed without a word of protest from Robespierre or any of the so-called democrats of the Assembly.¹

As to the "Constitution" held up before the eyes of the people as the supreme benefit the Revolution was to confer on them, it will be noticed that every step on the road to its final promulgation was marked by a fresh outbreak of revolutionary agitation. No sooner had its first principles been placed before the Assembly by Mounier, Clermont Tonnerre, and other honest democrats than a price was placed on the heads of these men by the revolutionaries of the Palais Royal, and an attempt was made to march on Versailles. When two years later the King finally accepted the Constitution, this immense concession to the demands of the people, which if the Revolution had been made by the people would undoubtedly have ended it, became the signal for a fresh outbreak of revolutionary fury, expressed by the hideous massacre known as the "Glacière d'Avignon." Can we not believe then that there may be some truth in the Père Deschamps' statement that "the cry of 'Constitution' has been in all countries the word of command of the Secret Societies," that is to say, the rallying cry of revolution?² We shall find further confirmation of this theory later in the history of the revolutionary movement in Russia.

Thus during the first two years of the Revolution Illuminism concealed itself under the guise of popular tumults, but with the formation of the Jacobin Clubs all over France its scheme of domination becomes more apparent.

These societies, Robison in his *Proofs of a Conspiracy* declares, were organized by the revolutionary committees

¹ Buchez et Roux, *Histoire parlementaire*, x. 196.

² *Les Sociétés secrètes et la société*, by P. Deschamps and Claudio Jannet. p. 242.

under the direct inspiration of the Bavarian Illuminati, who taught them their "method of doing business, of managing their correspondence, and of procuring and training pupils." It was thus that at a given signal insurrections could be engineered simultaneously in all parts of the country or that the Faubourgs could be summoned forth at the word of command.

The plan of Weishaupt for enlisting women in the movement had been adopted from the beginning by the revolutionaries, and we see in the declamations of Théroigne de Méricourt,¹ and of the militant suffragette Olympe de Gouges, how cleverly the idea of "giving them hints of emancipation" was carried out. Madame Roland, likewise glorying in the political power the Revolution had brought her, little dreamt whither the movement was tending — to the disappearance from the stage of all women except the furies of the guillotine. Olympe and Madame Roland paid for their illusions with their heads; Théroigne, publicly flogged in the Tuileries gardens by the *tricoteuses* of Robespierre, lost her reason and died raving mad in the Salpêtrière some years later. For in times of revolution it is not the women of brains and energy who can ever take a leading part, but only those whose disordered imaginations and perverted passions inspire them with a ferocity more horrible than that of man.

The Jacobins, in playing on these passions amongst the women who assembled at the meetings held three times weekly at their "Sociétés Fraternelles," fanned their fury into flame and prepared those terrible bands of harpies who committed the atrocities of August 10th.

So complete had the organization of the Jacobin Clubs now become that during 1791 and 1792 all the masonic lodges of France were closed down and Philippe Egalité sent in his resignation as Grand Master. This was held advisable for several reasons: the Jacobins, once the masters of France, could not with safety tolerate the existence

¹ Théroigne thus expressed her views on the Revolution to an English contemporary: "Society is undergoing a change, a grand reorganization, and women are about to resume their rights. We shall no more be flattered in order to be enslaved; these arms have dethroned the tyrant and conquered freedom" (*France in 1802, Letters of Redhead Yorke*, p. 62).

of any secret association that might be used as a cover for counter-revolutionary schemes; moreover, as the great plan of Illuminism was by this time in process of fulfilment, what further need was there for secrecy? Projects formerly discussed with bated breath in the lodges could now be openly avowed in the tribune of the Jacobin Clubs, and nothing remained but to put them into execution.

It was not, however, until after the overthrow of the monarchy on the 10th of August that the work of demolition began on the vast scale planned by Weishaupt. From this moment the rôle of Illuminism can be clearly traced through the succeeding phases of the Revolution. Thus it is from the 10th of August onwards that we find the tricolour, banner of the usurper, replaced by the red flag of the social revolution, whilst the cry of "Vive notre roi d'Orléans!" gives way to the masonic watchword "Liberty Equality, Fraternity!" During the massacres in the prisons that followed in September the assassins were observed to make masonic signs to the victims and to spare those who knew how to reply. Amongst those not spared was the Abbé LeFranc, who had published a pamphlet unveiling the designs of Freemasonry at the beginning of the Revolution.

The proclamation issued by the Convention in December summoning the proletariats of Europe to rise in revolt against all ordered government was the first trumpet-call to World Revolution, and it was the failure to respond to this appeal that forced the Jacobins into a "national" attitude they had never intended to assume.

In November 1793 the campaign against religion, inaugurated by the massacre of the priests in September 1792 was carried out all over France. In the cemeteries the cherished motto of the Illuminati, "Death is an eternal sleep," was posted up by order of the Illuminatus "Anaxagoras" Chaumette. The Feasts of Reason celebrated in the churches of Paris were the mere corollary to Weishaupt's teaching that "Reason should be the only code of Man"; and Robison states that the actual ceremonies which took place, when women of easy morals were enthroned as goddesses, were modelled on Weishaupt's

plan of an " Eroterion " or festival in honour of the god of Love.¹

It was likewise to Weishaupt's declamations against " the mercantile tribe " that the devastation of the manufacturing towns of France and the ruin of her merchants can be traced, whilst the campaign against education formed a further part of the scheme for destroying civilization. The Terrorists in burning down the libraries and guillotining Lavoisier, on the plea that " the Republic has no need of chemists," were simply putting into practice Weishaupt's theory that the sciences were " children of necessity, the complicated needs of a state contrary to Nature, the inventions of vain and empty brains." " The system of persecution against men of talents was organized," a contemporary declared — organized, as was the whole system of the Terror, by the Illuminati and carried out by men who had accepted the guiding principle of the sect. For it was Weishaupt's favourite maxim, " The end justifies the means," that we find again in the mouths of the Jacobins under the form of " Tout est permis à quiconque agit dans le sens de la Révolution." The Reign of Terror was the logical outcome of this premise.

But this does not imply that all the Terrorists were Illuminati, that is to say, conscious adepts of Weishaupt. It is true that, as we have seen, all were Freemasons at the beginning of the Revolution, but it is probable that few were initiated into the inner mysteries of the Order. The art of Illuminism lay in enlisting dupes as well as adepts, and by encouraging the dreams of honest visionaries or the schemes of fanatics, by flattering the vanity of ambitious egoists, by working on unbalanced brains, or by playing on such passions as greed of gold or power, to make men of totally divergent aims serve the secret purpose of the sect. Indeed, amongst all the revolutionary leaders one man alone stands out as a pure Illuminatus — the Prussian Baron, Anacharsis Clootz.

¹ The idea seems to have been long current in Germany. " In 1751 an impious work, dedicated to Frederick II. (the Great), published as a frontispiece the scene of the adoration of a prostitute which was destined to be realised on the 20th of Brumaire 1793 on the altar of Notre Dame of Paris " (Deschamps, *Les Sociétés secrètes*, ii. 98, quoting *Der Goetse der Humanität oder das Positive der Freimaurerei*, Freiburg Herder, 1875, pp. 75-80).

In the utterances of Clootz we find the doctrines of Weishaupt expressed with absolute fidelity. Thus in his *République Universelle* the scheme of Weishaupt for welding the whole human race into "one good and happy family" is set forth at length: "One common interest! one mind! one Nation!" cries Anacharsis. "Do you wish," he asks again, "to exterminate all tyrants at a blow? Declare then authentically that sovereignty consists in the common patriotism and solidarity of the totality of men, of the one and only nation. . . . The Universe will form one State, the State of united individuals, the immutable empire of the great *Germany* — the Universal Republic." Or again: "When the Tower of London falls like the tower of Paris it will be all over with tyrants. All the people forming only one nation, all the trades forming only one trade, all interests forming only one interest," etc. It was Clootz, moreover, who played the most active part in the campaign against religion. Was it not he who had invented the word to "septemberize," regretting that they had not "septemberized" more priests in the prisons, and who openly declared himself "the personal enemy of Jesus Christ"? The fact that he never revealed himself to be an Illuminatus and never referred to Weishaupt was in strict accordance with the rule of the Order, which we shall find adhered to by every adept in turn. "The Illuminati," Professor Renner had declared before the Bavarian Court of Inquiry, "fear nothing so much as being recognized under this name," and frightful punishment was attached to the betrayal of the secret. It is thus that historians, unaware of the sources whence Clootz drew his theories, or anxious to conceal the rôle of Illuminism in the revolutionary movement, describe him as an amiable eccentric of no importance. In reality Clootz was one of the most important figures of the whole Revolution if viewed from the modern standpoint, for it was he alone of all his day who embodied the spirit of anti-patriotism and Internationalism which, defeated in France of 1793, finally secured its triumph on the ruins of the Russian Empire of 1917.

It was Clootz's Internationalism that ended by antagonizing Robespierre. When at the Jacobin Club the

Prussian Baron declared that "his heart was French and *sans-culotte*," but at the same time proposed that as soon as "the French army came in sight of the Austrian and Prussian soldiers they should, instead of attacking the enemy, throw down their own arms and advance towards them dancing in a friendly manner,"¹ Robespierre, "who was not without a certain penetration in his hatreds . . . acidly apostrophized him, saying that he distrusted all these foreigners who pretended to be more patriotic than the French themselves, that he suspected the good faith of a so-called *sans-culotte* who had an income of 100,000 livres,"² and he ended by sending Cloutz and his fellow-atheists Hébert, Chaumette, Ronsin, and Vincent to the scaffold.

Was Robespierre then not an Illuminatus? He was certainly a Freemason, and Prince Kropotkin definitely states that he belonged to one of the lodges of the Illuminati founded by Weishaupt. But contemporaries declare that he had not been fully initiated and acted as the tool rather than as the agent of the conspiracy. Moreover, Robespierre was the disciple not only of Weishaupt but of Rousseau, and under the inspiration of the *Contrat Social* had elaborated a scheme of his own which held none of the aimless destructiveness of the Illuminati. Thus Robespierre clearly recognized the necessity for the vast social revolution indicated by Weishaupt; but whilst Weishaupt fixed his eyes on the explosion and "smiled at the thought of universal conflagration," Robespierre regarded anarchy simply as a means to an end — the reconstruction of society according to the plan he had evolved with the co-operation of Saint-Just, which was simply an embryonic form of the system known later as *State Socialism*.

This statement will of course be challenged by Socialists, who have always — for reasons I shall show later — denied the Robespierrean origin of their doctrines. It is true of course that the word Socialism was not invented until some forty years later, but it would be absurd by means of such a quibble to disassociate Socialism from its

¹ *France in 1802*, Letters of Henry Redhead Yorke, p. 72.

² *Biographie Michaud*, article "Cloutz."

earliest exponents. M. Aulard is no doubt perfectly right in saying that Robespierre's Declaration of the Rights of Man contains "all the essentials of French Socialism founded on the principles of 1789 and such as Louis Blanc popularized in 1848. It is for having proposed these Socialistic articles, it is for having proposed this charter for Socialism, and not for having vaguely declaimed against the rich and sounded the praises of mediocrity, that Robespierre after his death, as much in our own century as in the time of Babeuf, became the prophet of many of those amongst us who dreamt of a social renovation, and he remained so until the period when German influence made French Socialists temporarily forget the French origins of their doctrines."¹ Robespierre may indeed, in the language of Socialism, be described as more "advanced" than his French successors of the early nineteenth century, for he anticipated the Marxian theory of the class war, which was not again to find acceptance in France until adopted by the Guesdists and Syndicalists at the very end of the century. Robespierre's cherished maxim, "The rich man is the enemy of the *sans-culotte*,"² contains the whole spirit of the class war. We have in fact only to transpose the phrases current in 1793 into their modern equivalents to recognize their identity with modern Socialistic formulas. Thus the magic phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat" — of which it is doubtful whether any one understands the precise meaning — was expressed at that date by the words "Sovereignty of the People," and formed the text of Robespierre's gospel. "The people," he wrote, "must be the object of all political institutions."³ All other classes of the community were to be entirely unrepresented or, preferably, not to be allowed to exist.

Even the theory of "wage slavery," later on proclaimed by Marx, was already current during the Reign of Terror, and on this point we have the evidence of a contemporary.

¹ Aulard, *Histoire politique de la Révolution Française*, iv. 47; see also Aulard, *Etudes et leçons sur la Révolution Française*, ii. 51.

² *Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, i. 15.

³ *Discours et rapports de Robespierre*, edited by Charles Vellay, p. 8; see also p. 327.

"The plan of the Jacobins," wrote the democrat Fantin Désodoards, "was to stir up the rich against the poor and the poor against the rich. To the latter they said: 'You have made a few sacrifices in favour of the Revolution, but fear, not patriotism, was the motive.' To the former they said: 'The rich man has no bowels of compassion; under the pretext of feeding the poor by providing them with work he exercises over them a superiority contrary to the views of Nature and to Republican principles. Liberty will always be precarious *as long as one part of the nation lives on wages from the other*. In order to preserve its independence, it is necessary that every one should be rich or that every one should be poor.'"¹

It will be seen then that the whole theory of the class war, and even the very phrases by which it was to be promoted, as also the necessity for abolishing the relationship of capital and labour, which is usually associated with Marx, were ideas that existed twenty-five years before his birth. We cannot doubt that it is to Robespierre and Saint-Just that they must be mainly attributed. Robespierre, as we know, definitely advocated the abolition of inheritance. "The property of a man," he said, "must return after his death to the public domain of society"; and although he was known to declare that "equality of wealth is a chimera," it was no doubt because he well knew that wealth can never be evenly distributed, and therefore that the only way to achieve equality is by the process known to-day as the nationalization of all wealth and property. "This," says the editor of his discourses, M. Charles Vellay, "is what the Revolution means to him — it is to lead to a sort of Communism, and it is here that he separates himself from his colleagues, that he isolates himself, and that resistance gathers around him." In 1840 the Socialist Cabet, who had received the Robespierrist tradition direct from the contemporary Buonarrotti, expressed the same opinion:

All the proposals of the Comité de Salut Public during the last five months, the opinions of Bodson and of Buonarrotti — both initiated into the profound views of Robespierre, both his admirers, and both Communists, — give us the conviction that Robespierre and Saint-Just only blamed the untimely invocation

¹ Fantin Désodoards, *Histoire philosophique de la Révolution Française*, iv. 344.

of Community by declared atheists (*i.e.* Clotz, Hébert, etc.), and that they themselves marched towards Communism by paths they judged more suited to success.¹

Still more clinching evidence of Robespierre's real aim is, however, provided by the Communist Babeuf, who wrote these words in 1795:

He (Robespierre) thought that equality would only be a vain word as long as the owners of property were allowed to tyrannize over the great mass, and that in order to destroy their power and to take the mass of citizens out of their dependence *there was no way but to place all property in the hands of the government.*²

In the face of this statement how can any one deny that Robespierre was a State Socialist in precisely the sense in which we understand the term to-day? That the State was of course to be represented by Robespierre himself and his chosen associates it is needless to add, but what Communist or group of Communists have ever excluded the hypothesis of their own supremacy from their plan of a Socialist State? "L'Etat c'est nous" is the maxim of all such theorists.

On one point, however, Robespierre differed from most of the members of the same school of thought who came after him in that he showed himself a *consistent* Socialist, for he had the singleness of aim, aided by an entire want of moral scruples, to push his theories to their logical conclusion. A Labour extremist in this country recently described the modern Bolsheviks as "Socialists with the courage of their opinions," and the same description might be applied to Robespierre and Saint-Just. Thus Robespierre did not talk hypocritically of "peaceful revolution"; he knew that revolution is never peaceful, that in its very essence it implies onslaught met with resistance, a resistance that can only be overcome by an absolute disregard for human life. "I will walk willingly with my feet in blood and tears," said his coadjutor Saint-Just; and this, whether he admits it or not, must be the maxim of every revolutionary Socialist who believes that any methods are justifiable for the attainment of his end.

¹ *Histoire populaire de la Révolution Française*, by Cabet (1840).

² *Sur le système de la dépopulation*, p. 28.

The Reign of Terror was therefore not only the outcome of Illuminism but also the logical result of Socialistic doctrines. Thus, for example, the attacks on civilization carried out in the summer of 1793, the burning of the libraries and the destruction of treasures of art and literature, were all part of the scheme of Weishaupt, but they were also perfectly consistent with the Socialistic theory of the "sovereignty of the people." For if one considers that in the least educated portion of the community all wisdom and all virtue reside, the only logical thing to do is to burn the libraries and close down the schools. Of what avail is it to train the intellectual faculties of a child if manual labour alone is to be held honourable? Of what use to civilize him if in civilization is to be found the bane of mankind? It is idle in one breath to talk of the beauties of education and in the next to advocate the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and condemn all educated people as *bourgeois*.

Of this strange contradiction the Jacobins of France, like the Bolsheviks of Russia, at first were guilty. Magnificent schemes were propounded to the Convention for "écoles normales," "écoles centrales," etc.; regiments of professors were to be commandeered for the instruction of youth; but all these schemes came to nought, for by the end of 1794 public education was said to be non-existent,¹ owing obviously to the fact that meanwhile the emissaries of the Comité de Salut Public had busied themselves destroying books and pictures and persecuting all men of education.

This campaign against the *bourgeoisie* found its principal support in Robespierre. It was he who first sounded the call to arms which has since become the war-cry of the social revolution. "Internal dangers come from the *bourgeois*; in order to conquer the *bourgeois* we must rouse the people, we must procure arms for them and make them angry."² The natural consequence of this policy carried out against the mercantile *bourgeoisie* by the attacks on the manufacturing towns of France was of course to create

¹ Joseph de Maistre, *Mélanges inédits*, pp. 122, 124, 125, quoting contemporary documents.

² *Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, ii. 15.

vast unemployment. Already the destruction of the aristocracy had thrown numberless workers on the streets, so that by 1791 nearly all the hands that had ministered to the needs or caprices of the rich were idle, and thousands of hairdressers, gilders, bookbinders, tailors, embroiderers, and domestic servants wandered about Paris and collected in crowds "to debate on the misery of their situation."

The situation must always arise, if the leisured classes are suddenly destroyed either by killing them off or by a ruthless conscription of capital. Socialists are fond of describing luxury workers as parasites; obviously then if one destroys the animal on which the parasite lives one must destroy the parasite too. It is possible that by a very slow and gradual redistribution of wealth luxury workers might be more or less absorbed into the essential trades, but even this is very doubtful. At any rate the attempt to abolish the luxury trades at a blow must inevitably lead to unemployment on a vast scale, for not only will the luxury workers themselves be idle, but, since all classes are interdependent, many of the workers in the essential trades who depend on them for a livelihood will be idle likewise. Any sudden dislocation of the industrial system must therefore mean national bankruptcy.

This is precisely what happened in France — as even Socialist writers admit. Malon in his *Histoire du socialisme* illustrates, by a picture of a scene in a Paris street, the situation described by Michelet in the words:

The Revolution was to open a career to the peasant but closed it to the workman. The first pricked up his ear at the decrees which placed the goods of the clergy on sale; the second, silent and sombre, dismissed from his workshop, wandered about all day with folded arms.¹

The condition of the industrial workers was still further aggravated by the legislation of the Terror. Not only was the Loi Chapelier against trade unions confirmed and severely enforced by the Comité de Salut Public under the domination of Robespierre, but the workers were obliged to toil very much harder than ever before. This point, systematically ignored by historians, constitutes one of the

¹ Malon, *Histoire du socialisme*, i. 287, 297.

chief ironies of the period and illustrates the ingenious method by which the so-called advocates of the People's Sovereignty contrived to dupe the People to their own undoing. Thus, under the pretext of abolishing the obsolete customs and superstitions of the Old Régime, the workers were deprived of all the holidays they had enjoyed in honour of the Saints or the festivals of the Church. Under the monarchy not only every one of these days but also the day following it had been a holiday, and neither on Sunday nor on Monday was any work done.

By substituting "decadi," that is to say one day in every ten, for Sunday and making it only a half-holiday, the new masters of France added three and one-half working days to every fortnight. The result per year is shown in an amusing article of the *Moniteur* for September 9, 1794, entitled "National Idleness," of which the following is an extract:

Easter, Christmas, All Saints, days of the Virgin, of Kings, Saint Martin, fifty thousand patrons of parishes and priories . . . all these fêtes and their morrows have been suppressed; by expelling the saints from their shrines and all the priests from their confessionals thirty-six half Sundays are left us (*i.e.* the thirty-six *decadis* which occurred in the course of the year, which were half-holidays). The Revolution has consecrated to work at least a hundred and twenty days which the Pope and his Elder Son (the title given to the King of France) left to idleness in France. This national idleness was a tax on misery, a tax that diminished the revenues of the State and increased expenses for alms, assistance, and hospitals. Permission to work is a charity which costs nothing to the public treasure and which will bring to it considerable funds. All is new in France — weather, mankind, the earth, and the sea. . . . *The Republican year gives to work four months more than the papal and monarchic year.*¹

It is not necessary to be a believer in the principle of Ca' Canny as a remedy for unemployment to recognize that the result of this legislation was to reduce the number of hands required and leave the vast reserve of labour which enables the employer to make his own terms with the workers. It will be seen that this expedient which State Socialists are fond of denouncing as one of the evils of

¹ *Moniteur*, xxi. 699.

Capitalism was practised under the régime of that first experimenter in State Socialism — Maximilien Robespierre.

But towards the end of 1793 it became evident that there was no possibility of absorbing the residuum created, for the attacks on the manufacturing towns of France had dealt the final blow to trade and the Republic found itself faced by hundreds of thousands of working-men for whom it could not find employment. It was then that the Comité de Salut Public, anticipating the Malthusian theory, embarked on its fearful project — *the system of depopulation*.

That this plan really existed it is impossible to doubt in the face of overwhelming contemporary evidence. In *The French Revolution* I quoted in this connection the testimony of no less than twenty-two witnesses — all revolutionaries;¹ and since then I have found further corroboration of the fact in the letters of an Englishman, named Redhead Yorke, who travelled in France in 1802 and made particular inquiries on this question from the ally of Robespierre, the painter David:

I asked him whether it was true that a project had been in contemplation to reduce the population of France to one-third of its present number. He answered that it had been seriously discussed and that Dubois Crancé was the author.

In another passage Yorke states:

Monsieur de la Métherie assured me that during the time of the Revolutionary Tribunals, it was in serious contemplation to reduce the population of France to 14,000,000. Dubois Crancé was a very distinguished and enthusiastic partisan of this humane and philosophical policy.²

It will be noticed that there is here a discrepancy in the exact figures; the population of France at that period being twenty-five millions, the proposal to reduce it to one-third was to bring it down to approximately eight millions. The difference then lies between the projects of reducing it *by* one-third or *to* one-third — issues which Yorke evidently

¹ *The French Revolution*, pp. 428-428.

² *France in 1802, Letters of Redhead Yorke*, edited by J. A. C. Sykes (Heinemann), 1906, pp. 102, 127.

confused; but it was precisely on this point that the opinions of the Terrorists differed. Thus we are told that d'Antonelle of the Revolutionary Tribunal advocated the former and more moderate policy, but that a reduction to eight millions, that is to say to one-third, was the figure generally agreed on by the leaders.

The necessity for this lay not only in the fact that there was not even enough bread, money, or property to go round, but also, after the destruction of the aristocracy and *bourgeoisie*, not enough work.

"In the eyes of Maximilien Robespierre and his council," says Babeuf, "depopulation was indispensable because the calculation had been made that the French population was in excess of the resources of the soil and of the requirements of *useful industry*, that is to say, that with us men jostled each other too much for each to be able to live at ease; that hands were too numerous for the execution of all works of *essential utility* — and this is the horrible conclusion, that since the superabundant population could only amount to so much . . . a portion of *sans-culottes* must be sacrificed; that this rubbish could be cleared up to a certain quantity, and that means must be found for doing it."

The system of the Terror was thus the answer to the problem of unemployment — unemployment brought about on a vast scale by the destruction of the luxury trades.

If the hecatombs carried out all over France never reached the huge proportions planned by the leaders, it was not for want of what they described as "energy in the art of revolution." Night and day the members of the Comité de Salut Public sat round the green-covered table in the Tuileries with the map of France spread out before them, pointing out towns and villages and calculating how many heads they must have in each department. Night and day the Revolutionary Tribunal passed on, without judgment, its never-ending stream of victims, whilst near by the indefatigable Fouquier bent over his lists for the morrow, and in the provinces the proconsuls Carrier, Fréron, Collot d'Herbois, Lebon toiled unremittingly at the same Herculean task.

Compared to the results they had hoped to achieve the

mortality was insignificant; compared to the accounts given us by "the conspiracy of history" it was terrific. The popular conception of the Reign of Terror as a procession of powdered heads going to the guillotine seems strangely naïve when we read the actual records of the period. Thus during the great Terror in Paris about 2800 victims perished, and out of these approximately 500 were of the aristocracy, 1000 of the *bourgeoisie*, and 1000 working-class. These estimates are not a surmise, since they can be proved by the actual register of the Revolutionary Tribunal published both by Campardon and Wallon, also by the contemporary Prudhomme,¹ and they are accepted as accurate by the Robespierriste historian Louis Blanc.²

According to Prudhomme the total number of victims drowned, guillotined, or shot all over France amounted to 300,000 and of this number the nobles sacrificed were an almost negligible quantity, only about 3000 in all.³

At Nantes 500 children of the people were killed in one butchery, and according to an English contemporary 144 poor women who sewed shirts for the army were thrown into the river.⁴

Such was the period during which Carlyle dared to assure us that "The Twenty-Five Millions of France" had "never suffered less."

But this frightful mortality was not the only dreadful feature of the Terror — ruin, misery, starvation were the lot of all but the band of tyrants who had seized the reins of power, and this state of affairs continued long after the reign of Robespierre ended. The conception of France rising like a phoenix from that great welter of blood and horror is as mythical as the allegory from which it is taken and has existed only in the minds of posterity. Not a single contemporary who lived through the Revolution has ever pretended that it was anything but a ghastly failure. The conspiracy of history alone has created the myth.

Yet in France the truth is at last beginning to be

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, vol. vi. Table VI.

² Louis Blanc, *Histoire de la Révolution*, xi. 155.

³ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, vol. vi. Table VI.

⁴ Playfair's *History of Jacobinism*, p. 789.

known. Thus M. Madelin, the most impartial and enlightened of modern historians, has described the condition of France at the end of the Terror in these forcible words:

France is demoralized. She is exhausted — this is the last trait of this country in ruins. There is no longer any public opinion, or rather this opinion is made up only of hatred. They hate the Directors (members of the Directory) and they hate the deputies; they hate the Terrorists and they hate the *chouans* (the Royalists of La Vendée); they hate the rich and they hate the anarchists; they hate the Revolution and the counter-revolution. . . . But where hatred reaches paroxysm is in the case of the newly rich. What is the good of having destroyed Kings, nobles, and aristocrats, since deputies, farmers, and tradesmen take their place? What cries of hatred! . . . Of all the ruins found and increased by the Directory — ruins of parties, ruins of power, ruins of national representation, ruins of churches, ruins of finances, ruins of homes, ruins of consciences, ruins of intellects — there is nothing more pitiable than this: *the ruin of the national character*.¹

Eight years after the ending of the Terror, France had not yet recovered from its ravages. According to Redhead Yorke, even the usually accepted theory of agricultural prosperity is erroneous.

Nothing can exceed the wretchedness of the implements of husbandry employed but the wretched appearance of the persons using them. Women at the plough and young girls driving a team give but an indifferent idea of the progress of agriculture under the Republic. There are no farmhouses dispersed over the fields. The farmers reside together in remote villages, a circumstance calculated to retard the business of cultivation. The interiors of the houses are filthy, the farmyards in the utmost disorder, and the miserable condition of the cattle sufficiently bespeaks the poverty of their owner.²

Everywhere beggars assailed the traveller for alms; in spite of the reduced population unemployment was rife, education was at a standstill, and owing to the destruction of the old nobility and clergy, and the fact that the new rich who occupied their estates were absentee landlords, there was no system of organized charity. Yorke is finally driven to declare:

The Revolution, which was brought about ostensibly for the

¹ Madelin, *La Révolution*, pp. 443, 444.

² *France in 1802*, p. 28.

benefit of the lower classes of society, has sunk them to a degree of degradation and misfortune to which they never were reduced under the ancient monarchy. They have been disinherited, stripped, and deprived of every resource for existence, except defeats of arms and the fleeting spoil of vanquished nations.

In another passage Yorke asks the inevitable question that arises in the minds of all thinking contemporaries:

France still bleeds at every pore — she is a vast mourning family, clad in sackcloth. It is impossible at this time for a contemplative mind to be gay in France. At every footstep the merciless and sanguinary route of fanatical barbarians disgust the sight and sicken humanity — on all sides ruins obtrude themselves on the eye and compel the question, "For what and for whom are all this havoc and desolation?"¹

It will of course be said that Redhead Yorke was a "reactionary." As a matter of fact he was a constitutional revolutionary and had served a term of imprisonment in Dorchester Castle from 1795 to 1799 for having declared himself to be "a man who had been concerned in three revolutions already, who essentially contributed to serve the Republic in America, who contributed to that of Holland, who materially assisted that of France, and who will continue to cause revolutions all over the world." His visit to France in 1802, however, dispelled his illusions, and he had the courage to admit his change of views. His letters were not published till after his death.

Advocates of social revolution, to whom the revelations on the real facts of the Terror which have recently been published are extremely disconcerting, have adopted the convenient line of describing the first French Revolution as a "*bourgeois* movement." It is true that it was made by *bourgeois*, and at the beginning also by aristocrats — and that the people throughout were the chief sufferers; but this has been the case in every outbreak of the World Revolution. All revolutionary leaders or writers have been *bourgeois*, from Weishaupt to Lenin. Marx was a *bourgeois*, Sorel was a *bourgeois* likewise. No man of the people has ever taken a prominent part in the movement. But in the French "Terror," as in Russia to-day, the *bourgeoisie* were also the victims.

¹ *France in 1802*, p. 33.

"In that sort of epilepsy into which France had fallen," wrote Prudhomme, "not only the revolutionary nobles set themselves by preference against nobles, priests against priests, merchants against merchants, rich against rich, but even the *sans-culottes* once they themselves became judges did not any the more spare the *sans-culottes* who had remained amongst the crowd of citizens. How could the people have suspected the system of universal depopulation? Until then it had not been heard of in history. This great doctrine, however, was not chimerical, it existed, it was visible, the leaders of opinion only wished to reign over deserts."¹

What power can have inspired this fearful system? The pages of accepted history provide no clue to the problem. Only by a recognition of the secret forces at work beneath the surface is it possible to understand how the French nation fell a victim to the hideous régime of the Terror. In the opinion of numberless enlightened contemporaries Illuminism alone explains the mystery. As early as 1793 the *Journal de Vienne* pointed out the true source of inspiration beneath the system of the Jacobins:

It is not the French who conceived the great project of changing the face of the world; this honour belongs to the Germans. The French can claim the honour of having begun its execution, and of having followed it out to its ultimate consequences, which, as history is there to prove, were in accordance with the genius of this people — the guillotine, intrigue, assassination, incendiarism, and cannibalism. . . . Whence comes the eternal Jacobin refrain of universal liberty and equality, of the suppression of kings and princes who are merely tyrants, of oppression by the clergy, of necessary measures for annihilating the Christian religion and establishing a philosophic religion — a refrain that reminds every one of the declarations of Mauvillon, a notable Illuminatus, touching Christianity, of those of Knigge and Campe touching State religion? Whence comes it that all this harmonizes with the "Original Writings" of the Illuminati if there is no alliance between the two sects? Whence comes it that Jacobinism has partisans everywhere, even in the most distant countries, and how can we explain that these, as far as researches can extend, have been in touch with Illuminism?

Aloys Hoffman, editor of this Journal, wrote: "I shall never cease to repeat that the Revolution has come from masonry and that it was made by writers and the Illuminati."

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, i. p. xxiii.

That the objects of the conspiracy were precisely the same as they are to-day is shown by this remarkable extract from a letter of Quintin Crawford to Lord Auckland on May 23, 1793:

The present crisis is certainly the most extraordinary in its nature, and may be the most important in its consequences of any that is to be found on the page of history. It may decide the fate of the Religion and Government of most of the nations of Europe, or rather it may decide whether religion and government are to exist, or Europe be plunged again into a state of barbarism. Hitherto the basis of human polity was religion, the Supreme Being was everywhere adored, and the great maxims of morality respected; but when the order of civil society had attained a degree of perfection unknown in former ages, we see endeavours almost everywhere put in practice to destroy it, Atheism rising against Religion, Anarchy against government, vagabonds against the industrious, men who have nothing to lose against those who enjoy what they received from their ancestors or acquired by their labour, and this conflict brought at last into the field to be decided by the sword. On one hand we see the chief powers of Europe taking arms in defence of Religion and lawful authority, and on the other a multitude of disorganized barbarians endeavouring to undo them. Such, my Lord, with some political shades that might be added is a pretty faithful picture of what the French Revolution has produced hitherto.

What words could better describe the situation of Europe in this year of 1921?

But in spite of the vast demolition effected by the Terror, neither the disciples of Weishaupt nor their tools the revolutionary Socialists had achieved their purpose. One more effort must be made to bring about the "Universal revolution that should deal the deathblow to society." This attempt was made two years after the Terror ended by the Communist, Gracchus Babeuf.

CHAPTER III

THE CONSPIRACY OF BABEUF

Gracchus Babeuf — The Panthéonistes — Manifesto of the Equals — System of Babeuf — Plan of the Conspirators — The Great Day of the People — Discovery of the Plot — Execution of Babouvistes — Illuminism in England — Ireland — The United Irishmen — Bantry Bay — Illuminism in America.

FRANÇOIS NOËL BABEUF was born in 1762, and at the beginning of the Reign of Terror occupied the post of commissary in the Supply Department of the Commune, where he incurred the displeasure of the Comité de Salut Public by publishing a placard accusing the Committee of a plan to drive the people to revolt by means of a fictitious famine and so provide a pretext for killing them off.¹ For this offence Babeuf and his colleagues in the same department were thrown into prison at the Abbaye, but Babeuf, being apparently regarded as mentally irresponsible, was soon afterwards released, and once more proceeded to attack the party in power, which was no other than that of Robespierre, Couthon, and Saint-Just. This is the more remarkable since the political opinions of Babeuf were entirely in accord with those of the Triumvirate; for Robespierre's "Declaration of the Rights of Man" Babeuf entertained the warmest admiration. But where, at this point in his career, Babeuf joined issue with Robespierre was in the method by which this ideal system should be brought about; for the plan of reducing the population of France by some fifteen millions in order to be able to provide bread and work for the remainder, which Babeuf later described as "the immense secret" of the Terror, seemed to him too drastic, and in his pamphlet *Sur la dépopulation de la*

¹ *Babeuf et le socialisme en 1796*, by Edouard Fleury, p. 20.

France he denounced the *noyades*, *fusillades*, and *guillotines* that had decimated the provinces — methods which he held should not have been adopted until pacific measures for winning the peasants over to Republicanism had at least been attempted.

But the régime that followed on the fall of Robespierre led Babeuf to readjust his views, for the Thermidoriens, with whom he had thrown in his lot, showed themselves to be Opportunists of the most flagrant description, and it was thus that after the Directory had been in power a few months Babeuf insulted Tallien and Fréron,¹ declared that the 9th of Thermidor had been an unmitigated disaster, and that the only hope for the people now lay in carrying out the unfinished plan of Robespierre for "the common happiness." Robespierre, he held, was the one "pure" revolutionary of his day;² all the rest — the Girondins, who had only wished to dethrone the King in order to usurp power and riches, the Orléanistes, led by Philippe Egalité and Danton, a faction "composed of men as monstrous as their chief . . . avid and prodigal of gold . . . audacious, liars, intriguers"³ — had exploited the people for their own advantage; "Robespierre and his companions in martyrdom" alone had aspired to "the equal distribution of work and pleasure"⁴ which was the ideal of Babeuf. Accordingly, he now appealed to the people to rise against the Directory and maintain the Constitution of 1793 founded on Robespierre's "Declaration of the Rights of Man."

The publication of this call to insurrection led to the arrest of its author, and Babeuf was again thrown into prison, first at Plessis, then at Arras; but while in captivity he encountered a number of kindred spirits, with whose co-operation he was able to mature his plan for a further revolution — a social revolution for "the common happiness and true equality" (*le bonheur commun et l'égalité réelle*).⁵

¹ Fleury, *op. cit.* p. 37.

² *Pièces saisies chez Babeuf*, i. 147.

³ *Ibid.* i. 98, 106.

⁴ *Conspiration pour l'égalité dite de Babeuf*, by Ph. Buonarotti, i. 88.

⁵ Fleury, *op. cit.* p. 45.

M. Louis Blanc is no doubt right in pronouncing Babeuf to have been an Illuminatus, a disciple of Weishaupt, and it was thus in accordance with the custom of the sect that he had adopted a classical pseudonym, renouncing his Christian names of François Noël in favour of Gracchus,¹ just as Weishaupt had assumed the name of Spartacus, the Illuminatus Jean Baptiste Cloutz had elected to be known as Anacharsis, and Pierre Gaspard Chaumette as Anaxagoras. The plan of campaign devised by Babeuf was therefore modelled directly on the system of Weishaupt, and on his release from prison — which was brought about by the amnesty of the "Treize Vendémiaire" — he gathered his fellow-conspirators around him and formed an association on masonic lines by which propaganda was to be carried on in public places, the confederates recognizing each other by secret signs and passwords.² At the first meeting of the Babouvistes — amongst whom were found Darthé, Germain, Bodson, and Buonarrotti — all swore to "remain united and to make equality triumph," and the project was then discussed of establishing a large popular society for the inculcation of Babeuf's doctrines. In order to escape the vigilance of the police it was decided to assemble henceforth in a small room in the garden of the Abbaye de Sainte Geneviève lent by one of the members who had rented part of the building; later the society moved to the refectory of the Abbey, or, on nights when this hall was required for other purposes, meetings were held in the crypt, where, seated on the ground, by the light of torches, the conspirators discussed the great plan for overthrowing society. The proximity of this building to the Panthéon led to their being known under the name of the *Panthéonistes*.³

Unfortunately the confusion of mind prevailing amongst the advocates of "Equality" was so great that the meetings — which before long consisted of two thousand people — became "like a Tower of Babel."⁴ No one knew precisely what he wanted and no decisions could be reached; it was therefore decided to supplement these huge

¹ Fleury, *op. cit.* p. 38.

² *Ibid.* pp. 69, 70.

³ *Ibid.* p. 69.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 71.

assemblies by small secret committees, the first of which held its sittings at the house of Amar — one of the most ferocious members of the Comité de Sûreté Générale during the Terror — and here the scheme of social revolution was elaborated. Starting from the premise that all property is theft, it was decided that the process known in revolutionary language as "expropriation"¹ must take place; that is to say, all property must be wrested from its present owners by force — the force of an armed mob. But Babeuf, whilst advocating violence and tumult as the means to an end, in no way desired anarchy as a permanent condition; the State must be maintained, and not only maintained but made absolute, the sole dispenser of the necessities of life.² "In my system of Common Happiness," he wrote, "I desire that no individual property shall exist. The land is God's and its fruits belong to all men in general."³ Another Babouviste, the Marquis d'Antonelle, formerly a member of the Revolutionary Tribunal, had expressed the matter in much the same words: "The State of Communism is the only just, the only good one; without this state of things no peaceful and really happy societies can exist."⁴

But Babeuf's activities had again aroused the attention of the Directory, and during the winter of 1795-6 the apostle of Equality was obliged to retire into hiding. Nevertheless from his retreat Babeuf still contrived, with the aid of his twelve-year-old son Émile, to edit his papers *Le Tribun du Peuple* and *Le Cri du Peuple*, and to direct the movement. At one of the meetings of the Panthéonistes, however, Darthé incautiously read the last number of *Le Tribun du Peuple* aloud, and this time no less a personage than General Bonaparte himself descended on the "den of brigands,"⁵ as it was known to the police, and, after ordering it to be closed down before his eyes, went off with the key of the building in his pocket.

¹ This word was first coined by Thouret, a member of the National Assembly, in a debate on the goods of the clergy in 1790.

² Fleury, *op. cit.* p. 111.

³ *Ibid.* p. 173.

⁴ Antonelle in the *Orateur Plébeien*, No. 9. See *Papiers saisis chez Babeuf*, ii. 11.

⁵ Buonarotti, *op. cit.* i. 107.

Babeuf then decided that a "Secret Directorate" must be formed,¹ of which the workings bear a curious resemblance to those of the Illuminati. Thus Weishaupt had employed twelve leading adepts to direct operations throughout Germany, and had strictly enjoined his followers not to be known even to each other as Illuminati; so Babeuf now instituted twelve principal agents to work the different districts of Paris, and these men were not even to know the names of those who formed the central committee of four, but only to communicate with them through intermediaries partially initiated into the secrets of the conspiracy. Like Weishaupt also Babeuf adopted a domineering and arrogant tone towards his subordinates, and any whom he suspected of treachery were threatened, after the manner of the secret societies, with the direst vengeance. "Woe to those of whom we have cause to complain!" he wrote to one whose zeal he had begun to doubt; "reflect that true conspirators can never relinquish those they have once decided to employ."²

By April 1796 the plan of insurrection was complete, and the famous *Manifesto of the Equals* drawn up ready for publication.

"PEOPLE OF FRANCE," this proclamation announced, "for fifteen centuries you have lived in slavery and consequently in unhappiness. For six years (*i.e.* during the course of the Revolution) you have hardly drawn breath, waiting for independence, for happiness, and equality. Equality! the first desire of Nature, the first need of Man and the principal bond of all legal association! . . .

"Well! We intend henceforth to live and die equal as we were born; we wish for real equality or death, that is what we must have. And we will have this real equality, no matter at what price. Woe to those who interpose themselves between it and us! . . .

"The French Revolution is only the forerunner of another revolution, very much greater, very much more solemn, which will be the last! . . . What must we have more than equality of rights? We must have not only that equality transcribed in the 'Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen,' we must have it in our midst, on the roofs of our houses. We will

¹ *Buonarotti* i. 114, 115.

² *Papiers saisis chez Babeuf*, ii. 163.

consent to anything for that, to make a clean sweep so as to hold to that only. Perish if necessary all the arts provided that real equality is left to us! . . .

"The agrarian law and the division of lands were the momentary wish of a few soldiers without principle moved by instinct rather than by reason. We tend to something more sublime and equitable, the *Common Happiness or the Community of Goods*. No more private property in land, the land belongs to no one. We claim, we wish for the communal enjoyment of the fruits of the earth: the fruits of the earth belong to every one.

"We declare that we can no longer endure that the great majority of men should work and sweat in the service and for the good pleasure of an extreme minority. Long enough and too long have less than a million individuals disposed of what belongs to more than twenty millions of their fellowmen, of their equals. Let it cease at last, this great scandal in which our nephews will not be able to believe. Vanish at last, revolting distinctions of rich and poor, of great and small, of masters and servants, of governors and governed. Let there be no other difference between men than that of age and sex. Since all have the same needs and the same faculties, let there be only one education, one kind of food. They content themselves with one sun and air for all; why should not the same portion and the same quality of food suffice for each of them? . . .

"PEOPLE OF FRANCE, we say to you: the holy enterprise that we are organizing has no other object but to put an end to civil dissensions and to public misery. Never has a more vast design been conceived and executed. From time to time a few men of genius, a few sages have spoken in a low and trembling voice. Not one of them has had the courage to tell the whole truth. The moment for great measures has arrived. The evil is at its height; it covers the face of the earth. Chaos under the name of politics has reigned for too many centuries. . . . The moment has come to found the Republic of the Equals, the great hostel open to all men. . . . Groaning families, come and seat yourselves at the common table set up by Nature for all her children. . . .

"PEOPLE OF FRANCE, Open your eyes and heart to the plenitude of happiness; recognize and proclaim with us the REPUBLIC OF THE EQUALS."¹

This document was destined, however, not to be displayed to the eyes of the public, for the Secret Committee finally decided that it would be inexpedient to admit the people into the whole plan of the conspiracy; particularly

¹ Buonarrotti, *op. cit.* ii. 130-134.

did they judge it inadvisable to publish the phrase which had been expressed in almost identical language by Weishaupt: "Perish all the arts, provided that real equality is left to us!" The people of France were not to know that a return to barbarism was contemplated. Accordingly a second proclamation was framed under the title of "ANALYSIS OF THE DOCTRINE OF BABEUF" — a far less inspiring appeal than the former Manifesto, and mainly unintelligible to the working-classes, yet, as M. Fleury remarks, "the veritable Bible or Koran of the despotic system known as Communism."¹ For herein lies the crux of the matter. No one reading these two documents of the Babouvistes can fail to recognize the truth of certain of their strictures on society — the glaring disparity between poverty and riches, the uneven distribution of work and pleasure, the injustice of an industrial system whereby, owing largely at this period to the suppression of trade unions by the revolutionary leaders, employers could live in luxury by sweated labour — but the point is: how did Babeuf propose to redress these evils? Briefly, then, his system, founded on the doctrine "Community of goods and of labour,"² may be summarized as follows:

Every one must be forced to work so many hours a day in return for equal remuneration; the man who showed himself more skilful or industrious than his fellows would be recompensed merely by "public gratitude."³ This compulsory labour was in fact not to be paid for in money but in kind, for, since the right to private property constituted the principal evil of existing society, the distinction of "mine" and "thine" must be abolished⁴ and no one should be allowed to possess anything of his own. Payment could therefore only be made in the products of labour, which were all to be collected in huge communal stores and doled out in equal rations to the workers.⁵ Inevitably commerce would be entirely done away with, and money was no longer to be coined or admitted to the

¹ *Babeuf et le socialisme en 1796*, by Edouard Fleury.

² Buonarrotti, *op. cit.* i. 87.

³ *Analyse de la doctrine de Babeuf*, Buonarrotti, *op. cit.* ii. 146.

⁴ *Ibid.* ii. 145.

⁵ *Ibid.* i. 213.

country; foreign trade must therefore be carried on by coin now in circulation, and when that was exhausted, by a system of barter.¹

Only work of essential utility was to be undertaken, and in order to ensure the requisite number of hands for each industry boys were no longer to be allowed to choose their professions but must be trained for whatever work was most urgently needed. The workers would then be drafted off in gangs to perform the labour assigned them "according to the needs of the nation and the supreme principle of equality."

Since in France agriculture was of the first importance, the greater number of inhabitants, both boys and girls, would be sent out to till the soil;² and it was hoped that by degrees Paris and all the large towns of France would disappear, for it was in towns that wage-slavery flourished and that "big capitalists" were able to surround themselves with luxury and display.³ The hosts of parasites who had hitherto contributed to their enjoyment—shopkeepers, domestic servants, poets, painters, actors, dancers—would all now be obliged to seek a livelihood in the fields, and villages consisting of salubrious houses "remarkable for their elegant symmetry" would spring up all over France.⁴

The better to ensure a hardy race of toilers, children were to be given over to the State at birth and trained in institutions.

"In the social order conceived by the Committee," wrote Buonarrotti, "the country seizes upon the individual at birth (*s'empare de l'individu naissant*) in order only to relinquish it at death. It watches over his first moments, assures him the milk and the care of her who gave him birth, keeps him from all that would injure his health or weaken his body, preserves him from false tenderness and conducts him by the hand of his mother to the national house where he will acquire virtue and the enlightenment necessary to a true citizen."⁵

¹ Buonarrotti, *op. cit.* i. 238, 271, ii. 318. ² *Ibid.* i. 208-211.

³ *Ibid.* i. 221. Note here the theory of "wage-slavery" again formulated: "From the perpetual exchange of services and salaries there arises on one side the habit of authority and of commanding, and on the other that of submission and servitude" (p. 222).

⁴ Buonarrotti, *op. cit.* i. 221-224.

⁵ *Ibid.* i. 282. "Plus d'éducation domestique, plus de puissance paternelle" (*ibid.* i. 288).

In order to replace family affection by civic virtue in the mind of the child, it was further proposed to forbid him to bear the name of his father unless he were a man who had distinguished himself by great virtues.¹

His education was to be of course only of the most primitive kind: reading, writing, enough arithmetic to enable him to work in a Government office if required; history — but only that relating to the evils ended by the Republic and the blessings of which it was a source — and such knowledge of law, geography, and natural history as would give him an idea of the wisdom of the institutions under which he lived. In order to embellish the fêtes arranged by the Government he should also be versed in music and dancing.²

Beyond this all avenues of knowledge were to be closed to him, for it was feared that "men might devote themselves to sciences," and thereby grow vain and averse from manual labour.³ Had not Weishaupt declared the sciences to be "the complicated needs of a state contrary to Nature, the inventions of vain and empty brains"?

Such, then, was the scheme of Babeuf⁴ for the liberation of the French people, and it is difficult to see wherein it differed from the serfdom under which their forefathers had groaned during the Middle Ages. There is in fact nothing to be said for Communism that does not equally apply to serfdom; in both the means of subsistence are assured, the spectre of unemployment is dispelled, in both the taskmaster may be kind or cruel, and in neither can the worker call his body or his soul his own. Was not then Babeuf's remedy worse than the disease? Were not even "the revolting distinctions of rich and poor" preferable to a dead level of slavery from which the one inspiring emotion of human life — hope — would be for ever removed?

It is at any rate impossible to imagine a system more distasteful to the French character than the labour colony thus devised by Babeuf. That the people of France, of all people the most acquisitive and the most retentive of their

¹ Buonarrotti, *op. cit.* p. 219.

² *Ibid.* i. 286-287.

³ *Ibid.* i. 293.

⁴ See summing up of system by Babeuf himself (*ibid.* ii. 220) in which he describes it as a "plan enchanteur."

possessions — the natural consequence of their inherent thrift and industry — should be willing to renounce the right to possess anything; that the pleasure-loving Parisians, to whom amidst all their privations the gay whirl of streets and *spectacles* was as the breath of life, should submit to be driven forth to seek a living on the desolate plains of the provinces, with no amusements to vary the monotony but the fêtes provided by the Republic — at which they were not to be allowed to wear festive attire, but to attend in their working clothes¹ for fear of violating the principle of absolute equality; that the nation distinguished for its poets and painters, its *savants* and *beaux-esprits*, should consent to become a race of unpaid manual labourers; above all, that a people who for six years had thrilled to the cry of "Liberty!" should now meekly place its neck under a yoke far more oppressive than that from which it had been relieved, would be grotesque if it were not so tragic.

But when one realises the misery of the people at this crisis and the countless disillusionments through which they had passed, one can feel nothing but burning indignation at the charlatans who thus set out to exploit their sufferings. For if these men had dealt honestly with the people, laying before them the real plan they had framed for their relief, the people would only have had themselves to blame if the conspirators had succeeded in carrying out their design.

But the people were not in the secret of the movement. Just as in the great outbreaks of the Revolution the mob of Paris had been driven blindly forward on false pretexts supplied by the agitators, so once again the people were to be made the instruments of their own ruin. The "Secret Committee of Direction" well knew that Communism was a system that would never appeal to the people; they were careful, therefore, not to admit their dupes among the working-classes into the whole of their programme, and believing that it was only by an appeal to self-interest and covetousness they could secure a following,²

¹ Buonarrotti, *op. cit.* i. 225.

² *Ibid.* i. 97: "It was impossible to inspire the people with energy without talking to them of their interests and their rights."

they skillfully played on the people's passions, promising them booty they had no intention of bestowing on them. Thus in the "Insurrectional Act" now drawn up by the Committee it was announced that "the goods of the *émigrés*, of the conspirators (*i.e.* the Royalists), and of the enemies of the people were to be distributed to the defenders of the country and the needy";¹ they did not tell them that in reality these things were to belong to no one, but to become the property of the State administered by themselves. Buonarotti in his naïve account of these manoeuvres justifies the deception by observing that "the great point was to succeed," and so the Secret Directory judged it advisable to "fix the attention and sustain the hopes of the working-classes" by the promise to divide everything up amongst them.² The people then were not to be allowed to know the truth about the cause in which they were asked to shed their blood — and that they would be obliged to shed it in torrents no sane man could doubt.

It is here perhaps that Babeuf lays himself most open to the charge of mental irresponsibility. At one moment we find him declaring that the process can be carried out by perfectly pacific methods, at the next inciting the populace to violence of the most fearful kind. Thus when d'Antonelle suggested that, however urgent it might be to establish absolute equality, this ideal condition could only be brought about "by brigandage and the horrors of civil war, which would be a dreadful method,"³ Babeuf indignantly replied: "What do you mean by saying that one could only achieve real equality by brigandage? Is it really Antonelle who defines brigandage after the manner of the patriciate? Any movement, any proceeding that would bring about, if only partially, the disgorging of those who have too much for the profit of those who have not enough would not, it seems to me, be brigandage, it would be the beginning of a return to justice and real order."⁴ As to d'Antonelle's further contention that in the confusion following on general pillage it would be impossible to carry

¹ Buonarotti, *op. cit.* ii. 252.

² *Pièces saisies chez Babeuf*, ii. 16.

³ *Ibid.* i. 155, 156.

⁴ *Ibid.*

out any scheme of redistribution, Babeuf was equally incredulous. "What will they do after the upheaval, you will say; will they be capable of erecting the august temple of Equality?" Babeuf anticipated no difficulty here; they had only to read Diderot to discover how easy it would be to provide for the needs of a multitude of citizens; "all that is only a simple affair of numbering things and people, a simple operation of calculation and combinations and consequently susceptible of a very fine degree of order."¹

But when it came to organizing the required insurrection Babeuf adopted a very different kind of language. In fact the former denouncer of Robespierre's "system of depopulation" now asserted that not only Robespierre's aims but his methods were to be commended.

I confess to-day that I bear a grudge against myself for having formerly seen the revolutionary government and Robespierre and Saint-Just in such black colours. I think these men alone were worth all the revolutionaries put together, and that their dictatorial government was devilishly well thought out. . . . I do not at all agree . . . that they committed great crimes and made many Republicans perish. Not so many, I think. . . .² The salvation of twenty-five millions of men must not be weighed against consideration for a few equivocal individuals. A regenerator must take a wide outlook. He must mow down everything that thwarts him, everything that obstructs his passage, everything that can impede his prompt arrival at the goal on which he has determined. Rascals or imbeciles, or presumptuous people or those eager for glory, it is all the same, *tant pis pour eux* — what are they there for? Robespierre knew all that, and it is partly what makes me admire him.³

But where Babeuf showed himself the intellectual inferior of Robespierre was in the way he proposed to overcome resistance to his plan of a Socialist State. Robespierre, as he well knew, had spent fourteen months "mowing down those that obstructed his passage," had kept the guillotine unremittingly at work in Paris and the provinces, yet even then had not succeeded in silencing objectors. But Babeuf hoped to accomplish his purpose

¹ *Pièces saisies chez Babeuf*, ii. 23.

² It should be noted that in his pamphlet on *Le Système de la dépopulation* Babeuf had estimated the victims of the Terror at no less than a million.

³ *Pièces saisies chez Babeuf*, ii. 52.

in one day — that “*great day of the people*”¹ wherein all opposition should be instantly suppressed, the whole existing social order annihilated, and the Republic of Equality erected on its ruins. If, however, the process were to be brief it must necessarily be all the more violent, and it was thus with none of the calm precision of Robespierre marking down heads for destruction that Babeuf set about his task. When writing out his plans of insurrection, his secretary Pillé afterwards related at his trial, Babeuf would rush up and down the room with flaming eyes, mouthing and grimacing, hitting himself against the furniture, knocking over the chairs whilst uttering hoarse cries of “To arms! to arms! The insurrection! the insurrection is beginning!” — it was an insurrection against the chairs, said Pillé drily. Then Babeuf would fling himself upon his pen, plunge it into the ink, and write with fearful rapidity, whilst his whole body trembled and the perspiration poured from his brow. “It was no longer madness,” added Pillé, “it was frenzy!”² This frenzy, Babeuf explained, was necessary in order to work himself up to the required degree of eloquence, and in his appeals to insurrection it is difficult to see where his programme differed from the brigandage and violence he had deprecated in his reply to d’Antonelle.

“Why,” he wrote in *Le Tribun du Peuple*, “does one speak of laws and property? Property is the share of usurpers and laws are the work of the strongest. The sun shines for every one, and the earth belongs to no one. Go then, my friends, and disturb, overthrow, and upset this society which does not suit you. Take everywhere all that you like. Superfluity belongs by right to him who has nothing. This is not all, friends and brothers. If constitutional barriers are opposed to your generous efforts, overthrow without scruple barriers and constitutions. Butcher without mercy tyrants, patricians, the Gilded Million, all those immoral beings who would oppose your common happiness. You are the People, the true People, the only People worthy to enjoy the good things of this world! The justice of the People is great and majestic as the People itself; all that it does is legitimate, all that it orders is sacred!”³

Inevitably Babeuf secured a certain following amongst the working-classes — the call to violence must ever find

¹ *Pièces saisies chez Babeuf*, ii. 21.

² Fleury, *op. cit.* p. 244.

³ *Ibid.* p. 77.

an answering echo in the minds of the despairing, and the people of Paris at this crisis had good cause for despair. Food — owing to four years of war and seven of revolution — was at famine prices, the destruction of commerce carried on by the emissaries of the Comité de Salut Public in the manufacturing towns of France had raised all the commodities of life to the same prohibitive level and created vast unemployment; meanwhile the newly rich — the war profiteers, the army contractors, the adventurers who had made their fortunes out of the Revolution — revelled in luxury, their wives and mistresses swathed in pearls and diamonds, and little else besides, flaunted their charms and opulence before the hungry eyes of the poor. What wonder, then, that the soldiers cried out their "rulers were all rascals, all murderers of the people, that they were ready to exterminate them," or that the wretched inhabitants of the faubourgs declared all their ills "were to be attributed to the Revolution and that they were happier under the Old Régime"?¹

To a people in such a mood as this it was easy to make the counsel of despair which consisted in smashing everything appear to be the simplest solution of all difficulties, and the agents of Babeuf, versed in all the methods of the Secret Societies for stirring up popular fury, succeeded in winning over a number of working-men to their views. One ingenious plan consisted in pasting up large incendiary placards around which accomplices known as *groupeurs* — or, as we might say, "crowd-collectors" — were employed to assemble as if by accident, and then to read the words aloud, pointing out the most important passages with their fingers.² The *Analyse de Babeuf* thus exposed met with much applause from the working-men, who could but dimly understand its real purport. At the same time inflammatory pamphlets dilating on the greed of the tradesmen and the infamies of the Government were circulated in the faubourgs, where the women of the people eagerly read them aloud to their men-folk whilst at work. So great was the enthusiasm thus created that the Babou-

¹ *Pièces saisies*, ii. 164.

² Fleury, *op. cit.* pp. 74, 131; *Pièces saisies*, ii. 106.

vistes entertained no doubt of being able to enlist the whole proletariat in the movement, and by the beginning of May it was estimated that an army of no less than 17,000 people would assemble on the day of insurrection.¹ These forces included 4500 soldiers and 6000 of the police, who by lavish promises of booty had been won over to the conspiracy.

The following programme for the "Great Day" was now drawn up by the Secret Directory: at a given moment the revolutionary army was to march on the Legislative Assembly, on the headquarters of the Army, and on the houses of the Ministers. The best-trained troops were to be sent to the arsenals and the munition factories, and also to the camps of Vincennes and Grenelle in the hope that the 8000 men encamped there would join in the movement. Meanwhile orators were to hold forth to the soldiers, and women were to present them with refreshment and civic wreaths. In the event of their remaining proof against these seductions the streets were to be barricaded, and stones, bricks, boiling water, and vitriol thrown down on the heads of the troops.² All supplies for the capital were then to be seized and placed under the control of the leaders; at the same time the wealthier classes were to be driven from their houses, which were immediately to be converted into lodgings for the poor.³ The members of the Directory were then to be butchered, likewise all citizens who offered any resistance to the insurgents.⁴ The insurrection thus "happily terminated," as Babeuf naively expressed it,⁵ the whole people were to be assembled in the Place de la Révolution⁶ and invited to co-operate in the choice of their representatives. "The plan," writes Buonarrotti, "was to talk to the people without reserve and without digressions, and to render the most impressive homage to its sovereignty."⁷ But lest the people perchance, blinded to its true interests, might fail to recognize its saviours in the person of the conspirators, the Babouvistes proposed to follow up their homage of the people's sovereignty by demanding that "executive power should be exclusively confided to themselves"; for, as

¹ Buonarrotti, *op. cit.* i. 189.

² *Ibid.* i. 196.

³ *Ibid.* i. 197.

⁶ *Ibid.* i. 158.

⁵ *Ibid.* i. 194.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁷ *Ibid.* i. 200.

Buonarotti observed, "at the beginning of the revolution it is necessary, even out of respect for the real sovereignty of the people, to occupy oneself less with the wishes of the nation than to place supreme authority in strongly revolutionary hands."¹ Once in these hands it would of course remain there, and the Babouvistes with all the civil and military forces at their back would be able to impose their system of State serfdom on the submissive people.

It is fearful to imagine what blood might once again have reddened the streets of Paris if an unforeseen obstacle had not arisen in the path of the conspirators — namely, a traitor in the camp. This man, called Grisel, was a soldier in the 33rd Brigade who had been drawn against his will into the conspiracy. Strolling one April evening on the Quai des Tuileries, Grisel had encountered an old friend, a tailor named Mugnier, who was an enthusiastic Babouviste. Mugnier, convinced that he would find a sympathizer in Grisel, proceeded to pour forth complaints against the Government, and ended by introducing him to several of his fellow-conspirators. A few days later one of these men met Grisel in a café, and becoming loquacious under the influence of drink, confided to him part of the plan of the conspiracy. Grisel, fearing to make an enemy of so dangerous a man, dared not express his disapproval, and his new associates, encouraged by his apparent agreement with their views, invited him to one of their meetings at the café of the "Bains Chinois," whither they had removed after the closing down of the so-called "Panthéon." Here Grisel found himself in the thick of the conspiracy; violent speeches were made — both by men and women — revolutionary songs were sung, amongst others a dirge on the death of Robespierre. Meanwhile wine and cider flowed freely, and Grisel, invited to take part in the "orgy" as he afterwards described it, was hailed as an acquisition to the cause. One of the conspirators then handed him some of Babeuf's pamphlets for distribution amongst the soldiers and asked him to compose others for the same purpose. Grisel realized that it was too late to draw back, for the conspirators, having taken him into their confidence,

¹ Buonarotti, *op. cit.* i. 134.

would certainly dispose of him by a dagger-thrust if he now disassociated himself from their designs. Accordingly he set himself to the task assigned him, but not without first consulting his battalion-commander, who advised him to continue in his rôle of Babouviste. Grisel, warming to the work, thereupon composed a violent letter entitled *Franc-Libre à son ami La Terreur*, inciting the troops to rebellion, and in which he was careful to imitate the pompous and meaningless phraseology of the conspirators. This effusion met with the heartiest applause at the "Bains Chinois," and Grisel, who had hitherto been only partly initiated into the details of the insurrection, now found himself received into the inner councils of the leaders. At the first of these meetings, consisting only of five members — Babeuf, Germain, Buonarrotti, Didier, and Darthé — Grisel saw the leader of the conspiracy for the first time, and looking at him with some curiosity noticed with surprise that Babeuf, of whose genius he had heard so much, presented an appearance of "extreme mediocrity," whilst his behaviour showed him to be more eccentric than original. In fact the whole band seemed to the newcomer a party of maniacs, and his first feeling was one of remorse at the idea of giving over the victims of mere mental disorder to justice. When, therefore, Babeuf unfolded his scheme of insurrection, entailing the wholesale massacre of the Government, the wealthy, and all existing authorities, Grisel, overcome with horror, ventured to expostulate, pointing out the terrible consequences of overthrowing the Government: "What will you put in its place? . . . Will there not be an interval between the fall of the Government . . . and that which you will put in its place? It will be complete anarchy; all the restraints of law will be broken. I pray you think it over. . . ." ¹

This moderation nearly proved fatal to Grisel, and seeing the threatening glances directed towards him, he hastily repaired his error by plunging into a violent harangue in which he proposed to burn down all the châteaux around Paris before falling on the members of the Directory. The suggestion did not, however, find favour

¹ Fleury, *op. cit.* pp. 175, 176.

with the conspirators, who saw in the destruction of the châteaux an end to their hopes of booty; nevertheless Grisel had now regained their good opinion and was admitted to further meetings of the committee. At one of these, Darthé read aloud the finished plan of insurrection, to which further atrocious details had been added — every one attempting to exercise any authority was instantly to be put to death, the armourers were to be forced to give up their arms, the bakers their supplies of bread, and those who resisted hoisted to the nearest lantern; the same fate was reserved for all wine and spirit merchants who might refuse to provide the brandy needed to inflame the populace and drive them into violence.¹ “All reflection on the part of the people must be avoided,” ran the written directions to the leaders; “they must commit acts which will prevent them from going back.”²

Amongst the whole of this ferocious band, Rossignol, the former general of the revolutionary armies in La Vendée, showed himself the most bloodthirsty: “I will not have anything to do with your insurrection,” he cried, “unless heads fall like hail . . . unless it inspires so great a terror that it makes the whole universe shudder . . .” — a discourse that met with unanimous applause.

The 11th of May had been fixed for the great day of explosion, when not only Paris, but all the large cities of France worked on by the agents of Babeuf were to rise and overthrow the whole structure of civilization. But Grisel had sought an interview with Carnot, and the Government, warned of the impending attack, was ready to meet it. On the morning of the day appointed, a placard was found posted up on all the walls of Paris bearing these words:

THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY TO THE CITIZENS OF PARIS

Citizens, a frightful plot is to break out this night or tomorrow at the dawn of day. A band of thieves and murderers has formed the project of butchering the Legislative Assembly, all the members of the Government, the staff of the Army, and all constituted authorities in Paris. The Constitution of '93 is to be proclaimed. This proclamation is to be the signal for a

¹ Fleury, *op. cit.* pp. 193-195.

Ibid. p. 196.

general pillage of Paris, of houses as much as of stores and shops, and the massacre of a great number of citizens is to be carried out at the same time. But be reassured, good citizens; the Government is watching, it knows the leaders of the plot and their methods . . . ; be calm, therefore, and carry on your ordinary business; the Government has taken infallible measures for outwitting their schemes, and for giving them up with their partisans to the vengeance of the law.¹

Then, without further warning, the police burst into the house where Babeuf and Buonarotti were drawing up a rival placard calling the people to revolt. In the midst of their task the arm of the law surprised and seized them, and on the following morning forty-five other leaders of the conspiracy were arrested likewise and thrown into the Abbaye. Alas for the support they had hoped for from the populace! The revolutionary army on which they had counted, impressed as the people always are by a display of authority, went over to the police in support of law and order. With the removal of the agitators the whole populace came to their senses and realized the full horror of the plot into which they had been inveigled.

"The working-man," a Government reporter writes, "no longer regards the conspiracy as a wild story, the pillage promised him makes him shrug his shoulders, and he feels that the brigands, hailing from no one knows where, would have pillaged the working-man himself. Their remark is, 'It would be better to stay as we are and to send all those rascals to the scaffold!' When the project of the massacre is read and these words 'all reflection on the part of the people must be avoided; they must commit acts which will prevent them from going back,' the readers are overcome with anger. They see that the scoundrels wished to make them the victims. 'Let the Directory have them all hanged, and may Hell swallow them up!' — that is their reflection. Some soldiers reading these dreadful documents say loudly: 'Soldiers of liberty will never have for friends thieves, brigands, and assassins!'"²

The appeals of Babeuf's friends to the working-classes urging them to rescue the prisoners fell therefore on deaf ears. In vain hordes of viragos enlisted by the conspirators paraded the faubourgs, telling the working-men of Saint-Antoine that their comrades in Saint-Marceau were taking

¹ Fleury, *op. cit.* 216.

² Schmidt, *Tableaux de Paris*, iii. 197.

up arms, and proclaiming in Saint-Marceau that Saint-Antoine was rising; the working-men of both districts indignantly repulsed these furies, who admitted with tears they had been paid to stir up insurrection.

On the 27th of August 1796 all the leaders of the conspiracy to the number of forty-seven were removed to Vendôme to await their trial, which, however, did not begin until February 20 of the following year and lasted until the end of May. Babeuf's behaviour in court alternated between brazen defiance and pitiable weakness. Already at his cross-examination in Paris he had declared himself to be merely the agent of a conspiracy:

I attest they do me too much honour in decorating me with the title of head of this affair. I declare that I had only a secondary and limited part in it. . . . The heads and the leaders needed a director of public opinion, I was in the position to enlist this opinion. . . .¹

Who were the mysterious chiefs referred to by Babeuf? The Illuminati? The Order, we know, was still active and co-operated with the society of the Philadelphes, which, according to Lombard de Langres, secretly directed the Babouviste conspiracy. Babeuf, whilst thus disclaiming responsibility, yet maintained his firm belief in Communism though admitting it to be an unattainable ideal. This final abandonment of his revolutionary programme, however, did not save him, and on the 27th of May 1797 sentence of death was passed on Babeuf and Darthé; seven of their fellow-conspirators were ordered to be deported, the rest acquitted. The two condemned men vainly attempted to stab themselves with stilettos they had concealed beneath their clothing, but were removed to their cells by the police, and on the 28th of May the "Chief of the Equals" and his companion perished on the scaffold.

So ended Babeuf, but not so Babouvisme. Buonarotti still survived to hand on the torch of conflagration to the revolutionary groups of the early nineteenth century.

To-day, however, owing to the pretensions of German Socialism, Babeuf, even in France, is almost forgotten or is remembered only as a madman. But why is Babeuf

¹ Fleury, *op. cit.* p. 230.

to be regarded as any madder than his more famous successors in the science of revolution? On the contrary, a close study of the Babouviste conspiracy reveals its author to have been far ahead of his times, a man who, if he had lived to-day, would undoubtedly be hailed as a herald of the dawn.

The fact is that, as students of the Russian Revolution will have observed, *Babouvisme and Bolshevism are identical*; between the two creeds there is no essential difference. The third Internationale of Moscow in its first Manifesto rightly traces its descent from Babeuf. We shall return to this point later in connection with the programme of the Bolsheviks.

It may be objected that the Babouviste rising was lacking in the International spirit of Bolshevism; it is true that Babeuf confined his energies to France in the matter of organizing the day of revolution, but that he dreamt of the movement subsequently developing on a far larger scale is evident from those momentous words of his Communist Manifesto: "The French Revolution is only the forerunner of another revolution, very much greater, very much more solemn, and which will be the last!"

The conspiracy of Babeuf was thus the expiring effort of the French Revolution to realize the great scheme of Weishaupt. The universal nature of that first upheaval has been too little realized by posterity. Everywhere Illuminism had found its adepts; in Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, Russia, even as far as Africa, the disintegrating doctrines of Weishaupt had spread beneath the surface.¹ It was not merely the thrones of Europe that were shaken but civilization itself that trembled to its very foundations. England had entered largely into the projects of the conspirators; no less an adept than Cato-Zwack himself had, as we have seen, visited this country after his expulsion from Bavaria, and spent a year at Oxford University, which, less receptive to illuminated doctrines than it is to-day, accorded him scant appreciation.² But the efforts of his fellow-country-

¹ Barruel, *op. cit.* iv. 357-378.

² *Ibid. op. cit.* iv. p. 400.

men, Röntgen, Ibiken, and Regenhardt who followed,¹ met with some degree of success, and Robison, himself a Freemason, admits with regret that a certain number of British masons were won over by the German propagandists. Amongst these was the celebrated Thomas Paine, who was later on to betray his connection with the Illuminati by his work, *The Age of Reason*, written in France whilst the "Feasts of Reason" were taking place in the churches of Paris. Largely, then, owing to the instrumentality of Paine several "illuminized" lodges were started in England, which Robison, writing in 1797, declared to be still in existence.² It is thus that we find noble lords at their banquets drinking the health of the Sovereign People, "whilst in their lairs other Brothers are meditating how they shall set to work in order to put at the disposal of the Sovereign People the possessions of their Brother Lords, the treasures of the banks, and the shops of the rich merchants."³ Barruel is no doubt right in describing these upper class Subversives as the Brother Dupes (Frères-Dupes) of the Order, it was not such men as Fox, Sheridan, or even "the renegade Lord Stanhope" who desired to see a levelling down of the wealth they themselves enjoyed; but the plan of the Illuminati was always to use each section of the community for its own destruction. The real aims of Illuminism were embodied not in the political revolution devised by the Whigs to bring themselves into power, but in the social revolution organized by the middle-class malcontents, Paine, Price, and Priestly, and their allies amongst the disgruntled manual workers. It was by these men that, after the Revolution broke out in France, revolutionary societies were started in England, the most important being the London Corresponding Society, founded in 1792 by a shoemaker named Hardy, with branches all over the kingdom. Although conducting their agitation under the pretext of reform, it is impossible to see in this movement any connection with the working-class grievances that underlay the Industrial Revolution

¹ *Application of Barruel's Memoirs of Jacobinism to the Secret Societies of Ireland and Great Britain*, by the translator of that work (the Hon. R. C. Clifford), London, 1798, p. xxii.

² Robison, *op. cit.* pp. 478, 479.

³ Barruel, *op. cit.* iv. 414.

some thirty years later; neither the doctrines nor the phraseology of these societies savour in any way of working-class mentality but are both obviously of foreign importation, whilst their plan of organization is simply that of the Illuminati. "These societies," writes a contemporary, "were formed on Weishaupt's corresponding scale," with a "Grand Council" to direct operations.¹ And we have only to read their correspondence to recognize the truth of the further assertion that "all their forms and even their modes of speech were servilely copied from the French"² — that is to say, from the French disciples of the Illuminati. It is certainly not British boot-makers or mechanics who devise such phrases as "Citizens of the World," the "Imprescriptible Rights of Man," or who would have bethought themselves of beginning a letter to the Convention of Paris with the words: "Illustrious senators, enlightened legislators, and dear friends!" The phraseology of Jacobinism is here clearly apparent. The "traitorous correspondence" that took place during the autumn of 1792, when immediately after the ghastly massacres of September the "English Jacobins" sent affectionate letters of good-will to their French brethren and even expressed the hope of setting up a National Convention in England, must not be traced to any native violence on the part of British working-men, but solely to the workings of Illuminism. Thus, owing to the international doctrines instilled in their minds by the adepts of Weishaupt, the English dupes who subscribed to these effusions little dreamt that the men to whom they addressed themselves were in reality their bitterest enemies.³

¹ Clifford, *Application of Barruel's Memoirs, etc.*, p. 33.

² Clifford, *op. cit.* p. 34.

³ It should be remembered that at this date — September to December 1792 — the power of the Girondins, who had shown themselves friendly to England, was waning and Robespierre was gaining the ascendancy. And Robespierre's opinion of the English is thus concisely expressed in his speech to the Convention on January 30, 1794: "As a Frenchman and representative of the people I declare that I hate the English people — I declare that I shall increase as far as in me lies the hatred of my fellow-countrymen against them. What does it matter what they think of me? I only hope in our soldiers and in the profound hatred the French have for that people." Such were the "dear friends" at whose feet the English Jacobins saw fit to grovel.

Internationalism has always redounded to the discredit of England.

By way of further expressing their esteem for the Jacobins of France, the English revolutionary societies had collected large sums of money which they dispatched to Paris and also a quantity of arms made at Birmingham and Sheffield.¹ Fired by this example, the leading revolutionary society of Scotland, calling itself the "North Britons," two years later armed itself with pikes for the purpose of open insurrection. The plot, however, was discovered, and no less than 4000 pikes were found to have been ordered for Perth besides those wanted for Edinburgh.²

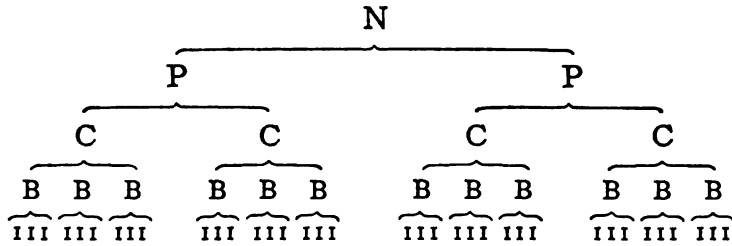
By this time, 1794, the victories of the Republican armies had rendered the French formidable allies, and, before long, plans for the invasion of Great Britain began to be discussed by the agents of the Illuminati. Then, as now, Ireland was recognized as the most vulnerable point of attack, and for three years an Irish Society had been at work in that country. This association, first known as the Irish Brotherhood, then as the "United Irishmen," was organized in June 1791 on the lines of the Illuminati. "The proposals for it," writes Clifford, "are couched in the style and exact terms of the Hierophants of Illuminism." They recommend the formation of an association, or, as it is styled, "a beneficent conspiracy" to serve the people; assuming "the secrecy and somewhat of the ceremonial attached to Freemasonry."³ This was effected by means of a central society or lodge from which other lodges in the different towns radiated; chairmen or Masters presided over the lodges, and secretaries were appointed belonging only to the higher degrees. "The concatenation

¹ Oswald's speech to the Jacobins of September 30, 1793 (Aulard's *Séances des Jacobins*, iv. 346). It was Oswald, an English Jacobin, who seems to have suggested the idea of the terrible "Loi des Suspects" to the Convention and even advocated a more extreme measure still, namely to put to death every suspected man in France. This suggestion, emanating from a vegetarian (for Oswald had adopted the diet of the Brahmins after some years spent in India), drew from Thomas Paine the ironical remark, "Oswald, you have lived so long without tasting flesh that you have now a most voracious appetite for blood" (*Letters of Redhead Yorke*, 1906 edition, p. 71).

² Clifford, *op. cit.* p. 35.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 1, 2.

of the degrees," Clifford goes on to observe, "perfectly coincides with Weishaupt's plan," and he illustrates the fact by a reproduction of the pyramidal scale of adepts, starting with the one controlling brain at the top and widening out into the lower ranks of the less initiated, resembling the one shown in the code of the Illuminati:¹



Committees were then formed all over Ireland, but "no person whatever could mention the names of the Committee-men: they were not even known to those who had elected them in the case of the National or Executive Committee. . . . Thus was the Society entirely governed by unknown Superiors."² The exact similarity between this system and the organization of the Babouviste conspiracy will be readily perceived. The official leader of the movement in Belfast was Wolfe Tone, in Dublin Napper Tandy, and, at first, Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation were held out as the only objects of the society, but in time plans of a more subversive nature were admitted. Thus, when military co-operation with the French was contemplated and it became necessary to win over the troops, the soldiers were adjured "to be true to the French Republic." "The better to propagate the system it was held out to the military that, when the French should come, the soldiers were to be such as them; that there were to be no rich but *All Equality*."³ Accordingly the barracks were to be burnt down, the country set on fire from end to end, and all arms seized until the French should land. It should be noted that by this date, July 1797, even the appearance of liberty under the name

¹ Cf. diagram in *Nachtrag . . . Original Schriften*, p. 60.

² Clifford, *op. cit.* p. 6.

³ *Ibid.*

of Jacobinism had ceased to exist, and it was with the troops of the despotic Directory that the Irish soldiers were asked to coalesce.

In all this agitation the Irish peasants played no part at all; indeed, on the only occasion when the French effected a landing the people offered vigorous resistance. The contemporary account of the incident is so curious that it must be quoted verbatim:

"On the 24th of December (1796) the French really did make their appearance at Bantry; and, strange to say, they were not seconded in their attempts by the people; who universally rose in the south to oppose their invaders; but this is accounted for in a still more extraordinary manner. The Executive had received news that the French had deferred their expedition till spring; this circumstance threw them 'off their guard,' and in consequence of it no measures were taken to prepare the people for the reception of the French army. *The people were left to themselves.*" "I hope in God," adds Clifford, "that this avowal made by one of their intended Governors may prove a wholesome lesson to that same people, and encourage them to follow the loyal and genuine dictates of their hearts."¹

Indeed so little were the Irish people initiated into the real aims of "the beneficent conspiracy" at work in their midst that even the County Committees were not in the secret as to the nature of the engagements entered into with the French.

— What unhappy deluded people then were the lower associates who were informed of nothing, but were to be the mere agents of rebellion and murder, and were hurried on into this abyss of horror by a few political libertines who grasped at dominion, and wished to wade to the helm of the State through the blood of their countrymen!²

These words well describe the workings of the conspiracy which from 1791 onwards has never ceased to exploit the troubles of Ireland in order to bring about the destruction of England and of Christian civilization.

Whilst these events were taking place in Europe the

¹ Clifford, *op. cit.* 9, 10, quoting official report of the incident.

² *Ibid.* p. 12. This very curious pamphlet should be read by every one interested in the present state of affairs in Ireland, of which it offers an almost exact picture.

New World had been illuminized. As early as 1786 a lodge of the Order had been started in Virginia, and this was followed by fourteen others in different cities. But the horrors of the French Revolution, followed in 1797 by the books of Barruel and Robison, which supplied the key to events that had hitherto appeared inexplicable, opened the eyes of the American public to the truth of the conspiracy at work in its midst. The alarm that spread through the States was not, as it has been foolishly described, a case of "panic," but the recognition of a very real danger on which the clergy had the courage to warn their congregations from pulpits all over the country.

At Charlestown on May 9, 1798, the Rev. Jedediah Morse preached his famous sermon on Illuminism, taking for his text, "This is a day of trouble and of rebuke and blasphemy":

Practically all of the civil and ecclesiastical establishments of Europe have already been shaken to their foundations by this terrible organization; the French Revolution itself is doubtless to be traced to its machinations; the successes of the French armies are to be explained on the same ground. The Jacobins are nothing more nor less than the open manifestation of the hidden system of the Illuminati. The Order has its branches established and its emissaries at work in America. The affiliated Jacobin Societies in America have doubtless had as the object of their establishment the propagation of the principles of the illuminated mother club in France.

In July of the same year Timothy Dwight, president of Yale, thus referred to the work of the French Revolution in his sermon to the people of New Haven:

No personal or national interest of man has been uninvaded; no impious sentiment of action against God has been spared; no malignant hostility against Christ and His religion has been unattempted. Justice, truth, kindness, piety, and moral obligation universally have been not merely trodden underfoot . . . but ridiculed, spurned, and insulted as the childish bugbears of drivelling idiocy. . . . For what end shall we be connected with men of whom this is the character and conduct? Is it that we may assume the same character and conduct? Is it that our churches may become temples of reason, our Sabbath a decade, and our psalms of praise Marseillaise hymns? . . . Is it that we may see the Bible cast into a bonfire, the vessels of the sacramental supper borne by an ass in public procession, and our

children either wheedled or terrified, uniting in the mob, chanting mockeries against God, and hailing in the sounds of the "Ça ira" the ruin of their religion and the loss of their souls? . . . Shall our sons become the disciples of Voltaire and the dragoons of Marat, or our daughters the concubines of the Illuminati?

Dwight then refers to the misery wrought by the Republican troops in Belgium, Bolivia, Italy, and Switzerland — "the happiness of the last named, and its hopes cut off at a single stroke, happiness erected with the labour and the wisdom of three centuries. . . . What have they spread but crimes and miseries; where have they trodden but to waste, to pollute, and to destroy?"

Needless to say, these warnings were met with furious remonstrances from sympathizers with the principles of Illuminism. *The Independent Chronicle* spoke of "the incorrigible impertinence of the clergy in turning aside from their legitimate functions to spread alarm about Illuminism"; Jefferson — whom Morse declared to be himself an Illuminatus — strenuously denied all imputations against the Order, and described Weishaupt as "an enthusiastic philanthropist" and Barruel's revelations as "the ravings of a Bedlamite." The very violence of these disclaimers shows how truly the shafts had gone home. The line of defence adopted had been laid down some ten years earlier by Weishaupt. "The great care of the Illuminati after the publication of their secret writings," says Barruel, "was to persuade the whole of Germany that their Order no longer existed, that their adepts had all renounced not only their mysteries and conspiracies but all connection between themselves as members of a secret society." It is very curious to read these words written more than 120 years ago, for this is precisely the course that has been adopted throughout by the Illuminati. Still at the present day any reference to the rôle of Illuminism either in the French Revolution or after is immediately met with the assurance that the whole thing is a "mare's nest," and that in reality Illuminism was an unimportant and transitory movement, which finally ended with its suppression in Bavaria in 1786.

With regard to Barruel's and Robison's revelations, which we are asked to believe "fell flat" — but which in reality created so immense a sensation that the entire first edition of the translation of Barruel's *Memoirs* was sold out before the fourth volume reached the Press, whilst Robison's book went into at least four editions — every effort was made at the time of their appearance to counteract their effects and even to withdraw them from circulation. "The zealous brothers on the banks of the Thames asked for help from their German brothers" in order to destroy the copies of the obnoxious volumes.¹ Thereupon "Brother Boettiger" replied by an article in the *Monthly Magazine* for January 1798 in which he assured the British public that "every one concerned in unveiling Illuminism is now only pursuing a chimera on matters long since buried in profound oblivion, that since 1790 no one has paid the least attention to the Illuminati, that since that date there is no mention of them in the German lodges, and that, finally, proofs of this assertion are to be found in the papers of Bode, who had become the head of the Order." At least, as Barruel observes, Boettiger here admits "that the mysteries of Illuminism had become those of masonic lodges," and that the Order had not been annihilated in 1786 at the time of the discovery of its plots, as other writers of the sect had pretended, but that it had survived at any rate until 1790.

A further exoneration of the Illuminati which is frequently quoted to-day appeared some years later under the title of *De l'influence attribuée aux philosophes, aux Francs Maçons, et aux Illuminés sur la Révolution de France*, of which the author was no other than Jean Joseph Mounier, proposer of the Oath of the Tennis Court on June 20, 1789. According to this apparently reliable witness, neither Freemasonry nor Illuminism had the slightest influence on the Revolution, nor had philosophy either! Therefore, if we are to believe Mounier, the time-honoured opening to nearly every existing book on the French Revolution tracing its origins to the theories of Rousseau, Diderot, Voltaire, and so on, must be ruled out as fictions.

¹ Barruel, iv. 218.

When we come to examine Mounier's attitude more closely, however, certain considerations present themselves, too lengthy to enter into here, which detract somewhat from the value of his testimony. Of these the most important is the fact that Mounier wrote his book in Germany, where he was living under the protection of the Duke of Weimar, who had placed him at the head of a school in that city where Boettiger himself was director of the college,¹ and, according to the editor of Mounier's work, it was from Bode, who was also at Weimar and whom Boettiger declared to be the head of the Illuminati, that Mounier collected his information!² And this is the sort of evidence seriously quoted against that of innumerable other contemporaries who testified to the influence of Illuminism on the French Revolution!

Space unfortunately forbids quotations from these authorities — Lombard de Langres, the Chevalier de Malet, Joseph de Maistre, the Comte de Vaudreuil, Zimmermann, Göchhausen, and many others — but an important point to notice is that they belonged to no one party, religion, school of thought, or nationality, but though widely differing in their political or religious point of view, agreed on this one question. Thus the argument frequently advanced that Barruel wrote simply in the interests of the Catholic Church is obviously absurd, since Robison, who was a Protestant, arrived independently at precisely the same conclusions, and the American ecclesiastics quoted above can certainly not be supposed to have spoken in obedience to the dictates of Rome.

It will still be objected that all these witnesses and those who came after them were "reactionaries" eager to discredit the Revolution by every possible means. Was Louis Blanc the Socialist a reactionary? And who has more clearly indicated the workings of the occult forces beneath the movement?³ Was George Sand, revolutionary and Freemason, a "reactionary"? And it was George Sand who, in referring to "the European conspiracy of

¹ Mounier, *De l'influence attribuée, etc.*, p. lviii (1822 edition).

² *Ibid.* pp. 130, 212.

³ See the whole chapter devoted to this question in the second volume of Louis Blanc's *Histoire de la Révolution Française*.

Illuminism " and "the gigantic conceptions of Weishaupt," declared that Illuminism, "drawing from the inventive genius of its leaders and from the traditions of the Secret Societies of mystic Germany, appalled the world by the most formidable and the most learned of political and religious conspiracies," which "shook all dynasties on their thrones."¹ And Madame Sand adds: "Had these societies more effect in France than in the heart of the Germany that had given them birth? *The French Revolution answers energetically with the affirmative.*"²

How, then, in the face of all this evidence — evidence which, as we shall see later, other Freemasons confirmed — is it possible to deny the influence of illuminized Freemasonry on the French Revolution? How can we doubt the truth of those terrible words of Barruel which the subsequent history of the world and, above all, its situation to-day has surely justified:

You thought the Revolution ended in France, and the Revolution in France was only the first attempt of the Jacobins. In the desires of a terrible and formidable sect, you have only reached the first stage of the plans it has formed for that general Revolution which is to overthrow all thrones, all altars, annihilate all property, efface all law and end by dissolving all society.

Had not Weishaupt declared: "This revolution shall be the work of the Secret Societies, and that is one of our great mysteries"?

But for a brief spell after the fall of Babeuf the work of the conspiracy was arrested. The XVIIIth of Brumaire dealt a crushing blow to Illuminism, and the same hand that had locked the door of the Panthéonistes' meeting-place closed down the Secret Societies. Thus the fifteen years during which Napoleon held the reins of power were the only period in the last 140 years during which Europe had peace from the devastating fire of Illuminism kindled by Weishaupt.

¹ *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*, ii. 219.

² *Ibid.* p. 260.

CHAPTER IV

THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM

Revival of Illuminism — The Tugendbund — The Alta Vendita — The Industrial Revolution — Rôle of the Jews — The Philosophers — Robert Owen — "New Harmony" — Saint-Simon — Pierre Leroux — Fourier — Buchez — Louis Blanc — Cabet — Vidal — Pecqueur — Proudhon — Trade-Union Terrorism.

AFTER the fall of Napoleon the smouldering flames of Illuminism broke out afresh all over Europe. The "German Union," inaugurated immediately on the suppression of the Illuminati in Bavaria, was in reality Weishaupt's Order reorganized under a different name, and in the early years of the following century other societies such as the Tugendbund and the Burschenschaft were started on much the same lines.¹ The Tugendbund, inaugurated in about 1812 and composed of all the most violent elements amongst the Illuminati, whose doctrines were those of Cloutz and Marat, developed into a further Order known as the German Association and aiming at a United Germany.

It is here that for the first time we can clearly detect the connection between Prussianism and the secret forces of World Revolution, though, no doubt, it could be traced back to a much earlier date. As we have already seen, Frederick the Great, through his ambassador, von der

¹ Lombard de Langres, *Les Sociétés secrètes*, pp. 81, 102, 110-113. Metternich also regarded these German societies as the outcome of Illuminism. Writing in 1832 he says: "Germany has long suffered from the evil which to-day covers the whole of Europe. . . . The sect of Illuminés . . . has never been destroyed although the same (Bavarian) government has tried to suppress it and has been obliged to inveigh against it, and it has taken successively, according to circumstances and the needs of the times, the denominations of Tugendbund, of Burschenschaft, etc.," *Mémoires de Metternich*, v. 368.

Goltz, had worked indefatigably for the rupture of the Franco-Austrian alliance, but at the same time his intrigues were conducted through a more obscure channel, for Frederick was a Freemason, as also were his friends the philosophers of France, and it was thus largely through his influence that the disintegrating doctrines of Voltaire were propagated which paved the way for the anti-Christian campaign of Weishaupt. In 1807 Joseph de Maistre, who had the rare perspicacity to perceive the fearful danger of Frederick's policy to the peace and stability of Europe, wrote these remarkable words:

I have always had a particular aversion for Frederick II., whom a frenzied century hastened to proclaim a *great man*, but who was *au fond* only a *great Prussian*. History will note this prince as one of the greatest enemies of the human race who has ever existed.¹

But de Maistre reckoned without that conspiracy of history which, controlled principally by German hands, was through the instrumentality of such agents as Carlyle, to maintain the prestige of Frederick in order to smooth the path for his successors.

After the death of Frederick the Great his policy was followed not only by his nephew Frederick William II., but by the disciples of Weishaupt. It was thus that the Illuminatus Diomedes (the Marquis de Constanza) wrote:

In Germany there must be only one or two princes at the most, and these princes must be illuminized and so led by our adepts and surrounded by them that no profane man may approach their persons.²

May not the Prussian Clotz's ambiguous reference to "the immutable Empire of the Great Germany — the Universal Republic"³ be traced to the same source of inspiration? It is possible, indeed, that Clotz may have been not only the adept of Weishaupt, but, as both Robespierre and Brissot suspected, the agent of the King of Prussia. Certain contemporaries have in fact declared

¹ *Lettres inédites de Joseph de Maistre* (1851), p. 97.

² Deschamps, *op. cit.* ii. 397, quoting evidence given at the trial of the Illuminati.

³ Clotz's speech to the Convention, September 9, 1792.

that Frederick William II. was actually an Illuminatus. Thus the Comte de Vaudreuil, writing to the Comte d'Artois from Venice in October 1790, remarked:

What strikes me most is that the sect of the *Illuminés* is the cause and instigator of all our troubles; that one finds these sectaries everywhere, that even the King of Prussia is imbued with this pernicious system; that the man who possesses his chief confidence (Bischoffswerder) is one of its chief heads.¹

And Robison states that his interest in the Illuminati was first aroused by an invitation to enter that Society from "a very honourable and worthy gentleman" who informed him "that the King of Prussia was the patron of the Order and that its object was most honourable and praiseworthy." Robison, however, declined the invitation because "there was something in the character and conduct of the King of Prussia which gave me a dislike to everything which he professed to patronize," and he was not surprised when later the same "honourable and worthy gentleman" confirmed his suspicions of the Order and said, "shaking his head very emphatically, 'Have nothing to do with it, we have been deceived, it is a dangerous thing.'"

A connection between Prussianism and Illuminism can therefore be detected from the beginning but with the Tugendbund appears in the clear light of day. According to Eckert the ultimate ends of the two intrigues were not identical, but each used the other for its own plan of world power.

This national sentiment latent in all (German) hearts, these efforts towards union of the different German States, masonry attempted to appropriate in order to direct them towards the overthrow of all thrones and of all nationalities. . . . The *Unity of Germany* became then the exclusive theme of the press; from the Tugendbund there issued, under high masonic direction, the German Association which absorbed it entirely.

The object of this association (according to "the authentic Report of the Secret Associations of Germany" by Mannsdorf, one of the members of the upper lodges)

¹ *Correspondence du Comte de Vaudreuil et du Comte d'Artois*, i. 342.

² Robison, *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, p. 583.

was to dethrone all the German princes with the exception of the King of Prussia, to bestow on this last the Imperial Crown of Germany, and to give to the State a democratic constitution. The final goal of masonry was then to bring about "the real or Universal Republic and the destruction of all nationalities."¹

It is easy to see that the Hohenzollerns might well make use of this intrigue in order to accomplish the first part of the programme — Prussian domination.

But Illuminism had not confined itself to Germany, and before the fall of Napoleon a further secret society was organized, under the name of the Carbonari, which soon fell under the control of the Illuminati. Though masonic in their origin, the Carbonari had not begun as a revolutionary body. Their founders were avowedly Royalists and Catholics who, possibly deluded as to the real aims of Illuminism, followed the precedent laid down by Weishaupt of taking Christ for their Grand Master. But before long the adepts of revolutionary masonry penetrated into their ranks and, taking the lead, acquired control over the whole association. "Italian genius," says Monsignor Dillon, "soon outstripped the Germans in astuteness, and as soon as, perhaps sooner than, Weishaupt had passed away, the supreme government of all the Secret Societies of the world was exercised by the Alta Vendita or highest lodge of the Italian Carbonari."² It was this formidable society, the "Haute Vente Romaine," which from 1814 to 1848 directed the activities of all the Secret Societies. Far more subtle, and therefore more formidable, than the Carbonari, the leaders of the Haute Vente conducted their campaign precisely on the lines of the Illuminati, of which they were indeed the direct continuation.³ Thus, according to the custom of the earlier Order, followed by Anarcharsis Cloutz and Gracchus Babeuf, the members of the Haute Vente all adopted classical pseudonyms, that of the leader, a corrupt Italian nobleman, being Nubius. This young man, rich, handsome, eloquent, and absolutely reckless,

¹ Deschamps, *op. cit.* ii. 227, 228.

² Monsignor George F. Dillon, *The War of Anti-Christ with the Church and Christian Civilization*, p. 63 (1884).

³ *Ibid.* p. 63.

was "a visionary with an *idée fixe* of elevating a pedestal for his own vanity."¹ But it was not in the band of dissolute young Italians he gathered around him, but in his Jewish allies, that Nubius found his principal support. Throughout the early years of the nineteenth century Jews in increasing numbers had penetrated into the masonic lodges and also into certain Secret Societies. The Egyptian rite of Memphis had been founded before the French Revolution by the Jewish Illuminatus Cagliostro, and "in 1815 the Rite of Mizraim, consisting of ninety Jewish degrees, was established by the Jews in Paris. Ragon, the French Masonic authority, calls it Jewish masonry."²

Joseph de Maistre declared the Jews now to be playing an active part in Illuminism — a system which he had studied deeply and believed to be "the root of all the evil then afflicting Europe."³ "There are certainly, according to all appearances," he wrote in 1816, "societies organized for the destruction of all the bodies of nobility, of all noble institutions, of all the thrones and of all the altars of Europe. The sect which makes use of everything seems at this moment to turn the Jews to great account and we must very much beware of them."⁴ In the Haute Vente for the first time we find them taking the lead. Rich members of the Ashkenazim contributed to the funds of the society, lesser Jews acted as their cleverest agents.⁵ Amongst the latter class, one who had assumed the pseudonym of Piccolo Tigre displayed the greatest energy. Masquerading as an itinerant jeweller and moneylender, Piccolo Tigre travelled about Europe carrying the instructions of the Haute Vente to the Carbonari and returning laden with gold for the money-boxes of Nubius. On these journeys Piccolo Tigre received the protection of the masonic lodges everywhere, although the greater number of the men who composed them were held by the Haute Vente in supreme contempt. "Beyond the Masons and unknown to them," writes Monsignor Dillon, "though

¹ J. Crétineau-Joly, *L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution*, ii. 383.

² A. Cowan, *The X-rays in Freemasonry*, p. 160.

³ *Lettres inédites de Joseph de Maistre*, p. 388.

⁴ Joseph de Maistre, *Quatre chapitres inédits sur la Russie*, chap. iv.

⁵ Monsignor Dillon, *op. cit.* p. 72. Crétineau-Joly, *op. cit.* ii. 131.

formed generally from them, lay the deadly secret conclave, which nevertheless used and directed them for the ruin of the world and of their own selves."

So important had the rôle of Piccolo Tigre become, that in 1822 we find him writing a letter of instruction to the Haute Vente Piedmontaise of which the following extract will serve to indicate the methods that he advocated and incidentally their similarity with those of the Illuminati:

In the impossibility in which our brothers and friends find themselves, to say, as yet their last word, it has been judged good and useful to propagate the light everywhere, and to set in motion all that which aspires to move. For this reason we do not cease to recommend you to affiliate persons of every class to every manner of association no matter of what kind, *only provided that mystery and secrecy shall be the dominant characteristics*. All Italy is covered with religious confraternities and with penitents of diverse colours. Do not fear to slip in some of your people into the very midst of these flocks, led, as they are, by a stupid devotion. Let our agents study with care the *personnel* of these confraternity men, and they will see that little by little they will not be wanting in a harvest. Under a pretext the most futile but never political or religious, create by yourselves, or better yet, cause to be created by others, associations having commerce, industry, music, the fine arts, etc., for objects. Reunite in one place or another — in the sacristies or chapels even — these tribes of yours as yet ignorant; put them under the pastoral staff of some virtuous priest, well known but credulous, and easy to be deceived. Then infiltrate the poison into those chosen hearts; infiltrate it in little doses and as if by chance. Afterwards, upon reflection, you will yourselves be astonished at your success.

The essential thing is to isolate a man from his family, to cause him to lose his morals. He is sufficiently disposed by the bent of his character to flee from household cares and to run after easy pleasures and forbidden joys. He loves the long conversations of the cafés, and the idleness of shows. Lead him along, sustain him, give him an importance of some kind, teach him discreetly to grow weary of his daily labours, and by this manoeuvre, after having separated him from his wife and children and after having shown him how painful are all his duties, you will then excite in him the desire of another existence. Man is a born rebel. Stir up the desire of rebellion until it becomes a conflagration, but in such a manner that the conflagration does not break out. This is a preparation for the great work that you have to begin.

When you shall have insinuated into a few souls disgust for

family and for religion (the one nearly always follows in the wake of the other), let fall some words which will provoke the desire of being affiliated to the nearest lodge. This vanity of the citizen or of the *bourgeois* for being enrolled in Freemasonry is something so *banal* and so universal that I am always full of admiration for human stupidity. I am not surprised to see the whole world knocking at the door of all the Venerables and asking these gentlemen for the honour of being one of the workmen chosen for the reconstruction of the Temple of Solomon. To find oneself a member of a lodge, to feel oneself apart from one's wife and children, called upon to guard a secret which is never confided to one, is for certain natures a delight and an ambition.

The Alta Vendita desires that under one pretence or another, as many princes and wealthy persons as possible should be introduced into the Masonic Lodges. Princes of a sovereign house and those who have not the legitimate hope of being kings by the grace of God, all wish to be kings by the grace of a Revolution. The Duke of Orleans is a Freemason. . . . The prince who has not a kingdom to expect is a good fortune for us. There are many of them in that plight. Make Freemasons of them; these poor princes will serve our ends, while thinking to labour only for their own. They form a magnificent sign-board.

It is upon the lodges that we count to double our ranks. They form, without knowing it, our preparatory novitiate. They discourse without end upon the dangers of fanaticism, upon the happiness of social equality and upon the grand principles of religious liberty. They launch amidst their feastings thundering anathemas against intolerance and persecution. This is positively more than we require to make adepts. A man imbued with these fine things is not very far from us. There is nothing more required than to enlist him.

It was thus by systematic demoralization that the leaders of the Haute Vente, like the Illuminati, hoped to establish their ascendancy over the "peoples" of Europe. But in order to understand the manner in which they set out to accomplish this purpose we must now examine the ground on which they had to work.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

It is of the utmost importance to realize that the people at this period were suffering from very real grievances. These grievances weighed less, however, on the agricultural than on the industrial workers, whose conditions of life

were often terrible. This fact no one has ever attempted to deny, and we need not have recourse to the writings of Socialists to gain an idea of the slavery endured by men, women, and children in the mines and factories of Europe during the years following on the Napoleonic wars, for we shall find the whole case stated with more accuracy and far greater eloquence in the letters of Lord Shaftesbury, whose whole life was devoted to the cause of the poor and oppressed.

What was the reason for this aggravation of the workers' lot? Partly the speeding up of industry brought about by the introduction of machinery; partly, in England, the rapidly increasing population, but in France to a large extent the situation must be directly attributed to the Revolution. We have already seen how the destruction of trade unions and increase in the days of labour by the abolition of national holidays had added to the workers' burden, but a further effect of the great upheaval had been the transference of power from the aristocracy to the *bourgeoisie* with disastrous consequences to the people. In a word the destruction of feudalism had inaugurated the reign of Commercialism. This is admitted by no less an authority than Marx himself.

The *bourgeoisie* has played in history a most revolutionary part. The *bourgeoisie*, whenever it has conquered power, has destroyed all feudal, patriarchal, and idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder all the many-coloured feudal bonds which united men to their "natural superiors," and has left no tie twixt man and man but naked self-interest and callous cash payment. It has drowned religious ecstasy, chivalrous enthusiasm, and middle-class sentimentality in the ice-cold water of egotistical calculation. It has transformed personal worth into mere exchange value, and substituted for countless dearly-bought chartered freedoms the one and only unconscionable freedom of Free Trade. It has, in one word, replaced an exploitation veiled by religious and political illusions by exploitation open, unashamed, direct, and brutal.¹

Thus in the opinion of the leading prophet of modern Socialist thought, *it was the destruction of feudalism that led to the enslavement of the proletariat*. Exaggerated as this

¹ *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, p. 9.

indictment of the *bourgeoisie* may be, there is a certain degree of truth in Marx's theory. The class that lives on inherited wealth is always the barrier to the exploitation of the workers. To the noble who paid 500 louis for his *carrosse*, or the duchess who never asked the price of her brocaded gown, where was the advantage of underpaying the workman or the dressmaker? "Sweating" results largely from the attempt to bring commodities within the reach of a class that cannot or will not pay a price allowing a fair rate of remuneration to the worker. After the revolution, when aristocracy with its careless expenditure and its traditional instincts of benevolence had taken refuge in garrets, these were the classes that supported industry, and it is thus against "the newly rich" that we find the bitterest complaints of the people directed.

At the same time, amongst the *bourgeoisie* had arisen a new influence that Marx is careful not to indicate, but about which the Socialist Malon is more explicit:

Feudalism signifies privilege granted in return for certain duties agreed upon; *judaized plutocracy* recognizes no duty, it has only one object, to appropriate the largest possible part of the work of others, and of the social accumulation in order to use and abuse it selfishly. That is its great moral indignity, and the signal for its approaching fall in the name of public welfare and of the interests of Humanity.

We shall find the same opinion expressed later by the Anarchist Bakunin.

The Jew was of course not alone in exploiting the workers; but the spirit of the Jew, permeating commerce in every country — in France, in Germany, above all in America — undoubtedly contributed to the industrial oppression against which Marx inveighs. Under the monarchy the Jews had been held in check by laws limiting their activities, but the edicts passed at the beginning of the Revolution, decreeing their complete emancipation, had removed all restraints to their rapacity.

By the Jewish race 1789 is therefore hailed as the year of deliverance. Without going so far as M. Drumont in saying that the Revolution delivered the people from the aristocrats in order to hand them over to the Jews, it

cannot be denied that the power of the Jews over the people was immensely increased by the overthrow of the monarchy and aristocracy. Whether they deliberately contributed to this end it is impossible to say, but their influence was suspected by contemporaries, as may be seen by the following passage from Prudhomme, an ardent democrat and in no way to be accused of anti-Semitism:

The French Revolution did a great deal of good to the Jews; it entirely proscribed that antiquated prejudice which caused the remains of this ancient people to be regarded as a race of degraded men below all others. The Jews in France for a long while paid no longer at the barriers, as under the reign of Saint Louis, the same dues that were exacted from the cloven-footed. But every year each Jewish family was taxed 40 livres for the right of habitation, or protection and tolerance. This due was suppressed on the 20th of July, 1790. The Jews were, so to speak, naturalized French and took the rank of citizens. What did they do to show their gratitude? What they did before; they have not changed, they have not mended their ways, they contributed not a little to the fall of *assignats*. The disorder of our finances was a Peruvian mine for them; they have not abated their infamous traffic; on the contrary, civil liberty has only availed them to extend their stock-jobbing speculations. Public misery became a rich patrimony to them. . . . The Jews took impetus. The Government had need of them, and God knows how dearly they have made the Republic pay the resources that it demanded of them. What mysteries of iniquity would be revealed if the Jews, like the mole, did not make a point of working in the dark! In a word and to say all, the Jews have never been more Jews than since we tried to make of them men and citizens.¹

But it was the peasants who became the chief sufferers from the domination of the Jews. Under the Old Régime, the feudal dues had proved oppressive, but in many instances the seigneurs were the benefactors and protectors of their vassals. The Jewish usurers on whom the peasant proprietors now depended to carry on if crops failed or weather proved unpropitious, showed no indulgence.

"As soon as he" (the peasant), writes Daniel Stern, "has

¹ *Crimes de la Révolution*, iii. 44. Burke relates that the Jews made large profits out of the plunder of the Churches, and that he is told "the very sons of such Jew-jobbers have been made bishops, persons not to be suspected of any Christian superstition" (*Reflections on the French Revolution*, p. 254). This may explain the apostasy of certain prelates on the 8th of November, 1793.

entered into commercial relations with this *rusé* race, as soon as he has put his name at the foot of a paper which he has read and re-read without perceiving the hidden clause that does for him, the peasant, in spite of all his *finesse*, will never succeed in recovering his liberty. Henceforth his activity, his intelligence, the benefits of Providence who sends him rich harvests will profit him nothing, but only his new master. The exorbitant interest on a very small capital will absorb his time and his labours. Every day he will see the comfort of his family diminish and his difficulties increase. As the fatal day approaches when the debt falls due the sombre face of his creditor warns him that he can expect no respite. He must make up his mind, he must go further along the road of perdition, borrow again, always borrow until ruin has been brought about, and fields, meadows, and woods, house, flocks, and home all have passed from his industrious hands into the rapacious ones of the usurer."¹

In a word, the peasant inherited from the aristocrat; he was disinherited by the usurer. Here is the true history of the disinherited, not in France alone, but in Russia,² in Austria, in Poland; everywhere that the worker lives by tilling his own soil the abolition of feudalism has led to the domination of the money-lender, and the money-lender is in most cases a Jew. If, exasperated by this tyranny, the peasants from time to time have given way to violence and turned on their oppressors, is it altogether surprising? When in the fourteenth century the peasants rose against the *noblesse*, the blame, we are told, must rest solely with the nobles. Yet why is peasant fury when it took the form of a "jacquerie" to be condoned, and when it takes the form of a "pogrom" to be remorselessly condemned? Surely in one case as much as the other the plea of uncontrollable exasperation may be with justice put forward.

The industrial worker as well as the peasant found the

¹ *La Révolution de 1848*, by Daniel Stern, ii. 89 (La Comtesse d'Agoult).

² See the account given on his journey through White Russia in 1816 by the Grand Duke Nicholas, who, whilst admitting the support given to the Imperial authority by the Jews, remarks: "The general ruination of the peasantry of these provinces is attributable to the Jews, who are second in import to the landowners only; by their industries they exploit to the utmost the unfortunate population. They are everything here — merchants, contractors, pothouse-keepers, millers, carriers, artisans, etc., and they are so clever in squeezing and cheating the common people that they advance money on the unsown bread and discount the harvest before the fields are sown. They are regular leeches who suck up everything and completely exhaust this province," (E. A. Brayley Hodgett's *The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century*, i. 161).

Jew an exacting taskmaster. It was not only the introduction of machinery that at the beginning of the nineteenth century brought about the speeding up of industry, but the spirit of the new commercialism, which succeeded to the leisurely methods of the Old Régime. As M. Drumont has expressed it, if the workers paused for breath the cry went up from the statisticians: "What are we coming to? England manufactured 375 million trouser buttons last year and we have only produced 374 millions!"

This driving force behind the worker, this spirit of cut-throat competition, was largely attributable to the Jew.

At any rate, whether we regard the "Capitalistic system" as an evil or not, we cannot deny that the Jews were mainly responsible for it.

In order to appreciate thoroughly the insincerity of Marx with regard to this question, it is only necessary to glance through his book *Das Capital* and then the work of Werner Sombart on *The Jews and Modern Capitalism*. "The Jew," as Sombart remarks, "embodied modern Capitalism,"¹ and he goes on to describe, step by step, the building up by Jewish hands of the system which superseded the Old Régime of amicable trading and peaceful industry; he shows the Jew as the inventor of advertisement,² as the employer of cheap labour,³ as the principal participant in the stock-jobbing or *agiotage* that prevailed at the end of the first French Revolution.⁴ But it is above all as the usurer that the Jew achieved power. "Modern Capitalism," says Sombart, "is the child of money-lending,"⁵ and the Jew, as we have seen, is the money-lender *par excellence*. The great fortune of the Rothschilds was built up on this basis. The principal "loan-floaters" of the world,⁶ they were later the first railway kings.⁷ The period of 1820 onwards became, as Sombart calls it, "the age of the Rothschilds," so that by the middle of the century it was a common dictum, "There is only one power in Europe, and that is Rothschild."⁸

Now how is it conceivable that a man who set out

¹ Werner Sombart, *The Jews and Modern Capitalism*, p. 50.

² *Ibid.* p. 139.

³ *Ibid.* p. 150.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 101.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 189.

⁶ *Ibid.* pp. 101, 103.

⁷ *Ibid.* p. 105

⁸ *Ibid.* *The Jews and Modern Capitalism*, p. 99.

honestly to denounce Capitalism should have avoided all reference to its principal authors? Yet even in the section of his book dealing with the origins of Industrial Capitalism, where Marx refers to the great financiers, the stock-jobbing and speculation in shares, and what he describes as "the modern sovereignty of finance," he never once indicates the Jews as the leading financiers, or the Rothschilds as the super-capitalists of the world. As well might one sit down to recount the history of wireless telegraphy without any reference to Signor Marconi! How are we to explain this astounding omission? Only by recognizing that Marx was not sincere in his denunciations of the Capitalistic system, and that he had other ends in view. I shall return to this point later in connection with the career of Marx.

Such, then, was the condition of things at the beginning of the period known as the industrial revolution. The grievances of the workers were very real; the need for social reconstruction urgent, the gulf between poverty and riches greater than ever before, and the Government of France had no schemes of reform to offer. If only a great man had then arisen to lead the people back into paths of sanity and progress, to show them in that fatal year of 1789 new-born democracy had taken the wrong turning and wandered into a pathless jungle whence it could only emerge by retracing its footsteps, and starting afresh led by the light of its own day, not by the will o' the wisp of illuminized freemasonry!

Unhappily at this new crisis in the history of the working classes there was no one to point the way, no one who had the insight and the courage to rise and declare: "The great experiment of 1789 to 1794 has proved a failure, the principles on which it was founded have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, the goals it set before us have turned out to be *mirages* towards which we have marched too long with bleeding feet, the methods it employed were atrocious and must never be repeated, the men who led it were the enemies of the people and such as they shall never deceive us again. There is no hope for suffering humanity but to repudiate the Revolution and all

its works, and to strike out a fresh path with new hopes, new aims founded not on the dreams of visionaries or the schemes of demagogues but on the true desires of the people."

Instead of rallying the people by such a trumpet-call as this, the men who now arose had nothing better to offer than the worn-out creed of their revolutionary predecessors. The doctrines that had proved fallacious, the visions that had turned out to be delusions, the battle-cries that had led the people to disaster were all to be again revived with the same assurance as if in the past they had been attended with triumphant success.

THE PHILOSOPHERS

The earliest pioneer of the movement in England, later to be known as Socialism, was the English cotton mill-owner, Robert Owen. At the outset of his career it seemed that Owen might really prove to be the man the people needed, the enlightened reformer who, sweeping aside the fallacious theories of the French Revolution, was to establish the industrial system on new lines. The work of Owen at New Lanark was wholly admirable, the proper housing of the workers, the better education of the children, and indeed of the whole population by the inculcation of ideas of thrift, sobriety, and cleanliness, brought about a complete regeneration of the town and excited universal admiration. In all these schemes their author encountered no resistance. Socialists are fond of declaring that "the upper classes" are perfectly indifferent to the welfare of the workers, and that nothing but revolutionary agitation will rouse them. The history of Robert Owen provides a striking instance to the contrary, for it was amongst the so-called "upper classes," dukes, bishops, statesmen, even crowned heads — for the Czar Nicholas I. visited him in person — that he received his principal support. New Lanark speedily became a place of pilgrimage for every one interested in social reform, and Owen found himself in danger of having his head turned by the adulation of the great.

It must be understood, however, that Owen's experiment was not conducted on Socialistic principles. Living in the big house and driving about in his carriage "like a prince amongst his subjects,"¹ Owen played the part simply of a benevolent autocrat.² His employes existing on the wage system were obliged to work eight to ten hours a day,³ and were decorated with humiliating badges if they proved idle or inefficient. The proceeds of industry were not distributed amongst the workers, but gathered in by Owen himself and spent as he saw fit. It is true that from the model shop he erected in the town he drew no profit, goods being dealt out to customers at cost price, but with a lordly income Owen could well afford to indulge in this charitable hobby. No less honour must be attributed to him on this account, but the fact remains that Owen's philanthropy at New Lanark was conducted on the system Socialists condemn as "capitalistic."

At any rate the experiment proved triumphantly successful, but unhappily Owen allowed himself to be led from the path of sane and practical reforms into a wilderness of philosophic speculation. How are we to explain this unfortunate aberration? Only by the fact that Owen had fallen under the influence of the occult forces at work on the Continent, for if we examine his writings in the light of the doctrines described in the first chapter of this book, we cannot fail to perceive that his mind was permeated with Illuminism. Thus the fundamental point of Owen's teaching consists in the assumption that Man is the creature of circumstances, and that character results solely from environment. Therefore by removing him from evil conditions Man will inevitably be "transformed into an intelligent, rational and good being."⁴ Further, the evil conditions that at present exist are simply the result of civilization, which, like Weishaupt, Owen held to be the bane of humanity. "All the nations of the earth, with all the boast of each respecting their advance in *what they call*

¹ *Life of Robert Owen*, by Sargant, p. 30.

² Cf. Holyoake, *The Co-operative Movement*, p. 13. "Owen . . . was one of the small class of benevolent Tories who regard power as including an obligation to use it for the advantages of the people."

³ Sargant, *op. cit.* 217.

⁴ *Life of Robert Owen by himself*, p. 60.

civilization, are to-day governed by force, fraud, falsehood, and fear, emanating from ignorance in governors and governed."¹ Consequently Owen declared: "You must think of me as not belonging to the present system of society, but as one looking with the greatest delight at its entire annihilation, so that ultimately not one stone of it shall be left upon another."²

All this is only another way of expressing Weishaupt's theory that "Man is not bad except as he is made so by arbitrary morality. He is bad because Religion, the State, and bad examples pervert him," and therefore it is necessary to bring about "the total destruction of the existing civil system."

Indeed certain passages of Owen are almost word for word the same as those that occur in the code of Weishaupt. For example, in the latter it was stated that the aim of the Illuminati was "to make of the human race, without any distinction of nation, condition or profession, *one good and happy family*," and Owen announced "that new state of existence upon earth, which, when understood and applied rationally to practice, will cordially unite all as *one good and enlightened family*."³

It is idle to attribute these extraordinary resemblances — of which many more examples might be given — to mere coincidence, and to suppose that the Yorkshire cotton-mill owner evolved the same conclusions and even the same phraseology as the Bavarian professor out of his own inner consciousness. And indeed, as Owen's biographer points out, he himself "dimly indicates the possession of a philosophy which would regenerate society if men's minds were prepared to receive it. With a Pythagorean reticence, he reserves to himself and his initiated an esoteric doctrine of which the world is unworthy."⁴ What could this doctrine be but Illuminism, which Owen, obedient to the custom of the Order, is careful not to reveal?

But it is in the matter of religion that Owen most clearly betrays the source of his inspiration. By no other

¹ *Life of Robert Owen by himself*, p. 77.

² *Ibid.* p. 154.

³ *Ibid.* p. xxii.

⁴ Sargant, *op. cit.* p. 76.

means can his campaign of militant atheism be explained. In a man of Weishaupt's moral character hatred of Christianity is not surprising, but that Owen, filled with ardour for the good of humanity, a sincere and tireless philanthropist, should have paid no tribute to the great Teacher of love and compassion is so extraordinary as to be inexplicable by any facts hitherto set forth by his biographers. But when we examine his theories, it is easy to see whence he derived them, for what are his ideas of a "Rational Society" and his perpetual allusions to reason but the old doctrine of Weishaupt that "Reason should be the only code of Man?" — a doctrine which had already found expression in Paine's *Age of Reason* and in the "Feasts of Reason" celebrated in the churches of Paris? It was then under this malign influence that Owen gave vent to sentiments utterly foreign to his natural character, as, for example, his declaration that "the religions of the world are horrid monsters and real demons of humanity which swallow up all its *rationality* and happiness." ¹ Are we not forcibly reminded by such utterances of the diatribes of the Illuminatus Cloutz on "the nullity of all religions"? At moments Owen even rivals Cloutz in violence. "Religion," Cloutz had written, "is a social disease which cannot be too quickly cured. A religious man is a depraved animal," ² and Owen echoes the sentiment by saying that "the fundamental notions of every religion . . . have made man the most inconsistent and most miserable being in existence. By the errors of these systems he has been made a weak, imbecile animal," etc. ³

The occasion on which these words were uttered by Owen was the great public meeting where he had determined "to denounce all the religions of the world." ⁴ This day he long afterwards declared to have been the most glorious of his life, but in reality it simply had the effect of alienating from him public sympathy and destroying all his power for good. Led still further along the path of Illuminism, and, according to his biographer, "inflamed with an extravagant desire for notoriety," Owen, seven

¹ *Life of Robert Owen by himself*, p. 207.

² *La République universelle*, p. 27.

³ Sargent, *op. cit.* p. 129.

⁴ *Life of Robert Owen by himself*, p. 161

years later, abandoned his flourishing experiment at New Lanark in order to found a colony on Communistic lines in America.

For some years he had cherished the plan to "cut the world up into villages of 300 to 2000 souls," in which "the dwellings for the 200 or 300 families should be placed together in the form of a parallelogram," where "individualism was to be disallowed," and "each was to work for the benefit of all."¹ Attempts to found a colony on these lines in Ireland proved abortive, and accordingly in 1824 Owen sailed to the New World, where he bought a large tract of land named "Harmony" from some German colonists, disciples of the pastor Rapp. Here in the following year he started his "New Harmony Community of Equality." The Communist system was finally inaugurated, and other settlements on the same lines were started both in America and Scotland.

But Owen had calculated without taking human nature into account; the difficulty of eradicating the sense of property amongst the colonists proved an insuperable difficulty, and the noble desire to work for the common good with no thought of personal profit failed signally as an incentive.² Human passions had a strange way of springing to the surface even in the minds of the enthusiastic Communists who composed Owen's following; thus the organ of the community, *The Co-operative Magazine*, relates that one fine evening a member in the full flow of a discourse to an open-air meeting, on the theory that all forms of punishment shall be replaced by kindness, happened to perceive in the distance a small boy helping himself to the plums in the speaker's orchard, and instantly abandoning oratory, hurried towards the offender and administered a sound thrashing.³

Various attempts were made to organize the community on different Socialistic principles. For a time the system known to-day as Guild Socialism was practised in the town of New Harmony, whilst Communism was banished to the country.⁴ But in all these experiments

¹ Sargant, *op. cit.* p. 171.

² *Ibid.* p. 240.

³ *Ibid.* p. 254.

⁴ *Ibid. op. cit.* pp. 252, 253.

human nature still remained the insuperable obstacle, and in 1827 Owen in despair resigned the management. The cause of his failure was attributed by convinced Communists to his own management. By Owen it was attributed to the character of the people who made up the community. His experience, he acknowledged, "had shown one thing: the necessity of great caution in selecting members. No societies with common property and equality could prosper, if composed of persons unfit for their peculiar duties. In order to succeed it was needful to exclude the intemperate, the idle, the careless, the quarrelsome, the avaricious, the selfish. . . ." In other words, Communist settlements must be composed of only perfect human beings. But as Owen's biographer observes: "One wonders whether for a society so weeded, any peculiar organization would be necessary. It is just the selfish and the intemperate who constitute the difficulty of our present arrangements."¹

The colony founded by Owen's disciple, Abram Combe, at Orbiston, near Glasgow, and other Communist settlements started at Ralahine in County Clare in 1831, at Tytherley in Hampshire in 1839, proved failures for the same reason,² and Owen himself was obliged to recognise his cherished scheme as impracticable. Indeed, when on his way back to England in 1827 he had occasion to visit some slave plantations in Jamaica, he came to the conclusion that slavery was after all not such a bad system. For does not slavery provide all the blessings promised by Communism — the certainty of food and lodging, and freedom from "corroding care and anxiety" at the complete sacrifice of all personal liberty — but with the additional advantage of being a workable system?³

So ended the experiment of the man whom Socialists proudly name "the father of British Socialism." Considering the extraordinary dearth of practical philanthropists or of tangible results to be found in the annals of Socialism, it is natural that its exponents should be eager

¹ Sargant, p. 256.

² Sargant, *op. cit.* pp. 278-289. Orbiston started with co-operation but went over to Communism, and thenceforth, Sargant observes, "the project was doomed."

³ *Ibid. op. cit.* p. 266.

to claim the famous founder of New Lanark as one of their number. But in this, as in most of their pretensions, Socialists have shown themselves singularly dishonest, for it was when Owen abandoned Capitalism in favour of Socialism that he failed. It is therefore not the Owen of New Lanark but the Owen of New Harmony whom Socialists can justly claim as their own. Rather than admit this painful truth, Socialist writers in describing the career of Robert Owen usually content themselves with expatiating at length on the brilliant success of New Lanark and omit all reference to New Harmony. It is a curious fact that no Socialist has so far devoted a book to a truthful account of past Socialistic experiments; all such failures are passed over in complete silence, and the theories on which they were founded are vaunted as if no attempt had ever been made to put them into practice.

A further claim Socialists are fond of making for Robert Owen is that of having founded the co-operative system. This is again a perversion of the truth. Owen's model shop in New Lanark was, as we have seen, simply a benevolent hobby such as a rich man drawing his profits direct from the industry in which the workers were engaged, and paying them a low rate of wages, could well afford. Owen did not believe in the co-operative system which was inaugurated by the famous Rochdale Pioneers at their little co-operative store in Toad Street in 1844. This was really the beginning of a great movement, and was followed by the Co-operative Society of Oldham in 1850 and by the co-operative societies, numbering 340,930 members, which were flourishing in 1874.¹

In all this, however, neither Robert Owen nor Socialism can claim a share. It is true that some of the founders of co-operation had been influenced by Owen's example at New Lanark, but they did not share his Communistic theories, and Owen therefore "looked coldly" on the co-operative stores started by his so-called disciples.²

¹ Article on "Communism," by Mrs. Fawcett, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for 1877.

² Beatrice Webb, *The Co-operative Movement*, pp. 47, 56. See also Holyoake, *The Co-operative Movement*, p. 18, and *Co-operation in Rochdale*, p. 19. "Co-operation," Holyoake observes, "is not to be identified with

Co-operation then, as Holyoake says, is simply profit sharing,¹ — the system with which Socialists will have nothing to do and indeed oppose with all their might, except when, like Marx, they perceive its utility as a stepping-stone to Communism.

The essential difference between Co-operation and Communism is the system of the right to private property. Under the former system each person concerned in the business has the right to claim for his own his share of the profits; under the latter all profits go to the community. The former has frequently led to triumphant success; the second has invariably ended in total failure. As Mrs. Fawcett in her admirable article on "Communism" explained, the successful co-operative societies of the last century were promoted by real social reformers "who had proved by many failures the futility of Communism as an engine of social regeneration," and she adds: "There is no movement more distinctly non-communistic than co-operation. It strengthens the principles of capital and private property by making every co-operator a Capitalist and thus personally interesting him in the maintenance of the present economic condition of society."²

In other words, whilst Communism aims at the concentration of Capital in the hands of the State or of communists, Co-operation aims at the extension of Capital by distributing it amongst a larger number of individuals. And all experience teaches us that through Co-operation, not through Communism, lies the path to industrial peace.

Whilst this really progressive movement had been developing in England a succession of French philosophers were devising further schemes for the reorganization of industry, later to be classified under the generic term of Socialism.

First on the list comes the Comte de Simon, grandson of the famous author of the *Mémoires* relating to the court of Louis XIV. Born in 1760 with an unbalanced brain

Owen," but since it was his shop at New Lanark that suggested the idea to the future co-operators Owen may be said to have "originated co-operation without intending it or believing in it."

¹ Holyoake, *The Co-operative Movement*, p. 24.

² *Encyclopædia Britannica* for 1877.

inherited from an insane mother, Saint-Simon had early thrown himself into the wildest excesses and led the life of "an adventurer in quest of gold and glory,"¹ but after a while, weary of orgies, he had turned his attention to the regeneration of the world, in which he believed himself destined to play the leading part. Since this book is not intended to form a history of Socialism, but only to indicate the relation between Socialistic theories and the course of the World Revolution, it would be beside the point to describe in detail the philosophy of Saint-Simon. Suffice it then to state briefly that according to his theory of industrial reconstruction there was no way to prevent the exploitation of man by man but to place, not only all property, but all human beings under State control, thus arriving "not at absolute equality but at a hierarchy" in which "each would be classed according to his capacity and rewarded according to his work" — a formula which was only another rendering of the Babouviste maxim: "Every one according to his strength; to every one according to his needs."²

In a word, Saint-Simonisme was simply a variation of our old friend Babouvisme, of which the tradition had been carried on by Babeuf's colleague Buonarotti. Saint-Simon's inspiration must, however, be traced still further back than the Chief of Equals, namely to Weishaupt, whose doctrines survived not only amongst the Babouvistes but, as we have seen, in the Haute Vente Romaine.

Saint-Simon, who, we know, was connected with this formidable secret society, accordingly continued the great scheme of Weishaupt by proclaiming the abolition of property, of inheritance, the dissolution of the marriage tie, and the break-up of the family — in a word, the destruction of civilization. Like Robert Owen, Saint-Simon frankly declared that the existing social system was dead and must be completely done away with. The French Illuminatus, however, did not fall into the error of his English contemporary, of alienating public opinion by the repudiation of Christianity; on the contrary, faithful to

¹ Thureau-Dangin, *La Monarchie de Juillet*, i. 221.

² Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 82.

the directions of Weishaupt, Saint-Simon, in his book *Le Nouveau Christianisme*, set out to prove that his system was simply the fulfilment of Christ's teaching on the brotherhood of man, which had become perverted by the belief in the necessity for subduing the flesh; "therefore in order to re-establish Christianity on its true basis it was necessary to restore its sensual side, the absence of which strikes its social action with sterility."¹ It is easy to see how such a theory fits in with the plan of the Haute Vente for general demoralization.

Of course, as Weishaupt had foreseen, the method of identifying Christianity with Socialism proved immensely effectual. The wild-eyed revolutionary waving a red flag will never gain so many converts as the mild philosopher who preaches peaceful revolution carried out on the principles of Christian love and brotherhood. It was this old deception of representing Christ as a Socialist which made the strength of Saint-Simonism, and that, practised later on by the so-called Christian Socialists of our own country, not only drew countless amiable visionaries into Socialism, but at the same time drove many virile minds from Christianity to seek relief in Nietzscheism.

In reality no two principles could be more opposed than that of Christ, who taught that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," and that of the purely materialistic philosophy which urges mankind to strive for one thing only — present welfare, and to indulge the grossest sensual passions. As to the perfectibility of human nature and the consequent "solidarity" between the workers borrowed by Saint-Simon from Weishaupt and Cloutz, no one had ever shown the fallacy of this delusion more forcibly than Christ in His parable of the servant, who, being absolved from his debt towards his master, took his fellow-servant by the throat, saying, "Pay me what thou owest!"

Saint-Simonism carried within it the germs of its own destruction. In 1823 its founder vainly attempted to blow out his brains, but only succeeded in destroying the sight of one eye, and lingered on for two years in semi-blindness

¹ Malon, *Histoire du socialisme*, ii. 15.

and misery. After his death the "Family," as his disciples were wont to call themselves, headed by the "Père Enfantin," split up into opposing factions. It then transpired that the strangest scenes took place amongst them — reminiscent of the Anabaptists — "ecstasies, deliriums, transports"; finally, pursued by the police, the Family broke up amidst the hoots of the crowd.¹

One of the first members to separate from Enfantin had been Pierre Leroux, who continued, however, to carry on Saint-Simonism with various elaborations. Out of the masonic trilogy Leroux selected "Equality" as the supreme object of desire, and this was to be obtained by a system of triads combining the three human faculties — sensation, sentiment, and knowledge. These were to be represented in the industrial world by trios composed of a workman, an artist, and a savant working together, the whole forming a "triad"; a number of these triads would make up a workshop, a number of workshops a commune, and all the communes collectively were to form a State. But as the State was to be the sole owner of the means of existence, the sole director of work, the triad system of Leroux resolved itself finally into a mere variation on the Communistic State of Robespierre, Babeuf, and Saint-Simon.

Meanwhile Charles Fourier, born in 1772, had devised another plan for the reorganization of society. Though not a Saint-Simonien, Fourier held with Saint-Simon that "civilization had taken the wrong road" (*avait fait fausse route*)², and a return to Nature should be effected by giving a free rein to all passions. Starting from the premise that everything which is natural — that is to say, in accordance with the purely animal side of human nature — is right and beneficial, Fourier advocated promiscuous intercourse between the sexes; even the Parc aux Cerfs of Louis XV. had, he considered, been needlessly condemned. ³ Greed, too, was particularly to be encouraged as "the mother of all industries," because it induced man to cultivate the ground and prepare food for himself. ⁴

¹ Daniel Stern, *La Révolution de 1848*, i. 36.

² Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 96. ³ *Ibid.* vi. 99 ⁴ *Ibid. op. cit.* vi. 98.

It would be outside the scope of this book to follow Fourier into all his bewildering speculations on the future of our planet — that one day the moon would die of putrid fever, the sea, purged of brine, turn into "a pleasant drink like lemonade," and men, endowed with seven feet each, would live to the age of 144, of which 120 were to be spent in the exercise of "free love."¹

The point to be considered here is Fourier's scheme for the reconstruction of society. On one point, then, he is to be commended, namely, that he deprecated any repetition of the first French Revolution; alone of all his kind, Fourier proclaimed the great experiment to have proved disastrous, and never wearied of fulminating against its crimes and follies. But in this he showed less insight than logic, for Fourier had been a victim of the Terror — the small grocer's shop he had set up in 1793 at Lyon had been pillaged by the troops of the Convention, and he himself had narrowly escaped the guillotine.

It was therefore by peaceful methods that he proposed to destroy the existing Capitalistic system, and to establish in its place "domestic associations" of workers which he named *phalansteries*, each composed of 1800 people, subdivided into "series," "phalanges," and "groups."² Amongst these perfect equality was to reign, no one was to give orders, no one to be obliged to work, for in a community where all were able to indulge their passions freely there would be no temptation to idleness. Fourier even succeeded in surmounting the great stumbling-block of all Socialist systems, the question of who was to do "the dirty work" — this could be quite easily settled by encouraging the aversion to cleanliness he had observed in children, so that no tasks however unpleasant would be repugnant to them.

This ideal condition of things clearly mapped out, Fourier only awaited the necessary funds to put it into execution, and accordingly he announced that he would be

¹ Thureau-Dangin, pp. 100, 101.

² See the hideous picture of one of these phalansteries — much resembling Owen's "parallelograms" — in Malon's *Histoire du socialisme*, ii. 297. Fourier's idea of the "*état harmonien*" was evidently taken from Owen's "New Harmony" settlement (Stern, i. 36).

at home every day at 12 o'clock to receive any wealthy man who would supply him with 100,000 francs for the purpose. For ten years at the appointed hour Fourier patiently sat at home waiting for his expected millionaire, but none presented himself, and it was not until 1832 that he finally succeeded in raising the required sum from a certain Baudet Dulaury, and in the same year the first phalanstery was started at Condé-sur-Vesgre, but after the brief life of a year ended in total failure and had to be abandoned.

A little later on a Saint-Simonien named Buchez, who in 1836 became one of the leaders of the sect, embarked on a campaign for combining Socialism not merely with the vague Christianity of Saint-Simon but with rigorous Catholicism. "Starting from Jesus Christ and ending with Robespierre,"¹ Buchez collaborated with Roux Lavergne in the famous *Histoire Parlementaire*, in which he palliated the crimes of the Comité de Salut Public on the same moral grounds that in his *Traité complet de philosophie* he had justified the Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, namely, that "the social aim justifies everything"² — a maxim adapted from that of the Jacobins, "all is justified for the sake of the revolution," derived in its turn from the doctrine adopted by Weishaupt that "the end justifies the means." We shall find many such genealogies in the language of Socialism.

The first followers of Buchez consisted mainly of young *bourgeois* — artists, students, doctors — but by degrees a certain number of working-men, whom it was his principal aim to enlist in the movement, became interested, and Buchez was then able to put his theories into practice by starting the "*associations ouvrières*" which had long been his dream. These were not to be Communistic in the sense of being State-controlled, but to be conducted on a system much resembling that which is known to-day as Guild Socialism.

The guiding principles of these associations being "Equality" and "Fraternity" — for Buchez, like Leroux,

¹ Daniel Stern, *La Révolution de 1848*, i. 42.

² Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 88.

had logically eliminated "Liberty" from the masonic formula — the workmen who composed them were invited to pool their tools and money and share their profits equally, only putting aside the sixth part to provide capital for carrying on the industry. In conformity with Buchez's conception of the teachings of Christ, the foreman, elected by the workers themselves, was to be the servant, not the master of all, hence "no more misery, no more inequality, no more conflicts between labour and capital."¹

At first all went well, and so great was the enthusiasm aroused amongst the members of these associations that they now embarked on a "labour paper" named *L'Atelier* (The Workshop), edited and written by the workers themselves — an experiment unique in the annals of Socialism, unrivalled at any rate in the Socialist movement of to-day; for by no stretch of the imagination could the so-called "Labour organs," or the Labour articles expressed in the purest journalese, that figure in the modern press be supposed to emanate from the pens of working-men. The episode of the *Atelier* is all the more a tribute to the principles of true democracy, in that the views it presented gave evidence of a far greater degree of sanity than those of middle-class exponents of Socialism; for the writers, whilst applauding the past Revolution they had been taught to regard as the source of all social regeneration, deprecated a repetition of violence, and warned the workers against any connection with the secret societies.

A significant result of this parting company between Socialism and Illuminism was shown in the abandonment of the campaign of militant atheism that had distinguished the earlier revolutionary movement, and the readers of the *Atelier* were enjoined to regard the clergy no longer as "suspects" but as possible allies. "The Revolution has only to proclaim itself Christian, to desire only what Christianity commands," and the clergy will be obliged to unite with it.

Unhappily, in spite of these lofty ideals and the undoubted sincerity of the men who professed them, the "workers' associations" were doomed to failure, for the

¹ Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 89.

simple reason that their founder had reckoned without the weaknesses of human nature. After the first *élan* had subsided, the foreman became weary of being the servant of all. The workers found no stimulus to effort in the system of equal payment, and all chafed at the necessity for putting by a sixth part of the profit.¹ Finally, the difficulty of combining Christianity and revolution proved insuperable, and the workers, obliged to choose between the two, split into opposing camps, thus putting an end to the associations.

Meanwhile, another enthusiastic Robespierriste, Louis Blanc, was developing his scheme of working-men's associations on much the same lines, but with the difference that they were to be under State control.² Also the idea of Christianity was eliminated, for Louis Blanc repudiated religion in any form and derided Buchez as a sentimentalist.

It is usual to attribute to Louis Blanc the doctrine of "the right to work" (*le droit au travail*) which figured so prominently in the Revolution of 1848. In reality the idea dated from Robespierre, and may be found clearly set forth in Article X. of his "Declaration of the Rights of Man," on which the Constitution of 1793 was founded. Yet if Robespierre must be regarded as the author of the actual formula of the right to work — that is to say, of the duty of the State to provide every man with work, or with the means of subsistence when out of employment — the principle had been recognized long before the Revolution. Had not the Government of Louis XVI. provided work, at great expense to the State, by starting brickyards, workshops, etc., for the unemployed of Paris? Indeed, as Karl Marx, who stigmatizes the doctrine of "the right to work" as a "confused formula," truly observes: "What modern State does not feed its poor in one form or another?"³

Louis Blanc, then, in his book *L'Organisation du travail* originated nothing; his doctrines were those of Rousseau, Robespierre, and Babeuf, supplemented by the theorizings

¹ Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 93.

² Malon, *Histoire socialiste*, ii. 267.

³ Marx, *La Lutte des classes en France*, p. 57.

of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Cabet, and Buonarotti, and his system that which was to be later known as State Socialism. The State, he held, must regulate the conditions of labour with a firm hand. "We wish for a strong government, because in the régime of inequality in which we are still vegetating there are the weak who need a social force to protect them." But in time the State was to undergo the process described later on by Lenin as "withering away." "One day if the dearest wish of our heart is not disappointed, one day will come when there will be no further need of a strong and active government because there will be no longer an inferior and minor class of society. Until then the establishment of a tutelary authority is indispensable."¹

All Louis Blanc's schemes were founded on such Utopian premises.

But if his hopes for the future were tinged with too roseate a hue, his outlook on the present was one of unrelieved gloom. This attitude was no doubt partly owing to personal grievances. Nature had been unkind to him, for she had clothed his ardent soul with so puny a body that at thirty he was mistaken for thirteen, and full-grown men, judging him from his undersized frame and high piping voice to be a schoolboy, would pat him kindly on the shoulder and address him as "my lad."² This kind of humiliation had inspired him with a grudge against society; at the same time it would be unjust not to give him credit for a genuine and disinterested sympathy with the cause of the workers. His *Organisation du travail* breathes throughout a spirit of sincerity which offers a striking contrast to the cynical utterances of most modern Socialist writers, whose indictments of working-class grievances, like the harrowing details of bodily ills retailed in advertisements of quack medicines, seem to be actuated solely by the determination to sell the advertiser's panacea. Louis Blanc, obsessed with the worker's lot, unhappily allowed himself to fall a victim to that agony of pity which verges on neurasthenia.

¹ Louis Blanc, *L'Organisation du travail*, p. 20.

² Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 116; Daniel Stern, *La Révolution de 1848*, ii. 43.

Many sensitive natures brought in contact with the miseries of life have suffered from this tendency. Lord Shaftesbury, overwhelmed at times with the hopelessness of his task, knew these black moments of despair, but battled with them as a weakness that must not be allowed to sap his energies. The error of Louis Blanc, as of the Russian fanatics who came after him, was to give unbridled rein to morbid imaginings. To his clouded vision a poor man is necessarily a miserable man, all the conditions of his life are unbearable; of contentment combined with frugality he has no conception — the mason whistling as he goes to work, the fisherman singing as he puts out to sea, the country labourer tossing his rosy baby in his cottage garden do not exist for him. As long as some one possesses more than he does, a man must necessarily be miserable. This distorted view of the ills of life, combined with an exaggerated conception of his power to cure them, was the cause of Louis Blanc's subsequent failure and bitter disillusionment.

Quite a different type of Socialist was the genial "Papa Cabet," — a "*faux bonhomme*," says Thureau-Dangin, for Cabet was a born autocrat. The son of a barrel-maker, Étienne Cabet first saw the light at Dijon in 1788, and in 1834 went to England, where he became a convert to the ideas of Robert Owen.

After his return to France in 1839 Cabet sketched out his plan of a Communist settlement, modelled on Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, in his *Voyage en Icarie*, and in the same year, 1840, published his great work on the French Revolution, showing the course of Communistic theories throughout the movement.¹ These ideas, which Cabet traces from Plato, Protagoras, the Essenians of Judea, More, Campanella, Locke, to Montesquieu, Mably, Rousseau, and other philosophers of the eighteenth century, formed, as we have shown in an earlier quotation from Cabet's work, the policy of Robespierre and, in a lesser degree, of Condorcet, Clootz, Hébert, and Chaumette. But it is above all Babeuf whom Cabet rightly regards as the principal exponent of Communism, and in

¹ *Histoire populaire de la Révolution Française*, in four vols.

this connection he provides an interesting explanation of a subterfuge employed in nearly all histories of Socialism.

Now, as every one knows, the word Socialism had not come into use at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and its doctrines were classified under such generic headings as "Babouvisme," "Saint-Simonisme," "Fouriérisme," etc. It was not until about 1848 that "Socialism" began to be employed as a comprehensive term embracing all these variations on the same theme.¹ Nevertheless, it is customary to describe Socialism as originating with Robert Owen, Saint-Simon, and Fourier. Why? Since none of these men called themselves Socialists, and Saint-Simon died twenty years before the word was invented, there seems no more reason to include them under the term than their predecessors of the eighteenth century from whom they took their theories. To the attentive student of social history it seems obvious that histories of Socialism, after tracing its origins in antiquity and in the doctrines of the French philosophers, should begin their account of the movement with its earliest exponents in the French Revolution. Why so resolutely dissociate Socialism, or its equivalent Communism, from Robespierre and Babeuf? Cabet answers this pertinent inquiry with a question:

Why, in order to represent a doctrine that one believes to be the most beautiful and the most perfect, choose a man (Babeuf) who was perhaps not quite perfect, and whose life, attacked by a party of the patriots (*i.e.* revolutionaries) themselves, may at least furnish pretexts for attacks from the adversaries of community? Why choose a proscribed name of which all the enemies of the people have made a bugbear? To transform Communism into Babouvisme is it not to fall into a trap and obligingly increase difficulties already so great? For the same reason . . . we have considered it a mistake to invoke the name of Robespierre just as Bodson blamed Babeuf for invoking the name of this martyr. . . .²

Yes, decidedly for the credit of Communism it is better to keep Robespierre and Babeuf dark and to date the

¹ Malon (*Histoire du socialisme*, i. 31) says the word was first used in this sense by Pierre Leroux in 1848 in contra-distinction to Individualism, but Daniel Stern, *La Révolution de 1848*, i. 33, says it was not current till after this date. The verb "to socialize" had, however, as we shall see a few pages further on, been coined twelve years earlier.

² Cabet, *Histoire populaire, etc.*, iv. 331.

origins of Socialism from the teachings of such amiable visionaries as Owen, Saint-Simon, and Fourier! The admission is certainly naïve!

Cabet himself was a theorist of the same pacific order, and, although expressing his firm belief in the practicability of Communism despite its repeated failures in the past, declared:

But we are profoundly convinced at the same time that a minority cannot establish it by violence, that it can only be realized by the power of public opinion, and that far from hastening its realization violence can only retard it. We think that one should profit by the lessons of history, that as Babeuf and his companions foresaw — (did they foresee it?) — their conspiracy was the final blow to democracy. We find it dead under the Directory, under the Consulate, under the Empire, and under the Restoration.¹

Would that our so-called "advanced thinkers" of to-day would recognize the wisdom of this reflection!

It was therefore in a perfectly pacific spirit that Cabet gathered around him a circle of enthusiasts calling themselves Icarians, all profoundly imbued with the Babouviste tradition and eager, under the guidance of its latest exponent, to put it into practice. Realizing that materialism was a doctrine that would never make a popular appeal, Cabet followed the precedent of Weishaupt by declaring: "The present Communists are the disciples, the imitators, the continuers of Jesus Christ. Therefore respect a doctrine preached by Jesus Christ. Examine it. Study it."²

The old maxim of the Babouvistes was again adopted by the community: "From every one according to his strength, to every one according to his needs" (*De chacun selon ses forces, à chacun selon ses besoins*).³

In 1847 Cabet judged that the moment had come to carry his great scheme into execution, and on February the 3rd of the following year a band of sixty-nine enthusiastic Icarians started forth for Texas, where they eagerly set to work at clearing the ground for a settlement. Unfortunately they had selected a malarial district, a great number of the colonists were struck down by fever, the only doctor

¹ Cabet, *op. cit.* i. 334.

² Malon, *Histoire du socialisme*, ii. 172.

³ *Ibid.* ii. 165.

of the party went mad, and several of the sick died for want of medical aid.¹ Accordingly the community decided to abandon the few miserable huts they had succeeded in erecting and to migrate to another part of the country.

The procession, divided into three columns, set forth on a tragic retreat from Texas to New Orleans, where they were joined by Cabet himself and about 200 more Icarians, and under his leadership moved on to the old Mormon town of Nauvoo in Illinois, where they finally settled in March 1849. Soon after this Cabet was recalled to France in order to defend himself in a lawsuit brought against him by some of the Icarians he had left behind, who accused him of appropriating 200,000 francs of their funds.² The court ended by acquitting him, and Cabet was able to return to Nauvoo, which was now prospering, for this time the colonists, finding ready-made houses awaiting them, were able to embark at once on various communal enterprises. Farms and workshops sprang up, also a distillery, a theatre, a school for the children. For five years all went well and by 1855 the colonists had increased to over 500 people. Communism seemed solidly established at last. But once again the inevitable occurred, for the history of Communist settlements is painfully monotonous in its reiteration, and in Nauvoo, as earlier in New Harmony, later in New Australia, the autocratic spirit of the leader began to make itself felt. Cabet indeed had, as Malon the Socialist observes, "such a hatred for every instinct of liberty" that he forbade the workers to have tobacco or brandy or even to speak during working-hours.³

Nauvoo had in fact become an absolute monarchy, for no one but Cabet was allowed to have any voice in public affairs. Not unnaturally the community revolted, and in 1856 organized a ballot which deprived Cabet of his leadership by a majority of votes. The dethroned monarch left Nauvoo, followed by the faithful minority of 200, but died — according to Larousse — of grief,⁴ the same year, at St. Louis. The remainder of the Icarians now migrated from Nauvoo to Iowa, and in spite of continued dissensions

¹ Malon, *Histoire du socialisme*, ii. 174-175.

² *La Grande Encyclopédie*, article on "Cabet." ³ Malon, ii. 176.

⁴ *Dictionnaire Larousse*, article on "Cabet."

struggled on without a further break-up until 1879, when their number was reduced to fifty-two. By this time, however, the exalted ideals with which they had embarked on the enterprise were almost forgotten, only a few of the old men retained something of their earlier Communistic ardour, which enthusiastic visitors from time to time fanned again into flame; the young men meanwhile grew up impatient at the arrest of all progress, and ended by forming themselves into a hostile camp of Progressives in opposition to the "Non-Progressives," who clung to the old order.¹ This scission led up to a definite rupture in 1879, when twenty-eight members left the colony and the remaining twenty-four struggled on painfully until their final extinction in 1888.

So ended one more attempt to put Communism into practice. By the middle of the last century, indeed, every form of Socialism which we hear proclaimed to-day as the last word in modern thought had already been propounded if not put to the test.

Space forbids the enumeration of the countless theorists — Désamy, Raspail, Talandier, Auguste Comte, and many others — who filled those years with the noise of their declamations on the regeneration of society. Those who care to plunge into this sea of words — and words — and words — all more or less rearrangements of the same old formulas and phrases — can do so in the pages of Malon's vast *Histoire du socialisme*, where they will find every conceivable variation of the Socialist theme set forth with a bewildering wealth of detail. They will then find that the French Socialists of 1825 to 1848 had anticipated all the theories of modern Socialism, which are habitually attributed to the Social Democrats of Germany. Thus as early as 1836 an obscure writer named Pecqueur had already coined the word to "socialize," so dear to the heart of the modern Bolshevik, and in 1838 published a treatise named *Des intérêts du commerce, de l'industrie et de l'agriculture et de la civilisation en général*, etc., in which he proposed that all banks, mines, railways, and by degrees all great industries, should be socialized: "In social economy the true

¹ Malon, *op. cit.* pp. 179-182.

good will be the progressive socialization of the sources of all riches, of instruments of work, of the conditions of general welfare." ¹

Again: "Capital must end by being entirely social, and each person must always receive a part of the produce according to his time of work." ²

A little later Vidal took up the same theme, specializing on the theory that Marx was later to make famous under the name of wage-slavery. In his book *Vivre en travaillant*, published in 1848, Vidal, following in the footsteps of Pecqueur, demanded the "socialization of the land" and the "socialization of capitals," which was to lead to "collective capital" ³ — in other words, Communism tricked out in fresh phrases.

How is it that, in spite of continued failures, the idea of Communism persisted all through this period? M. Thureau-Dangin no doubt rightly attributes it to the Babouviste tradition, which he shows to have continued right up to the end of the century, and indeed we may say to the present moment:

In studying Fouriérisme, Saint-Simonisme, and the other schools deriving from them that called themselves pacific we have found one of the origins of revolutionary socialism. This origin is not the only one. There is another, which, whilst less apparent, can nevertheless be recognized, and for this we must go back to Gracchus Babeuf, who, under the Directory, loudly preached the abolition of property, and the dividing up of all lands and all riches. This affiliation has escaped the attention of most contemporaries, but to-day we have the proof that from the "Equals" of 1796 to the Socialists at the end of the Monarchy of July (*i.e.* the monarchy of Louis Philippe) the tradition was continued without interruption. One man was found in fact to receive it from the hands of Babeuf, to preserve it with a sort of savage piety and transmit it to new generations: this was Buonarrotti ⁴.

It was Buonarrotti who in 1828 published the *History of the Conspiracy of the Equals* (quoted in the last chapter of this book,) which was for ten years "the gospel of the French proletariat" studied in all the workshops, so that

¹ Malon, *Histoire du socialisme*, ii. 205.

² *Ibid.* p. 206.

³ *Ibid.* ii. p. 197.

⁴ Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 106-108.

the working-men became infected with Babouvisme.¹

But in tracing this propaganda to Buonarotti's Babouvistic fervour M. Thureau-Dangin stops short of the truth and it is Malon who supplies the real explanation to the persistence of Communist tradition. Babeuf, it will be remembered, was an Illuminatus acting, according to his own confession, under orders from invisible chiefs, and it was by these same agencies that the work he had begun was carried on. "The idea of community (*i.e.* Communism)," says Malon, "*had been transmitted in the dark through the secret societies,*"² and elsewhere he adds that Buonarotti had "inspired nearly all the secret societies during the first thirty-five years of the century."³

It is therefore not only as the coadjutor of Babeuf, but as the adept of Illuminism, that Buonarotti must be regarded.

But whilst Communism under the various forms described above continued its course through the succeeding groups of revolutionary Socialists, Illuminism had developed along another line more in conformity with its original purpose, namely, *Anarchy*. Of this creed Proudhon had become the chief exponent. Hitherto, although anarchic doctrines had been freely preached by Marat, Cloutz, and Hébert, the appellation of "Anarchist" had been claimed by no one, but remained a term of opprobrium which even an *enragé* of 1793 would have indignantly resented. It was left to Proudhon to adopt the name of Anarchy (*i.e.* without government) as the profession of a political faith in contradistinction to Communism.⁴

The difference between the two systems must be clearly understood if we are to follow the conflicts that marked the course of the revolutionary movement from this moment onwards.

Briefly then, whilst Communism declares that all land, wealth, and property must be taken out of private hands and placed under the control of the State, Anarchy advocates precisely the opposite principle, the complete abolition of the State and the seizure of wealth by the

¹ Malon *op. cit.* ii. 147.

² *Ibid.* p. 163.

³ *Ibid.* p. 147.

⁴ Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 132.

people. Once again we come back to the old masonic formula — Liberty and Equality. Communism, which is the application of the principle of absolute Equality, regards humanity only in the mass, and would cut all men down to one dead level; Anarchy, which proclaims complete Liberty, would leave every man free to live as he pleases, to do as he will with his own, to rob or to murder. The former is rigid bureaucracy; the latter, Individualism run mad.

Now it is obvious that between the two creeds there can be no understanding, that indeed they are more opposed to each other than either is opposed to the existing social system. For under the constitutional governments enjoyed by all civilized countries to-day a certain degree of both Liberty and Equality prevails, and so, in England at any rate, our form of government may be said to represent the happy mean between two principles which, if pushed to extremes, must remain for ever irreconcilable.

It was thus that the masonic formula, after leading mankind into the morass of revolution, from the middle of the nineteenth century onwards divided the revolutionary forces into the two hostile camps indicated in the chart accompanying this book under the parallel columns of Socialism and Anarchy. This rift, which had first made itself felt in 1794 when Robespierre turned on the Anarchists who had paved his way to power, now with the advent of Proudhon opened out never to close again. The rest of the history of world revolution up to the present day largely consists in the war between the State Socialists and Anarchists, whose bitter hatred of each other exceeds even the hatred of either for the "Capitalist system" both are eager to destroy.

By Proudhon, surnamed by Kropotkine "the Father of Anarchy,"¹ this hatred was, above all, logically directed against Robespierre, the Father of State Socialism, and expressed in no mild terms:

¹ "They have reproached me with being the Father of Anarchy. They wish to do me too much honour. The Father of Anarchy is the immortal Proudhon, who propounded it for the first time in 1848." — Kropotkine before the Cour d'Appel of Lyon, *Procès des anarchistes* (1883), p. 100.

All the runners after popularity, mountebanks of the revolution, have taken for their oracle Robespierre, the eternal denunciator, with the empty brain, the serpent's tooth. . . . Ah! I know him too well, this reptile, I have felt too well the wriggling of his tail, to spare in him the secret vice of democrats, the corrupting ferment of every Republic — *Envy*.¹

For the nineteenth-century devotees of Robespierre, Proudhon had nothing but loathing and contempt, and therefore during the years preceding the 1848 revolution occupied an almost isolated position. "I am neither a Saint-Simonien, nor a Fouriériste, nor a Babouviste," he wrote in 1840; and again: "I have no desire to increase the number of these madmen." The system of Fourier he described as the "last dream of debauchery in delirium"; Louis Blanc was "the most ignorant, the vainest, the emptiest, the most impudent and nauseous of declaimers." "Far from me then, Communists!" he cries, "your presence stinks in my nostrils, the sight of you disgusts me."²

The only point in which Proudhon found himself in accord with the Socialists was in his declamations against property, and in this he believed himself to be entirely original. "Property," he declared, "is theft! It is not once in a thousand years that such a saying is made. I have no other treasure on earth except this definition of property, but I hold it more precious than the millions of Rothschild!"

Unhappily Proudhon's treasure was not his own, for he had borrowed it almost verbatim from Brissot, who in 1780 had written: "Exclusive property is a theft in Nature. The thief, in the natural state, is the rich man."³ Moreover Brissot himself had not originated the idea, which may be found in the writings of both Weishaupt and Rousseau. So much for Proudhon's one cherished possession.

In his blasphemies likewise Proudhon had not even the merit of originality, for we seem to hear "the personal enemy of Jesus Christ," Anacharsis Clootz, in such phrases

¹ P. J. Proudhon, *Idées générales de la révolution au XIX^{ème} siècle* (1851), pp. 188, 189.

² Thureau-Dangin, *La Monarchie de Juillet*, vi. 128.

³ *Recherches philosophiques sur le droit de propriété et le vol*.

as these: "God — that is folly and cowardice; God is tyranny and misery; God is Evil."¹ And going one step further he cries: "To me then Lucifer, Satan! whoever you may be, the demon that the faith of my fathers opposed to God and the Church."²

It is Proudhon, racked with a demon of hatred, bitterness, and revenge, in whom the devastating fire of world revolution is incarnated, a devil that drives him from the company of his fellow-men to dwell like the Gadarene demoniac in the wilderness.

One man there was who sought out Proudhon in his savage isolation, Michel Bakunin, — the first of that band of Russians later to be known by the name adopted by Proudhon, that of "Anarchist" — and often before the outbreak of 1848 these two would sit far into the night discussing the world revolution that was to overthrow the existing order. Proudhon's resolution: "I shall arm myself to the teeth against civilization; I shall begin a war that will end only with my life!"³ may be regarded as the battle-cry of the party led later on by Bakunin surnamed "the genius of destruction."

But neither Anarchists nor Socialists could alone have availed to bring about the revolutionary outbreaks that marked the first half of the nineteenth century; theory, however violent, must ever prove powerless to put in motion the concrete machinery needed for the subversion of law and order, and as in the first French Revolution it was the Secret Societies that provided the real driving force behind the movement.

It is possible that some of the leaders of thought during that period, known as "the dawn of Socialism," remained unconscious of the secret influence behind them; others, however wittingly, co-operated with them. Buonarrotti, as we have seen, was one of the principal leaders of the Secret Societies; Saint-Simon and Bazard "consulted Nubius as a Delphic oracle." Mazzini, professing Christian and patriot though he was, had joined the ranks of the Car-

¹ Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 139.

² Proudhon, *La Révolution au XIX^{ème} siècle*, p. 290.

³ Thureau-Dangin, *op. cit.* vi. 127.

bonari, where his activities merely excited the derision of the Haute Vente. For the methods of the Carbonari were not those of the Haute Vente, which held that the mind rather than the body should be the point of attack.

"The murders of which our people render themselves guilty in France, Switzerland, and also in Italy," writes Vindex to Nubius, "are for us a shame and a remorse . . . we are too advanced to content ourselves with such means. . . . Our predecessors in Carbonarism did not understand their power. It is not in the blood of an isolated man or even of a traitor that it must be exercised; it is on the masses. . . . Let us . . . never cease to corrupt. Tertullian was right in saying that the blood of martyrs was the seed of Christians . . . do not let us make martyrs, but let us popularise vice amongst the multitudes. Let them breathe it in by their five senses, let them drink it, let them be saturated in it. . . . Make vicious hearts and you will have no more Catholics. Keep the priest away from labour, from the altar, from virtue. . . . Make him lazy, and *gourmand*. . . . You will thus have a thousand times better accomplished your task than if you had blunted the point of your stiletto upon the bones of some poor wretches. . . .

"It is corruption *en masse* that we have undertaken; the corruption of the people by the clergy and the corruption of the clergy by ourselves, the corruption that ought one day to put the Church in her tomb. The best dagger with which to strike the Church is corruption. To the work, then, even to the very end."¹

It was thus that Mazzini excited the derision of the Haute Vente, for, as Nubius writing to "Beppo" on April 7, 1836, observed:

You know that Mazzini has judged himself worthy to co-operate with us as in the grandest work of our day. The Vente Suprême has not decided thus. Mazzini behaves too much like a conspirator of melodrama to suit the obscure rôle we resign ourselves to play until our triumph. Mazzini likes to talk about a great many things, about himself above all. He never ceases writing that he is overthrowing thrones and altars, that he fertilizes the peoples, that he is the prophet of humanitarianism, etc., etc., and all that reduces itself to a few miserable defeats or to assassinations so vulgar that I should send away one of my lacqueys if he permitted himself to get rid of one of my enemies by such shameful means. Mazzini is a demigod to fools before whom he tries to get himself proclaimed the pontiff of fraternity of which he will be the Italian god. . . . In the

¹ Crétineau-Joly, ii. 147.

sphere where he acts this poor Joseph is only ridiculous; in order to be a complete wild beast, he will always want for claws. He is the *bourgeois gentilhomme* of the Secret Societies. . . .¹

Mazzini on his part suspected that secrets were being kept from him by the chiefs of the Haute Vente, and Malegari, assailed by the same fears, wrote from London in 1835 to Dr. Breidenstein these significant words:

We form an association of brothers in all points of the globe, we have desires and interests in common, we aim at the emancipation of humanity, we wish to break every kind of yoke, yet there is one that is unseen, that can hardly be felt, yet that weighs on us. Whence comes it? Where is it? No one knows, or at least no one tells. The association is secret, even for us, the veterans of secret societies.

Not only amongst the revolutionary leaders but in the industrial centres a new and mysterious power was making itself felt — the tyranny of Trade Unionism. Strikes not to be explained by the existing industrial grievances broke out continually in Scotland and the manufacturing towns in the North of England during those years of 1834 to 1860 and were conducted with a ferocity hitherto unknown in the history of the working-classes; men who would not co-operate were not merely boycotted but murdered, their houses burnt down and their wives and children driven half-clad into the streets at midnight.² These outrages reached their height in 1859 and at Sheffield continued for fifteen years. In Manchester the brickmakers' hands were pierced and maimed by needles mixed in the clay they handled.³

It would be absurd to attribute such methods to honest Trade Union leaders animated solely by an ardent or even a fanatical desire to improve the workers' lot. A number of these men indeed came forward to deny complicity and in some cases offered a reward for the detection of the criminals.⁴

¹ Crétineau-Joly, *op. cit.* ii. 145.

² Heckethorn's *Secret Societies*, ii. 224.

³ Justin M'Carthy, *A History of Our Own Times*, iv. 152.

⁴ *Ibid.* See the trial of the leaders by the Commission that sat in Sheffield in June 1867, reported in the *Annual Register* for that year. Note the references to "the mandates of the secret tribunals" and the descriptions of the terror displayed by the witnesses when questioned on this point.

The truth is clear that Illuminism, following its usual course of insinuating itself into every organization framed for the benefit of humanity, and turning it to an exactly opposite purpose, was using Trade Unionism, which had been designed to liberate the workers, for their complete enslavement.

In the minds of contemporaries no doubt exists that a hidden and malevolent agency was at work. Alison, writing in 1847 of the despotism exercised by the "ruthless trade unions" in condemning thousands of people "to compulsory idleness and real destitution," adds:

Nearly the whole of the loss arising from these strikes fell on the innocent and industrious labourers, willing and anxious to work, but deterred from doing so by the threats of the unions, and *the dark menaces of an unknown committee*. The mode in which these committees acquire such despotic authority is precisely the same as that which made the Committee of Public Safety despotic. Terror — terror — terror ———"¹

Justin M'Carthy in his history of the same period confirms this assertion:

It began to be common talk that among the trades associations there was systematic terrorizing of the worst kind, and that a *Vehmgericht* more secret and more grim than any known to the middle ages was issuing its sentences in many of our great industrial communities.²

So Socialist leaders and working-men alike played the part of helpless puppets pulled by wires from behind, held in the hands of their sinister directors.

We shall now see how the course of world revolution coincided with the activities of these same secret agencies.

¹ Alison's *History of Europe*, i. 255.

² Justin M'Carthy, *A History of Our Own Times*, iv. 152.

CHAPTER V

THE REVOLUTION OF 1848

Russian Secret Societies — The Dekabrist rising — The French Revolution of 1830 — The *bourgeoisie* before 1848 — The Secret Societies — Apathy of the Government — The outbreak of February — Fall of the Monarchy — The Social Democratic Republic — National workshops — Associations of working-men — The 17th of March — The 16th of April — The 15th of May — The days of June — Reaction — The European conflagration.

THE first visible result of the work of the Secret Societies in the nineteenth century occurred in Russia, whither the doctrines of illuminized freemasonry had been carried by Napoleon's armies and by Russian officers who had travelled in Germany.¹ It was owing to the intrigues of these societies that the band of true reformers calling themselves "The Association of Welfare" was dissolved and two new parties were formed, the first known as the Northern Association demanding constitutional monarchy, the second called the Southern Association under Colonel Pestel, who was in direct communication with Nubius — which aimed not only at a Republic but at the extermination of the whole royal family.² Many attempts indeed were made on the life of Alexander I. through the agency of the Secret Societies,³ and after his death in 1825 an insurrection broke out, led by the "United Slavs" who were connected with the Southern Association and the Polish Secret Societies at Warsaw.⁴ The pretext for this outbreak, known as "The

¹ *La Russie en 1839*, by Astolphe de Custine, ii. 42; *The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century*, by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts, i. 116.

² *The Revolutionary Movement in Russia*, by Konni Zilliacus, p. 8; Brayley Hodgetts, *op. cit.* i. 122.

³ Deschamps, *op. cit.* ii. 242; Frost's *Secret Societies*, ii. 213.

⁴ Zilliacus, *op. cit.*; Brayley Hodgetts, *op. cit.* i. 123.

Dekabrist rising " because it occurred in December, was the accession to the throne of Nicholas I. at the request of his elder brother Constantine, and a crowd of mutinying soldiers were persuaded to march on the Winter Palace and protest against the acceptance of the crown by Nicholas, represented to them by the agitators as an act of usurpation. The manner in which the movement was engineered has been described by the Marquis de Custine, who travelled in Russia a few years later:

Well-informed people have attributed this riot to the influence of the Secret Societies by which Russia is worked. . . . The method that the conspirators had employed to rouse the army was a ridiculous lie: the rumour had been spread that Nicholas was usurping the throne from his brother Constantine, who, they said, was advancing on Petersburg to defend his rights by armed force. This is the means they took in order to decide the revolutionaries to cry under the windows of the Palace: " Long live the Constitution!" The leaders had persuaded them that this word Constitution was the name of the wife of Constantine, their supposed Empress. You see that an idea of duty was at the bottom of the soldiers' hearts, since they could only be led into rebellion by a trick.¹

This strange incident tends to confirm the assertion of Père Deschamps that the word " Constitution " was the signal agreed on by the Secret Societies for an outbreak of revolution. It had been employed in the same manner in France in 1791, and, as we shall see, it was employed again in Russia at intervals throughout the revolutionary movement.

The Dekabrist rising was ended by three rounds of grape-shot, and five of the ringleaders were hanged. In no sense was it a popular insurrection, in fact the people regarded it with strong disapproval as an act of sacrilege, and so little did it aid the cause of liberty that General Levashoff declared to Prince Troubetzkoy " it had thrown back Russia fifty years." ²

Further evidence of the connection between the French Revolution and the engineering of revolution in Russia is supplied by de Custine on his travels in the latter country

¹ De Custine, *op. cit.* ii. 42; Brayley Hodgetts, *op. cit.* i. 192.

² Brayley Hodgetts, *op. cit.* i. 201, 205.

fourteen years later. Now in those days before the abolition of serfdom, the peasants on an estate were bought and sold with the land, and since the Emperor's serfs were the best treated in the whole country the inhabitants of estates newly acquired by the Crown became the objects of envy to their fellow-serfs. In this year of 1839 the peasants, hearing that the Emperor had just bought some more land, sent a deputation to Petersburg, consisting of representatives from all parts of Russia, to petition that the districts from which they came should also be added to the royal domains.

Nicholas I. received them kindly, for whilst adopting repressive measures towards insurrection his sympathies were with the people. We must not forget that it was he who visited Robert Owen at New Lanark to study his schemes of social reform. When, therefore, the peasants petitioned him to buy them he answered with great gentleness that he regretted he could not buy up all Russia, but he added: "I hope that the time will come when every peasant of this Empire will be free; if it only depended on me Russians would enjoy from to-day the independence that I wish for them and that I am working with all my might to procure for them in the future."

These words, interpreted to the serfs by "savage and envious men," led to the most terrible outbreak of violence all along the Volga. "The Father wishes for our deliverance," cried the deluded deputies on their return to their homes, "he only wishes for our happiness, he told us so himself; it is therefore the seigneurs and their overseers who are our enemies and oppose the good designs of the Father! Let us avenge ourselves! Let us avenge the Emperor."

And forthwith the peasants, imagining they were carrying out the Emperor's intention, threw themselves upon the seigneurs and their overseers, roasted them alive, boiled others in coppers, disembowelled the delegates, put everything to fire and sword and devastated the whole province.¹

Now when we compare this incident with the "Great

¹ *La Russie en 1839*, ii. 219-220.

Fear" that took place in France precisely fifty years earlier (*i.e.* in July 1789) how can we doubt the connection between the two? In both the pretext and the organization are identical. The benevolent intentions of Louis XVI., interpreted by the emissaries to the provinces in the words, "The King desires you to burn down the châteaux; he only wishes to keep his own"; the placards paraded through the towns, headed "Edict of the King," ordering the peasants to burn and destroy, and the massacres and burnings that followed — all this was exactly repeated in Russia fifty years later quite obviously by the same organization that had engineered the earlier outbreak. How otherwise are we to explain it?

Five years after the Russian explosion of 1825 the second French Revolution took place, which, however, hardly enters into the scope of this book. The revolution of 1830 was in the main not a social but a political revolution, a renewed attempt of the Orléaniste conspiracy to effect a change of dynasty and as such formed a mere corollary to the insurrections of July and October 1789. It is true that beneath the tumults of 1830, as beneath the Siege of the Bastille and the march on Versailles, the subversive force of Illuminism made itself felt, and that during "the glorious days of July" the hatred of Christianity expressed by the Terror broke out again in the sacking of the "Archevêché," in the pillage and desecration of the churches, and in the attacks on religion in the provinces. But the driving force behind the revolution that precipitated Charles X. from the throne was not Socialist but Orléaniste; it was a movement led by the tricouleur of July 13, 1789, not by the red flag of August 10, 1792, emblem of the social revolution; its strength lay not with the workmen but with the *bourgeoisie*, and it was the *bourgeoisie* who triumphed.

The régime that followed has well been named "the *bourgeois* monarchy." For Louis Philippe, once the ardent partisan of revolution, followed the usual programme of demagogy, and as soon as the reins of power were in his hands turned a deaf ear to the demands of the people. It was thus that in 1848, organized by the Secret Societies,

directed by the Socialists, executed by the working-men and aggravated by the intractable attitude of the King and his ministers, the second great outbreak of World Revolution took place.

There was then, just as in the first French Revolution, real grievances that rankled in the minds of the people; electoral reform, the adjustment of wages and hours of labour, and particularly the burning question of unemployment, were all matters that demanded immediate attention. The people in 1848 even more than in 1789 had good cause for complaint.

But in justice to the *bourgeoisie* it must be recognized that they were in the main sympathetic to the cause of the workers. "Bourgeois opinion," even the Socialist Malon admits, "was . . . open to renovating conceptions. Before 1848 the French *bourgeoisie* had as yet no fear of social insurrections; they readily allowed themselves to indulge in innocent Socialist speculations. It was thus that Fouriérisme, for example, founded entirely on seeking the greatest sum of happiness possible, had numerous sympathizers in the provincial bourgeoisie."¹

Like the aristocrats of 1788 who had voluntarily offered to surrender their pecuniary privileges, and on the famous 4th of August 1789 themselves dealt the death-blow to the feudal system by renouncing all other rights and privileges, so the *bourgeoisie* of 1848 showed their willingness to co-operate not merely with reforms but with the most drastic social changes directly opposed to their own interests.

"In the first weeks of 1848," Malon says again, "it was not only the proletarians who spoke of profound social reforms; the *bourgeoisie* that Fouriériste propaganda (but above all the novels of Eugène Sue and of George Sand) had almost reconciled with Socialism, thought themselves the hour had come, and all the candidates talked of ameliorating the lot of the people, of realizing social democracy, of abolishing misery. Great proprietors believed that the Provisional Government was composed of Communists, and one day twenty of them came to offer Garnier Pagès to give up their goods to the community."²

But the art of the revolutionaries has always been to check reforms by alienating the sympathies of the class in

¹ Malon, *Histoire du socialisme*, ii. 295.

² *Ibid.* ii. 520.

power, and they had no intention of allowing the people to be contented by pacific measures or to look to any one but themselves for salvation.

As on the eve of all great public commotions, a great masonic congress was held in 1847.¹ Amongst the French masons present were the men who played the leading parts in the subsequent revolution — Louis Blanc, Caussidière, Crémieux, Ledru Rollin, etc., and it was then decided to enlist the Swiss Cantons in the movement so that the centre of Europe should form no barrier against the tide.

It was by the Secret Societies that the plan of campaign was drawn up and the revolutionary machine set in motion. Caussidière, a prominent member of these associations, and at the same time Prefect of Police in Paris during the tumults of 1848, has himself provided us with the clearest evidence on this point.

"The Secret Societies," he writes, "had never ceased to exist even after the set-back of May 12, 1838. This freemasonry of devoted soldiers had been maintained without new affiliations until 1846. The orders of the day, printed in Brussels or sometimes in secret by compositors of Paris, had kept up its zeal. But the frequency of these proclamations, which fell sooner or later into the hands of the police, rendered the use of them very dangerous. Relations between the affiliated and the leaders had thus become rather restricted when, in 1846, the Secret Societies were reorganized and took up some initiative again. Paris was the centre around which radiated the different ramifications extending into the provincial towns. In Paris and in the provinces the same sentiment inspired all these militant phalanxes, more preoccupied by revolutionary action than by social theories. Guns were more talked of than Communism, and the only formula unanimously accepted was Robespierre's 'Declaration of the Rights of Man.' The Secret Societies found their real strength in the heart of the people of the working-classes, which thus had its vanguard, a certain disciplined force always ready to act, their co-operation was never wanting to any political emotion and they were found in the forefront of the barricades in February."

But the working-classes were not admitted to the inner councils of the leaders; the place of the vanguard was on

¹ Deschamps, *op. cit.* ii. 281, quoting Gyr, *La Franc-Maçonnerie*, p. 368, and also Eckert.

² *Mémoires de Caussidière*, i. 38, 39.

the barricades when the shooting began, not in the meetings where the plan of campaign was drawn up.

Amongst these secret agencies the Haute Vente naturally played the leading part, and two years before the revolution broke out Piccolo Tigre was able to congratulate himself on the complete success of his efforts to bring about a vast upheaval.

On the 5th of January 1846 the energetic agent of Nubius writes in these hopeful terms to his chief:

The journey that I have just accomplished in Europe has been as fortunate and as productive as we had hoped. Henceforth nothing remains but to put our hand to the task in order to reach the *dénouement* of the comedy. . . . The harvest I have reaped has been abundant . . . and if I can believe the news communicated to me here (at Livorno) we are approaching the epoch we so much desire. The fall of thrones is no longer a matter of doubt to me now that I have just studied the work of our societies in France, in Switzerland, in Germany, and as far as Russia. The assault which in a few years and perhaps even in a few months from now will be made on the princes of the earth will bury them under the wreckage of their impotent armies and their decrepit thrones. Everywhere there is enthusiasm in our ranks and apathy or indifference amongst the enemies. This is a certain and infallible sign of success. . . . What have we asked in return for our labours and our sacrifices? It is not a revolution in one country or another. That can always be managed if one wishes it. In order to kill the old world surely, we have held that we must stifle the Catholic and Christian germ, and you, with the audacity of genius, have offered yourself with the sling of a new David to hit the pontifical Goliath on the head.¹

Piccolo Tigre was perfectly right in his estimate of the "apathy and indifference" of the ruling classes, and in the success this attitude promised to the conspirators. No civilized modern government can be overthrown by violence if it realizes the danger that threatens it and firmly resolves to defend itself. It is not resistance but weakness that produces revolution, for weakness invites audacity and audacity is the essence of the revolutionary spirit. "Osez!" said St.-Just, "ce mot est toute la politique de la Révolution." ("Dare! this word is the whole policy of

¹ Crétineau-Joly, *L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution*, ii. 387.

revolution.") So whilst the revolutionary forces were mustering, the Government of France remained sublimely oblivious to the coming danger. On the surface few signs of popular effervescence were apparent. The incendiary doctrines of the agitators seemed to have made little headway amongst the great mass of the people. The peasants, indeed, with their passionate love of possession, saw little to attract them in the communal ownership of the land and continued to dig and plant with undiminished ardour. Only in the towns the fire of revolutionary Socialism was smouldering silently, unnoticed or ignored by those in power. The government, reassured by the loyal spirit of the army and deluded by the perfect calm that reigned in the streets, made no preparations for defence. The circulation of seditious papers was known to be small, the theories of Buchez and of Louis Blanc were believed to have taken no hold on the masses — one could afford to shrug one's shoulders at the number of their following. As to Proudhon the police had declared in 1846: "His doctrines are very dangerous, there are gun-shots at the end of them; fortunately they are not read." Perhaps the most unconcerned person was the King himself. "No human power," wrote M. Cuvillier Fleury, "could have made him read a page of M. Louis Blanc, of M. Pierre Leroux, of M. Buchez, or of M. Proudhon."¹

So with sublime insouciance the "monarchy of July" awaited the explosion.

This is not the place to relate in detail the political events which led up to the four months revolution of 1848. Ministerial corruption — always the bane of France from the first revolution onwards — opposition to electoral reform, indifference to the interests of the people provided quite sufficient grounds for insurrection. In vain de Tocqueville warned the Chamber of Deputies whither this state of public affairs must lead them: "My profound conviction is that we are sleeping on a volcano." And after quoting various scandalous instances of corruption he went on to say:

¹ Imbert de Saint-Amand, *Marie Amélie et la société française en 1847*, pp. 102-110.

It is by such acts as these that great catastrophes are prepared. Let us seek in history the efficacious causes that have taken away power from the governing classes; they lost it when they became by their egoism unworthy to retain it. . . . The evils I point out will bring about the gravest revolutions; do you not feel by a sort of intuition that the soil of Europe trembles once more? Is there not a breath of revolution in the air? . . . Do you know what may happen in two years: in one year, perhaps to-morrow? . . . Keep your laws if you will, but for God's sake change the spirit of the Government. That spirit leads to the abyss.¹

No truer words were ever spoken. Corrupt and selfish politicians will always be the most useful allies of Anarchists. We cannot doubt that Proudhon and Blanqui rejoiced over the callous attitude of the Government as heartily as de Tocqueville deplored it. The very real grounds for popular discontent would serve, as de Tocqueville clearly saw, to "magnify doctrines which tend to nothing less than the overthrow of all the foundations on which society rests."

The ministerial banquets planned by the heads of the masonic lodges² for the 22nd of February and forbidden by the government provided the pretext for insurrection. When in the morning of that day the obedient army of the proletariat assembled in answer to the summons of the revolutionary papers *Le National* and *La Réforme*, the cry of "A bas Guizot!" that rose from their ranks was less a protest against Guizot's policy than a call to revolution for revolution's sake. Deluded by the promises of the Utopian Socialists, inflamed by the teachings of the Anarchists, it was now no longer electoral reform nor even universal suffrage that could satisfy the people; it was not a mere Republic they demanded or a change of ministry, it was the complete overthrow of the existing system of government in favour of the social millennium promised them by the theorists, and which the agitators had urged them to establish by force of arms.

The dismissal of Guizot by the King on the 23rd of February did nothing, therefore, to allay popular agitation, and according to the usual revolutionary programme the

¹ Émile de Bonnechese, *Histoire de France*, ii. 647

² Deschamps, *op. cit.* ii. 282.

insurgents proceeded to barricade the streets and to pillage the gunsmiths' shops.

But even then it proved difficult to bring about a conflict, for the sympathies of the *bourgeoisie* were still with the people, and the National Guards, seeing in the working-men their brothers, showed reluctance to use force against them.¹ This feeling of *camaraderie*, contemptuously described by Marx as "charlatanry of general fraternity,"² was dispelled by the menacing attitude the working-men were persuaded to assume, and inevitably the demonstrations that followed — the hoisting of the red flag, the marching of processions amongst which could be seen the glint of steel and brandishing of sabres — led to a collision with the troops. In the confusion a number of the insurgents fell victims to the fire of the irritated soldiery. This skirmish, described as "the massacre of the Boulevard des Capucines," gave the signal for revolution.

Throughout that night of February 23-24 the Secret Societies were at work issuing their orders; meanwhile Proudhon busied himself drawing up a plan of attack.³ Dawn found the city in a state of chaos, the trees of the boulevards were broken to the ground, the paving-stones torn up, excited bands of insurgents — working-men of the faubourgs, students, schoolboys, deserters from the National Guard — collected round the Tuileries, shots were fired in at the windows of the young princes. This was the moment chosen by Louis Blanc and his friends to issue a protest against the employment of troops in civil commotions, which, handed from barricade to barricade, immensely emboldened the audacity of the revolutionaries, who now proceeded to seize munitions and attack the municipal Guard, killing a number of them. The hesitating policy of the government and the declarations of the agitators inevitably affected the morale of the troops, and by the middle of the morning they ceased to offer any further resistance and left the people in possession of the field. Already Proudhon and Flocon had posted up a placard demanding the deposition of the King, and amongst the

¹ *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. xi. 97.

² Marx, *La Lutte des classes en France*, p. 40.

³ *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. xi. p. 99.

leaders — Caussidière, Arago, Sobrier, and others — the word "Republic" made itself heard. In vain Louis Philippe, profiting by the error committed by his predecessor Louis XVI. in precisely the same circumstances, mounted a gorgeously caparisoned horse in order to inspect the troops assembled in the Tuileries gardens and promised reforms to the excited populace; the hour of the Orléaniste dynasty had struck, and at one o'clock the royal family chose the prudent course of flight.

Thus in the space of a few hours the monarchy was swept away and the "Social Democratic Republic" was proclaimed.¹

But now the men who had brought about the crisis were faced with the work of reconstruction — a very different matter. For it is one thing to sit at one's desk peaceably writing about the beauties of revolution, it is quite another to find oneself in the midst of a tumultuous city where all the springs of law and order have been broken; it is one thing to talk romantically about "the sovereignty of the people," it is less soothing to one's vanity to be confronted with working-men of real flesh and blood insolently demanding the fulfilment of the promises one has made them. This was the experience that fell to the lot of the men composing the Provisional Government the day after the King's abdication. All advocates of social revolution, they now for the first time saw revolution face to face—and liked it less well than on paper.

The hoisting of the red flag by the populace — described by Lamartine as "the symbol of threats and disorders" — had struck terror into the hearts of all except Louis Blanc, and it was not until Lamartine in an impassioned speech had besought the angry multitude to restore the *tricolore* that the red flag was finally lowered and the deputies were able to retire to the Hôtel de Ville and discuss the new scheme of government.

In all the history of the "Labour Movement" no more dramatic scene has ever been enacted than that which now took place. Seated around the council table were the

¹ Louis Blanc, *La Révolution de 1848*, p. 23; *Mémoires de Caussidière*, p. 62.

men who for the last ten years had fired the people with enthusiasm for the principles of the first Revolution — Lamartine, panegyrist of the Gironde, Louis Blanc the Robespierrieste, Ledru Rollin, whose chief source of pride was his supposed resemblance to Danton.

Suddenly the door of the council chamber burst open and a working-man entered, gun in hand, his face convulsed with rage, followed by several of his comrades. Advancing towards the table where sat the trembling demagogues, Marche, for this was the name of the leader of the deputation, struck the floor with the butt end of his gun and said loudly: "Citizens, it is twenty-four hours since the revolution was made; the people await the results. They send me to tell you that they will brook no more delays. They wish for the right to work — the right to work at once."

Twenty-four hours since the revolution had been made, and the New Heavens and the New Earth had not yet been created! The theorists had calculated without the immense impatience of "the People," they had forgotten that to simple practical minds to give is to give quickly and at once; that the immense social changes represented by Louis Blanc in his *Organisation du travail* as quite a simple matter had been accepted by the workers in the same unquestioning spirit; of the enormous difficulties incidental to the readjustment of the conditions of the labour, of the time it must take to reconstruct the whole social system, Marche and his companions could have no conception. They had been promised the "right to work," and the gigantic organization that brief formula entailed was to be accomplished in one day and instantly put into operation.

Louis Blanc admits that his first emotion on hearing the tirade of Marche was that of anger;¹ it were better if he had said of shame. It was he more than any other who had shown the workers the land of promise, and now that it had proved a mirage he, more than any other, was to blame. Before promising one must know how to perform — and to perform without delay.

It was apparently Lamartine whom the working-men

¹ Louis Blanc, *La Révolution de 1848*, p. 31.

regarded as the chief obstacle to their demand for "the right to work," for throughout his speech Marche had fixed his eyes, "blazing with audacity," on those of the poet of the Gironde. Lamartine, outraged by this attitude, thereupon replied in an imperious tone that were he threatened by a thousand deaths, were he led by Marche and his companions before the loaded cannons down beneath the windows, he would never sign a decree of which he did not understand the meaning. But finally conquering his irritation, he adopted a more conciliatory tone, and placing his hand on the arm of the angry workman he besought him to have patience, pointing out that legitimate as his demand might be, so great a measure as the organization of labour must take time to elaborate, that in the face of so many crying needs the government must be given time to formulate its schemes, that all competent men must be consulted. . . .

The eloquence of the poet triumphed, gradually Marche's indignation died down; the workmen, honest men touched by the evident sincerity of the speaker, looked into each other's eyes questioningly, with an expression of relenting, and Marche, interpreting their attitude, cried out, "Well, then, yes, we will wait. We will have confidence in our government. The people will wait; they place three months of misery at the service of the Republic!"¹

Have more pathetic words ever been uttered in the whole history of social revolution? Like their forefathers of 1792 these men were ready to suffer, to sacrifice themselves for the new-formed Republic represented to them as the one hope of salvation for France, and animated by this noble enthusiasm they were willing to trust the political charlatans who had led them on with fair promises into abortive insurrection. Even whilst Lamartine was urging patience, Louis Blanc, still intent on his untried theories, had retired into the embrasure of a window, where, with Flocon and Ledru Rollin, he drew up the decree, founded on the 10th article of Robespierre's "Declaration of the Rights of Man." by which the Provisional Government

Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* i. 379.

undertook to "guarantee work to all citizens." Louis Blanc was probably the only man present who believed in the possibility of carrying out this promise, yet all ended by subscribing to it, and the same day the decree was publicly proclaimed throughout Paris.

Two days later the *National Workshops*, which were to provide the promised employment, were opened under the direction of Émile Thomas and of M. Marie. The result was inevitably disastrous, necessary work being insufficient, the workmen were sent hither and thither from one employer to another, useless jobs were devised that necessarily proved discouraging to the men engaged on them, whilst the workers in the skilled trades for whom no employment could be found had to be maintained on "an unemployment dole." This last measure, the most demoralizing of all, had the effect of attracting thousands of workers from all over the country, and even from abroad, into the capital.¹

The organization of the National Workshops and their lamentable failure has frequently been ascribed by opponents of Socialism to Louis Blanc. This is inaccurate. The manner in which these workshops were conducted was not that advocated by Louis Blanc in his *Organisation du travail*, and must be ascribed solely to MM. Marie and Thomas. But the principle on which they were founded, namely the duty of the State to provide work or payment for every man, was nevertheless the one adopted by Louis Blanc from Robespierre. Once this premise is accepted many of the difficulties that contributed to the failure of the National Workshops are bound to follow. The mere fact that a man has no longer to depend on his own efforts to seek and find employment must inevitably lead to lack of enterprise and to idleness on the part of those who do not want to work; moreover, if payment is to be received whether a man is in or out of employment it will be obviously a matter of indifference to the slacker whether he keeps his job or loses it.

That in a civilized state no man should be allowed to

¹ Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* i. 484. See also report of May 29 given in *The Economist* for June 3, 1843 (vi. 617).

starve because he cannot find work is clearly evident, but that some degree of privation should attach to unemployment is absolutely necessary to the very existence of industry.

The truth is, as Mermeix points out, the Provisional Government of 1848 had promised the impossible because "a government cannot guarantee work since it does not depend on it to provide consumers."¹ Moreover, the funds with which it pays out unemployment doles can only be raised in the form of taxation which automatically reduces the spending power of the community, thus creating further unemployment.

Magnificent, then, as the recognition of "the right to work" may be in theory, no Government has so far been able to put it into practice without aggravating the evil it has set out to cure.

If, therefore, Louis Blanc cannot be held responsible for the methods of the National Workshops, it is impossible to deny that his precipitate action in formulating the proclamation of "the right to work" largely contributed to the chaos that followed. Moreover, we shall see that when at last he was able to put his own theories into practice the experiment proved not much more successful than that of MM. Thomas and Marie.

It was on the 10th of March that a committee began its sittings at the Luxembourg, presided over by Louis Blanc with the workman Albert as vice-president. Before this board employers and employed were summoned to attend and put forward their claims or grievances; builders and their workmen, master bakers and baker boys, omnibus owners and drivers, all arrived in crowds to discuss the questions of hours and payment. In general the employers showed themselves magnanimous and perfectly ready to co-operate in any reasonable reforms,² but this, as Mme. d'Agoult observes, could not satisfy the ambition of Louis Blanc, "which dreamt of changing the world."³ A sane and practical man with the interests of the people really at heart, given his opportunity, might have laid forever the

¹ Mermeix (G. Terrail), *Le Syndicalisme contre le socialisme*, p. 51.

² "The employers gave evidence of the most conciliatory disposition" (Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* ii. 49).

³ *Ibid.* p. 48.

foundations of an improved industrial system, but Louis Blanc seated in the historic armchair of the Chancellor Pasquier could only fall back, like his predecessors of 1789, on the fatal gift of eloquence, and at every moment "began again the epic recital of the Revolution and the tableau of the great things accomplished by the people."¹

Strange this tendency of Socialism that imagines itself progressive to hark back eternally to the past!

The working-men on their part showed themselves in the main perfectly sane and reasonable, demanding protection from the exploitation of middle-men, and a reduction in the hours of labour to ten or eleven a day, giving for their reason a theory tenable perhaps at a period when working days consisted of fourteen or fifteen hours, but which to-day has been perverted into the disastrous system known as "Ca' Canny," namely that "the longer the day is the fewer workers are employed, and that the workers who are occupied absorb a salary which might be divided amongst a greater number of workers." They also "criticised excessive work as an obstacle to their education and the intellectual development of the people."

At any rate, whether sound or not in their political economy, the people of Paris at this crisis showed themselves in no way prone to violence; the people did not wish for bloodshed and for barricades, for burnings and destruction. Reduced to its simplest expression, they asked for two things only — bread and work: what juster demand could have been formulated? And they were ready, as Marche had said, to wait, to suffer, to sacrifice themselves not only for their own ultimate welfare but for the glory of France. Misled as they had been by visionaries, illusioned as they were on the benefits of the first French Revolution, they asked for no repetition of its horrors but only to be allowed to work in peace and fraternity.

"Citizens, . . ." wrote the cloth printers to the Provisional Government at the end of March 1848, "we, workers ourselves, printers on stuff, we offer you our feeble co-operation, we bring you 2000 francs to help towards the success of your noble creation. . . . Let them be reassured those who may believe in a

¹ Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* p. 41.

² *Mémoires de Caussidière*, i. 286.

return to the bloody scenes enacted in our history! Let them be reassured! Neither civil war, nor war abroad shall rend the entrails of our beautiful France! Let them be reassured on our National Assembly, for there will be neither Montagnards nor Girondins! Yes, let them be reassured and let them help to give to Europe a magic sight, let them show the universe that in France there has been no violence in the revolution, that there has only been a change of system, that honour has succeeded to corruption, the sovereignty of the people and of equity to odious despotism, force and order to weakness, union to castes, to tyranny this sublime device: 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, progress, civilization, happiness for all and all for happiness!''¹

What might not have been done with a people such as this, so filled with gay enthusiasm, with noble patriotism, if only they had had leaders worthy of them? But on one side Louis Blanc, helpless and hesitating now that he was brought face to face with realities, pushing aside sane reforms in favour of unrealizable ideals, and on the other Blanqui, Proudhon, wild beasts crouching to spring, waiting to rend and destroy that very civilization for which the people were ready to sacrifice their all!

But Louis Blanc, obsessed with his idea of "working-men's associations," led the people from the path of true reform into the wilderness. The National Workshops, he afterwards declared, were a failure because they were not conducted on the Socialistic lines he advocated, and the Government refused to give him funds to put his own theories into practice. But, as Mme. d'Agoult explains, what the Government really refused to M. Blanc was "a budget and a ministry" which would have satisfied his ambitions. The Government *did* provide M. Blanc with funds to start "associations of working-men" on his own lines, and gave him a perfectly free hand in organizing them. The first of these experiments was made at the Hôtel de Clichy, which M. Blanc was allowed to transform from a debtors' prison into an enormous national tailors' shop; he was then given capital free of interest, "subsistence money" was advanced to the workers, and an order for 25,000 uniforms for the National Guards was placed by the Government. The usual contractor's price for these uniforms was eleven francs each, "a sum found sufficient

¹ Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* i. 514.

to provide the profit of the master tailor, remuneration for his workshop and tools, interest on his capital and wages for the workmen." ¹ But now that the profits of the rapacious capitalist were to be eliminated it was expected that a handsome balance would remain over after the cost of materials had been defrayed, and this was to be divided equally amongst the workers. Unhappily when the first order was completed the cost proved to be far higher than under the old capitalistic system, and the uniforms worked out at 16 instead of 11 francs each. Moreover, though "the principle of glory, love, and fraternity was so strong that the tailors worked twelve and thirteen hours a day, and the same even on Sundays," the ragged new recruits to the army were kept waiting so long for their uniforms that, driven to exasperation, they went several times to Clichy and quarrelled violently with the tailors over the delay. "This," says Mme. d'Agoult, "was the origin of the scission between the 'people' in blouses and the 'people' in uniforms which led at last to a mortal combat." ²

Louis Blanc's other experiments were attended with not much more success. His "association of arm-chair makers" dwindled in one year from 400 members to 20, and out of 180 associations in all only 10 survived until 1867.³

A further breach was brought about between the soldiers and the industrial workers by the attempt of the Government to establish "equality" in the army. On the 14th of March it had passed the decree ordering the smartest battalions of the National Guards to renounce their distinctive uniforms and likewise all insignia of superior rank. More preposterous still, the election of new officers was to be made henceforth by universal suffrage.⁴

The result was of course an explosion of indignation amongst the soldiers, and on the 16th of March a procession of 4000 to 5000 National Guards marched on the Hôtel de Ville to protest against the decree. Here they

¹ *Problems and Perils of Socialism*, by J. St. Loe Strachey, quoting contemporary account on this experiment in *The Economist* for May 20, 1848 (vol. vi. p. 562).

² Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* ii. 165.

³ Heckethorn, *Secret Societies*, ii. 222, 223.

⁴ Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* ii. 55; Caussidière, *op. cit.* i. 176.

encountered a crowd of workmen and young boys, with whom they came into collision; insults and blows were exchanged, and the breach between the *bourgeoisie* and the people was now definitely created.

This breach was necessary to the Socialist leaders if they were to retain their ascendancy, and the revolution was not to end in the peaceful amelioration of the workers' lot. Accordingly they seized the opportunity offered by popular excitement to organize a demonstration for the following day, and as in the first French Revolution the people were ordered out *en masse*. A huge crowd was to assemble in the Place de la Concorde and march to the Hôtel de Ville in order to congratulate the members of the Provisional Government and demand the postponement of the elections, which might possibly remove the Socialists from power. This programme, naively drawn up by the Socialists themselves — Louis Blanc, Caussidière, and Ledru Rollin — was issued to all the different districts of Paris on the evening of the 16th.

But already the organizers of the procession found themselves outdistanced by the clubs acting under the orders of the Secret Societies, and whilst the people were being invited by the members of the Provisional Government to come and demonstrate in favour of their remaining in office Blanqui was concerting another agitation for the purpose of ejecting them. It was thus that, when the immense procession arrived at the Hôtel de Ville on the 17th of March, Louis Blanc and his colleagues found themselves confronted not by congratulatory and admiring bands of workers but by a hostile army, at the head of which were found their enemies and rivals to power — Barbès, Blanqui, Cabet, Sobrier, and others — "whose expression," says Louis Blanc, "held something sinister."

In vain Louis Blanc took refuge in his habitual revolutionary eloquence, declaring that the only desire of the Provisional Government was "to march with the people, to live for them, if necessary to die for them"; the crowd, wearied of such protestations, gave way to prolonged murmurs. "The people," cried one of them, "expect more than words."¹

¹ Caussidière, *op. cit.* i. 182.

But words in the end prevailed, and floods of oratory poured forth by Ledru Rollin and Lamartine finally had the effect of calming the agitation of the crowd, which towards five o'clock in the afternoon gradually melted away to the cries of "Vive Louis Blanc, Vive Ledru Rollin!"

Caussidière afterwards described this "day of March 17" as the "pacific victory of the people by calm and reason"; in reality it was a victory for the Socialists of the Provisional Government. From the people's point of view the day had proved as abortive as most of the "great days" of the first revolution, in which they had acted simply as the tools of political adventurers. "The greater number of the workmen," says Mme. d'Agoult, "who had joined spontaneously in the manifestation in a sincere and naïve spirit of Republican fraternity, were persuaded that they had given the Government a mark of respect and had defended them against royalist plots." For themselves they had gained nothing but an increase of hostility on the part of the *bourgeoisie*, who had watched with growing anxiety the menacing aspect of the procession.

The result of "the day of March the 17th" was to throw back irretrievably the cause of the Paris workmen. So far they had gained certain points in their programme — the establishment of the "social and democratic Republic," the promise of universal suffrage at the coming elections, the recognition by the Provisional Government of "the right to work," and the application of this principle in the National Workshops, which, however unsatisfactory from the point of view of the State, had relieved unemployment. Had the revolution ceased early in March before the passing of the impolitic decree concerning the National Guards, it must have ended in a triumph for the workers. But the action of the Socialists in throwing this apple of discord between the people and the *bourgeoisie* turned the tide in favour of reaction. Not only in Paris but all over the country the display of force exhibited by the procession of March 17 created widespread alarm. The provinces had no intention of falling again, as in 1793, under the domination of the Paris populace, and a strong Conservative spirit was aroused that boded ill for the

success of Socialist candidates at the elections. "From this moment," writes the Comtesse d'Agoult, "there begins for the proletariat a series of reverses in which it is to lose all the advantages it had won in a few hours, and of which it had made use generously, it is true, and with greatness, but without discernment or foresight."¹

This was the whole cause of the working-men's failure in 1848. Instead of acting on their own initiative, instead of pressing the advantages they had really gained, they allowed themselves to be led into fruitless agitation by a band of political charlatans who were mainly occupied in quarrelling amongst themselves.

Thus whilst Louis Blanc continued to represent himself to the people with his usual eloquence as the sole representative of their cause, the partisans of Ledru Rollin (amongst them George Sand the novelist) intrigued to establish a revolutionary government under his dictatorship, and Blanqui stirred up the workmen to resist the convocation of the National Assembly. Meanwhile Lamartine, seeing his own power waning, endeavoured to frighten Ledru Rollin "with visions of Blanqui sharpening his dagger in the background," and at the same time continued to confer secretly with Blanqui in the hope of winning him over to his side. Amidst all this confusion of plans the people counted for nothing, but each faction hoped by a further "popular manifestation" to triumph finally over its rivals.

On the 16th of April the people of Paris were once more summoned forth on the pretext of electing fourteen officers for the staff of the army, according to the new decree of election by popular suffrage. At 10 o'clock in the morning a procession of 8000 working-men assembled in the Champ de Mars, holding aloft their banners with Socialist devices such as: "Abolition of the exploitation of man by man," "Equality," "Organization of work," etc. This army, which had started out quite peaceably, now stirred up by Blanqui, increased to 40,000 and then proceeded to march on the Hôtel de Ville, whereat a panic spread throughout the city. Scare news was passed from mouth to mouth:

¹ Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* ii. 154.

"The Faubourg St. Antoine has risen in revolt! The Communists have taken the Invalides, they are setting fire to it; 200,000 proletarians in arms are preparing to sack Paris!"

On arrival at the Place de Grève before the entrance to the Hôtel de Ville a number of troops, however, were drawn up, and now the scission that had been created between the soldiers and the working-men became again apparent. The inclination to fraternize with their comrades in blouses that earlier in the Revolution had marked the attitude of the troops had changed to active hostility, and from their ranks arose the cry: "Down with the Communists! Down with Blanqui! Down with Louis Blanc!"

The tide had turned irrevocably against the workers. As the dejected battalions of the industrial "proletariat" filed past the Hôtel de Ville through the serried ranks of the soldiery and finally dispersed, no doubt remained that the day had ended in defeat and it was to the Socialists the workers owed their humiliation. The working-men had not on their own initiative assumed the menacing attitude that alarmed the citizens of Paris; they had not devised the truculent mottoes inscribed upon their banners. It was Blanqui with his ferocious methods of agitation, it was Louis Blanc with his foolish theorizings, who had turned their just demands for social reform into war on the community and created the gulf that yawned between the workmen and the rest of Paris. Up to the outbreak of the 1848 revolution the *bourgeoisie*, as we have seen, had regarded the aspirations of the "people" with the greatest sympathy; the work of the Socialists was to destroy this understanding and to consolidate not only the *bourgeoisie* but the whole non-industrial population in a mass antagonistic to the workers. It is from this moment that we can date that narrowing down of the word "people" to signify only the "industrial proletariat,"¹ the sense in which it has been used throughout by Marxian Socialists, and that has contributed so largely to the divorce between Socialism and democracy.

The 16th of April was followed by a great wave of

¹ Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* ii. 15.

reaction in all quarters of the city. The authors of the manifestation became the objects of indignant denunciations; a furious crowd carried a coffin beneath the window of Cabet. "One half of Paris," wrote the Prefect of the Police, "wishes to imprison the other."¹ Even the allies of the Socialists were suddenly smitten with misgivings, and it was George Sand, the disciple of Babeuf and Pierre Leroux, who was believed to have written these words in the *Bulletins de la République* for the 20th of April:

As to the Communists, against whom so many cries of reprobation and of anger have been heard, they were not worth the trouble of a demonstration. That a little number of sectarians should preach the chimerical establishment of the impossible equality of fortunes need not surprise or alarm one. At all periods misguided minds have pursued the realization of this dream without ever attaining it.²

The reaction was not confined to Paris alone. All over France the tide turned irrevocably against Socialism, and in the elections that followed the people showed themselves overwhelmingly in favour of the moderates. But the revolutionaries had gained one point, namely that they had put an end to what Marx described as "the charlatanry of universal fraternity," and the gulf between the industrial proletariat and the rest of the nation yawned more widely than ever.

When the new National Assembly met on the 4th of May the extremists Proudhon, Cabet, Louis Blanc, and Blanqui were all rejected by the electors, as also the "Labour" candidates in favour of Communism who had been put forward by the Committee of the Luxembourg: and it was Lamartine who now received the plaudits of the crowd. This was largely owing to the attitude of Louis Blanc, who had made it clear that he aimed at nothing less than "the absolute domination of the proletariat,"³ a proposition that, placed before a spirited nation possessing an energetic and intelligent *bourgeoisie*, must necessarily encounter determined opposition.

Louis Blanc, moreover, possessed the irritating characteristic, common to many Socialists, of imagining that he

¹ Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* ii. 179-180.

² *Ibid.*, *op. cit.* ii. 207.

³ *Ibid.* p. 183.

alone was animated by sincere love for the people, and his discourse to the Assembly on the 10th of May, again demanding "a ministry of work and progress," was so tinged with this peculiar form of egoism as to provoke cries of protest. Finally the whole Assembly rose in a body, whilst from all sides shouts went up: "You have not the monopoly of love for the people! We are all here for the social question, we have all come in the name of the people! The whole Assembly is here to defend the rights of the people!"¹

The new assembly thus found itself crushed between two forces — on one hand the *bourgeoisie* rendered intractable by the menace of Communism, on the other the revolutionaries who, now legally excluded from the government, were obliged to cast about for a further pretext to stir up the people. This was provided by a revolt in Poland which the Prussian troops had ruthlessly suppressed on the 5th of May, and the working-men of Paris were summoned to assemble in their thousands as a protest against this display of arbitrary authority. Accordingly, on the 13th a procession of 5000 to 6000 people, led by Sobrier and Huber, a professional agitator of equivocal antecedents, marched to the Place de la Concorde, shouting: "Vive la Pologne!" The working-men in the crowd, who had started out in all good faith to agitate, as they had been told to do, in favour of oppressed Poland, were animated by no revolutionary intentions and never dreamt of overthrowing the Assembly elected by universal suffrage. But, as usual, agents of disorder had mingled in their ranks, strangers of sinister appearance ready to side either with police or mob in order to provoke a riot, well-dressed women not of the people were observed inciting the crowd to violence.²

At the bridge of the Concorde the procession seemed to hesitate, but Blanqui, now placing himself at its head, cried loudly, "Forward!" and the whole mass surged towards the palace occupied by the Assembly. The small number of National Guards assembled proved powerless to stem the oncoming tide of 150,000 men and women,

¹ Daniel Stern, pp. 237-238.

² *Ibid. op. cit.* ii. 258.

which pressed onwards with such force that a number of people were crushed to death at the entrance of the Palace.

It was then that Lamartine, braver than his predecessors the revolutionaries of 1792, came forward out of the Assembly and faced the people.

"Citizen Lamartine," said one of the leaders, Laviron, "we have come to read a petition to the Assembly in favour of Poland. . . ."

"You shall not pass," Lamartine answered imperiously.

"By what right will you prevent us from passing? We are the people. Too long have you made fine phrases; the people want something besides phrases, they wish to go themselves to the Assembly and signify their wishes."

How true was the word uttered by a voice in the crowd at this juncture: "Unhappy ones, what are you doing? You are throwing back the cause of liberty for more than a century!"

In vain the men who had raised the storm now tried to quell it. Whilst the crowd pressed onwards into the hall of the Assembly, Thomas, Raspail, Barbès, Ledru Rollin, Buchez, Louis Blanc struggled amidst the suffocating heat of the May day and the odour of massed humanity to make their voices heard. Louis Blanc at the table declared that "the people by their cries had violated their own sovereignty"; the crowd responded with shouts of: "Vive la Pologne! Vive l'organisation du travail!" Louis Blanc, attacked with the weapon he himself had forged, was reduced to impotence; it was no longer the theorist who had deluded them with words that the people demanded, but Blanqui, the man of action, the instigator of violence and fury. "Blanqui! Where is Blanqui? We want Blanqui!" was the cry of the multitude. And instantly, borne on the shoulders of the crowd, the strange figure of the famous agitator appeared — a little man prematurely bent, with wild eyes darting flame from hollows deep sunk in the sickly pallor of his face, with black hair shaved close like a monk's, his black coat buttoned up to meet his black tie, his hands encased in black gloves — and at this sinister vision a silence fell upon the crowd. Blanqui, suiting himself to the temper of his audience,

thereupon delivered a harangue demanding that France should immediately declare war on Europe for the deliverance of Poland — truly a strange measure for the relief of public misery in Paris! Meanwhile Louis Blanc, with a Polish flag thrust into his hands, was making a valiant effort to recover his popularity. An eloquent discourse on "the sovereignty of the people" had at last the desired effect, and amidst cries of "Long live Louis Blanc! Long live the social and democratic Republic!" he too was hoisted on to the shoulders of the people and carried in triumph. But the emotion of the moment proved too great for the frail body; Louis Blanc, his face streaming with perspiration, attempted in vain to address the crowd, but no sound came from his lips and, finally lowered to earth, he fell fainting on a seat.

The dementia of the crowd, urged on by the "Clubistes," now reached its height. Whilst Barbès vainly attempted to deliver a speech the tribune was assailed by a group of maniacs, who with clenched fists threatened each other and drowned his voice in tumultuous cries. To add to the confusion the galleries began to break down under the weight of the increasing crowd and a bursting water-tank flooded the corridor.

At this juncture Huber, who had likewise fallen into a long swoon, suddenly recovered consciousness, and, mounting the tribune, declared in a voice of thunder that the Assembly was dissolved in the name of the people.

At the same moment Buchez was flung out of his seat, Louis Blanc was driven by the crowd out on to the esplanade of the Invalides, Raspail fainted on the lawn, Sobrier was carried in triumph by the workmen, and Huber disappeared.

Then followed the inevitable reaction. The troops arrived on the scene and dispersed the crowd, Barbès was arrested. Louis Blanc, with tumbled hair and torn clothes, succeeded in escaping from the National Guards and took refuge in the Assembly, only to find himself assailed with cries of indignation.

"You always talk of yourself! You have no heart!"

Whilst these extraordinary scenes had been taking

place at the Assembly another crowd of 200 people had invaded the Prefecture of Police, where Caussidière, following the example of Pétion on the 10th of August, remained discreetly waiting to see which way the tide turned before deciding on the course he should take. Faced by an angry mob of insurgents the wretched Caussidière, hitherto in the vanguard of revolution, now began to talk of "constitutional authority" and threatened to run a rebel through the body with his sabre.¹

With the aid of the Republican Guard the Prefecture of Police was finally evacuated, and throughout Paris the troops set about restoring order. "The repression," writes the Comtesse d'Agoult, "is without pity because the attack has been terrible" — words ever to be remembered by the makers of revolution. The fiercer the onslaught the fiercer must be the resistance, and anarchy can only end in despotism. Even the revolutionary leaders are obliged to admit the reactionary effects of May the 15th, and the people themselves, always impressed by a display of authority, sided with the victors. When on the 16th of May the arrested conspirators leave for Vincennes "they hear, on going through the Faubourg St. Antoine, the imprecations of the crowd of men, women, and children who, in spite of the extreme heat of the day, follow the carriages with insults in their mouths as far as the first houses of Vincennes."

But this revulsion of popular feeling was only momentary; before long the Socialists had re-established their ascendancy over the people. In the by-elections on June the 5th Pierre Leroux, Proudhon, and Caussidière were all successful, and the situation was further complicated by the election of Louis Napoléon Bonaparte.

It was now that the Imperialist schemes of the Bonapartistes first became apparent, and that the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" was first heard. The leaders of this faction, no less than those of the Socialists, realized that the overthrow of the existing government must be brought about by a popular insurrection, and the usual weapon of class hatred was employed by both with equal unscrupulous-

¹ *Mémoires de Caussidière*, ii. 136.

ness. Side by side with the hawkers of such gutter-press journals as the *Robespierre*, the *Père Duchesne*, the *Carmagnole*, the *Journal de la Canaille*, the vendors of the *Napoléon Républicain* pressed their wares on the soldiers, warning them that "the bourgeois Terror" would represent them as the murderers of their brothers and invoking the red flag of social revolution.¹

The government elected by the system of universal suffrage so long demanded thus found itself between two fires, and the whole revolutionary movement turned into a contest between the warring political parties.

The industrial situation had now become chaotic. Trade was paralysed by the feeling of general insecurity and by continual strikes of workmen, whilst the men employed in the National Workshops showed an increasing tendency to revolt. This method of absorbing unemployed labour had, as we have seen, from the beginning proved a failure; and at last, after a vain attempt to improve matters by dismissing the provincial workmen who had crowded into Paris, and by reintroducing the system of piece-work, the Government announced its intention of abolishing the National Workshops. A decree to this effect was passed on the 21st of June and inevitably brought about the final crisis. On the evening of the same day bands of workmen again assembled, and to the rival cries of "Vive Barbès!" and "Vive Napoléon!" planned a fresh demonstration.

Then followed the three fearful days of June the 22nd to the 25th. Barricades were once more erected in the streets, and war to the knife was declared on the Republic. As in every outbreak of the World Revolution, the insurgents were composed of warring elements, all resolved to destroy the existing order and all animated by opposing aims. Thus, according to the report of Panisse, the head of the division for general security, the crowds that took part in the insurrection included, besides the workmen driven by hunger and despair to revolt, a number of honest and credulous people duped by the agitators — "Communists, dreamers of a Utopia amongst which each has his system

¹ Daniel Stern, *op. cit.* ii. 341.

and disagreeing with each other; " Legitimists, demanding the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in the person of the Duc de Chambord; Bonapartistes, partisans of a regency; and, finally, " the scum of all parties, convicts and wastrels; in a word, the enemies of all society, men vowed by instinct to ideas of insurrection, theft, and pillage." ¹

Against this terrible army the troops, led by the Generals Cavaignac and Lamoricière, reinforced by National Guards from all over France, displayed the greatest vigour, and on the 26th of June, after terrible fighting which left no less than 10,000 killed and wounded in the streets of Paris, Cavaignac remained master of the situation and a military dictatorship assumed control.

It is unnecessary to follow the French Revolution of 1848 through its final political stages — the election of Prince Louis Napoléon to the Presidency of the Republic in December of the same year, the *coup d'État* carried out by him three years later (on December 2, 1851), by which the Constitution of 1848 was overthrown, and, finally, the proclamation of the Empire on December 10, 1852, with the prince as Napoléon III. at its head. Throughout this period the fire of social revolution could only smoulder feebly, and with the accession of the Emperor was temporarily extinguished in France. The régime that followed, like that which succeeded to the first French Revolution, was one of absolute repression. The Socialist leaders were arrested, no less than 25,000 prisoners were taken by the Government and a great number deported without trial. At the same time the Secret Societies were put down with an iron hand, all the liberties guaranteed to the French people, including the liberty of the press, were abolished by the Constitution of 1852, and this despotism was accepted by a majority of 7,000,000 to 600,000 votes. For as in 1800 the nation, wearied of revolution, was ready to throw itself at the feet of a strong man who would restore order and give it peace once more.

The revolution of 1848 thus ended in the total defeat of the workers, and for this it is impossible to deny that the principal blame lay with the Socialist leaders — above all

¹ Daniel Stern, ii. 598.

with Louis Blanc. It is only just to recognize the excellent intentions of the man, who devoted all his energies to the reorganization of labour on an ideal system, yet it must surely be admitted that social experiments of this kind can only be judged by results. The scientist who fails in a laboratory experiment may be pardoned for failure, but in the case of men who juggle with human lives failure is crime. If a duke were to invent a novel system of drainage, and, without assuring himself of its efficacy, were to install it in all his tenants' cottages, thereby killing them off by diphtheria, he would not be regarded as a noble enthusiast whose only crime was excess of zeal, but as a criminal fool for whom no mercy should be demanded. Why then should reckless ventures, merely because they are conducted in the name of Socialism, ensure the immunity of their authors? Louis Blanc may well have been a sincere and well-meaning man, the fact remains that through his application of impracticable schemes and obstinate belief in his own infallibility he led the working-classes to disaster. No one has recognized this truth more clearly than the anarchist Proudhon, who in these words has apportioned to this dangerous dreamer the blame he so truly deserves:

A great responsibility will rest in history on Louis Blanc. It was he who at the Luxembourg with his riddle "Equality, Fraternity, Liberty," with his abracadabra "Every one according to his strength, to every one according to his needs!" — began that miserable opposition of ideologies to ideas, and who roused common sense against Socialism. He thought himself the bee of the revolution and he was only the grasshopper. May he at last, after having poisoned the working-men with his absurd formulas, bring to the cause of the proletariat, which on a day of error fell into his feeble hands, the obol of his abstention and his silence !¹

But a further reproach to be brought against Louis Blanc and his colleagues of 1848 is their habit of perpetually reverting to the past. "Let us respect the past," said Victor Hugo, "provided it is content to be dead; but if it wishes to be alive, we must attack it and try to kill it." Socialists who are quite willing to apply this maxim

¹ *La Révolution au XIXième siècle*, p. 108.

to the noblest traditions of the past reject it when it is a matter of reviving exploded subversive doctrines or methods. So the men of 1848, instead of considering the needs of the present hour, instead of pressing forward to more enlightened schemes of social reform, persisted in harking back eternally to the principles of the first French Revolution; soaked in the doctrines of their revolutionary predecessors all craved to emulate them, and thus the so-called popular demonstrations organized by them in Paris between February and June of 1848 were directly modelled on those of 1789 to 1792. On this point both Marx and Proudhon are in accord. "The Revolution of 1848," says Marx, "could do nothing better than parody first 1789 and then the revolutionary tradition of 1793-1795;"¹ and Proudhon covers with ridicule the manner in which the "souvenirs" of 1793 were constantly evoked by the leaders. It was "a universal mania," Mme. d'Agoult observes likewise, "from the 24th of February onwards to refer everything back to our first revolution." The failure of 1848 lay, therefore, not in over-zeal for progress, but in reactionariness, in blind attachment to past and dead traditions.

The outbreak of revolution in Paris had given the signal for the European conflagration. On the 1st of March insurrection began in Baden, on the 12th in Vienna, on the 13th riots took place in Berlin, on the 18th a rising in Milan, on the 20th in Parma, on the 22nd a Republic was declared in Venice, on the 10th of April a Chartist demonstration was organized in London, on the 7th of May troubles began in Spain, on the 15th in Naples, and during the course of the year no less than sixty-four outbreaks of serfs occurred in Russia.

Of course, in the pages of official history we shall find no explanation of this sudden recurrence of the revolutionary epidemic, which is once more conveniently ascribed to the time-honoured theory of contagious popular enthusiasm for liberty. Thus the *Cambridge Modern History*, describing the revolution in Germany,

¹ Marx, *La Lutte des classes*, p. 192.

observes: "The Grand Duchy of Baden was the natural starting-place for the revolutionary movement, which, once set on foot, seemed to progress almost automatically from State to State and town to town."

Precisely; but we are given no hint as to the mechanism which produced this automatic action all over Europe. The business of the official historian is not to inquire into causes but to present the sequence of events in a manner unintelligible to the philosopher but satisfying to the uninquiring mind of the general public.

That the European Revolution of 1848 was the result of masonic organization cannot, however, be doubted by any one who takes trouble to dig below the surface. We have already seen how Mazzini and the "Young Italy" movement had proved the blind instruments of the Haute Vente Romaine, and how the same society operating through the lodges had prepared the ground in every country. In France the part played by Freemasonry in the revolutionary movement was quite frankly recognized, and the Supreme Council of the Scottish rite presenting themselves before the members of the Provisional Government on the 10th of March received the congratulations of Lamartine in these words:

I am convinced that it is from the depths of your lodges that have emanated, first in the shade, then in the half-light, and finally in the full light of day, the sentiments which ended by producing the sublime explosion we witnessed in 1789, and of which the people of Paris have just given to the world the second and, I hope, the last representation.¹

But, of course, the people were to be allowed to think they had acted on their own initiative. Thus the Jewish Freemason Crémieux, whom the Revolution had raised to a place in the Provisional Government, declared in a speech to the crowd that on the ruins of the shattered monarchy "the *people* took for the eternal symbol of revolution 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity'";² it was only to the Freemasons themselves — this time a deputation of the Grand Orient, on the 24th of March — that he acknowledged the true origin of this device: "In all times

¹ Deschamps, *op. cit.* ii. 282.

² *Mémoires de Caussidière*, i. 131.

and under all circumstances . . . *Masonry* ceaselessly repeated these sublime words: 'Liberty Equality, Fraternity.' " ¹

In Germany as in France the principal leaders of the revolution — Hecker, Fickler, and Herwegh in Baden; Robert Blum in Saxony; Jacobi in Koenigsberg; von Gagern in Berlin — were all Freemasons who had been present at the aforesaid Masonic Congress in 1847.

The 1848 Revolution was thus the second great attempt of illuminized Freemasonry to bring about a world conflagration. But there was one country where the movement proved completely abortive; this was England. It is true that for many years the Chartist riots had created widespread anxiety, but the independent character of the English people had hitherto always prevented them from modelling their agitations on continental precedents; and "the People's Charter," aiming rather at political reform than at social disintegration, was essentially a national product. That agitators working for the overthrow of the existing social system had introduced themselves into the movement as earlier they had found their way into Trade Unionism cannot be doubted; it was this, however, that led to the final defeat of Chartism. When on the 13th of April 1848 a great demonstration was organized and a monster petition carried to Kennington Common, London prepared itself for self-defence and prudent tradesmen put up their shutters in expectation of riots, but the insignificant proportions of the assembled mob, and the discovery that a great number of the signatures appended to the petition were fraudulent, covered the whole affair with ridicule and the dreaded explosion ended in smoke. The truth is that in a country where reforms were in progress revolution could make little headway, and the passing of the Ten Hours Bill in 1847 had done much to quell agitation. Moreover, as we have already seen, the Co-operative movement had begun and was taking a strong hold on the imaginations of the British workers. It is not a little to the credit of our country that, whilst France continued to turn in a vicious circle of

¹ Deschamps, ii. 283.

abortive revolution, the English people, true to their traditions, had struck out a fresh path entirely on their own initiative, which but for Socialist opposition might have led — and may yet lead — to the regeneration of the industrial system.

Thus the situation stood at the end of 1848. Socialism in every conceivable form had been tried and found wanting. It had failed in the form of peaceful experiments under Robert Owen, St-Simon, Fourier, Pierre Leroux, and Cabet; it had failed still more signally when the attempt was made to establish it by revolutionary methods. So we find that at this crisis a change came over the revolutionary movement, and Socialism, a derelict concern, was taken over by a company. What that company was we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI

THE INTERNATIONALE

Rôle of the Jews in Germany — German Social Democracy — Lassalle — Karl Marx — Engels — Russian Anarchy — Michel Bakunin — "The Working-men's Association" — Intrigues of Marx — The "Alliance of Social Democracy" — Bakunin and the "German Jew Company."

IN order to follow the new course on which the World Revolution now entered it is necessary to understand something of the events that had taken place in Germany during the memorable year of 1848.

We have already seen how the plan of a United Germany, with Prussia at its head, originating with Frederick the Great, had been carried on not only by his successor Frederick William II. but by the Illuminati, the Tugendbund, and the Masonic Lodges. Under Frederick William III., Master of the Grand Lodge of Prussia, a further pact was concluded between Prussia and Freemasonry.

The lodges judged that Prussia was of all the States of Europe the one most capable of carrying out their work, and they made it the pivot of their political action . . . the idea of a union under their domination never ceased to be the aim of all the lodges.¹

But it seems that in Frederick William IV. they encountered a rebel. Without this hypothesis the agitation that took place in Berlin on the 18th of March 1848 is incomprehensible. Why should the King of Prussia have become the object of a hostile demonstration led to the cry of a "United Germany" in which Prussia was to be supreme? Why should he have rejected as "a crown of shame" (Schandkrone) the Imperial diadem subsequently

Deschamps, *op. cit.* ii. 400.

offered him by the National Assembly of Frankfurt and have pressed the claims of Austria to supremacy? May not the explanation be that Frederick William IV. had broken away from the traditions of the Hohenzollerns in refusing to ally himself with the subversive forces of which his predecessors had made such good use abroad, and that in preferring the claim of Austrian to Prussian supremacy his motive was reluctance to make himself the tool of the masons and to subscribe to their formula, as expressed by Mazzini: "*Delenda est Austria*" ?¹ The crown of shame which he declined to wear when offered to him by the Frankfurt Assembly under the President von Gagern, Freemason and Member of the Burschenschaft, was the Masonic crown worn by Frederick the Great and his two successors, offered by the Freemasons of France to the Duke of Brunswick and placed on the head of William I. in 1871.

But there was yet another consideration that may well have weighed with Frederick William IV. Freemasonry was not the only subversive force at work in Germany. Behind Freemasonry, behind even the secret societies that made of Freemasons their adepts, another power was making itself felt, a power that ever since the Congress of Wilhelmsbad in 1782 had been slowly gaining ground — the power of the *Jews*.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century the part played by the Jews in the revolutionary movement is more or less obscure. We have seen their mole-like working below ground during the first French Revolution, suspected by Prudhomme, we have seen them insinuating themselves into Masonic Lodges and secret societies, we have seen rich Jews financing the Haute Vente Romaine, and needy members of the tribe acting as agents of Nubius, but at the same time we have watched the building up of Capitalism by Jewish hands, and Jews in Russia supporting the authority of the Czar. How are we to explain this

¹ Deschamps et Claudio Jannet, *op. cit.* iii. 245, quoting instructions of Mazzini published in the *Journal des Débats* for May 16, 1851, where the following passage occurs: "*Delenda est Austria* is the first and last word for action against that empire. . . . We must get hold of Prussia by exciting her military pride and her irascibility."

double rôle of the Jews throughout the social revolution? The common theory that as victims of oppression they embraced with fervour the doctrine of "Liberty and Equality" formulated by the lodges is completely refuted by Disraeli in an illuminating passage:

"The Jews represent the Semitic principle; all that is spiritual in our nature. They are the trustees of tradition and the conservators of the religious element. They are a living and the most striking evidence of the falsity of that pernicious doctrine of modern times, the natural equality of man." "Cosmopolitan fraternity"—or, as we should say to-day, "International Socialism"—Disraeli goes on to observe, "is a principle which, were it possible to act on it, would deteriorate the great races and destroy all the genius of the world. . . . The native tendency of the Jewish race, who are justly proud of their blood, is against the doctrine of the equality of man. They have also another characteristic, the faculty of acquisition. Although the European laws have endeavoured to prevent their obtaining property, they have nevertheless become remarkable for their accumulated wealth. Thus it will be seen that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy. . . ."¹

In a word, then, the Jews are not genuine revolutionaries, but only throw themselves into revolutions for their own ends. Whilst professing to believe in Liberty and Equality they secretly deride such ideas, but make use of them to destroy existing governments in order to establish their own domination in religion, property, and power. Thus, according to Disraeli, it was they who played the principal part in preparing the 1848 conflagration:

The influence of the Jews may be traced in the last outbreak of the destructive principle in Europe. An insurrection takes place against tradition and aristocracy, against religion and property. Destruction of the Semitic principle, extirpation of the Jewish religion whether in the Mosaic or in the Christian form, the natural equality of men and the abrogation of property, are proclaimed by the secret societies who form provisional governments, and men of Jewish race are found at the head of every one of them. The people of God co-operate with atheists; the most skilful accumulators of property ally themselves with communists; the peculiar and chosen race touch the hand of all the scum and low castes of Europe! And all this because they wish to destroy that ungrateful Christendom

¹ *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, pp. 496, 497.

which owes to them even its name, and whose tyranny they can no longer endure.¹

It is a favourite ruse of the Jews to represent the Christians as their only enemies; in reality the persecution of the Jews began long before the Christian era, nor has it since then been confined to countries where the Christian religion prevails.

If Christendom is to be accused of ingratitude for the privilege of harbouring numbers of the chosen people in her midst, the pagan world showed itself quite equally ungrateful. Egyptians, Persians, and Assyrians kept them in complete subjection; indeed, owing to their racial characteristics, it was found impossible even under the more liberal régime of Alexander the Great's successors to receive them into the community of nations.

"The sullen obstinacy with which they maintained their peculiar rites and unsocial manners," writes Gibbon, "seemed to mark them out a distinct species of men, who boldly professed, or who faintly disguised, their implacable hatred to the rest of human kind."²

Here, then, rather than in Christian intolerance, may be found at least a partial explanation of the persecution of the Jews. Nor was persecution confined to one side only in the war of Semite against Gentile, for, given the opportunity, the Jews showed themselves in no way behind other races in cruelty.

"From the reign of Nero to that of Antoninus Pius," Gibbon says again, "the Jews discovered a fierce impatience of the dominion of Rome which repeatedly broke out in the most furious massacres and insurrections. Humanity is shocked at the recital of the horrid cruelties which they committed in the cities of Egypt, of Cyprus, and of Cyrene, where they dwelt in treacherous friendship with the unsuspecting natives. . . . In Cyrene they massacred 220,000 Greeks; in Cyprus 240,000; in Egypt a very great multitude. Many of these unhappy victims were sawed asunder, according to a precedent to which David had given the sanction of his example."

Here follow details too horrible to transcribe.³

Under the humane rule of Antoninus Pius the Jews

¹ *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, pp. 497, 498, published in 1852.

² Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (Oxford University Press edition), ii. 3.

³ *Ibid.* ii. 83.

"assumed the behaviour of peaceable and industrious subjects." But "their irreconcilable hatred of mankind, instead of flaming out in acts of blood and violence, evaporated in less dangerous gratifications. They embraced every opportunity of overreaching the idolaters in trade. . . ." ¹

Thus since the earliest times it is as the exploiter that the Jew has been known amongst his fellow-men of all races and creeds. Moreover, he has persistently shown himself ungrateful. As Gibbon again points out, in spite of the Jews' attachment to the Mosaic religion, their forefathers who first received the law given in thunder from Mount Sinai had "perpetually relapsed into rebellion against the visible majesty of their Divine King" — even though "the tides of the ocean and the course of the planets were suspended for the convenience of the Israelites," so that at last even the Almighty was led to declare: "How long will this people provoke me?" ²

The truth is, then, that the Jews have always formed a rebellious element in every State, and not more so in those where they were persecuted than in those where they were allowed to dwell at peace. In fact, a careful study of their character throughout history shows that the Jew is well able to endure persecution with serenity provided he is permitted to carry on his natural avocations without hindrance, whilst on the other hand he finds it impossible to exist under a benevolent régime that limits his activities. Thus in China, where the Jews were welcomed and allowed all the privileges of good citizens, the race found life unendurable because the Chinaman blandly declined to be exploited. The Jews therefore, finding it impossible to gain control of the principal wealth of the country, sought more congenial climes, and still to-day, outside the treaty ports, very few are to be found in China.

On the other hand, Germany has always been the favourite resort of the Jews. If they object to persecution, how can we explain this fact? In no other country have they been so despised as in "the Fatherland," which does not recognize the Israelites amongst its progeny. We in

¹ *Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ii. 85. ² *Ibid.* ii. 5.

England, living under a régime of tolerance and "live and let live" unparalleled in any other land, can hardly conceive the bitterness, or even the existence, of *Judenhetze*. "The social peril is the Jew," was a phrase current in Germany; "the Jew," said Treitschke, "is our misfortune." Yet in spite of these amenities the Jew has found in Germany more than in any other land his natural home.¹ The reason may perhaps be found in the foregoing explanation of the Jewish point of view given by Disraeli. If indeed the Jew is a natural aristocrat, a disbeliever in the doctrine of equality, and an admirer of forceful government, he finds in Prussian Imperialism a system which, though oppressive of his own liberties, wins, nevertheless, his confidence and his respect. Here in the land of the jackboot and the spur he encounters few of those enervating theories of humanitarianism, those disintegrating concessions to democracy which he regards as "deteriorating to the great races and the genius of the world." In a word, the Jew has always been inclined to regard Prussia as the best investment for his money. If only he could gain some measure of control over the great military machine his position in Europe was secure.

It is thus that, as M. Claudio Jannet observes, "the Jews had always shown themselves the most active in the work of the unification of Germany," and he quotes from an article "devoted to the exaltation of Israel," in the *Journal des Débats* for November 5, 1879, the following remarkable words:

In Germany from 1830 onwards the Jews play an important part: they are at the head of Young Germany. If German unity has been hastened by Prussian diplomacy and Prussian militarism, this work has been prepared, supported, and completed by them.²

Here, then, is the link between the apparently incompatible elements of Judaism and Imperial Germany. In spite

¹ Mr. Wickham Steed in *The Hapsburg Monarchy* (p. 172) relates that he once asked a learned Austrian Hebrew for an explanation of "the pro-German tendencies displayed by Ashkenazim Jews the world over. 'German,' said this pundit, 'is the basis of our jargon, and, next to Palestine, Germany is the country which we regard as our home. Hence our sentimental leaning towards Germany.'"

² Deschamps, *op. cit.* ii. 417.

of *Judenhetze* the Jews have always had a peculiar affinity with the Prussians, so that to-day, after the ending of the Great War, we find the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* confidently declaring that there is "no contradiction between the desiderata of the Jews and German interests."¹

But before this alliance could be effected it was necessary for the Jews to establish their position in the State, and for this reason rather than from a spirit of revenge they threw themselves into the revolutionary movement. It was they who provided the driving force behind the masonic insurrection of 1848 in Germany, which started with the cry of Jewish emancipation and proclaimed as its ultimate purpose the supremacy of Prussia. This eventuality had been clearly foreseen by Disraeli, who in 1844 declared through the mouth of Sidonia, the Jewish hero of *Coningsby*:

That mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany and which will be in fact a greater and a second Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of the Jews, who almost monopolize the professorial chairs of Germany.

[The dialogue ends with the significant words:

So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes.²

Four years after these words were written the revolution broke out in Germany exactly as Disraeli had foretold, and if it did not assume the proportions he had anticipated, the year of 1848 inaugurated the emancipation of the Jews in Germany as surely as 1790 had inaugurated it in France.

The accession to the throne of William I., "the protector of masonry," and the ministry of Bismarck opened a fresh field to Jewish activities. For the new rulers of Prussia realized that the Jews could be very useful to their cause. Hohenzollern tradition had always recognized the utility of the despised race as agents. Frederick the Great had not disdained to employ a Jew named Ephraim for the purpose of coining false money³ — probably the

¹ Date of January 30, 1919.

² *Coningsby* (Longman's edition), pp. 250-252.

³ *The Despatches of Earl Gower*, edited by Oscar Browning (1885), p. 385.

same Ephraim whom his successor, Frederick William II., had sent as a paid agitator to finance the tumults of the French Revolution. According to a strongly pro-Semitic writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1880, Bismarck had recourse to the Jews for replenishing his war-chests. "The Jews," the same writer goes on to observe, "were the only people who were able to use Bismarck so that all Liberal reforms in Germany from Sadowa onwards carried out with the acquiescence of Bismarck turned to the profit of the Jews."¹

It was this date of 1866 which sealed the definite alliance between Prussianism and Jewry. Sadowa had proved the efficiency of the Prussian military machine, and henceforth persecutors and persecuted were to march hand in hand to the conquest of world power.

But already Bismarck had found a valuable ally in the person of the Jewish "Socialist" Lassalle.

Ferdinand Lassalle, the son of a rich Hebrew merchant, was born in 1825. Tormented from his youth by hatred of the Christian races, whose blood even as a schoolboy he hoped to shed, Lassalle early embarked on a revolutionary career. "Congenitally idle," dishonest, revengeful, an avowed atheist,² Lassalle declared himself a "revolutionary by principle" who "would not hesitate at a Reign of Terror as a means to secure his ends."³

After the German Revolution of 1848, in which he played a leading part, Lassalle settled in Berlin, where he lived in splendour, not caring to drink wine at less than twenty or thirty marks a bottle, and entertaining his friends at gorgeous banquets.⁴

The source of Lassalle's wealth was the Hatzfeldt property, on which he lived complacently; indeed he frankly declared that he would willingly have married any woman who could bring him two or three million thalers of revenue. Such was the man who posed as the champion of the working-classes.

But Bismarck had been quick to recognize the advan-

¹ "La Question des Juifs en Allemagne," by G. Valbert, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, vol. xxxviii. p. 203.

² *Ferdinand Lassalle*, by George Brandes, pp. 10-12.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 44, 46.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 88.

tage of harnessing the Jewish agitator to the Prussian Imperial machine, and before long we find Lassalle sinking his racial hatred against the Gentiles in favour of the worst oppressors of his kind. By 1859 he had become an ardent Prussian Jingoist, subscribing to the whole policy of Bismarck, aiming at the absolute annihilation of Austria, "whose German provinces were to form an integral part of the one and indivisible German Republic" — a phrase strangely reminiscent of Anacharsis Clootz's vision of "the great Germany, the Universal Republic" — yet at the same time an enthusiastic propagandist for the Hohenzollerns.¹ Under these circumstances it is not surprising that to the day of his death Bismarck always spoke of Lassalle with gratitude and respect.

Even more valuable to the cause of German Imperialism was the founder of the creed now known as "Marxian Socialism."

Karl Marx, the son of a Jewish lawyer whose real name was Mordechai, was born at Trèves in 1818. In 1843 he settled in Paris to study economics, but his revolutionary activities led to his being expelled from France, and in 1845 he moved to Brussels, where, in collaboration with his German friend Friedrich Engels, he reorganized the Communist League, and a few years later (in 1847) published the now famous *Communist Manifesto*. Soon after this he returned to Germany, where he took an active part in the 1848 Revolution, and in the same year we find him in Berlin at the head of a secret Communist society wielding the powers of life and death.² For this it is said that he was condemned to death,³ but succeeded in escaping to London, where he settled down for the rest of his life and devoted himself to his great book *Das Kapital*. This ponderous work has been described as the "Bible of the working-classes." In reality the term, if employed at all, might be more aptly applied to his earlier production, *The Communist Manifesto*. To the working-man *Das Kapital* must

¹ *Ferdinand Lassalle*, by Edouard Bernstein, pp. 47, 62.

² Edmond Laskine, *L'Internationale et le Pangermanisme* (quoting Nettlau's *Bakunin*), p. 56.

³ Louis Enault, *Paris brûlé par la Commune*, p. 23; Beaumont Vassy, *La Commune de Paris*, p. 9.

be completely unintelligible, for even Marxians of the educated class are totally divided as to its meaning. But to that small minority amongst the working-men that composes "the revolutionary proletariat" the meaning of *The Communist Manifesto*, described by Marxians as "the Charter of Freedom of the Workers of the World," is clear enough. Here are all the diatribes against the *bourgeoisie* and capitalists with which Marat, Hébert, and Babeuf had familiarized the people, and here in plain language are set forth the doctrines laid down in the code of Weishaupt — the abolition of inheritance, of marriage and the family, of patriotism, of all religion, the institution of the community of women, and the communal education of children by the State. This, divested of its trappings, is the real plan of Marxian Socialism, which, enveloped in the algebraical phraseology of *Das Kapital*, is less easy to discover.

In neither work had Marx originated anything. His theory of "wage-slavery" was, as we have seen, current during the first French Revolution, and had been continued by Vidal and Pecqueur, to whom the idea of the socialization of mines, railways, and transport was also due; his Communism was that of Babeuf, of Louis Blanc, and Cabet; his Internationalist schemes had been propounded by Weishaupt and Cloutz, as also his attacks upon religion; his doctrine that "Labour is the source of all wealth" had been set forth by such early English writers as Locke, Petty, Adam Smith, and later by Robert Owen;¹ even his theory of surplus value was not his own but had been formulated with some vagueness by Owen, more definitely by the Chartists in their organ (*The Poor Man's Guardian*) in 1835, seven years before Marx began to write.² When we have traced these ideas to their original

¹ Sargent, *Life of Robert Owen*, pp. 170, 441-442. "The poor and working-classes," Owen wrote, "create all the wealth which the rich possess."

² Marx's plagiarisms are admitted even by his admirer the Syndicalist Sorel. "The new Marxian school," he writes, "perceived with a certain stupefaction that pretended inventions had been put down to the account of the master which originated with his predecessors or were even common-places at the time when *The Communist Manifesto* was drawn up. According to an author who ranks amongst well-informed people, '... the accumulation (of capital in the hands of a few individuals) is one of the

sources, what then is left of Marx's system? Absolutely nothing but the form in which it was conveyed.

Werner Sombart has remarked on the peculiar aptitude of the Jewish race for making use of waste product. The Jews, it appears, are the *chiffonniers par excellence* of the world. This then was the particular art of Marx, who, as we know, collected all the materials for his book on Capital in the reading-room of the British Museum. It was there that he found his whole system ready to hand. Can we not see him, like some veteran Jewish rag-and-bone merchant, going over the accumulated débris of past social schemes, passing through his fingers the dry bones of dead philosophies, the shreds and tatters of worn-out doctrines, the dust and ashes of exploded theories, and with the practical cunning of the German and the Hebrew brain shrewdly recognizing the use that might be made of all this lumber by skilfully welding it into one subversive whole?

Marx then was an impostor from the beginning. Posing as the prophet of a new gospel, he was in reality nothing but a plagiarist, and a plagiarist without the common honesty to pay tribute to the sources whence he drew his material. For after pillaging freely from all the earlier Socialists Marx dismisses them with a sneer. For Owen, Fourier, and Cabet — the "Utopian Socialists" as he describes them — Marx has nothing but a light contempt, because they "consistently endeavour to suppress the class struggle and to reconcile antagonisms,"¹ whilst amongst "the Republican asses of 1848"² Louis Blanc is referred to as "a high priest of the Socialist synagogue."³

But it was for Proudhon that Marx reserved his bitter-

great discoveries of Marx, one of the finds of which he was the proudest.' (A. Métin, *Le Socialisme en Angleterre*, p. 191). With all due deference to this notable academician this thesis was known to the man in the street (*courait les rues*) before Marx had ever written anything, and had become a dogma in the Socialist world at the end of the reign of Louis Philippe. There are a quantity of Marxian theses of the same kind" (*Réflexions sur la violence*, pp. 173, 174).

¹ *Communist Manifesto* (edited in pamphlet form by Socialist Labour Party), p. 27.

² Letter from Marx to Engels, July 7, 1868, *Briefwechsel zwischen Friedrich Engels und Karl Marx* (published by Dietz of Stuttgart), iv. 65.

³ Marx, *La Lutte des classes*.

est animosity, as Bakunin the Anarchist, whilst still under the spell of Marx, described in an illuminating passage:

His vanity . . . has no bounds, a veritable Jew's vanity. . . . This vanity, already very great, has been considerably increased by the adulation of his friends and disciples. Very personal, very jealous, very touchy, and very vindictive, like Jehovah the God of his people, Marx will not suffer that one should recognize any other God but himself; what do I say? that one should even render justice to another Socialist writer or worker in his presence. Proudhon, who has never been a God, but who was certainly a great revolutionary thinker, and who rendered immense services to the development of Socialist ideas, became for this reason the *bête noire* of Marx. To praise Proudhon in his presence was to cause him a mortal offence worthy of all the natural consequences of his enmity; and these consequences are at first hatred, then the foulest calumnies. Marx has never recoiled before falsehood, however odious, however perfidious it might be, when he thought he could make use of it without too great danger for himself against those who had the misfortune to incur his wrath.¹

Such was the personal character of the man represented to us to-day as the saviour of the working-classes. How far was he consistent in his championship of the "proletariat"? Here we come to the greatest irony of all in the career of Marx.

It has been seen that the principal theory proclaimed by Marx was the necessity for the overthrow of Capitalism, a system founded on the exploitation of the workers by whom all wealth is produced. Yet probably few of his followers have troubled to inquire whence Marx derived his own means of livelihood. We know that throughout his whole life he never did a stroke of manual labour — the only form of work that Marxians recognize as "productive" — and that his writings did not bring him in sufficient to maintain himself and his family in comfort. How then did Marx live? On the bounty of Friedrich Engels.

Engels has been described by the Socialist Guillaume, Secretary of the Internationale, as "a rich manufacturer accustomed to regard workmen as machine fodder and

¹ *Michael Bakunin, eine Biographie*, by Dr. Max Nettlau, i. 69, quoting letter from Bakunin in 1873 to the "Frères de l'Alliance en Espagne."

cannon fodder.”¹ His large fortune had been made out of Lancashire cotton spinning, and it was he who supplemented the meagre earnings of his collaborator.² So we have the ludicrous situation of these two German opponents of Capitalism and industrial exploitation living complacently on capital accumulated from the exploitation of English workers! How in the face of this fact can any one retain a lingering belief in the genuineness of Marx’s Socialism? Indeed the more we study Marx’s writings — not those intended for publication, but the real expression of his opinions contained in his private correspondence — the more the conviction is borne in upon our minds that Marx never believed a word of the doctrines he professed, but that to him Socialism was merely a system to be made use of for his own ends.

It was thus that with the rise of German Social Democracy under the aegis of Lassalle, Marx, and Engels true Socialism — that is to say French Socialism — died, and its dry bones were taken over by the company which Bakunin described as “the German Jew Company,” the “red bureaucracy.” From this moment the vein of idealism that had run through the earlier stages of the revolutionary movement ceases entirely, and Socialism reduced from a Utopian dream to a cut-and-dried system, practical and unaspiring as the prospectus of a Germany company promoter, is seen in all its heartless materialism, its ruthless Prussianism, as it had first appeared in the code of Weishaupt.

Meanwhile Illuminism had continued to develop along the line of Anarchy. No longer represented merely by the visionary Proudhon but by the fierce Slavonic force of Bakunin, Anarchy for the first time showed itself under its true colours. Hitherto even such anarchic writers as Marat and Hébert had professed to entertain some scheme of reconstruction. Proudhon had formulated an elementary theory of Syndicalism with which to replace the existing order; it was left to Bakunin to advocate the

¹ Guillaume, *Documents de l'Internationale*, iii. 153.

² *Reminiscences*, by H. M. Hyndman, pp. 278, 279.

system of Anarchy as a permanent institution, not as a transitory period necessary to traverse on the way to a regenerated social order.

Michael Bakunin (or Bakounine), born in 1814, belonged to the Russian nobility, and at the age of twenty entered the artillery school at St. Petersburg. He passed his examinations brilliantly, but, always an incorrigible idler, spent most of his time, when quartered in a provincial town, lying on his bed in his dressing-gown.¹ Before long he left the army, but took up no other profession, preferring to dabble in philosophy and to meddle in his friends' affairs, one of whom, Bielinski, driven to exasperation, wrote: "I should be capable of throwing him down and stamping on him with sabots."² Even his *intimes* and fellow-Anarchists Ogareff and Herzen had little good to say of him. "I infinitely regret having nourished this reptile . . ." wrote the former; "he is a man with whom it repels me to shake hands;" whilst Herzen described him briefly as a man "with talent but a detestable character and a *mauvais sujet*."³ Incidentally Bakunin had applied the same description to Herzen.

Embroidered in all these private quarrels, too indolent to do any honest work, Bakunin ended by taking up the profession of a revolutionary — a career which, like many another of his kind, he found both easy and remunerative.

By dint of perpetually borrowing money from his friends, Bakunin was spared from exerting himself even in a literary way, and during the course of seven years, 1840–1847, his entire output of work consisted in six newspaper articles. Meanwhile his revolutionary energies found their vent in talk — endless, discursive talk — with his fellow-revolutionaries, lasting frequently all through the night, to the accompaniment of excellent Russian tea and sandwiches. It is thus that in 1847 we have already found him discussing with Proudhon and Sazanoff the prospect of "the universal revolution."

At this period Bakunin seems not to have formulated any definite revolutionary creed, and thus, although he

¹ *Correspondence de Michel Bakounine*, published by Michel Drago-manov (1896), p. 7.

² *Ibid.* p. 8.

³ *Ibid.* p. 13.

vaguely regarded Communism as "logically impossible," he was quite content to throw in his lot with the Communists of Paris, amongst them his future antagonist Marx. Twenty-nine years later Bakunin described their first meeting in these words:

Marx and I are old acquaintances. I met him for the first time in Paris in 1844. . . . We were rather good friends. He was much more advanced than I was, as to-day he still is, not more advanced but incomparably more learned than I am. I knew nothing then of political economy, I had not yet got rid of metaphysical abstractions, and my Socialism was only that of instinct. He, though younger than I, was already an atheist, a learned materialist, and a thoughtful Socialist. It was precisely at this epoch that he elaborated the first foundations of his present system. We saw each other fairly often, for I respected him very much for his knowledge and for his devotion, passionate and serious though always mingled with personal vanity, to the cause of the proletariat, and I eagerly sought his conversation, which was always instructive and witty when it was not inspired by petty hatred, which, alas! occurred too frequently. There was never, however, any frank intimacy between us. Our temperaments did not permit of it. He called me a sentimental idealist, and he was right; I called him a vain man, perfidious and crafty, and I was right also.¹

It is easy to read between the lines here, to see how from the beginning Bakunin was simply a tool in the hands of Marx. The shrewd German Jew clearly recognized the value of the Russian as a huge dynamic force to be made use of and then cast aside when it had served his purpose.

Before the Revolution of 1848, Bakunin, like Marx, was expelled from Paris, but after the explosion of February he contrived to return and join himself to the extreme party, with whom he passed his nights preaching revolution, equality of salaries, the levelling down of all classes in the name of Equality.

But Caussidière and Flocon, exasperated by his tirades, finally sent him off on a mission to the Slavs, in the hope of his breaking his neck. "What a man! What a man!" said Caussidière. "The first day of a revolution he is a treasure, the second he is only good to shoot."

¹ *Michael Bakunin, eine Biographie*, by Dr. Max Nettlau, i. 89. (This work is unpublished, and only 50 copies were reproduced in lithograph from manuscript. One of these is in the British Museum.)

Herzen, who records this expression of opinion, adds that Caussidière himself needed shooting the day before the revolution began.¹

Bakunin's journey eastwards effectively rid France of his presence for many years; for after taking part in the revolutionary outbreaks in Russia, Prague, and finally in Dresden, he was arrested at Chemnitz and imprisoned first at Altenburg, then at Koenigstein, then taken in chains to Prague, transferred to Olmütz, where he remained chained to the wall for five months, and last of all given over to the Russian Government, by which he was imprisoned in the fortress of Peter and Paul in May 1851. Two months later Count Orloff came to visit him and urged him to write a confession of his misdeeds to the Emperor as to a father confessor. Bakunin complied, but Nicholas I. on reading the document observed briefly: "He is a brave boy with a lively wit, but he is a dangerous man and must be kept under lock and key." Accordingly Bakunin remained in prison, for a time in St. Peter and Paul, later at Schlüsselbourg, where he remained three years, during which time he contracted scurvy and all his teeth fell out.

On the accession of Alexander II. a fresh demand was made for a reprieve, but the new Emperor, on being shown Bakunin's "confession" to his predecessor, remarked, "I see not the least repentance in this letter," and sent him to Siberia.

Here Bakunin spent four quite pleasant years; free to move about, he actually, for the only time in his life, took up a little work, and finally married a Polish girl who "shared all his aspirations." "I am completely happy," he wrote in 1860. "Ah! how sweet it is to live for others, especially when it is for a charming woman."

But peace and quiet could not content the restless spirit of Bakunin for long. The revolutionary fever was on him and he craved to be back again at his old game of agitation. The emancipation of the serfs, which took place in the following year, stirred him but mildly; in this immense concession to the cause of liberty he saw only a means of shaking the Imperial authority, and at the end

¹ *Correspondance de Bakounine*, pp. 41, 42.

of this same year he succeeded in escaping from Siberia, whence he travelled across Japan and America to London. Here Bakunin, received with open arms by Ogareff and Herzen, found himself once more in a congenial atmosphere. Surrounded by conspirators of all nationalities he was able to get to work on fresh plots, on schemes for stirring up the Poles, and organizing revolutions everywhere. Herzen has thus described his activities at this crisis:

Bakunin renewed his youth; he was in his element. It is not only the rumbling of insurrection, the noise of the clubs, the tumult in the streets and public places, nor even the barricades that made up his happiness; he loved also the movement of the day before, the work of preparation, that life of agitation, yet at the same time rendered continuous by conferences — those sleepless nights, those parleyings and negotiations, rectifications, chemical ink, cyphers, and signs agreed upon beforehand.

And Herzen, who took revolution more seriously, adds that Bakunin "excited himself exactly as if it were a question of preparing a Christmas tree — that annoyed me."¹

It is easy to understand that to a man of Bakunin's temperament an existence of this kind — maintained as ever by the charity of his friends — was infinitely preferable to a life of honest toil such as most human beings are condemned to lead. Indeed in the above description we find the key to many an agitator's career, and we cannot wonder that as long as revolution provides constitutional idlers with a lucrative and amusing profession the world should continue to toss on the waves of unrest.

I have dwelt at some length on the character and career of Bakunin because more than any one he seems to me to embody the spirit of Anarchy — a spirit widely different, indeed diametrically opposed to that of State Socialism. The Anarchist is undoubtedly a more amiable being than the State Socialist; instead of wishing to cut every one down to the same pattern, he desires, on the contrary, to give all men unbounded liberty to develop along whatever lines they please — the idler should be free to idle and live on other men's labour, the drunkard to drink himself into

¹ *Correspondance de Bakounine*, p. 67.

a condition of maudlin imbecility, the murderer to cut throats until he wearies of the pastime, the thief to continue helping himself to other people's goods until he has accumulated enough to satisfy him. Exaggerated Individualism is the keynote of his system: liberty, not equality, is his goal. His belief in the amiability of human nature endows him with a *bonhomie* not to be found amongst the Communists, who regard their fellow-men as creatures to be dragooned into obedience to the dictates of the State, by which of course they mean themselves. The difference between the two is that which exists between the amiable eccentric who, believing in the innate benevolence of the entire animal kingdom, wishes to open all the cages in a menagerie and leave the wild beasts free to roam about the world, and the lion-tamer who loves at the crack of his whip to see king of beasts and performing poodle alike meekly rotating on a merry-go-round.

It is easy, therefore, to understand that Anarchists, far more than their dour opponents the State Socialists, have succeeded in endearing themselves to the people with whom they came in contact. The vision of "the Russian giant" in his big hat was remembered affectionately long afterwards by the inhabitants of Lugano, where Bakunin spent some years, and later on his disciple Prince Kropotkin made himself beloved in London drawing-rooms.

The truth is that to the Western mind such beings are impossible of comprehension. Deceived by the outward urbanity of the Anarchists, it fails to realize that beneath the smiling surface there lurks a tiger ready to be aroused by the smell of blood; it cannot believe that people can really exist who love violence for its own sake, who crave to burn and murder and destroy.

But in Eastern Europe creatures of this kind have always existed, and we find the exact prototype of Bakunin in the Baron Ungern von Sternberg who had pursued a career of crime at the beginning of the century in his island of Dago. The favourite pastime of this robber baron, who had vowed hatred to the whole human race, the Emperor in particular, was to lure ships to their destruction by means of a lighthouse installed in the tower of his castle.

As soon as a vessel was on the point of wrecking, the baron descended to the beach, embarked secretly with several clever and determined men whom he kept to help him in his nocturnal expeditions; he received the foreign mariners, finished them off in the darkness instead of rescuing them, and after having strangled them he pillaged their ship; all this less by cupidity than by pure love of evil, by a disinterested zeal for destruction. Disbelieving in everything, and above all in justice, he regarded moral and social disorder as the closest analogy to the state of man here below and civil and political virtues as harmful chimeras, since they only oppose Nature without subduing it.¹

This was precisely the creed of Bakunin, who, if he had lived a hundred years earlier, before brigandage had been sanctified by the revolutionary Socialists and Anarchists of France, would doubtless have found a vent for his energies on the same lines as the robber baron, instead of masquerading as a champion of the people.

Such a dynamic force as Bakunin provided could not fail to be of immense value to the revolutionary movement, and it was thus that, during his stay in London, Marx — who incidentally had taken the opportunity of Bakunin's incarceration at Koenigstein in 1850 to declare that he was an agent of the Russian Government — came round to his lodgings and assured him that he had not intended to calumniate him in the past.

The fact is that Marx was now very busy at the great scheme of his life and needed all the co-operation he could muster — this scheme was the organization of the famous "Internationale."

In order to understand the origin of this association it is necessary to go back two years, that is to say to 1862, the year of the Great Exhibition in the Cromwell Road.

Now whilst Anarchists and State Socialists were striving for the mastery over the revolutionary movement, the working-men of France had begun dimly to realize that if they hoped to improve their lot it was to themselves they must look for salvation and not to the theorists who had hitherto led them to disaster. Accordingly in 1862 a deputation of French working-men was sent to England on a visit to the Great Exhibition to study technical questions

¹ *La Russie en 1839*, by Astolphe de Custine, i. 175.

connected with labour, and during the course of their stay they had the opportunity to observe the utility of Trade Unions in protecting the interests of the workers. This system was denied to them, for the "coalitions of working-men" suppressed in the first French Revolution still remained under the ban, and the Frenchmen now resolved to form a new association on their own account. Although imbued with the "mutualist" theories of Proudhon their programme was in no way revolutionary, and they hoped by pacific means to bring about a reorganization of the industrial system. An interesting little book which has now become very rare, *The Secret History of the International*, published in 1872, had admirably described the attitude towards the social problem of two of these men, Tolain and Fribourg, bronze-workers of Paris who visited London in 1864.

They talked of peace, of study, of arrangement, of association. . . . A better knowledge of each other, a more frequent interchange of thought, a clearer view of the great laws which govern rise and fall in wages, and a means of stretching friendly hands from town to town, from sea to sea in case of need — these are the ends we have in view, they urged, not secret plots and wine-shop agitations.¹

The path of peaceful progress was paved the more smoothly by the action of Napoleon III., who in May of this same year repealed the laws against Trade Unions and replaced them by a fresh edict threatening with punishment any concerted attempt, either on the part of employers or employed, to paralyse industry by malicious strikes or lock-outs. This year of 1864, as Mermeix points out, was thus "a great date in the history of the workers in France," for the new law "at last establishes equality of rights between the masters and the working-men," and if firmly applied should have accustomed them to respect each other. "It would not have permitted the method of 'direct action,' which is nothing but a series of fraudulent manoeuvres concerted and carried out."² There was, therefore, at this moment less reason than ever to have

¹ *The Secret History of the International*, by Onslow Yorke, alias Hepworth Dixon (1872).

² Mermeix (G. Terrail), *Le Syndicalisme contre le socialisme*, pp. 53-56.

recourse to violent methods for the redress of social evils. But the work of the World Revolutionists is always to strangle true reforms at their birth, and the new liberty accorded to the workers proved the signal for fresh agitation on their part. In the "Working-men's Association" they saw the very instrument they needed for carrying out their plans. Karl Marx was then in London and frequently to be found in the clubs and cafés where the working-men forgathered. "In evil hour," says the *Secret History*, "the Paris *bronziers* met this learned and unsmiling Jew." From that moment the cause of the workers was lost.

It was not that Marx immediately introduced himself into the movement. On the contrary, at the meeting in St. Martin's Hall on September 28, 1864, when the "Internationale" was definitely founded, Marx played no part at all. "I was present," he wrote to Engels, "only as a dumb personage on the platform." But he was named, nevertheless, a member of the sub-committee, the other members being Mazzini's secretary — a Polish Jew named Wolff — Le Lubez, a French Freemason, Cremer, the secretary of the English Masons' Union, and Weston, the Owenite. At the first meeting of this committee Wolff placed before it the statutes of Mazzini's working-men's associations, proposing them as the basis of the new association; Le Lubez suggested amendments described by Marx as "perfectly childish." "I was firmly resolved," he wrote, "not to leave a single line if possible of all their balderdash." In a few weeks he had succeeded in establishing his authority. "My propositions were all accepted by the commission; they only insisted on the introduction in the Preamble of the statutes, of two phrases on duties and rights, and on truth, morality, and justice; but I placed them in such a way that it can do no harm."¹ The "provisional statutes of the Internationale" thus amended by Marx were then sent from London to Paris in the following November and accepted by the members of the association.

In all these manoeuvres Marx had again displayed his

James Guillaume, *Karl Marx, pan-Germaniste*, p. 9 (Librairie Armand Collin, 1915).

skill in making use of the ideas of others to serve his own purpose. Just as he had succeeded in appropriating the theories of earlier Socialists and passing them off as his own invention, so he now contrived to gain the reputation of having founded the Internationale, an achievement we shall find habitually attributed to him by Marxian writers. But on this point we have further the conclusive evidence of James Guillaume, a Swiss member of the association and its principal chronicler:

It is not true that the Internationale was the creation of Karl Marx. He remained completely outside the preparatory work that took place from 1862 to 1864. He joined the Internationale at the moment when the initiative of the English and French workmen had just created it. Like the cuckoo he came and laid his egg in a nest which was not his own. His plan from the first day was to make the great working-men's organization the instrument of his personal views.¹

But Marx was not the only intriguer to introduce himself into the movement. Monsieur Drumont has admirably described the manner in which middle-class theorists, entirely unsympathetic to the workers, succeeded in capturing the association:

In its origin the French Internationale was far from being revolutionary, from seeking disturbances in the streets, from liking insurrection for insurrection's sake. The Emperor Napoleon III., the only sovereign since 1789 who had sincerely interested himself in the working-classes, who understood their sufferings and desired to improve their lot, had followed the progress of the new association with sympathy. . . . It was only after a time that *bourgeois* agitators could make the Internationale deviate from its goal. This fact is ceaselessly repeated in everything the proletarians attempt. The *bourgeois* Capitalist exploits them as workers; when they deliberate together in order to consider means for improving their lot, the *bourgeois* Revolutionary, that is to say the needy *bourgeois* who wants to become a Capitalist, always finds a way of introducing himself into these associations and of making them serve for the satisfaction of his ambitions.²

It was through the secret societies that these *bourgeois* elements found their way into the new association.

¹ James Guillaume, *Karl Marx, pan-Germaniste*, p. 11 (Librairie Armand Collin, 1915).

² Edouard Drumont, *La Fin d'un monde*, p. 127.

Fribourg himself has declared that "the Internationale everywhere found support in Freemasonry,"¹ that is to say, in the lodges of the Grand Orient, and M. Louis Énault records that "in March 1865 all the secret associations of Europe and North America were merged in the 'International Association of Working-men,' 'The Marianne,' the 'Frères de la République' of Lyons and Marseilles, the Fenians of Ireland, the innumerable secret societies of Russia and Poland, the remains of the Carbonari, joined up with the new society. This fusion was made."²

The Internationale, though itself an open and avowed association, thus became through its absorption of these existing secret organizations a huge semi-secret society — that is to say, it formed the outer shell that covered a ramification of conspiracies alien to the ideas of its founders and of which the secrets were known only to its middle-class directors.³

The anti-religious policy adopted by the Internationale was the work of these secret influences. In this same year of 1865 a great students' Congress took place in Liège, at which Fontaine declared:

What we wish for, we revolutionaries and socialists, is physical, moral, and intellectual development of the human race. Note that I say physical first, intellectual afterwards. We wish, in the moral order, by the annihilation of all prejudices of religion and the Church, to arrive at the negation of God and at free examination.⁴

And Lafargue, after chanting the praises of "our grand master Proudhon" at a further sitting of the Congress held in Brussels, had ended with the cry: "War on God! Hatred towards God! That is progress! We must shatter Heaven like a vault of a paper!"⁵

A number of these men — proudly claimed by the Freemasons as members of their Order — crowded into

¹ *L'Association Internationale des Travailleurs*, by E. E. Fribourg (1871), p. 31.

² Louis Énault, *Paris brûlé par la Commune* (1871), p. 24.

³ P. Deschamps on this account describes the Internationale as a secret society (*op. cit.* ii. 541), and Heckethorn includes it in his work on "Secret Societies."

⁴ P. Deschamps, *op. cit.* ii. 527a.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 528b.

the Internationale, which thus became permeated with the spirit of Illuminism. At a meeting of the association Garibaldi, venturing to propose that "faith in God should be adopted by the Congress," met with a stony silence, and was obliged to qualify the suggestion with the explanation that by the religion of God he meant the religion of Reason — the worship of the goddess of Reason, he added later, such as was practised in the French Revolution.¹

The working-men took no part in these blasphemies. When Jaclard declared that outside Atheism there was no hope for man — "To be religious is to be ridiculous" — Fribourg, the bronze-worker, Chaudey, and Lemonnier "combated these views in the name of liberal Paris and of liberal France." "For," as the author of the *Secret History* truly adds, "these are not so much the views of working-men as of professors and philosophers." Indeed the vine-growers of Neuchâtel so little understood the aims of the Internationale as to declare naively that the principal article of their branch of the association should be: "Every vine-dresser must have a Bible and not neglect divine service" — a suggestion received with derision by their middle-class directors.²

It is difficult to write of these things calmly. For to deceive the people, whose simple faith and lack of education prevent them seeing whither they are being led, is as cowardly as to guide a blind man into a ditch. Yet this is what the exploiters of the Internationale did for the working-men. The identity of these middle-class interlopers who assembled at the Second Congress of the association in Lausanne in 1867 has thus been given by the author of the *Secret History*;

One delegate from Belgium, six delegates from England, seventeen from France, six from Germany, two from Italy, and thirty-one from Switzerland, came together in a room of the Casino at Lausanne. Three only of the deputies from England were of English name. England was mainly represented by two German tailors and a French fiddle-maker. Germany was represented by two doctors, one professor, an hotel-keeper, a machinist, and a gentleman of no profession that he cared to

¹ *Documents et souvenirs de l'Internationale*, by James Guillaume, ii. 47-49.

² *Ibid.* i. 248.

name. Italy was represented by two doctors, Stamfa and Tomasi. Four professors, three journalists, and a commercial agent represented the toilers of Zürich and Geneva. Observe that here is not a gathering of the craftsmen, bent on study of the questions which affect them in their hours of work and in their rate of pay, but an assembly of middle-class dreamers and theorists.

The "English" deputies here referred to are further described by James Guillaume. The tailor Eccarius, friend and disciple of Marx, was "a long personage with an unkempt beard, hair falling carelessly over his eyes, always stuffing his nose with tobacco"; the other German tailor, Lessner, was "the true type of bearded democrat with burning eyes" — "his rôle seemed to be to protest perpetually. During discussion Eccarius speaks slowly with an imperturbable phlegm; Lessner cannot contain himself and exhales his passionate soul in a torrent of violent and bitter words; before an unintelligent contradictor Eccarius shrugs his shoulders, Lessner bounds about and seems to wish to devour his adversary." Eugène Dupont, the Frenchman and future president of the Congress, belonged to quite a different type — "a young man of thirty resembling all young men with a moustache." "I remark in him," adds Guillaume, "nothing but an innocent fondness for punning."¹ Another London member, this time an Englishman, not present at this Congress, was an eccentric millionaire named Cowell Stepney, "deaf as a post," an enthusiastic Communist and member of the General Council.²

The International Association of Working-men had become a farce. In vain the real workmen from Paris had protested at the First Congress in Geneva against the invasion of their ranks by men who were not manual workers, declaring that if the workers' Congress "were to be composed in greater part by economists, journalists, lawyers, and employers, the thing would be ridiculous and would annihilate the Association."³ Marx, who in his "Preamble of the Provisional Rules of the Internationale" had himself declared that "the emancipation of the work-

¹ Guillaume, *Documents*, etc., i. 30, 31.

² *Ibid.* i. 80, 139, note.

³ *Ibid.* Karl Marx, *pan-Germanist*, p. 24.

ing-classes must be brought about by the working-classes themselves," waxed indignant at what he described as "the manoeuvre of Tolain and Fribourg" in "invoking the principle that only working-men can represent working-men," and the French workmen's motion was defeated by 25 votes to 20.¹

Marx indeed did not conceal his contempt for the originators of the Internationale

"The working-men, particularly those from Paris," he wrote a month after the Congress to his young Jewish friend Dr. Kugelmann, "belong as luxury workers (*i.e.* engravers on bronze) no doubt strongly to the old filth (*dem alten Dreck angehören.*) Ignorant, vain, pretentious, garrulous, swollen with pomposity, they were on the point of spoiling everything, having rushed to the Congress in numbers which in no way corresponded to that of their adherents. In the report I shall clandestinely rap them over the knuckles."²

As M. Guillaume truly observes: "All Marx is already in this letter."

The English delegates fared no better at his hands, for in the following year we find him writing in this strain to Engels:

I shall go personally to the next Congress at Brussels so as to give the *coup de grâce* to those asses of Proudhoniens . . . in the official Report of the General Council — for in spite of their efforts the Parisian chatterboxes have not been able to prevent our re-election — I shall give them the stick. The swinehounds amongst the English trade unionists who thought we were going too far will not catch us up easily. . . . Things are advancing, and at the first revolution, which is perhaps nearer than it seems, we, that is to say, you and I, will have this powerful instrument in our hands. . . . We can really be well satisfied!³

In the light of these passages it is amusing to find one of Marx's admirers explaining that "the essence of

¹ Guillaume, *Karl Marx, pan-Germaniste*, p. 25.

² Letter from Marx to Kugelmann on October 9, 1866, *l'Internationale et le Pan-Germanisme*, by Edmond Laskine (1916), p. 24, quoting *Mouvement Socialiste*, 1902, pp. 17-46. Also Adolphe Smith, *The Pan-German Internationale*, p. 5.

³ Laskine, *op. cit.* pp. 26, 27, quoting *Der Briefwechsel zwischen Karl Marx und Friedrich Engels* (Dietz, Stuttgart), iii. 406.

Marxian Socialism is that the working-classes must themselves work out their own salvation."¹

It was, moreover, not only the industrial "proletariat" of France that Marx despised, but also those dwellers in the country districts who remained contentedly at work on their own bit of land — an arrangement, of course, directly opposed to the principles of Communism.

"The Bonapartes," he had written contemptuously after 1852, "are the dynasty of the peasants, that is to say, of the mass of the French nation." This dynasty, he goes on to point out, is therefore represented not by the revolutionary peasant "who wishes to overthrow the old order," but by "the conservative peasant," who, "stupidly bound by the old order, wishes to see himself saved and protected with his portion of the soil under the shadow of the Empire."²

If then it was the prosperity of the French peasant that roused Marx's ire, we might at least expect him to extend some sympathy towards the poor and destitute amongst the working-classes. Not at all. This portion of the people is designated by him as the "Lumpenproletariat," that is to say, the "ragged proletariat," for which, as Bakunin pointed out with indignation, "Marx, Engels, and all the school of Social Democrats of Germany display a profound contempt."³ What section of the "proletariat" then did Marx approve? Obviously the section that showed itself submissive to his dictates.

The respective attitudes of Marx and of Bakunin towards the people much resembled those of Robespierre and Marat, their predecessors in the rival schools of State Socialism and Anarchy. To Robespierre the people whose "sovereignty" he proclaimed consisted simply of his own following amongst the men, and more particularly the women, of the Paris Faubourgs; to Marx, the proletariat, whose dictatorship he advocated, was represented by the small number of working-men who showed themselves willing to play into the hands of their German and Jewish

¹ *Violence and the Labour Movement*, by Robert Hunter, p. 148.

² Marx, *La Lutte des classes*, p. 345.

³ Bakunin, *L'Etat et l'anarchie*, i. 8.

exploiters. But both to Marat and to Bakunin the people meant merely the turbulent elements amongst the populace — wastrels, criminals, drunkards, thieves, and vagabonds. Bakunin proposing his favourite toast, "To the destruction of all law and order and the unchaining of evil passions!"¹ might well have been the soul of the Spanish dwarf reincarnated in the body of the Russian giant. For criminals he expressed his predilection quite frankly:

"Only the proletariat in rags is inspired by the spirit and force of the coming social revolution, and in no way the *bourgeois* stratum of the working masses." His hopes even in the moujiks of Russia were disappointed, owing to the patriarchal conditions of their lives and their respect for the Emperor, so that it is to the brigands that he looks for salvation.

The only man who in the midst of the Russian people has the audacity to revolt against the Commune is the brigand. Thence brigandage constitutes an important phenomenon in the history of the Russian people — the first revolutionaries of Russia, Pougatcheff and Stenka Razine, were brigands.²

"Robbery," Bakunin writes again, "is one of the most honourable forms of Russian national life. The brigand is the hero, the defender, the popular avenger, the irreconcilable enemy of the State, and of all social and civil order established by the State. He is the wrestler in life and in death against all this civilization of officials, of nobles, of priests, and of the crown."³

In all this Bakunin showed himself a true and faithful follower of Weishaupt — was the robber baron of Dago perhaps an Illuminatus too? — and it is here that we find the explanation of his creed. Until the dawn of Illuminism crime and virtue, good and evil, held their opposing positions in the conceptions of the human mind. Even in pagan Greece Kerkuon and Procrustes found no apologists, but ranked simply as monsters of whom it was necessary to rid the world. It was left to Weishaupt to confuse the

¹ Guillaume, *Documents de l'Internationale*, i. 130.

² *Correspondance de Bakounine*, p. 38.

³ *Words addressed to Students*, by Bakunin and Netchaieff (1869).

issues, to glorify by the name of "useful larceny"¹ what had hitherto been described by the ugly name of theft, and to Brissot, the adept of illuminized Freemasonry, to declare theft to be a virtue. And it was Weishaupt who had first set out to destroy that religion and civilization which Bakunin and the Baron von Sternberg alike detested.

Bakunin then must not be regarded as a solitary demoniac, but as an exponent of those doctrines of Illuminism which found a fruitful soil in his wild Russian nature. On this point we have definite evidence, for the Socialist Malon, who was a member of the Internationale and personally acquainted with the Russian Anarchist, has explicitly stated that "*Bakunin was a disciple of Weishaupt.*"² It is only necessary to study the writings of Bakunin in order to recognize the truth of this statement.

Moreover, in the same year of 1864 that the Internationale was founded, Bakunin and his disciple Netchaieff started a society on precisely the lines of the Illuminati. The plan of such conspirators has always been to envelop one secret society in another on the system of a nest of Chinese boxes, the outer one large and visible, the inner ones dwindling down to the tiny, almost invisible cell that contains the secret. This was the plan of Weishaupt, effected by his grades of adepts, initiated by successive stages into the greater and the lesser mysteries; and this too was the plan of Bakunin and his confederate Netchaieff. The society organized by them consisted of three orders: (1) the International Brothers, (2) the National Brothers, and (3) the International Alliance of Social Democracy, which in its turn covered the inner secret society called the "Fraternal Alliance," over which Bakunin exercised supreme control.

We have only to compare the programme of the International Social Democratic Alliance with the plan of Weishaupt to recognize the evident connection between the two. Placed in parallel columns the aims of both will be seen to be identical:

¹ Barruel, *Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme*, iv. 18.

² Article on the Internationale, by Malon, in the *Nouvelle Revue*, xxvi. 752.

WEISHAUPT

The order of the Illuminati abjured Christianity. . . . In the lodges death was declared an eternal sleep; patriotism and loyalty were called narrow-minded prejudices incompatible with universal benevolence; further, they accounted all princes usurpers and tyrants, and all privileged orders as their abettors. They meant to abolish the laws which protected property accumulated by long-continued and successful industry; and to prevent for the future any such accumulation. They intended to establish universal liberty and equality, the imprescriptible rights of man, and as preparation for all this they intended to root out all religion and ordinary morality, and even to break the bonds of domestic life by destroying the veneration for marriage vows, and by taking the education of children out of the hands of the parents.

BAKUNIN

The Alliance professes Atheism. It aims at the abolition of religious services, the replacement of belief by knowledge and divine by human justice, the abolition of marriage as a political, religious, and civic arrangement. Before all, it aims at the definite and complete abolition of all classes and the political, economic, and social equality of the individual of either sex. The abolition of inheritance. All children to be brought up on a uniform system, so that artificial inequalities may disappear. . . .

It aims directly at the triumph of the cause of labour over capital. It repudiates so-called patriotism and the rivalry of nations and desires the universal association of all local associations by means of freedom.

The final aim of this society was "to accelerate the universal revolution."

Now how is it possible to suppose that the extraordinary similarity between these two programmes can be due to mere coincidence? In the Alliance of Bakunin, as in the *Communist Manifesto* of Marx, we find again all the points of Weishaupt — abolition of property, inheritance, marriage, and all morality, of patriotism and all religion. Is it not obvious that the plan had been handed down to the succeeding groups of Socialists and Anarchists by the secret societies which had carried on the traditions of the Illuminati, and that Bakunin, and still more his coadjutor Netchaieff, was simply an Illuminatus?

Netchaieff, moreover, is a type of no small importance to the history of social revolution. Uninspired by such anarchic philosophy as that proclaimed by Weishaupt and Bakunin, Netchaieff showed himself a pure destructionist

whose ferocity was untempered by the genial moods of Bakunin. "He was a liar, a thief, and a murderer — the incarnation of Hatred, Malice, and Revenge, who stopped at no crime against friend or foe that promised to advance what he was pleased to call the Revolution."¹ In the *Revolutionary Catechism* he composed in conjunction with Bakunin the following passages occur:

The revolutionary must let nothing stand between him and the work of destruction. . . . For him exists only one single pleasure, one single consolation, one reward, one satisfaction — the success of the revolution. Night and day he must have but one thought, but one aim — implacable destruction. . . . If he continues to live in this world it is only in order to annihilate it all the more surely.

For this reason no reforms were to be advocated; on the contrary, "every effort is to be made to heighten and increase the evil and sorrows which will at length wear out the patience of the people and encourage an insurrection *en masse*."² The second category of the association was therefore to be composed of "people to whom we concede life provisionally in order that by a series of monstrous acts they may drive the people into inevitable revolt."³ In other words, oppressors of the people were to be encouraged.

To the sane mind it is almost impossible to believe that any man could put forward such theories, but this is precisely the advantage obtained by the advocates of World Revolution — their doctrines are so monstrous that they appear unbelievable to the world in general. Yet here is no possibility of misrepresentation, for the *Revolutionary Catechism* may be seen in print by any one who cares to look at it.

But like many another conspirator, from Weishaupt onwards, Bakunin found himself outwitted by his coadjutor. Perfectly unscrupulous as to the means he employed he had at first welcomed Netchaïeff as "a force," but by degrees he came to realize the danger he himself incurred

¹ Hunter, *Violence and the Labour Movement*, p. 16.

² *Alliance de la Démocratie Socialiste, etc., publiée par ordre du Congrès International de la Haye* (1873), p. 90.

³ *Ibid.*

by allying himself with a man who failed to recognize even the principle of "honour among thieves." Towards 1870 Bakunin discovered that Netchaieff, whilst pretending to be his most devoted disciple, had all the while been a member of another society still more secret than the Alliance Sociale Démocratique, and of which he had never divulged the inner mysteries to his master.

"Netchaieff," Bakunin wrote to Talandier, "is a devoted fanatic, but at the same time a very dangerous fanatic, and one with whom an alliance could only be disastrous to every one. This is why: He was first a member of an occult committee which really had existed in Russia. This committee no longer exists; all its members have been arrested. Netchaieff alone remains, and alone he constitutes what he calls the committee. The Russian organization having been destroyed, he is trying to create a new one abroad. All this would be perfectly natural, legitimate, and very useful, but the way he goes to work is detestable. Keenly impressed by the catastrophe which has just destroyed the secret organization in Russia, he has gradually arrived at the conclusion that in order to found a serious and indestructible society one must take for a basis the policy of Machiavelli, and adopt in full the system of the Jesuits — bodily violence and a lying soul.

"Truth, mutual confidence, serious and severe solidarity exist only between about ten individuals who form the *sanctum sanctorum* of the society. All the rest must serve as a blind instrument and as matter to be exploited by the hands of these ten men really solidarized. It is permitted, and even ordered, that one should deceive them, compromise them, steal from them, and even if needs be ruin them — they are conspiracy-fodder (*chair à conspiration*). . . ."

Then Bakunin goes on to describe Netchaieff's methods:

In the name of the cause he must get hold of your whole person without your knowing it. In order to do this he will spy on you and try to get hold of your secrets, and for that purpose, in your absence, left alone in your room he will open all your drawers, read all your correspondence, and when a letter seems interesting to him, that is to say, compromising from any point of view for you or for one of your friends, he will seal it and keep it carefully as a document against you or against your friend. . . . When convicted of this in a general assembly he dared to say to us: "Well, yes, it is our system. We consider as enemies, whom it is our duty to deceive and compromise, all those who are not completely with us. . . ." If you have introduced him to a friend, his first thought will be

to raise discord, gossip and intrigue between you — in a word, to make you quarrel. Your friend has a wife, a daughter, he will try to seduce her, to give her a child, in order to drag her away from official morality and throw her into an attitude of forced revolutionary protest against society. All personal ties, all friendship are considered by them as an evil which it is their duty to destroy, because all this constitutes a force which, being outside the secret organization, diminishes the unique force of the latter. Do not cry out that I am exaggerating; all this has been amply developed and proved by me.¹

It will be seen that all these were the exact principles and methods laid down by Weishaupt for the Illuminati.

Now it is curious to find the description of the inner ring of secret intrigue described by Bakunin in the above-quoted letter exactly corroborated by a very different authority, namely, the book of Gougenot des Mousseaux, entitled *Le Juif, le Judaïsme et la Judaïsation des peuples chrétiens*, published just a year earlier, in 1869.

It was in December 1865, that is to say, a year after Bakunin had formed his Alliance in conjunction with Netchaïeff, that Des Mousseaux received a letter from a Protestant statesman in the service of a great Germanic power, saying:

Since the revolutionary recrudescence of 1845, I have had relations with a Jew who, from vanity, betrayed the secret of the secret societies with which he had been associated, and who warned me eight or ten days beforehand of all the revolutions which were about to break out at any point of Europe. I owe to him the unshakable conviction that all these movements of "oppressed people," etc., etc., are devised by half-a-dozen individuals, who give their orders to the secret societies of all Europe. The ground is absolutely mined beneath our feet, and the Jews provide a large contingent of these miners. . . . The Jewish bankers will soon be, through their prodigious fortunes, our lords and masters. . . . All the great Radical newspapers of Germany are in the hands of Jews.²

It is impossible to suppose any collusion between men of opinions so divergent as the Royalist Catholic Des Mousseaux, his friend the Protestant statesman, and the Russian Anarchists Bakunin and Netchaïeff. We must, therefore, admit that each must have reached his conclu-

¹ *Correspondance de Bakounine*, published by Michel Dragomanov, no. 325-327.

² Gougenot des Mousseaux, *op. cit.* pp. 367, 368.

sions independently of the other, and the extraordinary similarity between their two accounts tends most certainly to confirm the assertion that this mysterious association really existed.¹ Of whom was it composed? According to Des Mousseaux it was largely controlled by Jews who had insinuated themselves into the Masonic Lodges and secret societies, and curiously enough it was in October of this same year, 1869, that Bakunin, who had been attacked by certain Jews in the Internationale, wrote his *Study on the German Jews*, where he repeats precisely the same story of Jewish intrigue. The passage in question runs as follows:

I begin by begging you to believe that I am in no way the enemy nor the detractor of the Jews. Although I may be considered a cannibal, I do not carry savagery to that point, and I assure you that in my eyes all nations have their worth. Each is, moreover, an ethnographically historic product, and is consequently responsible neither for its faults nor its merits. It is thus that we may observe in connection with the modern Jews that their nature lends itself little to frank Socialism. Their history, long before the Christian era, implanted in them an essentially mercantile and *bourgeois* tendency, with the result that, considered as a nation, they are *par excellence* the exploiters of other men's work, and they have a natural horror and fear of the popular masses, whom they despise, moreover, whether openly or in secret. The habit of exploitation, whilst developing the intelligence of the exploiters, gives it an exclusive and disastrous bent and quite contrary to the interests as well as to the instincts of the proletariat. I know that in expressing with this frankness my intimate opinion on the Jews I expose myself to enormous dangers. Many people share it, but very few dare publicly to express it, for the Jewish sect, very much more formidable than that of the Jesuits, Catholic or Protestant, constitutes today a veritable power in Europe. It reigns despotically in commerce, in the banks, and it has invaded three-quarters of German journalism and a very considerable portion of the journalism of other countries. Woe, then, to him who has the clumsiness to displease it!²

But Bakunin had underestimated the control of the Jews over the press. The great anarchist might tilt with impunity against principalities and powers, might incite to murder, pillage, and rebellion, but the moment he

¹ See chart, society marked with note of interrogation.

² *Œuvres de Bakounine*, v. 241.

attempted to attack the Jews he was unable to obtain a hearing, and his *polémique* never saw the light until his works were published thirty or forty years later. The same failure had attended the efforts of the Hébertiste Tridon, who at about the same date wrote a denunciation of the Jews which could not be published during his lifetime.¹

It will be seen that for all their destructive energy the French and Russian anarchists were no match for the German Jews of the Internationale into which Bakunin and his Alliance had been admitted in August 1869. Indeed Bakunin clearly stood in awe of Marx, for in the above-quoted letter he is careful to specify that he includes in his strictures only "the crowd of Jewish pygmies" who had penetrated into the Socialist movement, and exempts "the two Jewish giants Marx and Lassalle," and ten months earlier he had written to Marx himself in terms of the most servile flattery:

You ask whether I continue to be your friend. Yes, more than ever, dear Marx. . . . You see, dear friend, that I am your disciple, and I am proud of it.²

But in a letter to Herzen on October 28, 1869, Bakunin explains his attitude to Marx and his reason for conferring on him the title of giant.

Marx, who detests me and who, I imagine, loves no one but himself . . . is nevertheless a man very useful to the Internationale. . . . If at the present moment I had undertaken a war against Marx three quarters of the members of the Internationale would have turned against me, and I should have been at a disadvantage. . . .³

Although from the beginning Marx had hoped to make the Working-Men's Association "the instrument of his personal views," it was not until 1868 that he succeeded in definitely directing its policy along his line of State Socialism. At the first two congresses, of Geneva in 1866 and Lausanne in 1867, the theories of the French Proudhoniens still prevailed; the Congress at Brussels in 1868 showed, however, the parting of the ways by declaring that the

¹ Drumont, *La France juive*, p. 13. . . .

² Guillaume, *Documents, etc.*, i. 108.

³ *Correspondance de Bakounine*, p. 290.

machines and instruments of work should belong to the workers, but all public services — railways, mines, etc. — to the community. This programme was therefore a blend of the system later to be known as Syndicalism and of the Communism of Vidal and Pecqueur which had been adopted by Marx.

At the Fourth Congress in Basle in 1869 the policy of the Association veered still further towards Communism by the abolition of private property in land and of inheritance. The programme of Weishaupt had thus been accepted almost in its entirety by the Internationale.¹

Fribourg, who with the other French workers of the association opposed the abolition of private property in land, points out that the history of the Internationale must be divided into two periods, the first up to the Congress of Lausanne "mutualist," that is to say, demanding free control of industry, the second period Russo-German, when the association "became Communist, that is to say authoritative."² From this policy, as also from the principle of class hatred upheld both by Marx and Bakunin, Fribourg disassociates himself and his comrades entirely. "I insist," he writes, "that it should be known that no upright mind could have conceived the idea of giving birth to a society of war and hatred."³ And since this is what it had become, Fribourg declares that by 1869 "the Internationale of the French founders was dead, quite dead."⁴ "The working-men's International," remarks Dühring, "was no longer working-class, in the sense that it manoeuvred, used, and exploited the workers of different countries."⁵

Such then were the intrigues of the men who called themselves the champions of the "proletariat."

¹ M. Louis Énault (*Paris brûlé par la Commune*, p. 27) and the Vicomte de Beaumont Vassy (*La Commune de Paris*, p. 325) both reproduce the programme of the Internationale as published in 1867 in which the five points of Weishaupt, viz.: "The abolition of all religion, of property, of the family, of heredity, of the nation (i. e. of patriotism)" are exactly reproduced. The document which they quote is stated to have been signed by the secretary of the Internationale and to have been published in the form of a pamphlet entitled *Le Droit des travailleurs*. I have been unable to discover this pamphlet in the British Museum or elsewhere.

² Fribourg, *L'Association Internationale des Travailleurs*, p. 2.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 140.

⁵ Eugen Dühring, *Kritische Geschichte der Nationalökonomie*, p. 566.

All talk of conditions of labour, all discussion of the practical problems of industry had been abandoned and the Internationale became simply an engine of warfare against civilization. By its absorption of the secret societies and of the doctrines of Illuminism all the machinery of revolution passed into its keeping. Every move in the game devised by Weishaupt, every method for engineering disturbances and for spreading inflammatory propaganda, became part of its programme.

So just as the Jacobin Club had openly executed the hidden plan of the Illuminati, the Internationale, holding within it the same terrible secrets, carried on the work of World Revolution in the full light of day.

CHAPTER VII

THE REVOLUTION OF 1871

The Franco-Prussian War — Internationalism — Karl Marx, pan-Germanist — The Commune — Conflict between Marx and Bakunin — End of the Internationale.

We have seen in the last chapter that as a means for the reorganization of industry the Internationale had failed signally of its purpose. What then of its Internationalism? How far was the brotherhood of man which had constituted one of its fundamental doctrines to avail as a barrier against militarism?

The conviction that war is a relic of barbarism and should be done away with, has been held by humanitarians at every stage in the history of civilization; the question is how so obviously desirable an end can be accomplished. In France, as we have seen, groups of enthusiasts as far back as the Confrères of the twelfth century had declared it possible, and the Constituent Assembly of the First Revolution had devoted their energies to the formation of a "League of Perpetual Peace." "Let all men be free as we are," a deputy had cried, "and we shall have no more wars!" Forthwith the decree was passed that the French nation should never again undertake any war of conquest.

Mirabeau alone had shown the futility of such resolutions in his immortal reply: "I ask myself," he said to the Assembly, lulled in its dreams of pacifism, "I ask myself whether because we suddenly change our political system we shall force other nations to change theirs. . . . Until then perpetual peace will remain a dream and a dangerous dream if it leads France to disarm before a Europe in arms."¹

¹ Albert Sorel, *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, ii. 87.

Mirabeau's prophetic instinct was justified when eighty years later the same dangerous dream led the French workers of the Internationale to weaken before a Prussia in arms.

The idea of "a strike of the peoples against war" was proposed as early as 1868 at the Congress of the Internationale in Brussels, and Dupont, the mouthpiece of Marx, closed his presidential address with the words:

The clerics say: "See this Congress, it declares that it wishes neither for government, armies, nor religion." They say the truth, we wish for no more governments because governments crush us with taxes; we wish for no more armies because armies massacre us; we wish for no more religion because religion stifles intelligence.¹

When, therefore, two years later the first rumblings of the Franco-Prussian War were heard, the French workers fondly imagined that the Internationale would intervene and stop the conflict. Accordingly with touching *naïveté* they published in their paper *Le Reveil* on the 12th of July 1870 an address to the people of Germany begging them to desist from strife:

Brothers of Germany, in the name of peace do not listen to the subsidized or servile voices which seek to deceive you on the true spirit of France. Remain deaf to senseless provocations, for war between us would be a fratricidal war. Remain calm, as a great and courageous people can do without compromising its dignity. Our divisions would only bring about on both sides of the Rhine the complete triumph of despotism.²

When, however, a week later, on July 19, Napoleon III. was tricked by Bismarck into declaring war on Prussia, the German Social Democrats rallied in a body to the standard of Imperialism, and the so-called "Central Committee of the German International Sections" sitting at Brunswick issued a proclamation on the 24th of July referring to "the legitimate aspirations of the German people for national unity," and ending with the words: "Long live Germany! Long live the International struggle of the proletariat."³

Deluded by the last hypocritical protestation, *Solidarité*, the organ of the Internationale, still expressed its hopes for the future.

¹ Guillaume, *Karl Marx, pan-Germaniste*, p. 51.

² *Ibid.* p. 84.

³ Guillaume, *Documents*, ii. 70.

Two great military powers are about to devour each other. Since we have obtained this immense result, that the two peoples whom their masters have declared to be in a state of war, instead of hating each other, hold out the hand of friendship, we can await the *dénouement* with confidence.¹

But it was not until the tide of war had turned definitely in favour of Prussia that the Committee of Brunswick saw fit to respond with a plea for peace. It is true that isolated working-men in Germany expressed their sympathy with the French people, and that the Socialists Bebel and Liebknecht were later on thrown into prison for protesting against the war after it had broken out, nevertheless Liebknecht himself, before it was too late, had urged Prussia on to aggression. Thus in the *Volksstaat* for July 13, 1870, he "had reproached Bismarck and the King of Prussia for showing themselves too conciliatory towards France and of damaging the prestige of Germany by a too humble attitude."²

The fact then remains that as a preventive to war the Internationale proved completely futile for the very reason given by Mirabeau eighty years earlier. The French Internationalists had reckoned without the German national spirit, and Guillaume, writing in *Solidarité* on March 28, 1871, is obliged to confess:

What an infinitesimal minority is formed by these men with convictions (Bebel and Liebknecht)! How many are there in Germany, alas! of whom we can call ourselves the brothers? The immense majority of the German working-men, are they not intoxicated like the *bourgeoisie* by Bismarck's victories? And are we not obliged today, whilst making an honourable exception of the friends we have just mentioned, to consider the German people in the mass as an obstacle to the Revolution?³

It was not till two years later that the Latin members of the Internationale discovered to their pained surprise that the "Central Committee of the German International Sections" was not, as they had imagined, the German branch of the Internationale but merely an unofficial group with no organization, for the German Government had taken the precaution to forbid the formation of an

¹ Guillaume, *Documents, etc.*, ii. 69.

² Laskine, *L'Internationale et le pan-Germanisme*, p. 202.

³ Guillaume, *Documents, etc.*, ii. 137.

Internationale amongst its own people.¹ Thus, although Germans controlled the policy of the Internationale abroad, the Internationale was not allowed to exist in Germany! As Mr. Adolphe Smith has well expressed it in relation to the 1917 situation:

That Socialism, as "made in Germany," and destined mainly for foreign exportation, would facilitate the invasion not only of Russia, but also of France, Italy, and even England, was not very apparent at first. Yet this might have been suspected, for it was evident that the *Socialist Internationale*, whenever it was controlled by Germans, became a pan-German association.²

The real meaning of Internationalism became in time apparent to the French workers. The hand of Bismarck had been strongly suspected in the great strike at Creuzot.³

"Strikes, always strikes, and still more strikes," Fribourg wrote in 1871, "no more study nor anything that resembles it. . . . Foreign Internationals who hold the ground, support the movement, found violent newspapers, an epidemic of disturbances rages in France and paralyzes production."⁴

What was the rôle of Marx in this question of Internationalism? In order to realize his full perfidy we must refer again to the Preamble to the Statutes of the Internationale drawn up by him. The first principle, that "the emancipation of the workers must be brought about by the workers themselves," he had violated, as we have seen, by insisting on the admission of non-workers to the Association; the further principle of "a fraternal union between the workers of different countries" was now at stake, and Marx repudiated this likewise.

The truth is that Marx had never believed in universal brotherhood any more than he had believed in the dictatorship of the proletariat — these were slogans to be made use of but not carried into practice. Thus just before Sadowa he had written to Engels:

The Proudhonien clique amongst the Paris students preaches peace, declares war an anachronism, nationalities vain words, attacks Bismarck. . . . As disciples of Proudhon — my good

¹ Guillaume, *Documents, etc.*, ii. 137.

² *The Pan-German Internationale*, p. 3.

³ *La Commune de Paris*, by the Comte de Beaumont Vassy, p. 13.

⁴ Fribourg, *L'Association Internationale des Travailleurs* (1871).

friends Lafargue and Longuet are amongst them — they wish to abolish misery and ignorance, ignorance with which they themselves are afflicted all the more that they make a parade of a so-called "social science," *they are quite simply grotesque*.¹

The appeal of the French working-men to their brothers of Germany in 1870 was now declared by Marx to be "pure Jingoism."

"The French," he wrote to Engels on July 20, "need a thrashing (die Französer brauchen Prügel). If the Prussians are victorious, the centralization of the power of the State will be useful to the centralization of the German working-class. Besides, German preponderance will transport the centre of gravity of the working-class movement from France to Germany, and it is sufficient to compare the movement in the two countries from 1866 until the present moment in order to see that the German working-class is superior to the French as much from the point of view of theory as of organization.

The preponderance in the theatre of the world of the German proletariat over the French proletariat would be at the same time the preponderance of our theory over Proudhon's.²

Now it is curious to notice that Nietzsche, who as the prophet of autocracy, Imperialism, and warfare has usually been regarded as the opposite pole to Marx, had expressed himself at the above-quoted date, namely in 1866, at the time of Prussia's victory over Austria at Sadowa, in the following words:

We hold the cards; but as long as Paris remains the centre of Europe things will remain in the old condition. It is inevitable that we should make an effort to upset this equilibrium, or at least try to upset it. If we fail, then let us hope to fail, each of us, on a field of battle, struck by some French shell.³

How are we to explain the extraordinary resemblance between the point of view expressed in these two passages? Can we attribute it to mere coincidence, or shall we find a common inspiration at work behind both writers? It is impossible to study the lives and writings of Marx and Nietzsche without recognizing a certain resemblance between the two men; both were continually at war with the rest of the human race, both had been embittered by

¹ Laskine, *L'Internationale et le pan-Germanisme*, p. 23; letter of June 7, 1866.

² *Der Briefwechsel zwischen Marx und Engels*, iv. 296.

³ *Life of Nietzsche*, by Daniel Halévy (Eng. trans.), p. 53.

early experiences, and both were animated by a fierce and undying hatred towards Christianity arising from the same cause, namely that both worshipped *force*. If Marx incarnated the destructive spirit we associate with Bolshevism, Nietzsche was in reality an inverted Bolshevik, a man who had narrowly escaped being a violent revolutionary Socialist. Whilst Nietzsche desired to maintain the uneducated classes in a state of slavery, Marx aimed at the enslavement of the *intelligentsia*; whilst Nietzsche advocated the autocracy of Superman, Marx professed to believe in the dictatorship of the proletariat; whilst Marx devoted his energies to stirring up class hatred from below, Nietzsche by his "class consciousness of a higher class"¹ strove to promote it from above. In a word, both were in revolt against the existing social order tempered by Christian forbearance and compassion, which they regarded as debilitating to man's highest faculties.

This meeting of extremes explains the fact that Nietzsche found an affinity in Mazzini whilst Marx entered wholeheartedly into the aims of Bismarck. It is impossible not to suspect a common inspiration behind them both, working for the advancement of pan-German interests.

At any rate in 1870 Marx faithfully served the cause of German Imperialism. Indeed the French branch of the Internationale in London actually denounced him as an agent of Bismarck, and Marx wrote to Engels on August 3, 1870, saying that he was not only accused of being a Prussian agent but of having received £10,000 from Bismarck. Fortunately, adds the author of *The Pan-German Internationale*, who quotes these admissions, "all this private correspondence has been recently printed by the Socialist publisher, Dietz of Stuttgart. We are thus able to obtain, not from what others have said but from what the principals themselves wrote, a clear indication of their motives and acts."²

In the light of these revelations it is difficult to see in

¹ *Friedrich Nietzsche*, by Georges Brandes (Eng. trans.), p. 30.

² Adolphe Smith, *The Pan-German Internationale*, p. 5; see also Laskine, *L'Internationale et le pan-Germanisme*, p. 83. Note that both these writers are themselves Socialists. Edmond Laskine is said to be a Russian Jew; he was educated in France.

Marx's revolutionary violence the Jewish spirit of revenge for the persecution of his race to which it has frequently been attributed. If Marx resented persecution, why did he throw in his lot with the country in which *Judenhetze* was most rampant? It is possible that Bismarck knew how to exploit his racial hatred against Christian civilization, but the fact remains that, as two modern writers have expressed it, Marx was, or at any rate became, "a German of the Germans, and Marx has done more for the Fatherland" — which incidentally had exiled him! — "than all the hordes of German agents that have filtered across the world."¹

In this attitude he was naturally supported by Engels — "Marx's evil genius," as Mrs. Marx was wont to describe him — a constitutional militarist. Thus when the Internationale of Paris again protested to the German people against the invasion of French territory, and this time the German Social Democrats at Brunswick responded with the proposal of "an honourable peace with the French Republic," Engels wrote indignantly to Marx:

It is just the old infatuation, the superiority of France, the inviolability of the soil sanctified by 1793, and from which all the French swinishnesses (*les cochonneries françaises*) committed since then have not been able to take away the character, the sanctity of the word Republic. . . . I hope that these people will return to good sense once their first intoxication has passed, otherwise it will become devilishly difficult to continue international relations with them.²

By Marx and Engels the French working-men were therefore abjured to dissociate themselves from the war and to forget the memories of 1792. Meanwhile the German workers must be kept quiet.

"Longuet (the French Socialist)," Engels wrote again, "is very amusing! Because William I. has granted them a Republic now they want to make a revolution in Germany! . . . If we have any influence in Paris we must prevent the working-men from moving until peace is made. . . ."³

¹ *Bolshevik Russia*, by G. E. Raine and E. Luboff, p. 17.

² Guillaume, *Karl Marx, pan-Germaniste*, p. 95. ³ *Ibid.* p. 99.

And next day he adds:

The war by being prolonged is taking a disagreeable turn. The French have not yet been thrashed enough, and yet on the other hand the Germans have already triumphed a good deal.

It is true that, in the end, Marx in a letter to the *Daily News* on January 16, 1871, professed some sympathy with the martyred nation, and even expressed the opinion that the complete supremacy of Prussia not only over the people of France but of the rest of Germany would be fatal to the cause of liberty, but as by this time the triumph of Prussia was a *fait accompli* — for two days later the King of Prussia was crowned Emperor of Germany at Versailles — such protestations could be made with impunity. The fact remains that, as M. Guillaume expresses it:

In 1870 Marx and Engels, German patriots before everything applauded the victories of the German armies. . . . And they took advantage of their position to try, in the name of the General Council of the Internationale, to dissuade the French proletariat from fighting against the invaders. . . . Their attitude at this moment was a real treachery towards the Internationale for the profit of pan-German interests. These are things that it is necessary to make known to all Republicans, Socialists or otherwise, in France and elsewhere.¹

It will be seen, then, that Internationalism as devised by Weishaupt, interpreted by Cloutz, and carried out by Marx and Engels, and in our own day by the agent of Germany, Nicholas Lenin, has served two causes only — German Imperialism and Jewish intrigue.

After the defeat of the French armies at Sedan on September 1, 1870, the Empire was swept away and social revolution dealt the final blows to crushed and suffering France.

The first outbreak of revolution occurred in the provinces, and at Lyons was carried out by the Bakunists. Like the war-horse smelling the battle afar, Bakunin himself at Locarno heard the revolutionary Socialists of Lyons calling, and borrowing some money, according to his usual custom, hastened to the scene of action. Here he found himself once more in his element. The city was in a state

... ¹ Guillaume, *Karl Marx, pan-Germaniste*, p. iv.

of chaos; "none of the leaders of the Internationale had any clear idea what they intended to do;" public meetings of extraordinary violence were taking place, at which "the most sanguinary motions were put forward and received with enthusiasm;"¹ in a word, it was a state of affairs after Bakunin's own heart.

But once again the *bourgeoisie* rose in defence of law and order; and the *Comité de Salut Public*, that had occupied the Town Hall, was obliged to evacuate. The rôle of Bakunin himself was thus derisively described by Marx:

On the 28th of September, the day of his arrival, the people had seized the Hôtel de Ville. Bakunin installed himself there; then the critical moment arrived, the moment awaited for so many years, when Bakunin was able to accomplish the most revolutionary act the world has ever seen. He decreed the *abolition of the State*. But the State, in the shape and kind of two companies of *bourgeois* National Guards, entered by a door that it had been forgotten to guard, cleared the hall, and made Bakunin hastily take the road for Geneva.²

Bakunin, therefore, bruised and battered — for he had been severely handled in the fray — returned to Italy a chastened man. Yet wild as appears his scheme of saving France from Prussia by "the complete destruction of the whole administrative and governmental machine,"³ we must admit that he displayed a certain perspicacity with regard to the future of French Socialism:

"I begin to think now," he wrote to Palix, "that it is all up with France. . . . She will become a viceroyalty of Germany. In the place of her real and living Socialism we shall have the *doctrinaire* Socialism of the Germans, who will say no more than the Prussian bayonets permit them to say."⁴

But the final triumph of German Social Democracy was reserved for three years later.

Whilst these events were taking place in Lyons, the Third Republic had been proclaimed after the abdication of Napoleon III. On the 17th of September the Siege of

¹ Guillaume, *Documents, etc.*, ii. 92.

² *Alliance de la Démocratie Socialiste, etc., publiée par ordre du Congrès Internationale de la Haye* (1873), p. 21.

³ Guillaume, *Documents, etc.*, ii. 98.

⁴ *Ibid.*

Paris began. Six weeks later, on the 31st of October, great popular indignation was created by the belief that the Government had attempted to conceal the news of the surrender of Bazaine and the capitulation of Metz. At the same time it was announced that the recent victory outside Paris had been turned into a defeat and Le Bouget recaptured by the Germans; further, that M. Thiers was coming to Paris, under a flag of truce, to negotiate an armistice. Then the people who had endured so much throughout the siege, feeling that all their sacrifices had been in vain, rose against the Government, and the anarchic elements, exploiting the outraged patriotism of the Parisians, threw the city into confusion. National unity was thus destroyed, and the Prussians, emboldened by these dissensions, immediately increased the severity of their terms, demanding the ceding of Alsace and Lorraine and a heavy war indemnity.¹ Meanwhile their troops were carrying terror and desolation throughout the provinces of France — burning, pillaging, destroying, and killing without mercy those who offered the least resistance.

According to the terms of the armistice declared after the coronation of the Emperor William I., the garrison of Paris, with the exception of 12,000 men, was ordered to be disbanded, but the National Guards, known to be infected with revolutionary doctrines, were to be retained. It was thus that some of the French soldiers refused to march against the Prussians, declaring that they preferred to reserve themselves for fighting Frenchmen; that civil war was to be preferred to war against a foreign enemy.² But it was observed that these doctrines, the outcome of German Social Democracy, exercised no influence over the German mind, for whilst the French disciples of Internationalism fell back in battle not one Prussian faltered.³

The triumphal entry of the Prussians into Paris on March 1 was the signal for the revolution to break out; and on the 18th of March the National Guards, acting on this occasion in a spirit of outraged patriotism at the incompetence of the Government in the matter of national

¹ Bonnechese, p. 707.

² Louis Enault, *Paris brûlé*, p. 18.

³ Heckethorn's *Secret Societies*, ii. 250.

defence, took possession of the guns ranged in the Place des Vosges lest they should fall into the hands of the Prussians, and carried them up to the heights of Montmartre.

At the same time a central committee of National Guards, formed on the plan of the Committee of Insurrection that had organized the plan of attack on August 10, 1792, seized the reins of power. In vain the Government ordered fresh troops to recapture the guns. The soldiers went over to the side of revolution, and barbarously murdered their generals Lecomte and Thomas. Once more the *tricolore*, defeated, gave way to the red flag of the social revolution.

Four days later the affray known as the "Massacre of the Place Vendôme" took place, when a procession of "the Friends of Order" — an immense demonstration composed of unarmed National Guards, civilians, women, and children, bearing the *tricolore* as a rallying sign against disorder — were fired on by the insurgents and — according to certain contemporaries — thirty of their number killed.¹

From this moment the revolutionaries were masters of Paris. The Hôtel de Ville was seized, the Government driven out of Versailles and the Commune established in its place.

It is impossible to follow the events of 1871 with the same precision as those of 1848 owing to the chaotic nature of the movement. Whilst 1848, in spite of the diversity of views that prevailed amongst the leaders, remained essentially a Socialist revolution, 1871 developed more along the lines of Anarchy. It is true that at the outset some attempt was made by Marx and Engels to control the movement.

"When the Commune insurrection began in Paris," writes Prince Kropotkin, "the General Council insisted upon directing the insurrection from London. It required daily reports about the events, gave orders, favoured this and hampered that, and thus put in evidence the disadvantage of having a governing body, even within the association."²

¹ Bonnechese, *Histoire de France*, ii. 722; Louis Énault, *Paris brûlé par la Commune*, p. 33; John Leighton, *Paris under the Commune*, p. 54.

² *Memoirs of a Revolutionary*, ii. 66.

But these orders of Marx seem to have been disregarded, and it was German Illuminism rather than German Social Democracy that gained the ascendancy. When on the 26th of April a deputation of Freemasons arrived to congratulate the Commune, the old war-cry of Illuminism, "The Universal Republic," inaugurated by Anarcharsis Cloutz, greeted their appearance.¹

Brother Thirifocque, the orator of the procession, declared that "the Commune was the greatest revolution it had been given to the world to contemplate; that it was the new Temple of Solomon which Freemasons were bound in duty to defend." To which Lefrançais, member of the Commune, replied that he himself had been received into the *Loge Ecossaise*, and had long been convinced that the aim of the association was the same as that of the Commune — social regeneration.²

In accordance with the principles of "universal masonry" national interests were soon lost to sight and French patriotism became dominated by the spirit of the World Revolution. Here again 1871 differed essentially from 1848, for whilst that earlier movement, led entirely by Frenchmen, retained its national character throughout, the Commune quickly became an assemblage of cosmopolitan elements entirely unrepresentative of the spirit of France.

Amongst the foreigners in the service of the Commune there were 19 Poles, 10 Italians, 7 Germans, 2 Americans, 2 Russians, 2 Wallachians, 2 Portuguese, 1 Egyptian, 1 Belgian, 1 Hungarian, 1 Spaniard, and 1 Dutchman.³ Generically its elements were divided into Internationals, Jacobins, and professional agitators. Amongst this heterogeneous crowd — "the *déclassés* of the whole world," writes a contemporary⁴ — there could be no unity of action or of purpose.

Nevertheless the French Communards numbered sev-

¹ Leighton, *Paris under the Commune*, p. 221: "An enthusiastic cry of *Vive la Franc-Maçonnerie! Vive la République Universelle!* is re-echoed from mouth to mouth."

² Deschamps, ii. 421, 422.

³ Leighton, *op. cit.* (quoting the *Figaro*) p. 75; Énault, *Paris brûlé*, p. 315.

⁴ *Paris brûlé*, p. 42.

eral sincere patriots. It is impossible indeed to conceive of any movement taking place in Paris without the romantic and passionately patriotic spirit of the French making itself felt, and the incompetence of the Government had driven many enthusiasts over to the side of the revolution. Unhappily this enthusiasm had led to fanaticism. Thus Flourens, killed by a mounted patrol whilst leading a troop of insurgents to Versailles, has been described by an English contemporary as "an enthusiast in search of a social Eldorado, who would put himself at the service of the most forlorn cause." "In the bitter cold winters he fed and clothed the poor of Belleville, going from attic to attic with money and consolation." But the turbulence of his nature had thrown him into agitation. "He was a man of barricades. He did not seem to think that paving-stones were made to walk on; he only cared to see them heaped up across the street for the protection of armed patriots. . . . Wherever there was a chance of being killed he was sure to be. . . . He was a madman, but he was a hero."¹

In justice to the men of 1871 we must admit their bravery. These French Communards did not, like their predecessors who composed the Commune of 1792, sit safely behind thick walls or take refuge in cellars whilst the crowd they had set in motion bore the brunt of the battle on the great days of tumult; the men of 1871 went boldly out into the streets to face the fire of the soldiery, and many died fighting, fired with enthusiasm to the last.

But alas! to what purpose? If the Government had proved incompetent the Commune proved more incompetent still. And as in all anarchic movements it was inevitably the most violent — more than this, the most criminal — elements that obtained control, M. Énault declares that no less than 52,000 foreigners and 17,000 released convicts took part in the scenes that followed.²

Under these influences the war on civilization planned by Weishaupt and inaugurated by the Terror of 1793 broke out afresh. As in 1848, all the memories of that earlier period — fatal precedent from which the French seemed

¹ Leighton, *op. cit.* 115, 116.

² *Paris brûlé*, p. 28.

destined never to depart — were once again evoked. A "Comité de Salut Public" was formed, the calendar of 1793 revived, and with a pitiable poverty of imagination even the names of the newspapers were copied from those of the first Revolution — the *Cri du Peuple* of Babeuf, the *Père Duchesne* of Hébert, in which the gutter verbiage of the famous "stove merchant" was faithfully reproduced by his imitator Vermesch.

Naturally the de-Christianization of Paris inaugurated in 1793 entered again largely into the programme. The same desecration of the churches took place; the images of the saints were broken or tricked out in ignoble disguises, the pictures torn, plate and ornaments pillaged; parties played at cards on the high altar, orators mounted the pulpit to blaspheme God. In the church of Saint Eustache, where the font had been filled with tobacco and the statue of the Holy Virgin dressed up as a "*vivandière*," a crowd of "female patriots," of the same class as those who had seduced the soldiery in 1789, declaimed the doctrines of the social revolution: "Marriage, citizenesses, is the greatest error of ancient humanity. To be married is to be a slave. . . ." A tall gaunt woman, with a nose like the beak of a hawk and a jaundice-coloured complexion, demanded amidst thunders of applause that the Commune should no longer recognize marriage by according pensions to the legitimate as well as the illegitimate wives of the National Guards: "The matrimonial state is a perpetual crime against morality. . . . We, the illegitimate companions, will no longer suffer the legitimate wives to usurp rights they no longer possess and which they ought never to have had at all. Let the decree be modified. All for the free women, none for the slaves!"¹

The honest women of the people took no part in these revolting scenes; indeed the "Ladies of the Market" showed themselves some of the most determined opponents of disorder.² In the poor streets of Paris respect for religion still held sway, and women wept to see their children's coffins lowered into the grave without a prayer. There are mothers, writes our English contemporary,

¹ Leighton, *op. cit.* p. 282.

² *Paris brûlé*, p. 208.

"quite unworthy of course to bear the children of patriots, who do not want their dear ones to be buried like dogs; who cannot understand that to pray is a crime, and to kneel down before God an offence to humanity, and who are still weak enough to wish to see a cross planted on the tombs of those they have loved and lost! Not the cross of the nineteenth century — a red flag!"¹

This attitude on the part of the people of Paris naturally proved exasperating to the makers of World Revolution. Bakunin, like his prototype Marat, despaired of them altogether.

"The cause is lost," he wrote from Locarno, on the 9th of April; "it seems that the French, the working-class itself, are not much moved by this state of things. Yet how terrible the lesson is! But it is not enough. They must have greater calamities, ruder shocks. Everything makes one foresee that neither one nor the other will be wanting. And then perhaps the demon will awake. But as long as it slumbers we can do nothing. It would really be a pity to have to pay for the broken glasses, it would in fact be quite useless. Our task is to do the preparatory work, to organize and spread out so as to hold ourselves in readiness when the demon shall have awoken."²

But as far as the true people of Paris were concerned the demon never did awake, and it was a gang of foreign adventurers, "the most horrible horde that ever invaded civilization,"³ which carried out the pillage and burnings, the outrages and murders that followed on each other throughout those dreadful three days of May.

Bakunin's claim to responsibility in these happenings finds confirmation in the words of Fribourg, one of the original founders of the Internationale: "Personally we firmly believe that the decrees of spoliation, the arbitrary arrests, the shooting of the hostages, and the systematic incendiarism of the capital are the work of the Russo-German party."⁴ In other words, they were the work of German Illuminism and of its development in the Alliance Sociale Démocratique.

¹ Leighton, p. 117. Note adds: "Early in April the Commune forbade divine service in the Panthéon. They cut off the arms of the cross, and replaced it by the red flag during a salute of artillery."

² *Correspondance de Bakounine*, p. 350.

³ *Paris brûlé*, p. 28.

⁴ Fribourg, *L'Association Internationale des Travailleurs*, p. 143.

The prelude to this final stage of the revolution was the entry of the Versailles troops into Paris, five days after the destruction of the Colonne Vendôme. On the 16th of May the famous monument, erected in honour of French victories and now declared to be an insult to the principle of Internationalism, had been overthrown by order of the Commune — influenced, it was said, by Prussian gold ¹ — whilst German officers looked on, rejoicing.² This outrage to the national traditions of France infuriated the army of Versailles, which had been recently reinforced by returned prisoners from Germany, and on the 21st of May an entry was made to the capital through the Porte de Saint-Cloud. The "bloody week" of street fighting followed. By the third day the Versailles troops had reached the approaches to the Tuileries, and it was then that the generals of the Commune, Brunel and Bergeret, set fire to the palace and the Rue Royale.

Once again the idea of war on cities, that had originated with Weishaupt, that had been carried out by the Terrorists of 1793 and revived by the Nihilists who had advocated the burning of towns, was put into practice with terrible effect. Amongst the dregs of the populace, wretched, drink-sodden old women, degenerate boys, armed with paraffin, set out to burn down Paris.³ The plan had evidently long been premeditated in Germany; eight months before that terrible night of May 23, a cartoon had appeared in the shop windows of German towns depicting Paris in flames, with Germania above triumphant, and, beneath, the words: "Gefallen, gefallen ist Babylon die Stolze" (Babylon the mighty is fallen, is fallen!)⁴

Nearly a hundred years earlier, Weishaupt, the arch-enemy of civilization, had declared, "The day of conflagration will come!" Now it had come, and Paris, once the centre of the world's civilization, was to be burnt to the ground.

It cannot be doubted that the total destruction of the

¹ Heckethorn's *Secret Societies*, ii. 253.

² Bonnechese, *Histoire de France*, ii. 729.

³ Heckethorn's *Secret Societies*, ii. 258, 262; Leighton, *op. cit.* p. 339.

⁴ This cartoon is reproduced in *Le Fond de la société sous la Commune*, by C. A. Dauban.

city was desired by the enemies of France, and if this plan was not realized the havoc worked was terrible enough. The Palace of the Tuileries reduced to ashes, the Ministry of Finances, the Palace of the Legion of Honour, the Palais de Justice, the Hôtel de Ville with its treasures of art and priceless national archives—in a word the glory of old France lost to the world for ever — numerous houses in the Rue de Bac, the Rue de Lille, the Rue Royale, turned into rows of blackened ruins; and so little did the incendiaries concern themselves with the cause of the people that the Bureau de l'Assistance Publique, that existed solely to relieve distress, besides several houses belonging to it, of which the revenues belonged to the poor, were consumed by the flames. The granaries containing corn, wine, oil, and other provisions destined to relieve the sufferings of Paris famished by the siege shared a like fate.¹

On the evening of the following day the horrible massacring of hostages was carried out. Six victims, including the Archbishop of Paris and four other priests who had been imprisoned seven weeks earlier, were shot down² in cold blood at the prison of La Roquette; in vain the poor women of the district with tears and cries besought for the life of their pastor the aged Abbé Deguerry, curé of La Madeleine; the massacrers, faithful to the traditions of September 1792, dragged him to his death amidst the curses and invectives of his parishioners.³ All died with the courage of their eighteenth century predecessors in martyrdom. At the last moment the Archbishop, hearing the word liberty uttered by one of his murderers, said with dignity, "Do not pronounce that word of liberty; it belongs only to us who die for liberty and faith."⁴

As in September 1792, men of the people were not spared, and on the 27th of May a general massacre of the prisoners, including 66 gendarmes, took place. Amongst these was an unfortunate man, the father of eight children, accused of having stolen the blouse and blue trousers he wore, who met with a fearful death at the hands of a mob led by a revolutionary Amazon armed with a *chassepot*.⁵

¹ *Paris brûlé*, p. 203.

² Bonnechose, *op. cit.* ii. 733.

³ Beaumont Vassy, *La Commune de Paris*, p. 118.

⁴ Bonnechose, ii. 733.

⁵ Leighton, *op. cit.* p. 327.

But the plan of the Illuminati for the destruction of civilization was once more frustrated. Civilization had risen in self-defence as civilization will always rise, and the fiercer the onslaught the more furious will be the reaction. When the struggle between the revolutionary army of the Commune and the forces of law and order had ended in a victory for the latter, thousands of victims strewn the streets of Paris; according to Prince Kropotkin, no less than 30,000 men, women, and children perished in the fray. But what were these to the Anarchists who, according to Marx, regarded the people as "cannon fodder" (*chair à canon*) on the day of revolution?¹

So ended the third experiment in revolutionary government carried out on unhappy France. Even Mr. Adolphe Smith, who had hoped great things of the Commune admits its incompetence. Sanguine revolutionists after 1871, he writes, "began to realize the innate weakness of mere theories divorced from administrative capacity."

They saw that even when in possession of one of the fairest cities of Europe — with the bank of France in their hands, an enthusiastic army at their command, weapons and munitions of war innumerable — while the country was disorganized, the regular army flying in terror before the insurrection for it could not rely upon its own soldiers — still the Commune, though so strong and successful, was unable to accomplish anything. The leaders frittered away the precious moments for action in futile discussions and squabbles, till the reaction, gathering strength, organized its scattered forces and crushed them. The similitude of this with the position of Petrograd before and after the Bolsheviks seized the reins of government will not fail to be noticed by every observer.²

Yet in spite of its ghastly fiasco the régime of the Commune met with unanimous applause from the Internationale; at Zürich, Geneva, Brussels, Leipzig, members vied with each other in extolling the bloody deeds committed during those terrible months of March to May. An English Internationalist declared that "the good time was really coming," and that "soon we shall be able to dethrone the Queen of England, turn Buckingham Palace

¹ *L'Alliance Sociale Démocratique*, p. 15.

² Unpublished work by Mr. Adolphe Smith entitled *The Betrayal of the Internationale*.

into a workshop and pull down the York Column as the noble French people had pulled down the Vendôme column."¹

Bakunin, who now apparently considered that the demon had awoken, admiringly described the French proletariat as "the modern Satan, the author of the sublime insurrection of the Commune."²

Marx, not to be left out of the movement, which in reality had, in its negation of the State, been conducted on principles opposed to his avowed opinions, now published a panegyric of the Commune entitled *The Civil War in France*, in which he referred to the State as "that parasite which exploits and hinders the free movements of society." How are we to reconcile this with Marx's advocacy of State Socialism?³

Guillaume, commenting on Marx's sudden *volte-face*, asks whether he had really become converted to the principles of federalism, and quotes Bakunin as declaring that the power of the Commune had proved so formidable that even the Marxians had been obliged to take off their hats to it. But the measure of Marx's sincerity in writing his panegyric of the Commune was revealed later when his correspondence with his friend Sorge was published in 1906. It seems that at the end of 1871 several refugees of the Commune who had fled to London and Geneva refused to obey his commands. Thereupon Marx wrote to Sorge:

And that is my reward for having wasted nearly five months working for the refugees, and for *having saved their honour* by the publication of the Address on the Civil War.⁴

Thus Marx, with his superb talent for using everything that could serve his purpose, turned the anarchic régime of the Commune to account. But now the moment had come to suppress that dynamic force which threatened his supremacy and to concentrate his attention on the Anarchists of the Internationale.

¹ Heckethorn's *Secret Societies*, ii. 252.

² Guillaume, *Documents*, ii. 253.

³ First formulated in his *Communist Manifesto*: "to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the State."

⁴ Guillaume, *Documents*, ii. 192.

by a ruse. At a meeting of the Geneva sections of the association that same spring, he and his allies had declared that the Alliance had never been received into the Internationale at all, and when in reply to this statement the secretary of the Alliance produced the original letters signed by Eccarius and Jung in the name of the Internationale announcing that the General Council had admitted the Alliance on the 25th of August 1869, Outine calmly replied that the letters were forgeries and brought forward a Russian Jewess, Mme. Dmitrieff, who had just arrived from London, in support of this assertion.¹

A conference was finally arranged between the two factions on the 25th of July, 1871, at which Jung himself presided and Marx and Engels were present. The documents were again produced, and this time Jung was obliged to confess that he had signed the second, whilst Engels, after a quarter of an hour of prevarications, mumbled that it was impossible to deny either of the letters. As to Marx, Guillaume observes: "The great man, usually so sure of himself in the midst of his courtiers, was dumbfounded. He was caught in the *flagrant délit* of a lie and his act was authentically proved."²

Marx afterwards retaliated by accusing Bakunin of duplicity, declaring that in 1869 he had believed the Alliance to have been dissolved whilst in reality it continued to work in secret, and that "by means of this freemasonry its existence was not even suspected by the great mass of the Internationals."³

It is impossible to disentangle the truth from all this web of lying and intrigue; both sides had, as we know, accepted the doctrine that the end justifies the means, and both lied freely to obtain the mastery. Suffice it then to say that finally, at the Hague Congress of the Internationale held in 1872, the London General Council—"by a fictitious majority," says Prince Kropotkine—excluded the Bakuninists and the Jura Federation they had formed from the Internationale. The latter now moved its headquarters to New York and four years later

¹ Guillaume *Documents*, ii. 157.

² *Ibid.* ii. 176, 177.

³ *L'Alliance Sociale Démocratique*.

quietly expired at Philadelphia. So ended the great association which for twelve years had spread terror throughout Europe. Long before its death the working-men had lost all faith in it, and the engineers of Brussels, led by it into an abortive strike, had denounced it as "the leprosy of Europe" and "the Company of Millionaires on paper."¹

As a means for ameliorating the conditions of Labour it had proved from 1864 a fraud, as a barrier against international conflicts it had proved its futility in 1870, throughout its whole career it had existed merely as a hotbed of intrigue — mainly pan-German — and all its protestations of fraternity had led only to the old conflict between the rival forces of revolution. The inner history of the Internationale, like the history of all revolutionary organizations from the Terror onwards, is simply a series of petty rivalries and of miserable quarrels between the leaders, conducted without the faintest regard for the interests of the people whom such demagogues profess to represent. Readers have merely to glance through the voluminous *Documents de l'Internationale* by James Guillaume (4 vols. 1907), the best official record of the proceedings of the society, to convince themselves of the truth of this assertion. Further light has been thrown on the Marxian intrigues by Guillaume's recent brochure *Karl Marx, pan-Germaniste* (Armand Colin, 1915), and by Edmond Laskine's admirable work, *L'Internationale et le pan-Germanisme* (Floury, 1916). In France, therefore, the Marxian legend has been completely shattered, and it is doubtless owing to the fact that none of these books have been translated into English that a belief in Marx still survives in this country. Mr. Adolphe Smith's very valuable pamphlet is the only English work of this kind known to the present writer, and it should be scattered broadcast through the land.²

On the other hand, the Marxians' accusations against

¹ Heckethorn's *Secret Societies*, ii. 235.

² *The Pan-German Internationale*, articles by Adolphe Smith, Official Anglo-French Interpreter from 1882 at the Congresses of the Internationale. Reprinted from the *Times*, price 3d. Copies may be obtained from Adolphe Smith, 17 Scarsdale Terrace, Kensington, W.8. It is regrettable that Mr. Smith's larger work, *The Betrayal of the Internationale*, of which he has kindly allowed me to make use, has not yet been published.

the Anarchists may be read in the pamphlet *L'Alliance Sociale Démocratique*, published by order of the Congress of La Haye in 1873; the first part written by Engels and Lafargue, the conclusion by Marx and Engels with "the object of killing Bakunin dead (*le tuer raide mort*)."¹

After perusing the case for both sides in this final dispute it is impossible to retain any illusions on the character of either Marx or his opponent; we need not, therefore, have recourse to anti-Socialist literature in order to realize to the full the perfidy and hypocrisy of that bogus company that called itself "The International Association of Working Men."

¹ Guillaume, *Documents*, iii. 148.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COURSE OF ANARCHY

Nihilism in Russia — Murder of Alexander II. — The revived Illuminati — Johann Most — Revolutionary Congress in London — Anarchist outrages in Western Europe — Fenianism — British Socialism.

ALTHOUGH Anarchy had been vanquished in the Internationale, it was Anarchy not State Socialism that after the revolution of 1871 obtained control of the revolutionary movement. Revolts against the Marxian autocracy of the Internationale—"the Marxist synagogue"¹ as Bakunin described it—broke out in Italy, Spain, Belgium, and in the Jura Federation that had been organized by the expelled Anarchists.²

But it was in Russia that Anarchy found its natural home, where the ground had been prepared by the propaganda of the Nihilists carried on indefatigably since the early 'sixties. Romantic Russian writers are anxious to make us believe that *Nihilism*—of which the name first appears in Turghenieff's novel, *Fathers and Sons*, in 1861—was some kind of mystic creed indigenous to Russia, but to the readers of this book the tenets of the Nihilists will seem strangely familiar. Thus, for example, Bazaroff, the hero of Turghenieff's romance, explains that "it is necessary above all to clear the ground. Later, when all institutions have been destroyed, when a *tabula rasa* is complete, then existing forces, then humanity will crystallize again in new institutions which will no doubt be appropriate to surrounding conditions." The words have a reminiscent echo of Rabaud de St. Etienne's: "Every-

¹ Ettore Zoccoli, *L'Anarchia*, p. 116.

² Kropotkin, *Modern Science and Anarchism*, pp. 43, 62.

thing, yes, everything must be destroyed, since everything must be remade."

The Nihilist, Prince Kropotkine informs us, "declared war upon what may be described as 'the conventional lies of civilized mankind' . . . he refused to bow before any authority except that of reason. . . ." Accordingly he "broke, of course, with the superstitions of his fathers" with regard to religion, whilst in the matter of social relations "he assumed a certain external roughness" — as a protest against conventional politeness. "Art was involved in the same sweeping negation," the Nihilist's attitude being expressed in the words: "A pair of boots is more important than all your Madonnas and all your refined talk about Shakespeare."¹

The "equality of the sexes" was a fundamental doctrine of Nihilism which, as the Père Deschamps points out, is only another expression for the destruction of family life.² "According to the Nihilists, men and women live together in little groups where all is in common. In order to be wholly independent the woman must herself provide her livelihood." Maternity being an inequality of nature, "the Nihilist woman therefore willingly abandons" her offspring.³

Above all, of course, religion must be destroyed, and Stepniak admiringly describes the campaign carried on by the band of enthusiastic propagandists who preached materialism throughout Russia both in speech and print. "Atheism excited people like a new religion. The zealous went about, like veritable missionaries, in search of living souls, in order to cleanse them from the abomination of Christianity."⁴

Had not Anacharsis Clootz done likewise up to the very foot of the scaffold? What indeed is there in all this but the resuscitated plan of Illuminism? Père Deschamps' suggestion that Nihilism was simply the Eastern branch of Bakunin's Alliance Sociale Démocratique modelled on Weishaupt's Order, goes less to the root of the matter

¹ Kropotkine, *Memoirs of a Revolutionary*, ii. 86, 88.

² Deschamps, ii. 574.

³ Fribourg, *L'Association Internationale des Travailleurs*, p. 184.

⁴ Stepniak, *Underground Russia*, p. 5.

than his further explanation that the youthful philosophers of Russia had gone to the fountain-head by studying at German universities. Turghenieff himself had spent three years in Berlin reading Hegelian philosophy. It was therefore directly from Germany that Illuminism under its new name of Nihilism travelled to Russia. The very name itself had been foretold by Joseph de Maistre in the first years of the century when he declared that the doctrines of Illuminism would lead men to become "rienistes."¹

Yet if the seed was not indigenous to Russia the soil was peculiarly adapted to its growth. The theory that "civilization is all wrong," however preposterous when applied to Western Europe, had something to commend it in the case of Russia. There civilization, consisting in a foreign veneer hastily applied to a rude natural surface, might appear even to non-anarchic minds "all wrong" — a process that needed redoing from the outset.

Civilization to be of any value must be necessarily of slow growth, must moreover begin at the bottom — in the hearts not in the manners of the people. England had her Alfred the Great, her Richard Cœur de Lion; France her Saint Louis and her Henry IV. These and other great founders of their civilizations had implanted deep down in the life of each nation those principles of humanity and compassion, of honour and of justice which in the latter country even the Revolution could not entirely eradicate.

Russia had never known these early influences; founded on Tartar instead of Roman ideas, she had remained sunk in barbarism until Peter the Great began his veneering process which, applied to the rude surface of Russian life, resulted in a form of culture both premature and unnatural. To change the simile, such civilization as Russia had attained in the nineteenth century was not the natural growth of the soil; it was a German civilization wholly foreign to the "genius" of her people. There was much that was good and wholesome in the life of the Russian peasants. De Custine declared that it was worth coming to Russia if only to see "the pure image of patriarchal

¹ Deschamps, ii. 586.

society" and the "celestial faces" of the old peasants seated with dignity at the end of the day before the threshold of their cottages.¹ "One must go into the interior of Russia to know what primitive man was worth and all that the refinements of society have made him lose. I have said and I repeat it . . . in this patriarchal country, it is civilization that spoils man."²

It is easy then to understand how the "illuminated" doctrine of a return to Nature might find an echo in the least anarchic minds when applied to Russia, and if it had been only this foreign and artificial civilization the Nihilists had set out to destroy, who could have blamed them? If, further, they had had anything better to offer in its place, who could have failed to applaud them? But the tragedy of Russia is never to have been allowed to develop along her own national lines; she had been made by the Romanovs to imitate Western civilization, now she was to be taught by the revolutionaries to imitate Western methods of overthrowing it. Bakunin had raged against German Petersbourgeois Imperialism (*cet impérialisme petersbourgeois allemand*), and it was German Illuminism his followers brought to Russia in its stead. The tendency to anarchy latent in the Russian nature, as exemplified in the Baron Ungern von Sternberg, was to be exploited in the interests of World Revolution. For, in spite of the serenity described by de Custine as characteristic of the Russian peasant in his normal moments, he responds only too readily to suggestions of violence. And when we consider this peculiarity, when we remember the tendency to drunkenness and to brutality that underlies his surface impassiveness we realize the fearful danger of taking from him the only restraints he knew — respect for God and the Czar.

Was the Imperial Government, then, to tolerate the campaign of insubordination and of militant atheism conducted by the Nihilists from 1866 onwards?

Can it be seriously maintained that any government would have been doing its duty if it had not protected the simple peasantry from these disintegrating doctrines?

¹ *La Russie en 1839*, iv. 9, 10.

² *Ibid.* iv. 97.

What could it do but arrest, imprison, exile, and suppress by all means in its power the germ-carriers who would have infected the whole life of the people? If the methods adopted resembled those of Eastern potentates rather than those of our own enlightened legislators, it must be remembered that the rulers of Russia can no more than their subjects be judged by Western standards. Moreover, without condoning the brutality of the repression exercised, it must be recognized that a *revers du médaillon* exists.

Let us put ourselves in the place of Nicholas I., who has been persistently represented as an intractable autocrat. Ascending the throne with the warning of the French Revolution ringing in his ears, he found himself immediately confronted by the Dekabrist outbreak, obviously engineered by secret forces — an experience that left a deep impression on his mind. Yet, in spite of this, have we not seen him visiting Robert Owen at New Lanark, and in 1839 receiving deputations of serfs begging to be transferred to the royal domains, assuring them, moreover, of his desire for their emancipation — alas, with what fatal results! No wonder, then, that we find him declaring: "Despotism exists in Russia since it is the essence of my government, but it is in accord with the genius of the nation."¹ Three hundred years earlier the Austrian ambassador to Moscow had asked whether it was the character of the Russian nation that had made autocrats, or autocrats that had made the character of the Russian nation,² and de Custine, echoing the question in 1839, gives as his opinion: "If the iron rod that directs this still brutalized people were to cease for an instant to weigh on it, the whole of society would be overthrown."³

We have only to study the history of Russia throughout the nineteenth century to realize that every step towards reform became the signal for a fresh outbreak of revolutionary agitation. The Nihilist movement followed directly on the era of reform inaugurated by Alexander II. The emancipation of the serfs in 1861 did nothing to allay agitation, and if, as we are assured, the measure failed to

¹ de Custine, *La Russie en 1839*, ii. 46.

² *Ibid.* i. 241.

³ *Ibid.* ii. 217.

satisfy the peasants we must at least recognize the sincerity of the Emperor's intentions. To turn against him at this juncture was naturally to drive him into reaction and to arrest the whole movement of reform.

It cannot be too often repeated — violence begets violence; and if we are to see in Nihilism the outcome of repression, as truly must we recognize in so-called "Czarism" the result of agitation. The revolutionaries plotted secretly against the State, and the State defended itself by the secret methods of "the Third Section"; the authorities forbade the circulation of seditious pamphlets, and the traffickers in forbidden literature redoubled their efforts to smuggle it into the country; each side pitted its wits against the other, and thus the vicious circle once created could not be arrested.

It was not, however, until after 1871 that the Russian revolutionary movement entered on its violent phases. The example of the Paris Commune then spread eastwards, and the revolutionaries, no longer known as Nihilists but as "Revolutionary Socialists," embarked on the series of outrages which marked the years 1873-1881.

Much has been written about the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the burning enthusiasm of the "Tchaikovsky Circle" that was inaugurated toward the end of 1872 at St. Petersburg with ramifications at Moscow and other large towns of Russia. This little band of propagandists that consisted solely of upper-and middle-class intellectuals certainly showed themselves capable of great courage and endurance when the movement passed from words to deeds, but at the outset it is evident, from the accounts given by the members themselves, that they derived no small amount of enjoyment from the novelty and excitement the new life provided.

One must know something of the Russian character from personal experience to understand this; to the Russian, intrigue, particularly of the political variety, is as the breath of life, and we have already seen how to Bakunin the preparing of revolution — the secret signs and codes, chemical inks, all-night discussions over tea and cigarettes — afforded a joy incomprehensible to the

Western mind. More especially was this passion to be found in the young women of the country who hitherto had exercised in the service of the Czars their talent for secret political intrigue; Catherine the Great had made great use of these "Northern Aspasia's" acting as her unofficial ambassadors and spies, and under Nicholas I. the same "organized feminine diplomacy" was continued by "political Amazons" whose passion for meddling in affairs of State absorbed them to the exclusion of all other matters — even love.

It is easy to understand that to women of this type the revolutionary movement should have offered a career even more enticing; to the delights of intrigue were added the charm of novelty and the excitement provided by an element of danger. The young Russian girls with cropped hair, dressed in boyish garments, who crowded to Zürich as students — medical or otherwise — could enjoy all the sensation of an adventure, and on their return to Russia thousands of men and women students went to live in towns and villages to carry on Socialistic propaganda amongst the workers. To the young, the strong, and the adventurous this kind of life may well have proved congenial; indeed in Prince Kropotkin's own account of his adventures as a member of the Tchaikovsky Circle we cannot fail to detect an afterglow of exhilaration. Throwing a peasant's shirt and coat over his silk undergarments this aristocratic anarchist would slip out of the Winter Palace at night and betake himself to the slums of St. Petersburg where meetings of the workers were held.

To play at being peasants has frequently proved a pastime to jaded aristocracy, and Kropotkin, masquerading as "Borodin" in a sheepskin, consulted as an oracle by the other sheepskins, evidently found these evenings more entertaining than the dreary formalities of St. Petersburg society.

Peter Kropotkin, who may be regarded as the milder type of visionary anarchist, was born in 1842 at Moscow. Although a follower and an ardent admirer of Bakunin, Kropotkin in his private life showed himself greatly superior to his master. Unlike Bakunin he was a worker,

though not in the sense he implied in his writings. To identify himself with the "proletariat" in such phrases as "*we* shall succeed in getting *our* rights respected" is of course the purest affectation. Kropotkine, who had never worked with his hands but only with his brain, was essentially an aristocrat of the same variety as the aristocrats of France who before 1789 loved to dilate on the necessity of destroying the existing order. The keynote of all Kropotkine's writings is unreality, never does he at any point come to grips with life, and it is here he differs from Bakunin. The "Russian giant" was a realist, and in advocating revolution he knew perfectly well what revolution meant—violence, bloodshed, confusion, chaos—all things in which his soul delighted. On human nature, as we have seen, he entertained no illusions, and it was for criminals that he expressed his warmest sympathy. Kropotkine, less practical, or perhaps less honest, expressed a boundless belief in human nature; a disciple of Rousseau as well as of Weishaupt, he held that "the inequality of fortunes and conditions, the exploitation of man by man, the domination of the masses by a few, had in the course of ages undermined and destroyed the precious products of the primitive life of society"¹—a passage that might well seem to be taken verbatim from the famous essay on "l'Inégalité des Conditions."

With the same wild disregard for truth Kropotkine echoes Rousseau's panegyrics on the happiness and benevolence of savages,² "the fraternity and solidarity" that distinguishes tribal life, "the hospitality of primitive peoples, their respect for human life, compassion for the weak," and personal self-sacrifice. Arriving inevitably at the same conclusions as Weishaupt, Kropotkine argues that human nature being so inherently benign, all restraint should be removed, all law and government abolished, even murderers should go unpunished and criminals should "be soothed with fraternal care."³ So identical are many of these theories with those of Weishaupt that it is impossible not to believe that, like Bakunin, he had fallen under

¹ Kropotkine, *Paroles d'un révolté*, p. 19.

² *Les Temps nouveaux*, p. 21.

³ *Paroles d'un révolté*, pp. 223, 242, 244.

the spell of Illuminism and was consciously working for the sect that had as its object the "universal revolution which should deal the death-blow to society."

The connection between all the succeeding disciples of Weishaupt can only be established by comparing their writings, when it will become evident that passages so closely resembling each other cannot be attributed to mere coincidence, and the main ideas of World Revolution will be seen to descend in unbroken sequence from one revolutionary group to another. Indeed Kropotkine himself informs us that between the "Alliance Sociale Démocratique" of Bakunin and the secret societies of 1795 there was "a direct affiliation."¹ If, then, Nihilism was working in conjunction with Bakunin's association — and we cannot doubt it — it is easy to see how the theories of the Philadelphes percolated to the Tchaikovsky Circle.

It is thus that in Kropotkine's *Paroles d'un révolté*, where more than in any other of his writings his programme of revolution is set forth, we seem to hear again the voice of that earlier Illuminatus Gracchus Babeuf, member of the Philadelphes and continuer of the plan of Weishaupt. Although not a Communist like Babeuf, Kropotkine advocates, for example, the same system of trade by barter. "Do you wish tools and machinery?" he asks the peasants; "you will come to an understanding with the workers of the towns, who will send them to you in exchange for your products"² and we are seriously asked to imagine life conducted by means of this continual weighing up of values — the peasant requiring a scythe despatching to the town a sitting of turkeys' eggs, and the worth being deemed insufficient, receiving in exchange a chisel — which he does not happen to want!

Not merely in puerilities such as these does Kropotkine continue the tradition of Babeuf, but also in the organization of the coming revolution. Babeuf, it will be remembered, was the first to preach the "great day of the people" — the day whereon the maddened multitude should fling itself upon all wealth and property as the

¹ Kropotkine, *The Great French Revolution*, p. 580.

² *Paroles d'un révolté*, p. 166.

preliminary to Communism. This simple and expeditious method, long since abandoned by the Communists in favour of the gradual acquisition of political power, was now revived by the Anarchists with the object of inaugurating their rival system, and thus in his chapter on "Expropriation" we find Kropotkine reproducing almost verbatim the old programme of Babeuf.

"General expropriation alone," writes Kropotkine, "can satisfy the multitude of sufferers and oppressed. From the domain of theory they must be made to enter that of practice. But in order that expropriation should answer to its principle, which is to suppress all private property and to give back all to all, it must be accomplished on a vast scale. On a small scale we should see nothing but vulgar pillage; on a large one it is the beginning of social reorganization."¹

But although Bakunin had declared that "robbery was one of the most honourable forms of Russian national life," and that "he who does not understand robbery can understand nothing in the history of the Russian masses,"² it appears that the plan of laying violent hands on all property was one to which the people could not be expected yet to rise: "It would be a fatal error," Kropotkine observes regretfully, "to believe that the idea of expropriation has yet penetrated into the minds of all the workers and become one of those convictions for which an upright man is ready to sacrifice his life. Far from it!"³ And he goes on to explain the necessity of educating the people up to this sublime ideal.

In order to persuade the Russian peasants to emulate those of France in the preceding century by seizing social riches, "we" — Revolutionary Socialists — he writes, "must work incessantly from this moment to disseminate the idea of expropriation by all our words and all our acts. . . . Let the word 'expropriation' penetrate into every *commune* of the country, let it be discussed in every village, and become, for every workman and every peasant, an integral part of the word Anarchy, and then, only then,

¹ *Paroles d'un révolté*, p. 337.

² *Words addressed to Students*, by Bakunin and Netchaieff (1869).

³ *Paroles d'un révolté*, p. 320.

we shall be sure that on the day of the Revolution it will be on all lips, that it will rise formidable, backed by the whole people, and that the blood of the people will not have flowed in vain." ¹

Kropotkine's idol Marat himself could not have written a more direct incentive to violence, and when we consider that he was one of the leading members of the Tchaikovsky Circle, and that this was the kind of propaganda the band of heroic "missionaries" was engaged in carrying out amongst the people from 1872 onwards, we cannot wonder that the Government again saw fit to intervene.

Thirty-seven provinces, a Government circular declared, had been "infected" by the Socialist contagion,² and in 1878 wholesale arrests were ordered. Then the vicious circle began again: a propagandist, Boguljuboff, was knouted by the police, and a woman revolutionary Vera Sassulitch, retaliated by attempting to shoot Trepoff, the Prefect of Police in St. Petersburg; Sassulitch was acquitted, but Kowalsky, the leader of a band of revolutionaries in Odessa, was shot, and in revenge Mesentseff, head of the Third Section, was murdered by Kravchinsky (alias Stepniak) on the Nevsky Prospect.

Then followed a series of attempts on the life of Alexander II.: in September 1879 the conspirators, led by Sophie Perovskaia and Leo Hartmann, formed a plan to blow up the Imperial train just outside Moscow, but only succeeded in destroying a train which did not contain the Emperor; in the following year two other Terrorists, Halturin and Scheliaboff, succeeded in exploding a charge of dynamite beneath the dining-room of the Winter Palace, but again the Emperor escaped without injury.

Meanwhile Alexander II., with a newly appointed minister, Count Loris Melikoff, continued to work out plans for reform. Melikoff, whatever his shortcomings might be, was a man of far more liberal tendencies than his predecessors, and indeed we find a Finnish writer declaring that "some of the measures adopted by him should have shown to every thoughtful person that he was planning

¹ *Paroles d'un révolté*, p. 322.

² Stepniak, *Underground Russia*, p. 28.

the introduction of far-reaching reforms which might perhaps have led to the regeneration of Russia." ¹ Whether this is so or not it is certain that Loris Melikoff was largely instrumental in deciding the Emperor to convoke an advisory assembly on the question of reforms, and, more important, it was Melikoff who finally on the 2nd of March 1881 laid before him the plan of a constitution.

Are we to believe that, as has been already suggested, the word "Constitution" was the rallying cry of the secret societies? We have seen that in the French Revolution both the framing of the Constitution in 1789 and its acceptance by the king in 1791 became the signals for fresh outbreaks of revolutionary fury; we have seen the Dekabrist outbreak of 1825 in Russia led by the same war-cry, and now again in Russia of 1881 the same strange phenomenon occurs.

No sooner had Melikoff embarked on his career of reforms than an attempt had been made to murder him, and on the very day that Alexander II. signed the Constitution he was cut down by the hand of an assassin.

Even Prince Kropotkine is obliged to recognize the Emperor's courage and noble self-sacrifice at that supreme moment when, at a signal from Sophie Petrovskaja, a bomb was thrown at the Imperial carriage as it passed along the road by the Catherine Canal; only the mounted Cossacks surrounding it received any injuries, and the coachman urged the Tsar to allow him to drive on out of danger. But Alexander refused to leave his followers to their fate and deliberately went forth to meet his death. As he walked towards the wounded and dying Cossacks lying in the snow beside his carriage a second assassin with inconceivable cowardice threw another bomb, and this time Alexander fell mortally wounded.

The same night the draft of the Constitution bearing the Emperor's signature was torn into a hundred fragments by one of his son's advisers.

So ended for the moment all hope of reform in Russia. Inevitable reaction followed on this dastardly crime. The conspirators — Scheliaboff, Ryssakoff, Sophie Petrov-

¹ *The Revolutionary Movement in Russia*, by Konni Zilliacus, p. 101.

skaia, and two others — were put to death, it is said with fearful cruelty.

But though we must execrate these barbarous methods of retaliation, we must surely admit that brutality was to be found on both sides. If we pity the so-called "martyrs" of Imperial despotism may we not also ask: What pity had these men and woman felt for *their* victims — not only for the "agents of despotism" they set out to destroy, but for the innocent men of the people sacrificed with them? What regard had they shown for human life in their attempts to wreck the Imperial train? What of the engine-driver and other employés involved in the disaster? What of the many people actually killed and wounded in this attempt that miscarried? What of the thirty soldiers on duty who perished in the explosion at the Winter Palace?

Let us pity, then, the "martyrs" whose tortures no circumstances can justify, but let us reserve some pity for those humble and forgotten victims whom no revolutionary writer seems to consider of the slightest consequence.

ANARCHY IN WESTERN EUROPE

In 1878 Western Europe experienced a repercussion of the Russian Terror, and the four leading Anarchists, Kropotkine, Cafiero, Malatesta, and Brousse, organized a worldwide scheme of violence described by them as the "Propaganda of the Deed," which found its first expression in an attempt on the life of King Humbert of Italy. This outrage was followed by two attempts of the same kind directed against the Emperor William I. of Germany. If we are to believe Socialist writers, neither Hödel nor Dr. Karl Nöbiling, who within a month fired at the Emperor in Berlin, had any connection with the Socialist or Anarchist movement, but served simply as a pretext for the anti-Socialist law which Bismarck passed triumphantly at the end of the year. This would be quite in keeping with German Imperial policy, which had always consisted in crushing at home the subversive forces it used so freely abroad, and it is quite possible that a half-witted youth such as Hödel — with photographs of the leading Socialists,

Liebkneckt and Bebel, placed in his pockets by the Berlin police — may have been hired for the deed, — *agents provocateurs* are, of course, a favourite resource of autocratic governments.

Bismarck was thus able to nip in the bud not only Socialism but Anarchy, which in the person of Johann Most threatened to become a danger.

Germany itself, as Zenker observes, "may be termed the most free from Anarchists of any country in Europe."¹ The "genius" of the German people is naturally disinclined to Individualism, and whether in the form of Prussian militarism or of State Socialism always favours mass formation. It was thus by the Social Democrats themselves that Most was finally expelled. It will be noticed that whenever agitators threaten seriously to disturb the peace in Germany they are either summarily suppressed or used for export — preferably to England. Whether in accordance with this plan or on his own initiative Most came to London in 1879, where he organized a society called the "United Socialists," on the principles of Marx's *Communist Manifesto*, and having for its motto the Marxian battle-cry, "Workers of all countries, unite!" At the same time he founded a secret association under the name of the "Propagandist Club" with a view to preparing "the general revolution."²

Yet in London he found an even less fruitful field for his labours than in Berlin. "England, the ancient refuge of political offenders," wrote Zenker in 1895, "although it has sheltered Bakunin, Kropotkine, Reclus, Most, Penkert, Louise Michel, Cafiero, Malatesta, and other Anarchist leaders, and still shelters some of them; although London is rich in Anarchist clubs and newspapers, meetings, and congresses; yet possesses no Anarchism 'native to the soil,' and has formed at all times merely a kind of exchange or market-place for Anarchist ideas, motive forces, and the literature of agitation. London is especially the headquarters of German Anarchism; the English working-classes have, however, always regarded their ideas very

¹ E. V. Zenker, *Anarchism* (Eng. trans.), p. 238.

² Dr. Zacher, *Die Rothe Internationale* (1884).

coldly, while the Government have always regarded the eccentric proceedings of the Anarchists, as long as they confined themselves merely to talking or writing, in the most logical spirit of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*.”¹ Indeed, so sturdy was the resistance offered by British Labour to Most’s doctrines that when he endeavoured to publish his paper *Freedom* no printer could be found to set up the type. Alas! with the spread “of education” (?) such obstacles have long since been removed!

In 1881 Prince Kropotkin visited London and found his reception equally discouraging. At his meetings he was obliged to talk to almost empty benches. Only in the towns of the North were anarchic doctrines met with some degree of enthusiasm. “The year I passed in London,” he wrote despondently, “was a year of real exile. For one who held advanced Socialist opinions there was no atmosphere to breathe in. There was no sign of that animated Socialist movement which I found so largely developed on my return in 1886.”²

What was it that provided the fresh impetus to the plan of World Revolution during those five years? In the past, as we have seen, the secret societies had provided the medium through which it was able to work, and after their absorption by the Internationale the so-called “Working Men’s Association” had become the great cover for its activities. But now that the Internationale was dead it became necessary for the secret societies to reorganize, and it is at this crisis that we find that “formidable sect” springing to life again — *the original Illuminati of Weishaupt*.

The facts about this resuscitated order are very difficult to ascertain, for naturally they have been carefully kept from the public, and as in the case of the earlier

¹ *Anarchism*, p. 242. Zenker here displays remarkable discernment with regard to the attitude of the British Government, which is usually incomprehensible to foreigners, the prevalent idea on the Continent (especially in France) being that the tolerance displayed in this country towards alien agitators springs from a profound Machiavellian policy of encouraging subversive ideas for the weakening of rival powers. To the French mind our national naïveté is inconceivable; it cannot believe that we really regard these people as harmless eccentrics whom it would be tyrannical to suppress.

² *Memoirs of a Revolutionary*, ii. 251.

Illuminati of 1776 every effort has been made by interested writers to conceal the existence of the society, or, if it must be admitted, to represent it as a perfectly innocuous and unimportant association.

What we do know definitely is that the society was refounded in Dresden in 1880¹ — not in 1896 as it has been asserted — but it seems that its existence was not discovered until 1899. That it was consciously modelled on its eighteenth-century predecessor is clear from the fact that its chief, one Leopold Engel, was the author of a lengthy panegyric on Weishaupt and his Order, entitled *Geschichte des Illuminaten Ordens* (published in 1906), and in 1903 the original lodge at Ingoldstadt was restored. The official organ of the association from 1893 onwards was *Das Wort*. The society is still in existence and is believed to number adherents not only on the Continent but in our own country.

Of course we shall be assured that this association had no connection with the course of the World Revolution; yet the fact remains that the year of 1880, in which it was refounded, inaugurated a recrudescence of the revolutionary movement both in Europe and America.

On the 20th of August of this same year a secret revolutionary congress was held at Wyden in Switzerland, which brought about a definite rupture between the two German groups — the Social Democrats, led by Liebknecht and Bebel, formally expelling the Anarchists, led by Johann Most and Hasselmann. The theory of the latter as summarized by Zacher will be seen to be identical with the plan of the first Illuminati: "They held the existing order of things to be so corrupt that they were ready to compass its overthrow by any means, however violent, without concerning themselves as to what should take the place of that which they destroyed. *Their ideal was universal chaos, which must have as its necessary consequence the war of all against all and the break-up of all civilization.*"²

The connection between these plotters and the Nihilists of Russia is also clearly apparent. Two days after the

¹ "Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart," *Encyclopedia*, edited by Friedrich Schiele and Leopold Zscharnack (Tübingen, 1912); article on "Illuminaten."

² Zacher, *Die Rothe Internationale*.

assassination of Alexander II. Hasselmann had addressed a meeting in New York, from which a message of sympathy was sent to the Russian Nihilists containing this phrase: "Brothers, we thoroughly approve your procedure. Kill, destroy, make of everything a *tabula rasa* till your enemies and ours have been annihilated."¹ The exact formula of Nihilism will be here recognized.

The Social Democrats differed only from the Anarchists in believing that this consummation should be effected by a more gradual process; and herein, as Zacher points out, lies their sole claim to "moderation" — if the Socialist party "attempts before the outer world to play the rôle of a peaceable party of reform, this is nothing more than a strategical manoeuvre in order to maintain a show of legality in the face of public opinion and not to frighten waverers away. . . . However divergent, therefore, may be the views of the two factions of German Socialists, *i.e.* the Social Democrats and Anarchists, with regard to the policy to be pursued and the final goal to be attained, yet they both rest upon the same foundation, that is, the conviction that the present system cannot continue and must therefore be overthrown, which can only take place by forcible means."

Moreover, by the respective organs of the two parties, the *Sozialdemokrat* of the so-called moderates and the *Freiheit* of the Anarchists, we find the original ideas of Weishaupt, Cloutz, and Bakunin clearly expressed. Thus, for example, in the matter of religion the *Sozialdemokrat* for the 25th of May 1880 declares that "it must be candidly avowed Christianity is the bitterest enemy of Social Democracy. . . . When God is driven out of the brains of men, the whole system of privilege by the grace of God comes to the ground, and when Heaven hereafter is recognized as a big lie, men will attempt to establish Heaven here. Therefore whoever assails Christianity assails, at the same time, monarchy and capitalism."²

In the same manner the *Freiheit* for February 5, 1881, characterized Christianity as "a swindle invented by jugglers," and went on to observe: "Do but read the

¹ Zacher, *Die Rote Internationale*, p. 28.

² *Ibid.* p. 25.

Bible through, supposing you can overcome the disgust that must seize you when you open the pages of the most infamous of all shameful books ("das infamste aller Schandbücher"), and you may soon observe that the God whom this twaddle inculcates is a million-headed, fire-spitting, vengeance-breathing, ferocious dragon."¹

The war on the *bourgeoisie* waged by Marat, Robespierre, Cloutz, and Hébert under the influence of the Illuminati is again declared by *Freiheit* for December 18, 1880: "It is no longer aristocracy and royalty that the people can intend to destroy. Here perhaps but a *coup de grace* or two are yet needed. No, but in the coming onslaught the object is to smite the entire middle-class with annihilation." Or again: "Extirpate all the contemptible brood! Such is the refrain of a revolutionary song. . . . Science now puts means into our hands which make it possible to arrange for the wholesale destruction of the brutes in a perfectly quiet and business-like fashion," etc.²

In July 1881 the Anarchists assembled a small International Revolutionary Congress in London under the aegis of Johann Most and the German-Jewish Nihilist, Hartmann — author of the plot for blowing up the Czar's trains two years earlier — at which Prince Kropotkin was present as delegate from the Anarchists of Lyons. Amongst the resolutions passed were the following:

The revolutionaries of all countries are uniting into an "International Social Revolutionary Working Men's Association" for the purpose of a social revolution. The headquarters of the Association is at London, and sub-committees are formed in Paris, Geneva, and New York. . . . The committees of each country keep up regular correspondence amongst themselves and with the chief committee by means of intermediate addresses for the sake of giving continuous information; and it is their duty to collect money for the purchase of poison and arms, as well as to discover places suitable for the construction of mines, etc. To attain the proposed end, the annihilation of all rulers, ministers of State, nobility, the clergy, the most prominent capitalists, and other exploiters, any means are permissible, and therefore great attention should be given specially to the study of chemistry and the preparation of explosives, as being the most important weapons, etc.³

¹ Zacher, *Die Rote Internationale*, p. 27.

² *Ibid.* p. 26.

³ Zenker, *Anarchism*, p. 231; Zacher, *Die Rote Internationale*.

This was a little too much even for the confiding British Government, and Most was at last condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment. Disgusted at this treatment, and still more at his difficulties with the printing of his *Freiheit*, "Most, grumbling, left thankless old England and went to the New World, where however he was, if possible, taken even less seriously."¹

Prince Kropotkin also shook the dust of Britain off his feet. "My wife and I," he writes, "felt so lonely in London, and our efforts to awaken a Socialist movement in England seemed so hopeless, that in the autumn of 1882 we decided to remove again to France. We were sure that in France I should soon be arrested; but we often said to each other, "Better a French prison than this grave."²

People who see in the Russian revolutionary movement only the natural result of repression will do well to note this passage. The amazing degree of liberty accorded by the British Government to the foreign agitator elicits from him no word of gratitude or appreciation, nor does it seem to occur to him that the fact of England being a free country might have something to do with the difficulty of rousing in it a spirit of rebellion. To Kropotkin this land of liberty, even more than Czarist Russia, was "a grave."

It will be seen that the recrudescence of the revolutionary movement cannot then be attributed to any subversive tendencies on the part of the people, but coincides exactly with the reorganization of the Illuminati. Even the most incredulous must surely admit it to be a curious coincidence that the society was reconstructed in 1880 and that on January 1, 1881 — that is to say, the very year when Prince Kropotkin was lamenting the lack of Socialist enthusiasm amongst the British working-classes — Mr. Hyndman in the *Nineteenth Century* announced "The Dawn of a Revolutionary Epoch." It is evident that once again the people were not in the secret of the movement and that preparations were going forward without their knowledge in co-operation with foreign revolutionaries.

¹ Zenker, p. 243.

² *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*, ii. 254. In the light of this sentence it was amusing to find the British press referring to Prince Kropotkin in his obituary notices as "a sincere lover of England!"

The connection between the secret organizations of this date with German Illuminism is, moreover, clearly evident. Thus in London a lodge called by the same name as that to which the Illuminatus Gracchus Babeuf had belonged — the *Philadelphes* — carried on the rite of Memphis — founded, it is said, by Cagliostro on Egyptian occultism — and initiated adepts into the higher grades of illuminized Freemasonry.¹ It was here that Johann Most and Hartmann conducted their intrigues and that, in spite of the recalcitrance of the printers, they succeeded for a time in publishing their journal *Freiheit*, and it was by associations of the same kind in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia that both Most and Hartmann were received on their arrival in America. That these American associations were continuously in touch with the Anarchist movement in England is clear from the fact that delegates had been sent by them to attend the aforesaid International Congress in London in July 1881 "with the object of studying chemical methods which might be useful to the work of revolution."²

In all these plottings England seems to have been the chief objective, as the following extraordinary passage that appeared in the *New York World* a year or two later testifies:

"ÇA IRA! ÉCRASEZ LES INFAMES!"

The storm of revolution is looming and lowering over Europe which will crush out and obliterate for ever the hydra-headed monarchies and nobilities of the Old World. In Russia the Nihilist is astir. In France the Communist is the coming man. In Germany the Social Democrat will soon rise again in his millions as in the days of Ferdinand Lassalle. In Italy the Internationalist is frequently heard from. In Spain the marks of the Black Hand have been visible on many an occasion. In Ireland the Fenian and Avenger terrorise, and in England the Land League is growing. All cry aloud for the blue blood of the monarch and the aristocrat. They wish to see it pouring again on the scaffold. Will it be by the guillotine that cut off the head of Louis XVI.? Or by the headsman's axe that decapitated Charles I.? Or by the dynamite that searched out the vitals of Alexander the Second? Or will it be by the hangman's noose around the neck of the next British monarch?

¹ Deschamps, iii. 628.

² *Ibid.* iii. 629.

No one can tell but that the coming English *sans culottes*, the descendants of Wamba the Fool and Gurth the Swineherd, will discover the necessary method and relentlessly employ it. They will make the nobles — who fatten and luxuriate in the castles and abbeys, and on the lands stolen from the Saxon, sacrilegiously robbed from the Catholic Church and kept from the peasantry of the villages and the labourer of the towns — wish they had never been born. They will be the executioners of the fate so justly merited by the aristocratic criminals of the past and the present. The cry that theirs is blue blood and that they are the privileged caste will not avail the men and women of rank when the English Republic is born. They will have to expiate their tyrannies, their murders, their lusts, and their crimes in accordance with the law given on Sinai amid the thunders of heaven: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations."¹

Sir Lepel Griffin, who quotes "these ravings," adds the significant words: "It is necessary to note that the *New York World* is edited by a German."

If we do not believe in a connection between occult forces and world revolution how are we to explain these periodic outbursts of revolutionary fury proceeding not from the people but from the enemies of the country against which they are directed? According to Mr. Hyndman, in the aforesaid article, the movement was largely developing under the auspices of the Jews, and it is interesting to compare this prophecy with that of Disraeli that had immediately preceded the 1848 explosion, for the point of view in both will be seen to be identical:

The influence of the Jews at the present time is more noticeable than ever. . . . They are at the head of European capitalists. . . . In politics many Jews are in the front rank. The press in more than one European capital is almost wholly in their hands. The Rothschilds are but the leading name among a whole series of capitalists, etc. . . . But whilst on the one hand the Jews are thus beyond dispute the leaders of the plutocracy of Europe . . . another section of the same race form the leaders of that revolutionary propaganda which is making way against that very capitalist class represented by their own fellow-Jews. Jews — more than any other men — have held forth against those who make their living not by producing value, but by trading on the differences of value; they at this moment are acting as the leaders in the revolutionary move-

¹ *The Great Republic*, by Sir Lepel Henry Griffin (1884), pp. 3-4.

ment which I have endeavoured to trace. Surely we have here a very strange phenomenon. . . . Those, therefore, who are accustomed to look upon all Jews as essentially practical and conservative, as certain, too, to enlist on the side of the prevailing social system, will be obliged to reconsider their conclusions. But the whole subject of the bad and good effects of Jewish influence on European social conditions is worthy of a more thorough investigation than can be undertaken here. Enough, that in the period we are approaching not the slightest influence on the side of revolution will be that of the Jew.

That Jews belonging to both the revolutionary camps of Anarchy and of State Socialism were now co-operating in their efforts to overthrow the existing social system is seen from another passage in Mr. Hyndman's works, in which he describes a visit he paid to Karl Marx when the anarchist Hartmann was present.¹ That these two Jews both desired the downfall of the country which so foolishly offered them hospitality is further evident.

Already twelve years earlier Marx had formed his plan of attack on Great Britain. In the Instructions issued by the General Council of the Internationale signed by Dupont, the acolyte of Marx, and despatched from London to Geneva in 1870, this axiom had been laid down: "Although revolutionary initiative must come from France, England alone can serve as a lever for a serious economic revolution."

But this revolution was not to be brought about by the English workers, for the instructions go on to say:

The General Council being placed in the happy position of having its hand on the great lever of the proletarian revolution, what folly to let it fall into purely English hands!²

This policy is then summed up in the following message by Marx:

1. England is the only country in which a real Socialist revolution can be made.
2. The English people cannot make this revolution.
3. Foreigners must make it for them.
4. The foreign members, therefore, must retain their seats at the London board.

¹ Hyndman's *Reminiscences*, p. 280.

² Deschamps, ii. 569.

5. The point to strike at first is Ireland, and in Ireland they are ready to begin their work.¹

"These English," Dupont added, "have all the materials needed for a Socialistic revolution; what they lack are the generalizing spirit and the revolutionary fire."

The author of the *Secret History*, whence we glean this gem, observes:

What then? Karl Marx, Eugène Dupont, and George Eccarius, must clutch their power and keep their seats. They say so boldly. . . . These gentlemen were aware that a revolutionary march is not an easy thing in London, where the people are so individual in their tastes and tempers, and so stupidly attached to independent judgment, private property, and personal rights. But they were not without some hope. In turning to the West they saw a star descending to the Irish Sea. That star they followed with beseeching eyes: it trembled over Cork. "The only point where we can strike the great blow against official England is on Irish soil. In Ireland the movement is made a hundred times more easy for us by the two prime facts that the social question is that of rent, and that the people are more revolutionary and exasperated than in England. . . ."

A final phrase completed M. Dupont's account:

The position of the Internationale in face of the Irish question is very clear. Our first care is to push the revolution in England. To this end we must strike the first blow in Ireland.²

Through what agency was this blow to be struck? What was the organization on which the World Revolutionists depended for the execution of their plan? Again a secret society. From the French Revolution onwards it was always by secret societies that Continental agitators had carried on their work in Ireland. The Society of United Irishmen founded in 1791 was, as we have already seen, directly modelled on the method of Weishaupt, the Secret Societies under Fenton Lalor in 1848 had followed the same tradition, and now the Fenians, who had come into being between 1858 and 1870, were organizing themselves on the same model. This was the society on which Marx and his council depended for support. The statement will of course be indignantly denied by the conspiracy of history which seeks to prove Fenianism, like Nihilism,

¹ *The Secret History of the International*, by Onslow Yorke, p. 156.

² *Ibid.* p. 159.

to be indigenous to the soil in which it flourished, a movement wholly unconnected with the central organization of World Revolution. But as it happens, the connection between Marx and the revolutionaries of Ireland is not a matter of surmise but of fact, for it rests not only on the above-quoted message dated January 1, 1870, but receives further confirmation from an entry in the records of the Internationale containing a message of sympathy addressed to the Fenians in December 1869 by the General Council of the Internationale in London.¹ It was evidently, therefore, on the strength of the manner in which this overture was received that Marx a few weeks later despatched his confident declaration to Geneva.

But the Internationale had failed to bring about the desired revolution in Ireland, and it was not until the date we have now reached, 1882 — after Illuminism had been reconstructed — that Fenianism, which in about 1872 had become a secret society, known as the "Irish Republican Brotherhood," embarked on its course of dynamite outrages in Great Britain and America. The patriotic Catholic prelate, Monsignor Dillon, in a course of lectures held in Dublin, thus eloquently warned Ireland of the danger to itself and to all Christian countries from the conspiracy that was seeking to destroy every national and religious ideal:

It is not an expression of Irish discontent finding a vent in dynamite which England has most to fear from anarchy. . . . The dark directory of Socialism is powerful, wise, and determined. It laughs at Ireland and her wrongs. It hates and ever will hate the Irish people for their fidelity to the Catholic faith. But it seizes upon those subjects which Irish discontent in America affords to make them teach the millions everywhere the power of dynamite, and the knife, and the revolver, against the comparatively few who hold property. This is the real secret of dynamite outrages in England, in Russia, and all the world over; and I fear we are but upon the threshold of a social convulsion which will try every nation where the wiles of the secret societies have obtained, through the hate of senseless Christian sectaries, the power for Atheism to dominate over the rising generation and deprive it of Christian faith, and the fear and the love of God.

¹ Guillaume, *Documents de l'Internationale*, i. 251.

Monsignor Dillon goes on to describe the manner in which the occult powers enlist their dupes, and shows the terrible fate of

the Irishman who first begins to listen to the seducer of the secret society, and afterwards becomes himself a seducer, a leader, perhaps a traitor, in the deadly conspiracy to ruin religion, to destroy God. His career is often this: At first a hopeful, young, ambitious student of his country's history, he begins to feel indignation at her wrongs, and wishes to right them. In a fatal hour he meets the tempter. He is sworn into the terrible sect. He gets a command, an importance in the organization. He is youthful, but the season of life wherein to make an honest livelihood passes rapidly in intrigue. He knows the course into which he has fallen is bad, is injurious to religion, but he hopes to repent. . . . But having lived his best days to conspire, he now must conspire to live, and inured to bad habits, he is at last ready for anything. . . .

By degrees he herds with the worst class of Atheistic and Socialist plotters.

And this is strange, for while the Irish conspirator may be as able to plot mischief as the worst of the miscreants with whom he associates in France, he differs from them in this, that in the secret of his soul he never loses his faith. They know this well, and they watch him, use him, but never fully trust him. Many a broken Irish heart the children of the Revolution in Paris have made already. Many a one of those Irish victims wishes again for the days of his boyish innocence and blessed faith. . . . God grant that . . . the race of wretched men who have so often in the past ensnared generous-hearted Catholic Irishmen in Ireland, in Great Britain, in America, and elsewhere, may end for ever. From such false agents, and from the machinations of all enemies to Irish Faith, we may well pray, GOD SAVE IRELAND.

The New World, like the Old, was soon to experience the effects of the great conspiracy. In 1886 the Anarchists of America, led by Johann Most, gave evidence of their presence by a dynamite explosion in the Haymarket of Chicago. But it was not until 1891 that the series of Anarchic outrages described as the *période tragique* began in earnest. Was it again a mere coincidence that in July 1889 an International Socialist Congress in Paris decided that May 1, which was *the day on which Weishaupt founded the Illuminati*, should be chosen for an annual International Labour demonstration, and that it was with a

demonstration organized by the Anarchists on May 1, 1891, that the *période tragique* began?

For three years a gang led by Ravachol continued to terrorize the population of Paris with bombs and dynamite outrages, a series of crimes that ended with the stabbing of President Carnot at Lyons on June 25, 1894.

Later on followed the attacks on crowned heads—the murder of the Empress of Austria in 1898, of King Humbert of Italy in 1900, of King Carlos and the Crown Prince of Portugal in 1908, of the King of Greece in 1914.

Professor Hunter, who in his book *Violence and the Labour Movement* deals in an interesting manner with the psychology of the men who perpetrated these deeds, asks our sympathy with them on the score of their devotion to a cause. Quoting Emma Goldman's explanation that they were impelled "not by the teachings of anarchism but by the tremendous pressure of conditions making life unbearable to their sensitive natures," Professor Hunter goes on to ask how it is possible for society to take the lives of these "tormented souls," driven to desperation by the sorrow and suffering of the world.

Now to begin with, a great number of the perpetrators of Anarchist outrages cannot be placed in the category of tormented souls, but belong simply to the class of common criminals who, if they had lived a couple of centuries earlier, would have found a congenial career as footpads, cut-throats, or banditti. One group of German Anarchists in New York who lived by arson—that is to say by insuring their premises for amounts far in excess of their real value and then burning them down with kerosene—ended by murdering and robbing an old woman in Jersey City; Ravachol, the leader of the Paris Terrorist gang, was finally convicted and executed for strangling a mendicant hermit; whilst the motor bandits of 1912 led by Bonnot, whom we are also asked to regard as rebels against "society," seem to the lay mind indistinguishable from the highwaymen of romance.

But in the case of those "tormented souls" which it would perhaps be nearer the truth to describe as "unbalanced brains" who appear to be victims of an idea rather

than of mere criminal instincts, the point overlooked—and we cannot help thinking wilfully overlooked—by Professor Hunter is that they were not solitary fanatics acting on irresistible individual impulse but the agents of a conspiracy. The art of the secret societies has always been to seek out physical and mental degenerates and work upon their minds until they have roused them to the requisite degree of revolutionary fervour. Bound at the same time by terrible oaths, the wretched tools selected for each crime set forth on their tasks knowing full well there could be no turning back for fear of the vengeance of their instigators. Even as recently as the attack on M. Clemenceau the weak-minded youth Cottin admitted that he was a member of a secret society and his connection with the Anarchist movement was clearly established by the papers found at his lodgings.

It is not then these poor creatures who should be led to the scaffold or caged in prison cells until they lapse into imbecility; the lunatic asylum should be reserved for such as these, the scaffold for the superiors of the secret societies who direct their strokes. But hardly less guilty are the sane and responsible Socialists like Professor Hunter who, by their glorification of crime, impel other weak minds to follow the same course.

Whilst Anarchy was thus making itself felt throughout Europe, Socialism pursued a more leisurely course. As in all revolutionary movements violence had won the day, and the decline in popular favour that had begun with the anti-Marxian demonstrations of 1872 continued to the end of Marx's life. Although by 1881 he had spent thirty-two years in London, he was "practically unknown to the British public"¹ and counted no following amongst British workmen. Moreover, at this date he contrived to fall foul of one of his staunchest supporters amongst the intelligentsia, Mr. Hyndman, whom he accused of pilfering his works without acknowledgment. "His attacks," writes Mr. Hyndman, "of the most vindictive character,

¹ Hyndman's *Reminiscences*, p. 272.

were " " followed up by Engels with even more of vitriolic fervour for years." ¹

Of the various British Socialist organizations inaugurated during this period I do not propose to treat in detail. Neither the Social Democratic Federation, founded in 1883 by Mr. Hyndman, nor " The Fabian Society," formed by Mr. Sidney Webb in the same year, nor the " Christian Socialists " under the Rev. Stuart Headlam, originated any new doctrines, but merely elaborated the ideas of their Continental inspirers. Many members of these societies were probably not Socialists at all but merely honest social reformers, whilst the less sincere — " drawing-room Socialists " living in luxury and tilting against the social system to which they owed their mode of existence — took up Socialism as a novel form of excitement and carried little weight, for their inflammatory speeches met with scant appreciation even in the poorest quarters of London. That they succeeded in obtaining a certain following amongst malcontents — mainly of their own class — is undeniable, but it was not they who supplied the driving force behind the great revolutionary machine which thirty-four years later was to deliver the supreme attack dreamt of by Weishaupt for the destruction of civilization.

¹ Hyndman's *Reminiscences*, p. 283.

CHAPTER IX

SYNDICALISM

Quarrels amongst Socialists — The old Guilds — Revolutionary Syndicalism — Outcome of Anarchy — The General Strike — Georges Sorel — Syndicalism *versus* Socialism — Guild Socialism — "New Australia."

WHILST Socialism in England was thus pursuing a laborious course and still remained almost exclusively confined to drawing-rooms, the same doctrines met with continued and active hostility from the French peasants.

Mr. Hyndman in his *Reminiscences* describes M. Clemenceau as expressing his opinion that Socialism could never make way in France in his day.

Looking only at the towns you may think otherwise, though even there I consider the progress of Socialism is overrated. But the towns do not govern France. The overwhelming majority of French voters are country voters. France means rural France, and the peasantry of France will never be Socialists. . . . Always property, ownership, possession, work, thrift, acquisition, individual gain. Socialism can never take root in such a soil as this. North or South it is just the same. Preach nationalization of the land in a French village, and you would barely escape with your life, if the peasants understood what you meant.¹

It is strange how frankly Socialists at times admit that, for all their talk of democracy, their plans for the people's welfare are diametrically opposed to those of the people themselves. Mr. Hyndman goes on to relate that M. Paul Brousse, when consulted on Clemenceau's "pessimist opinion" of the French peasants, agreed that "to preach nationalization in the villages would be suicidal,"

¹ *Reminiscences*, p. 321.

but seemed to think the peasants might be tricked into Socialism all the same.

The word Socialism need never be used at all; but the ideas of natural and communal organization and administration would soon find their road into his mind. In this way the peasant's conception of the sanctity of private and the curse of public ownership would gradually be shaken, and he would be on the path to practical Socialism before he knew what he was going on.¹

Mr. Hyndman remarks that he thought this idea quite admirable.

But while the Socialists were making plans for "educating the people up" to their own lofty ideals the Socialist camp in France was itself divided into at least three warring factions — the Guesdists, the Broussistes (or Possibilistes), and the Blanquistes — which continued "to excommunicate each other."² In fact, as Mr. Hyndman goes on to inform us, the conflict became at times so bitter that the Guesdists and the Broussistes "could not meet in one hall without the certainty of bloodshed, or at any rate of severe contusions, following. A spirit of fraternity so marked by brotherly hatred had about it something of the ludicrous."

When therefore an International Socialist Congress took place "to bring about the unity of the workers of the world" it was found necessary to assemble in "two separate halls purposely chosen at some distance from one another to avoid the possible consequences of fraternal greetings."³

The two points on which these opposing factions differed the most violently were the necessity for the class war and the domination of German Social Democracy. On the first question the Broussistes held more moderate views, believing in the possibility of immediate reforms whilst preparing the way for Socialism by evolutionary methods; the Guesdists, however, as consistent Marxists, adopted for their fundamental principle "the doctrine of the class struggle, a doctrine," says Laskine, "imported from

¹ *Reminiscences*, p. 326.

² Mermeix, *Le Syndicalisme contre le Socialisme*, p. 90.

³ *Reminiscences*, p. 441.

Germany and profoundly foreign to the spirit of French Socialists." ¹

In ranging himself under the banner of Marx, Jules Guesde had executed a complete *volte-face*; at the time of the Socialist revolt against the domination of Marx after the Commune, Guesde in a letter to the *Bulletin de la Fédération jurassienne*, published on April 15, 1873, had denounced "the Marxist proconsuls" and "the infamous rôle of the founding of power by Marx and the General Council" (of the Internationale),² but after a five years' sojourn in Switzerland — whither he had fled to escape imprisonment — Guesde returned to France an enthusiastic Marxist.

The methods by which Guesde and other French Socialists were won over by the subtler German Jews to the Marxian camp is thus referred to in a significant sentence by Marx himself:

"I need not tell you," Marx wrote to Sorge on November 5, 1880, "that the *secret strings* by which the leaders from Guesde and Malon to Clemenceau have been set in motion must remain between ourselves. We must not speak about them."³

According to Laskine it was Hirsch — a German Jew — who had brought about the conversion of Guesde; at any rate from 1876 onwards the Guesdists became simply the French branch of German Social Democracy.

This policy naturally estranged them from the French workers to whom the principles of bureaucratic Communism had always been repellent. Still, as in 1862, it was to Proudhon rather than to Marx that the more revolutionary elements inclined, whilst the great mass of French workmen saw in peaceful corporative association the true path of progress. It was the junction of these various currents that towards 1895 brought about a further development in the revolutionary movement — Syndicalism.

"Syndicalism," Mr. Ramsay Macdonald observes, "is largely a revolt against Socialism."⁴ That such a revolt

¹ Laskine, *L'Internationale et le pan-Germanisme*, p. 218.

² *Ibid.* p. 122.

³ *Ibid.* p. 167, quoting *Briefe an Sorge*, p. 170. Laskine points out that Marx was mistaken in thinking that Clemenceau had gone over to the Marxist camp.

⁴ Ramsay Macdonald, *Syndicalism* (1910), p. 6.

should have taken place is hardly surprising. For over a hundred years the working-men of Europe had seen the middle and upper class men who constituted themselves their champions living in luxury — sleeping in the gilded beds of the Tuileries in 1794, housed in safety and comfort whilst the people perished on the barricades of 1848, enjoying pleasant trips to Switzerland as delegates of the Internationale, drawing continual subscriptions from the pockets of the workers in support of "congresses" or "leagues" or associations devised to benefit Labour — and now the time had come to ask: "What have we gained from all our sacrifices? What have these men done in return for the confidence we placed in them?"

Not unnaturally, therefore, the theory of Syndicalism, consisting in the immediate control of industry by the workers themselves, seemed greatly preferable to the tedious and doubtful method of electing Socialist deputies to represent them in Parliament. Moreover, in the Syndicalist ideas entertained by many of the French workmen there was nothing essentially revolutionary; their conception of reorganized industry approached more to the old idea of "guilds" and "corporations" than to the aggressive combines advocated by revolutionary Syndicalists. They thought regretfully of the days of the Old Régime before the introduction of cut-throat competition when men worked peacefully at their trades, bound together by ties of comradeship under *patrons* who showed some concern for their welfare. Wherever he belonged "the *compagnon* was almost certain, by virtue of his corporative privilege, to find employment. The regulations provided that he should not find competitors amongst his comrades. The knowledge of his trade, recognized after the tests through which he had passed, constituted a capital for him of which the revenues were almost certain. And if this *compagnon* wanted to make a tour of France he found help and relief. Provided that he justified his claim as member of a corporation, he was welcomed and a place found for him. Defective and imperfect like all human things, the economic organization of the Old Régime was nevertheless beneficent, and how much preferable to the

want of organization into which the régime of liberty had brusquely precipitated the working-men after the Revolution."¹

The suppression of the "corporations" by the law of 1791 — confirmed by further laws under the Terror, and in the Code of Napoleon I. — had dealt the death-blow to the guild system, and when at last Napoleon III. in 1864 removed the ban on trade unions, and the workers once more saw their chance of coalescing in defence of their common interests, the German Social Democrats of the first Internationale had turned the whole movement to the advantage of Communism — a system inherently repugnant to the French workers. As far as they were concerned the Syndicalist movement was thus in its origins an attempt to get back to the freer ideas of friendly corporations, just as in England the co-operative system inaugurated by the Rochdale Pioneers took an ever firmer hold on the minds of working-men.

It was in order to meet these demands that, after the death of the Internationale, a general Union des Chambres Syndicales was formed under the leadership of Barbaret in 1873, a wholly pacific organization which aimed at industrial harmony, and in 1876 a general congress of French workmen met in Paris, at which seventy unions and twenty-eight workmen's clubs from thirty-nine towns, with a membership stated to number a million workers, were represented by more than 800 delegates. "At the opening of the Congress it was expressly insisted on that not principles of social politics but the purely economical and practical interests of the working-men would engage the meetings,"² and real improvements in the industrial system formed the subject of discussion.

But as in the case of the Internationale the World Revolutionists succeeded in obtaining control over the movement; Broussistes, Guesdists, but above all Anarchists ended by invading its ranks and blocking the path of peaceful progress.

It is no figure of speech to say that Syndicalism is

¹ Mermeix (G. Terrail), *Le Syndicalisme contre le Socialisme*, pp. 62, 63.

² Zacher, *Die Rothe Internationale*.

simply a further development of the creed of Anarchy, for it rests on the same basis — negation of the State. Its earliest exponents were avowedly Anarchists; in America the terms were in fact synonymous. Moreover, it was Proudhon, the "Father of Anarchy," who had first formulated the whole theory of Syndicalism: "According to my idea, railways, a mine, a manufactory, a ship, etc., are to the workers whom they occupy what the hive is to the bees, that is at the same time their instrument and their dwelling, their country, their territory, their property." For this reason Proudhon opposed "the exploitation of the railways whether by companies of Capitalists or by the State."¹

Syndicalism is, therefore, government by trade unions, and must inevitably lead to anarchy. For not only are the workers to run industries but the whole country "On their own," and with no State to act as umpire it is obvious that chaos must result. The miners might raise the price of coal, the bakers the price of bread, and the rest of the community would have no means of redress, for in the conflict that would ensue between the different groups of workers the key industries alone could exercise any real authority. For the power of each industry would be in exact ratio to its ability to hold up the country, and since society cannot get on for a day without bread, coal, or transport, the miners, the railway-men, and the food purveyors would have an immense advantage over the workers engaged in such trades as boot-making, tailoring, or upholstery, who might strike in vain against extortion. Women-workers would of course have no voice at all.

It is not, however, the system of Syndicalism but the method by which it is to be brought about that constitutes its principal claim to be ranged in the category of anarchy. This method is the *General Strike*.

Now, as Mermeix has pointed out, there are three kinds of General Strike: (1) the Corporative General Strike of the workers, (2) the Parliamentary General Strike of the Socialists, and (3) the Revolutionary General Strike of the Syndicalist leaders. Let us deal with these one by one.

¹ Proudhon, *La Révolution au XVIIIe siècle*, p. 249.

(1) The Corporative General Strike as conceived by the workers was not originally a measure of violence. Strikes throughout the early history of the Labour Movement had been the workers' only method of obtaining redress from exploitation, and no one but a Robespierre or a Lenin would deny the worker's right to lay down his tools if the conditions of his labour appear to him unjust.

The Corporative General Strike was simply a development of this time-honoured method of expressing discontent which, carried out on a larger scale, would enable workers in all industries to bring an effective support to the demands of their oppressed comrades. As Mermeix points out, the working-men's conception of the way in which the plan would work was very naïve:

Some day one would stay at home; one would not go to the workshop. The *bourgeois* who fattens on the sweat of the people would waste away because the people would cease to sweat, it would be "a strike of folded arms"; one would not go down into the street in tumultuous crowds, one would not expose oneself to the brutalities of the police and the guns of the soldiery. One would walk out in a family party, to lunch on the fortification, in the woods of Vincennes, in the Bois de Boulogne or even further in the smiling suburbs where the exploiters have their country houses. Would not this method be much better than that of the Socialist politicians who first of all advised one to vote for them, their electoral success being the first stage on the way to final victory, and who, once elected, would think only of their re-election? The general strike would be the revolution carried out as a huge joke. One would divert oneself with the expressions of the employers growing day by day more disconsolate. One would watch them grow pale, yellow, distorted, and their rage would be powerless against the brave proletarians who would simply make use of their right to idleness — the right of Man, a natural and sacred right which the *bourgeois* has so long selfishly enjoyed alone. When it had had enough of it the class of leeches would ask to capitulate. The proletariat would dictate its conditions: "Give me back what you have stolen from me, that is to say, give me back everything and we will become good friends again. I will go back into your workshop to work not as one exploited for your profit, but to work as a free social producer." And the *bourgeoisie* could not do otherwise than subscribe to this treaty.¹

That in reality the worker would grow pale, yellow

¹ Mermeix, *Le Socialisme contre le Syndicalisme*, pp. 135, 136.

would in fact be dead before the employer reached the ends of his resources, did not enter into the reckonings of the "brave proletarians," nor does it still today when the plan of the general strike is placed before them.

(2) The Parliamentary General Strike, as approved by certain Socialists, aims at quite a different *dénouement*; it is not to end in improved relations between the workers and employers or in an *entente* between the workers and the Government, but in the overthrow of the political party which holds the reins of power in favour of the Socialists themselves. A general strike conducted on these lines would not "dispossess the Socialist party of the command which it has arrogated to itself over the working-classes"; on the contrary it would confirm this command, and leave to it the rôle it has chosen of "business man to the proletariat."¹

Even Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, arch-opponent of the revolutionary general strike, admits the expediency of the political variety. "The general strike," he observes, "can be declared for two purposes. It can be used to secure some specific demand — say an extension of the franchise, the resignation of the Government, or the defeat of a war party. . . . As a last resort, as a *coup de grâce*, it may be justifiable, and need not be unsuccessful."²

In order, therefore, to place Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and his friends at the helm of the State, to overthrow a Government that retains an insular prejudice against foreign invasion, and to paralyse national defence, it may be necessary to bring upon the country the immense suffering caused by a general strike, which, when carried out by Syndicalists, as Mr. Macdonald himself remarks, "hits the poor people heaviest, the middle-classes next, and the rich least of all."³

For revolutionary Socialists today, as in 1793, "tous les moyens sont bons."

(3) But the Revolutionary General Strike, the form of general strike advocated by the Syndicalists and that now forms the programme of extremist trade union leaders,

¹ Mermeix, *Le Socialisme contre le Syndicalisme*, p. 142.

² J. Ramsay Macdonald, *Syndicalism*, p. 61.

³ *Ibid.* p. 62.

aims neither at a reorganization of industry nor at a change of government in the political sense, but at the complete destruction of constitutional government by violence of the most frightful kind. It is here that we come back to the connection between Anarchy and Syndicalism; not only is the Syndicalist system a development of the creed of Anarchy, but its method for inaugurating it comprises the exact programme of the earlier Anarchists.

Now it will be remembered that the idea of "useful larceny" had first been suggested by Weishaupt, a principle applauded by Brissot and put into practice by Marat when he urged the populace to pillage the shops. Babeuf, though a Communist, had carried on the same tradition in his plan of the "Great Day of the People," when the people were to rise as one man and lay violent hands upon property. From Babeuf onwards the scheme had been logically abandoned by Communists — since Communism aims not at mob rule but at bureaucracy — but continued along the line of Anarchy. Proudhon in his revival of Brissot's axiom "Property is theft," Bakunin in his glorification of robbery, and finally Kropotkine in his theory of "The Great Expropriation," all followed out the same idea, namely, that of a "Great Day" of revolution when the maddened multitude, driven by want and desperation, should rise against all wealth and property in one overpowering onslaught. Had not Bakunin and Netchaieff indicated this design in an illuminating sentence: "We must increase and heighten the evils and sorrows so as to wear out the patience of the people and drive them to insurrection *en masse*." By this means only, the social revolution could be accomplished and civilization, obnoxious civilization, wiped out at one stroke.

But how were the people to be driven to this pitch of exasperation? Obviously by hunger. The want of bread alone, as the Orléanistes of 1789 had clearly perceived, can be depended on to produce popular insurrection, and in the eighteenth century famine had been easy enough to engineer by buying up supplies, waylaying waggons of corn, or throwing sacks of flour into the river. But a hundred years later improved means of transport and the complicated

modern system of food distribution had made such primitive methods impracticable. How, then, were want and hunger to be brought about? Only by some gigantic *coup* that would paralyze the whole country and lead to the Great Expropriation dreamt of by the Anarchists. Syndicalism now provided the weapon by which this was to be accomplished — the *General Strike*.

Let us examine the programme of the revolutionary General Strike as resumed by Mermeix from the declarations of its advocates, and we shall see how exactly the "Grand Soir" of the Syndicalists corresponds with the Anarchists' idea of the Great Day of Revolution.

First of all, a series of isolated strikes is to take place in various industries by way of partially paralysing Capital and of unsettling Labour.

Then at a given signal the workers, roused to violence by want and idleness, are to invade the workshops, mines, factories, etc., and take possession of them. At this stage, of course, the Government will be obliged to call in the aid of the police and soldiery, and the fight will begin. The revolutionaries will cut the telegraph and telephone wires; railway lines will be torn up to prevent the transport of troops or provisions; at the same time it is hoped that a number of the soldiers will go over to the side of the revolution. By this means the capital will be starved out, the markets will be empty, and the inhabitants rendered savage by hunger may be expected to turn on the Government — and also on the *bourgeoisie*.

Of course there is always the possibility that the population, instead of turning on the Government, will turn upon the revolutionaries, but "this last prospect does not disconcert the partisans of revolution by the General Strike. The Parisians will fight amongst themselves; well, then, things will go all the better. *Everything that will make confusion worse would be an advantage.*" And in the end, if the revolutionaries fail to overthrow the Government, the havoc they will work will be irretrievable. Before evacuating the workshops the Syndicalists will resort to sabotage; all the instruments of labour will be destroyed.

The railways will remain unusable; the ruin of the capital will be complete.¹

What then? After that frankly the apostles of Syndicalism promise nothing; their conception ceases with this final climax — "a series of atrocious scenes, of burnings, of ruins, of murders, of terror," carried out by "tramps, poachers, marauders, with terror rising from below and ending in a fearful mêlée."²

One must read for oneself the work of M. Georges Sorel to realize that this idea, well characterized by Mermeix as "the dream of a neurasthenic negro king,"³ can seriously enter into the calculations of a man outside a lunatic asylum. But to M. Sorel the prospect offers nothing alarming; on the contrary, whilst admitting that the General Strike will be "a catastrophe of which the process baffles description,"⁴ the leading apostle of Syndicalism regards it as the goal towards which all agitation should tend. "*Syndicalists*," he declares, "*concentrate all Socialism in the drama of the General Strike.*"⁵

It is, in fact, as a drama, as a spectacle, that M. Sorel looks upon the final cataclysm, or rather as a gigantic cock-fight of such sanguinariness and of such dimensions that one can die happily after witnessing it. For what is to happen afterwards — the *lendemain de la révolution* — one must take no thought; it will be enough to have lived to see "a tidal wave passing over the old civilization."

It will thus be seen, not as a matter of surmise but of fact, that the General Strike as now advocated by the extremist leaders is simply the prelude to the Great Expropriation.⁶

By allying the latter plan with the workers' idea of a corporative General Strike the Syndicalists have evolved the scheme of "The Day" which is to overthrow civiliza-

¹ Mermeix, pp. 153-156.

² *Ibid.* p. 159.

³ *Ibid.* p. 232.

⁴ *Réflexions sur la violence*, p. 202.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 161.

⁶ See the pamphlet called *The Social General Strike* by the British Syndicalist Jack Tanner, which admits this design. "Expropriation," which is to be brought about by the General Strike, means "taking back what belongs to the working-class," and the author goes on to say: "The need for food and the necessities of life would force the people to help themselves. Hunger forces even the most timid to take what they are entitled to." From the point of view of the people themselves it is appalling to imagine what this system of food distribution would lead to.

tion. Of course the workers themselves have no conception of the real design, and each time that a General Strike is attempted doubtless imagine it to be a brilliant inspiration on the part of their leaders in view of a sudden emergency. "The miners are striking for a higher wage. Let us stand by them! Happy thought — let all workers present a solid front to the oppression of Capitalism! One — two — three — all together — strike!"

Thus playing on the simple *camaraderie* of the workers, and urging them to solidarity in the interests of Labour, the Syndicalists hope to drive them onwards into the *mêlée* which is to end in no amelioration of the workers' lot, but simply in the destruction of the existing social order.

What is to avert the catastrophe? Only greater knowledge on the part of Labour. The first thing, then, is to dispel the illusion that the General Strike is a modern and progressive measure. The workers should be told not only its real purpose but its history; they should be shown that, instead of being the outcome of any present emergency, it is an old scheme that has been going on for at least fifty years and has been turned down as impracticable by all intelligent groups of workers. Let us now follow the vicissitudes of the idea throughout the last half-century.

As a revolutionary method Mermeix suggests that the idea of the General Strike may be traced to the phrase of Mirabeau: "This people whose mere immobility would be formidable."

Now Mirabeau, as we know, was an Illuminatus. Had then even the plan of the General Strike as the weapon wherewith "to deal the deathblow to civilization" entered into the "gigantic conception" of Weishaupt? In a vague sense this is possible, but in its details the General Strike is, as I have shown, essentially a measure adapted to modern conditions.

The plan was first definitely proposed at the Congress of the Internationale in Brussels in 1868, when the declaration was made that "if production were arrested for a certain time the social body could not exist, and that it was only necessary for producers to cease to produce in order to make the personal and despotic enterprises of

Government impossible." ¹ From this date the idea of the General Strike was current, and in 1873 the Belgian section of the Internationale invited the other sections of the association to prepare for the attempt to bring it off, but the Congress of Geneva declared it to be at present impracticable.

In 1884 the Government attempted to arrest class warfare by founding "Bourses du Travail," or Labour Exchanges, which should not only provide work but maintain harmony between employers and employed. But the Bourses, like the Chambres Syndicales, soon became hotbeds of revolutionary intrigue, and in 1888 the plan of the General Strike was pressed with renewed vigour by the Anarchist carpenter Tortelier.

After achieving some success in the faubourgs of Paris, Tortelier this same year came to London, where he preached his gospel before a Labour Congress. But "the apostle of the General Strike," with his thick-set figure, bull's neck, hoarse voice, and slovenly attire, whose aspect suggested that of a satellite of Marat, was not taken seriously by British working-men and met with scant success.

In France, however, the cherished scheme of Tortelier found increasing favour. "The idea of the General Strike," says Mermeix, "charms the working masses because it is so simple." And in France there are always the anarchic elements who crave to *faire sauter le bazar*. Thus at a congress of members of the Syndicates and of the Bourses held at Nantes in 1894 the policy of the General Strike was definitely adopted by 65 votes against 37. In the following year the formidable association known as the Confédération Générale du Travail was founded by the extremists with the General Strike as the principal plank in its platform. From this date, 1895, onwards a seven years' war was waged between the C.G.T. and the Bourses, until in 1902 the Bourses were finally extinguished and Syndicalism was left in triumphant possession of the field.

Several attempts have already been made to bring about the revolutionary General Strike — in Spain in 1874, in Belgium in 1902, in Sweden in 1909, in South

¹ Mermeix, p. 131.

Africa in 1911, in France in 1920, but so far the firmness of governments and the resistance of the community at large have averted the climax of the "Grand Soir" dreamt of by the Syndicalists, and the principal sufferers have been the strikers themselves. But this fact in no way deters the advocates of the General Strike from pursuing their purpose, which has now become the accepted policy of the C.G.T. At the same time other revolutionary measures have been adopted with a view to fretting away the foundations of Capital. Thus after 1889, when the dockers of Glasgow enforced their demands for higher pay by "going slow," the policy of *Ca' Canny* became a definite part of the Syndicalist programme.¹ In 1897 sabotage, which had hitherto been regarded as a measure of violence to be employed in the open warfare of revolution, was introduced as a method of passive resistance. Railwaymen had discovered that with a pennyworth of a certain ingredient engines could be put out of working, and the bright idea of applying this method to other instruments of labour met with an enthusiastic response at the Congress of Toulouse in 1897. Pouget, one of its most ardent advocates, describes this incident as "the baptism of *sabotage*."²

One variety of sabotage known as "Obstructionism," introduced in 1905, consists in following out regulations to the letter — "accomplishment of duty with excessive care and no less excessive slowness." Pouget gleefully describes the inconvenience to which railway travellers may be put by this plan.³ For it should be remembered that the methods of Syndicalism are directed not merely against the Government or employers but against the whole community. It is therefore perfectly accurate to distinguish between Syndicalism and Socialism, because the policy of Syndicalism is avowedly anti-social and oligarchic, whilst Socialism at least professes concern for the welfare of the majority.

The plan of the General Strike further emphasized this division between the Socialists and Syndicalists. For although, as we have seen, Socialists are not unwilling to

¹ Émile Pouget, *Le Sabotage*, pp. 6-8.

² *Ibid.* p. 17.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 55-64.

consider the idea of the parliamentary General Strike which will bring them into power, they have always continued to prefer the ballot-box as a method of procedure. As to the revolutionary General Strike, this was opposed throughout even by the followers of Marx, represented in France by the Guesdists. "I only wish some one would explain to me," said Jules Guesde, "how breaking street lamps, disembowelling soldiers, and burning down factories can constitute a means of transforming property. We ought to put an end to all this war of words calling itself revolutionary. No corporative action, however violent, partial strike or general strike, would be able to transform property."¹

Thus although the Marxians were at one with the Syndicalists in wishing to bring about the grand catastrophe, they differed only in the manner by which it was to be effected. "They (the Syndicalists) said: 'The catastrophe will be caused by the General Strike. It is the General Strike that will be the catastrophe.' This catastrophe is distinguished from that which is awaited by the Marxists, the Socialist politicians, in that it will not be brought about by chance, it will arise when the workmen wish it. Syndicalism disciplines the catastrophe which the Socialists await with the fatalism of *marabouts*."²

But according to Georges Sorel the Marxians have entirely misinterpreted their master's meaning, which in reality excluded "any hypothesis constructed on future Utopias"; in fact, Sorel represents Marx to have actually declared that "*whoever has a programme for the future is a reactionary*."³

Now, of course, if Marx really said this the whole theory of Marxian Socialism is founded on a fallacy and is proved to be a system in which Marx himself never believed. But to do him justice we must recognize that there is some truth in Sorel's contention that Marx never pretended to have devised any definite system for "the organization of the proletariat," that he merely made use

¹ Paul Leroy Beaulieu, *Le Collectivisme* (1909), p. 650.

² Mermeix, p. 122.

³ *Réflexions sur la violence*, pp. 185, 191.

of the "enormous mass" of ready-made material which he found in the British Museum for his great work on Capital,¹ and that it was his disciples who read into it ideas for the reconstruction of the social system.

On these grounds Sorel is able to claim Marx as his ally, that is to say, as a pure destructionist — not as a Syndicalist, for nowhere in Marx's writings could one find any hint of the Syndicalist theory of industrial organization; but above all it is as the great promoter of the class war that Sorel finds in Marx his true affinity. To this one point the apostle of Syndicalism is ready to sacrifice all other considerations. "The scission of classes," he declares, "is the basis of all Socialism";² the one thing to be avoided is social peace.

Indeed, Sorel's one fear is that modern nations, "stupefied with humanitarianism (*abruties par l'humanitarisme*)"³ — the phrase might be taken straight from Nietzsche — may prevent the conflict.⁴ To guard against this danger every effort must be made to keep up the class war, not only by inciting Labour to attack Capital, but by stiffening the resistance of Capital to the demands of Labour. "The more ardently Capitalistic the *bourgeoisie*, the more will the proletariat be filled with a war-like spirit confident in its revolutionary force, the more will the movement be assured."⁵

It is necessary, therefore, by violence "to force Capitalism to occupy itself solely with its material rôle," so as "to give back to it the warlike qualities it once possessed."⁶ Employers of labour must be made to understand "that they have nothing to gain by works of social peace or by democracy."⁷ "All then," Sorel concludes hopefully, "can be saved if by violence it (the proletariat) succeeds in consolidating class divisions and in restoring to the *bourgeoisie* something of its energy; that is the great aim towards which must be directed the thought of all

¹ *Réflexions sur la violence*, pp. 185, 191.

² *Ibid.* p. 257.

³ *Ibid.* p. 110.

⁴ See Sorel's whole chapter on "La Décadence bourgeoise et la violence," i.e. the disinclination of employers to fight labour. *Ibid.* pp. 91-121.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 105.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 110.

⁷ *Ibid.* p. 109.

men who are not hypnotized by the events of the day but think of the conditions of the morrow." ¹

Such, then, is the aim of Syndicalism as set forth by its chief exponent, Georges Sorel. At first sight the one merit it seems to possess is frankness. Hitherto revolutionary writers, to whichever faction they belonged, had always professed that their system would conduce in some degree to human happiness; even the Anarchists appeared to derive enjoyment from the prospect of their lunatic dreams of the future. But Sorel promises nothing; "Utopias of easy happiness" he openly derides; even on the system of Syndicalism he has practically nothing to say — the only thing that matters is to keep up revolutionary ardour. Yet, after all, we find that Sorel is not much more honest than his predecessors, for whilst denouncing the visionary Socialists who lead the proletariat towards a mirage, Sorel goes on to admit that the General Strike, which, like *Der Tag* of the Germans, must ever be held before the eyes of the people, is in reality a *myth*. It will probably never come off, but just as the early Christians maintained their religious ardour by looking forward to the second advent, so the people must be taught to centre all their hopes on the coming cataclysm. Thus the idea of the General Strike will serve the purpose of continually unsettling industry and fretting away the foundations of Capital.

To the normal mind the theory of Sorel as set forth in the foregoing pages must of course appear unbelievable; the incredulous should therefore read his book for themselves in order to be convinced that such views can be seriously put forward. Is Sorel, however, sincere, or is he secretly an agent of reaction? The hypothesis is not beyond the bounds of possibility. At any rate if the author of *Réflexions sur la violence* had been put up by the Government to discredit the whole Socialist movement by working it out to a *reductio ad absurdum*, he could not have stated his case more ably or have offered sounder arguments for the defence of the existing order against the encroachments of so-called democracy. "Experience

¹ *Réflexions sur la violence*, p. 120.

shows," says Sorel, "that in all countries where democracy can develop its nature freely the most scandalous corruption is displayed without anyone considering it of use to conceal its rascalities,"¹ and after a scathing indictment of democratic government in America and elsewhere he ends with the words: "Democracy is the land of plenty dreamt of by unscrupulous financiers."²

But it is for the parliamentary Socialists that Sorel reserves his bitterest scorn. The sole object of these people—"Intellectuals who have embraced the profession of thinking for the proletariat"³—is to bring themselves into power. In reasoning on social conflicts "they see in the combatants only instruments. The proletariat is their army, which they love with the love a colonial administrator may feel for the bands which enable him to subject a great many negroes to his caprices; they concern themselves with leading it on because they are in a hurry to win quickly the great battles which are to deliver up the State to them; they keep up the ardour of their men, as the ardour of the troops of mercenaries has always been kept up by exhortations to coming pillage, by appeals to hatred, and also by small favours which already permit them to distribute a few posts."⁴ But in reality it will not be the proletariat who will share the spoils, for the prospect on which the leaders' eyes are fixed is "the day when they will have the public treasure at their disposal; they are dazzled by the immense reserve of riches which will be delivered then to pillage; what feasting, what *cocottes*, what satisfactions to vanity!"⁵ Then, then, at last "our official Socialists can reasonably hope to achieve the goal of their dreams and sleep in gorgeous mansions."⁶ After that "it would be very naïve to suppose that people profiting by demagogic dictatorship would easily give up their advantages."⁷

As to the "dictatorship of the proletariat" advocated by the Socialists but "on which they do not much care to give explanations,"⁸ Sorel declares that this would be

¹ *Réflexions sur la violence*, p. 320.

² *Ibid.* p. 186.

³ *Ibid.* p. 112.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 236.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 321.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 233.

⁷ *Ibid.* p. 101.

⁸ *Ibid.* p. 234.

a return to the Old Régime, a plan for feudalizing Capital, and he quotes Bernstein in saying that it would end simply in the dictatorship of club orators and *littérateurs*.¹ Who, he asks, is to profit by such a government? Certainly not the country, which would be ruined, "but what does the future of the country matter as long as the new régime provides a good time for a few professors who imagine they invented Socialism and a few *Dreyfusard financiers*?"²

In the opinion, therefore, of the great Syndicalist, Jewish finance is largely interested in the triumph of State Socialism.

The inconsistency of Jaurès and other French Socialists on the question of Dreyfus is shown up in Sorel's book by a parallel drawn from the first French Revolution, of which he ruthlessly shatters the legends and destroys the prestige of "the great revolutionary days,"³ and he asks why Danton, of whom Jaurès in his great history of the Revolution had made a hero, but whose conduct during the sad days of September "was not very worthy of admiration,"⁴ should be defended on the score of acting in the interests of national defence, when Jaurès himself took part against the anti-Semites who also believed they were acting in the interests of national defence in the matter of the Affaire Dreyfus. The revolutionaries were represented by Jaurès as "sacrificing immediate human tenderness and pity" for the success of the cause, but then Sorel inquires: "Why have written so much on the inhumanity of the tormentors of Dreyfus? They too sacrificed 'immediate human tenderness' to what seemed to them the salvation of the country."⁵

Not only Jaurès and Clemenceau in France but the Socialists of England become in turn the butt of Sorel's pleasantries:

Sidney Webb enjoys a very exaggerated reputation for competence: he had the merit of compiling uninteresting *dossiers*, and the patience to compose one of the most indigestible compilations on the history of Trade Unionism, but he is one of the most *borné* minds which could only dazzle men little

¹ *Réflexions sur la violence*, pp. 234, 235.

² *Ibid.* pp. 124-130, 238, 239.

³ *Ibid.* p. 146.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 102.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 147.

accustomed to think. The people who introduced his glory into France did not understand a word of Socialism, and if he is really, as his translator asserts, in the first rank of contemporary authors of economic history, the intellectual standard of these historians must be very low.

And Sorel adds that, in the opinion of Tarde, Sidney Webb was simply "a blotter of paper" (*un barbouilleur de papier*).¹

In order to appreciate the antagonism between the opposing camps of Syndicalism and State Socialism it is only necessary to read Sorel's book in conjunction with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's little work on Syndicalism, where "the fantastic programme of revolution produced by the Syndicalist" is admirably shown up. "If," the British advocate of Socialism concludes, "the grand programme of Syndicalism is a mere delusion, its immediate action is mischievous. Sabotage, destruction of industrial capital, perpetual strikes injure the workers far more than any other class, and rouse in society reactionary passions and prejudices which defeat the work of every agency making for the emancipation of labour. They put labour in the wrong. The Syndicalist might be an *agent provocateur* of the Capitalist, he certainly is his tool."²

But in this feud between Syndicalism and Socialism — the mere continuation of the old conflict between Anarchy and Communism — it would be folly to see any security for society. The rival revolutionary camps may be — and are — bitterly antagonistic in their aims, but both will stand together for the overthrow of the existing social order, and only when the country has been reduced to chaos by revolution, or to bankruptcy and ruin by Socialist administration, will the leaders of the opposing forces take each other by the throat in a life-and-death struggle.

Although, as we have seen in the preceding pages, the root idea of Syndicalism — organization and control of industry by independent groups of workers — has somewhat been lost to sight by Syndicalist writers, who have concentrated their attention more on the revolution than

¹ *Réflexions sur la violence*, p. 163.

J. Ramsay MacDonald. *Syndicalism*, p. 167.

on its morrow, a more constructive phase of the same theory has been inaugurated in recent years by the movement known as *Guild Socialism*.

Now Guild Socialism is nothing new. To any one familiar with Socialist literature the task of embarking on the gospel of Guild Socialists, as set forth in the writings of Mr. G. D. H. Cole, must appear something like sitting down to read through a *Dictionary of Famous Quotations*. But this is an experience to which the patient student of Socialism must resign himself, for since by the middle of the last century everything that could be said on the subject had been said already, further exponents of the creed can only dish up the cold remains left by their predecessors. The process is, however, frequently very successful; nothing is easier than to gain a reputation as a brilliant Socialist writer by simply rearranging the same theories, the same phrases, and the same catchwords in a different manner to tempt the jaded palate. Yet never have the chefs of Socialism produced a galantine to compare with that of Mr. G. D. H. Cole! Here a little bit of Louis Blanc, there a scrap from Vidal, but, above all, solid slabs of Marx and Sorel. And all this concealed by a cunning glaze of modernity!

In reality Guild Socialism is simply Syndicalism with the addition of a State. But the State is not to exercise authority, only to act as a municipal body, also as a banker to the workers, and occasionally as umpire in industrial disputes. National finance would be decided by "a Joint Committee representing equally the State and the Guild Congress. The State would own the means of production as trustee for the community: the Guilds would manage them, also as trustees for the community, and would pay to the State a single tax or rent."¹

The assurance of Guild Socialists that the Guilds would always honourably act up to their part as trustees is based on "confidence in man," although we note that a large portion of the human race, the present employing class, is to be regarded with the blackest suspicion. Apparently the fact of becoming a "Guildsman" miraculously does

¹ *National Guilds, an Appeal to Trade Unionists*, p. 13.

away with all such characteristics as greed and self-interest. All this is pure Buchez, and we have only to turn back to page 109 of this book to see Guilds where "every man is a master" in operation, whilst Louis Blanc's "associations of working-men," financed by the State, demonstrate the precise system of Guild Socialism — and incidentally its failure in the past.

Unhappily it is not in the spirit of Buchez or even of the fanatic Louis Blanc that Guild Socialists set about their task. For all its professions of spirituality and love for humanity, Guild Socialism is avowedly revolutionary. "To Revolutionary Trade Unionism the Guild idea looks,"¹ its aim is "the realization of Industrial Unionism, the building up of the whole body of Labour into one fighting force."² Borrowing Marx's phraseology on the doctrine of "wage-slavery," it sets out to promote class hatred of the most virulent description and advocates strikes to overthrow the Capitalist system. In its denunciations of State Socialism the influence of Sorel is clearly detected.

The only point, then, in which Guild Socialism shows itself superior to Syndicalism is that, instead of concentrating solely on destruction and the General Strike, it makes some plans for the "morrow of the revolution."

In its conception of guilds of busy workers co-operating in a spirit of fraternity to make a success of their trade, it takes us back to the original idea of Syndicalism — Proudhon's old simile of the hive where we see in imagination the swarms of happy bees flitting through the summer sunshine laden with honey for the comb, full of joy in their labours.

Yet all that is to be said in favour of the industrial system that Guild Socialism advocates can equally be said of Co-operation. Co-operative industry exemplified by such schemes as profit-sharing, co-partnership, etc., is simply Guild Socialism without its economic fallacies — and also without revolution. This is precisely why co-operation finds in Socialists and Syndicalists alike its bitterest opponents.

¹ *The Guild Idea*, p. 14.

² *National Guilds*, p. 19.

But there is also a further difference between Co-operation and Guild Socialism. Co-operation is an honest movement, for it has always been willing to put its theories to the test by inaugurating industries on a co-operative basis. Sometimes these experiments have failed, sometimes they have triumphantly succeeded. Co-operation has not been proved a failure.

But it will be noticed that neither Syndicalists nor Guild Socialists ever propose to start industries on the lines they advocate, but always to "expropriate" by violence those already in existence and hand them over to the workers: In this respect their record compares unfavourably with that of Socialists. The earlier Socialists, whose sincerity we cannot doubt, did attempt to carry out their schemes by means of Communists' Settlements; Syndicalism ventures on no such experiments. This is the more significant in that the reason given by Socialists for their failures in the past does not apply to Syndicalism. For if one is tactless enough to question Socialists on these abortive efforts one is inevitably met with the stock reply: "Oh, of course Socialism cannot exist in isolated communities; in order to test its efficacy it must be adopted by the State." Now although we know that it was not through outside opposition or competition but from internal disintegration that these settlements went to pieces, it is nevertheless obvious that *State* Socialism can only be practised by a Socialist State. This condition, however, is quite unnecessary to the existence of Syndicalism, since the system it advocates is to consist of autonomous groups of workers independent of State control. There is therefore no reason why these should not exist under the present régime. What is there to prevent a syndicate of miners from taking over a mine, or of factory workers buying a factory, and running it on Syndicalist lines? The huge funds of the Trade Unions would surely be better spent in an outlay of this kind than in strikes that deplete their exchequer to no purpose. For not only would a successful experiment on these lines satisfy the aspirations of all the workers who took part in it, but would proclaim to the world the efficacy of the Syndicalist theory. Henceforth

only Syndicalist industries would attract workers, and employers who continued to maintain the old system of wage payment would find themselves denuded of employees. Thus without any violence, without the shedding of a drop of blood, the whole industrial system could be revolutionized.

Why is this not done? Simply because the leaders of Syndicalism know that it could not succeed. They are well aware that an industry which adopted the principle of control by all the workers would come to grief as surely as a ship that adopted the plan of navigation by all the crew. In a word, they do not believe in the theories they teach.

One experiment founded to a certain extent on Syndicalism may, however, be quoted. This was the settlement inaugurated by William Lane in Paraguay at the end of the last century. Lane, an English journalist who had settled in Australia, appears to have been a perfectly honest man who had become deeply imbued with the doctrines both of Karl Marx and of Syndicalism. Hence he believed that "the factory-hand was the rightful owner of the factory, that the sheep-shearer was entitled to the full profits of the shearing industry, that the legal owners of all forms of property were robbing the manual workers of their dues."¹ Lane, therefore, entered whole-heartedly into the great Syndicalist strikes which at this date of 1890 were paralysing the trade of the country. But perceiving the futility of this method of warfare — which had the effect of reducing the high wages of Australian workers to the level of forty-five years earlier — Lane decided to found a workers' paradise in another land. Accordingly at the end of 1892 he set sail with 250 faithful followers for Paraguay, where he started a colony under the name of "the New Australia" a few miles from Asuncion.

The subsequent adventures of the settlers have been vividly described by Mr. Stewart Grahame in a narrative which is much more amusing than *Three Men in a Boat*, and has the additional merit of being true. It should be

¹ *Where Socialism failed*, by G. Stewart Grahame (John Murray, 1913), p. 5. In view of the above quotation it would perhaps have been more accurate to name the book *Where Syndicalism failed*. But the generic term of Socialism is frequently used to include Syndicalism.

read by every one interested in Socialistic ventures, for only a brief résumé can be given here.

At first everything promised well; the colonists entered into possession of 350,000 acres of the very finest land in Paraguay, with pasturage sufficient to keep at least 70,000 head of cattle, and since all were filled with "communal ardour," and also with the warmest confidence in their leader, there seemed no reason why a flourishing settlement should not result. But precisely the same experiences befell William Lane as had befallen Étienne Cabet forty-four years earlier. The colonists before long took turns in quarrelling amongst themselves and in accusing Lane of tyrannizing over them. "The man who worked arduously for eight hours in the vegetable garden envied the more fortunate fellow who spent his day riding about the pastures herding cattle. The cowboy, on the other hand, considered that the schoolmaster had a considerably easier job, and he was perhaps moved to compare his lot with that of the colonist whose principal duty appeared to be to blow the dinner horn."

Inevitably "bitter charges of favouritism were levelled at the head of Lane and at the heads of the foremen in charge of every industry." "We have surrendered all civil rights and become mere cogs in the wheel," wrote one of the colonists who had come to New Australia to find joy in "work by all for all." "In fact a man is practically a slave. Lane does the thinking and the colonists do the work. Result, barbarism."

At the end of fourteen months Lane found himself obliged to expel a number of malcontents; in the following year (1894) no less than a third of the colony seceded of their own accord. "We came," said one, "to found Utopia and we have succeeded in creating a Hell upon Earth." But on the arrival at this juncture of 190 new-comers, who had been attracted to the New Australia by delusive reports, Lane was himself deposed, and started off at the head of a few followers to found another settlement, which he named Cosme.

For a few years the two colonies struggled on in misery, but finally in 1899 Lane abandoned his experiment at

Cosme and returned to Australia. By dint of employing native labour on the hated wage system they had set out to destroy, the Cosmians partly succeeded in restoring their shattered fortunes; but before long the Socialist principle was recognized as a failure and abandoned by both settlements in favour of Individualism.

From this moment the energy of the colonists revived. "In an incredibly short space of time houses shot up surrounded by well-tilled kitchen gardens. . . . Very soon the grass lands were once more dotted with cattle . . ."; in a word, New Australia became "an average community of sane, sober, hard-working, self-respecting farmers, living at peace with one another and taking for their motto: 'What we have we hold!'"

The experiment of New Australia offers an interesting demonstration of Proudhon's theory of the hive and the bees when carried out to its ultimate conclusion. For in New Australia, as in all other communal settlements, the principal difficulties encountered were the lack of public spirit and the inclination to "slack." "There is absolutely no regard for common property," one member of the colony wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Moreover, "it was freely alleged by almost every colonist against some other that the latter was working less vigorously for the benefit of 'all' than he would have done in his own interest." Mr. Stewart Grahame goes on to show us how this lack of energy would be overcome in a Socialist State, and by a curious coincidence he illustrates the fate of "won't works" under Socialist administration by the same simile as Proudhon in a description of the massacre of the drones, quoted from Maeterlinck's *La Vie de l'abeille*:

One morning the long-expected word of command goes through the hive, and the peaceful workers turn into judges and executioners. . . . Each one is assailed by three or four envoys of justice. . . . Many will reach the door and escape into space . . . but towards evening, impelled by hunger and cold, they return in crowds to the entrance of the hive to beg for shelter. But there they encounter another pitiless guard. The next morning, before setting forth on their journey, the workers will clear the threshold, strewn with the corpses of the useless giants.

On closer inspection the industrial system of the hive is thus seen to be less peaceful than it had been represented by the Father of Syndicalism — Proudhon. Yet all the more it demonstrates the manner in which alone Socialist or Syndicalist administration can be carried out on a large scale.

In isolated settlements of the kind, idlers or objectors can be banished, but once the system has been made universal the refusal to do the share of work allotted to one can only be punishable by death. The text adopted by militant Socialists as their battle-cry, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat!" must be literally carried out by a Socialist State, and the proletarian disciples of Ca' Canny, no less than the "idle rich," as also those workers for whom no employment can be found, will find that the law of the hive can be even more ferocious than the hated government of "Capitalism."

Mr. Stewart Grahame has well said that "few, even amongst Socialists, realize the ferocity of Socialism." They imagine that "that classic pattern of Socialist administration, the Reign of Terror," was an accident that need not recur if the experiment of Socialism is repeated. But we have only to examine the writings of Socialists to recognize that the Reign of Terror was simply Socialism carried out to its logical conclusion. Thus we find even a Socialist of such reputed moderation as Mr. H. M. Hyndman writing these words:

The whole noble array of barristers, solicitors, accountants, surveyors, agents, and about ninety-nine hundredths of the present distributors would be wholly useless in a properly organized society. They live upon the existing *bourgeois* system . . . They will *disappear* with the huckster arrangements on which they thrive.¹

Since there is at present no way of making human beings "disappear" it is obvious that they must be killed off, for, as Robespierre perceived, they cannot all be absorbed by "work of essential utility," and can therefore only be left to die of starvation. So all Socialist roads lead back to the old system of depopulation, and it is question-

¹ H. M. Hyndman, *The Historical Basis of Socialism* (1883), p. 461.

able whether the guillotine was not the humaner method.

Syndicalism at any rate does not conceal its intentions in this matter. The massacre of the drones — and of those whom overcrowding of the hive forces to become drones — forms an essential part of the programme that Mermeix has well described as "a Neronic dream."

In the exultations of Georges Sorel over the coming death struggle between Capital and Labour, we seem to hear a Roman Emperor rejoicing in anticipation over the collision between two racing chariots that is to strew the arena with the mangled remains of men and horses and drench its sand in blood.

Syndicalism as formulated by George Sorel is the plan of the World Revolution stripped of its illusory wrappings and revealed in all its naked deformity. It is avowedly anti-patriotic, anti-religious, anti-democratic; it is, in the words of one of its own advocates, Pouget, "the negation of the system of majorities," and its sole aim is rule by force and violence. Far more than Socialism, it is the direct continuation of the programme of the Illuminati. Can we not see Weishaupt smiling in his grave as we read the words of Sorel: "It is impossible not to see that a sort of irresistible wave will pass over the old civilization"?

(Since writing the above chapter I have been informed on good authority that M. Georges Sorel has definitely gone over to the Royalists. I wonder how many youthful Syndicalists are told of this incident in the life of their prophet. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.)

CHAPTER X

THE REVOLUTION OF 1917

The Great War — Rôle of British Socialists — Rôle of German Social Democrats — The Russian Revolution — Bolshevism — Rôle of the Jews — The Protocols of Nilus — German Organisation.

WHEN the Great War broke out in 1914 it was on International Socialism that Germany counted to break the resistance of her enemies.

Everywhere the ground had been carefully prepared. In England, from the founding of the First International onwards, German intrigue had never ceased to play a leading part in the succeeding Socialist organizations, each of which in turn had been diverted from its original course in the direction of pan-German interests.

Although the influence of Marx amongst the British working-men was practically *nil* during his lifetime, the Marxian tradition had been carried on by his colleague Engels and his British middle-class disciples who formed the Socialist associations in this country.

Thus the Second Internationale, founded in 1882, became Germanized by 1893, and remained so until the outbreak of war, when it was suspended and did not reconstruct itself until the Geneva Congress of 1920. The Fabian Society, inaugurated in 1883, fell almost immediately under the control of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw who has made no secret of his international sympathies. In the same year the Social Democratic Federation was founded by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, with *Justice* as its organ, and in the following year of 1884 produced an offshoot in the Socialist League founded by William Morris with the co-operation of Mr. Belfort Bax, an Austrian semi-

Anarchist named Andrea Scheu, several English Anarchists, and Dr. Aveling, the "husband" of Marx's daughter, as editor of its organ *The Commonweal*.

This ceased to exist in 1892. The original S.D.F. meanwhile continued its course, but in 1911 changed its name to the British Socialist party.

The alien influence in all these associations is thus plainly visible, but it was not sufficient to content Friedrich Engels, who therefore set to work on another enterprise, the "Independent Labour Party," which, with the collaboration of Mr. Keir Hardie, he afterwards boasted that he helped to create. Engels then instructed Dr. Aveling, who had formed a "free union" with Marx's daughter,¹ to join the Executive Committee of the I.L.P., whilst Eleanor herself "was told off to work for the Gas Workers' and General Labourers' Union."

Engels now imagined that, with the aid of the Independent Labour Party, he would obliterate the Social Democratic Federation and the Fabians, as a punishment for not showing sufficient subservience to German leadership. He evidently believed that he was eminently successful in these efforts. On July 20, 1889, Engels wrote to Sorge: "I think that we are going to make great progress here." Then he goes on to explain that as the Anglo-Saxons are slow and dull of comprehension, it was quite natural that English workmen should be "bossed" (*gebosst*) by Germans.

In a subsequent letter Engels boasts that the gas workers of London "were led by Tussy," the diminutive name of Marx's youngest daughter (Eleanor). Finally, in 1892, Engels repeats triumphantly:

We are making great progress here in England. Affairs advance splendidly. Next year there will be seen marching behind Germany, not only Austria and France, but also England.²

These hopes found their fulfilment on the declaration of war in 1914. What part did the Socialists play? The true meaning of Internationalism was then revealed. Although the war on the part of Germany was one of pure aggression, and on the part of England one of urgent national defence, *the whole German Social Democratic Party*

¹ How admirably Marx was fitted to direct the affairs of the human race is shown by the way he managed his own family. Eleanor Marx, her "husband," Dr. Aveling, and her sister all committed suicide.

² Adolphe Smith, *The Pan-German Internationale*, p. 6.

*in a body went over to the German war-party,*¹ whilst all the Socialist organizations in this country — the Independent Labour Party, the British Socialist Party, and the Socialist Labour Party — opposed England's participation in the war.²

Not content with this Pacifist attitude before the outbreak of hostilities, certain Socialists — notably the members of the I.L.P. — continued, after the war had begun, to give active encouragement to the enemy. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who had published a violent indictment of the British Government on August 13, 1914, was mentioned on several occasions with the warmest approbation in the German press. At a congress of the I.L.P. in Norwich in April 1915, a resolution was passed by a huge majority opposing recruiting. Worse still, industrial troubles were stirred up amongst the workers, delaying the supply of war materials to the troops, so that the *Referee* declared that "German Socialists and their English allies were responsible for the death of thousands of Englishmen on the battle-front."³

It is only just to add that the question of the war brought about a split in the British Socialist Party, and though the name was retained by the anti-war party — a party largely composed from 1916 onwards of Russian-Jews and foreign Anarchists, with *The Call* for their organ — a group of British Socialists, under the leadership of Mr. Hyndman, stood out for national defence, and in 1916 reorganized themselves under the name of the "National Socialist Party." In 1920 this society resumed the original name of the Social Democratic Federation, whilst at the same date the British Socialist Party, now affiliated to the Third (Moscow) Internationale, became the British Communist Party and changed the name of its organ from *The Call* to *The Communist*. The fact then remains that at the outbreak of war British Socialism was represented by no national and patriotic party. The work of Germany had been well and truly done.

¹ On this point see Laskine's admirable pamphlet, *Les Socialistes du Kaiser, la fin d'un mensonge* (Floury, 1915).

² *The Two Internationals*, by R. Palme Dutt (Labour Research Department, 34 Eccleston Square), 1920, p. 3.

³ Laskine, *L'Internationale et le pan-Germanisme*, pp. 377-382.

Unless these preliminaries are clearly recognized, the attitude of the Socialists must appear only as the most extraordinary paradox. Why should the so-called champions of democracy have accorded their sympathy to Imperial Germany, the most monarchic and the most autocratic country in the world, rather than to Republican France, the home of the revolutionary tradition? It is true that the Government of Germany under Wilhelm II. was probably the best in Europe from the point of view of the working-classes, but this was precisely because it repudiated the Socialistic theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat, and owed its success to the fact that it treated the people like children, cared for them like children, punished them like children, and never allowed them to dictate.

The pro-German sympathies of British Socialists are therefore incomprehensible unless we realize that all their ideas had been instilled into their minds by German agents. "I am anti-French, but I am none the less anti-English," Marx, their prophet, had declared,¹ and the "anti-Allies" attitude of "International" Socialists in this country was the natural result of these influences.

In France German propaganda had been less successful. Although there were a few notorious pro-Germans in the Socialist and Radical camps the French Socialist party stood solidly for national defence. Even Jaurès, whose illusions on Germany had excited suspicions of complicity with the enemy, warned his countrymen that they must "beware of the *Illuminati*, who seek to organize the proletariat on a non-national basis."² Anti-patriotism is a sentiment not easily aroused in France, and inspires little admiration there when professed by foreigners. In this connection it is amusing to observe the attitude of Georges Sorel — Syndicalist, and therefore International, as he might profess to be — towards our British pacifists.

"Arbitration," he remarks, "always gives results disastrous to England; but these good people (the English Liberals) prefer

¹ *Briefwechsel zwischen Marx und Engels*, iv. 335, date of September 12, 1870.

² Quoted in speech of M. Brunet, Socialist deputy for Charleroi, August 2, 1920.

to pay or even to compromise the future of their country rather than affront the horrors of war. . . . Many Englishmen think that by humiliating their country they will become more *sympathiques* — this is not clearly proved."¹

But it was by pacificism that the great conspiracy gained its end in Russia. This is not the place to recount the story of the Russian Revolution, which is still too fresh in the minds of the public to need repeating; all that concerns us here is to trace the course of the World Revolution throughout the movement and to controvert the purblind declarations of certain leading politicians in this country, who persisted in regarding the Russian upheaval as something quite new in the history of the world. Thus in the House of Lords on February 10, 1920, Lord Curzon observed:

When we look at Russia, who can regard that spectacle without consternation and dismay? — a country at this moment prey to a revolution of a character unprecedented in history. Because, although every one is always drawing analogies with what happened in France 140 or 150 (*sic!*) years ago there is no analogy whatever. Everybody knows that the circumstances of what is happening in Russia at the present time are wholly without parallel in the history of the world, and you can imagine how in what are called the inner circles of statecraft at every moment we are confronted with this appalling spectacle outside our door, upsetting us, perplexing our resolution, and confounding our calculations at every turn.

What wonder that our foreign policy is frequently at fault and that our statesmen find themselves perplexed and confounded at every turn if this is the extent of their historical knowledge? Not only is there an exact analogy between the revolutions of France and Russia, but as every one who has studied the latter movement knows, the Russian Revolution from November 1917 onwards was a *direct continuation of the French*. This was admitted by the Bolsheviks themselves, who repeatedly declared that the first French Revolution must be copied in every detail, and who from the outset took Marat and Robespierre as their models.²

¹ *Réflexions sur la violence*, p. 89.

² Sir Paul Dukes informed me that at a meeting of the Bolsheviks he attended in Russia at the beginning of the Revolution, Marat was held up as the great example to be followed. In June 1919 an article in the

It has been objected that in two important points the Russian Revolution differs from the French, firstly, that whilst the French Revolution was National, the Russian was International; secondly, that the French Revolution was directed against the aristocracy, but the Russian Revolution aimed particularly at the destruction of the *bourgeoisie*. Both these statements are inaccurate. The French Revolution, like the Russian Revolution, contained both National and International elements. In its declaration "all men are brothers" the French Constituent Assembly gave expression to the purest Internationalism, and Cloutz, the apostle of this doctrine, received as we have seen, the loudest acclamations from the Convention. It was only when the Jacobins' declaration of world anarchy met with opposition from foreign countries and also ran counter to the innate patriotism of the French people that the Convention found itself forced into an attitude of Nationalism it had never intended to assume, and under the domination of Robespierre, the greatest opponent of Internationalism, Cloutz and the "parti de l'étranger" were condemned to death. In Russia, on the other hand, the Revolution did not bear at the outset an entirely International character: amongst the Social Revolutionaries who brought about the rising of March 1917 were several national groups; the Mensheviks likewise comprised a national party, led by Plechanov. It was not until the Bolsheviks seized the reins of power that the Revolution became frankly International, and this was facilitated by the fact that the Russian people were less patriotic than the French, and also that whilst the Jacobins of France could count on no support from abroad the Bolsheviks depended almost entirely on foreign co-operation and founded all their hopes on the prospect of a world revolution.

Daily Herald described the closing down by the Bolshevik authorities of a play entitled *The Death of Danton*, for fear it might be offensive to the memory of Robespierre. A Russian who had been imprisoned under the Bolsheviks wrote to me after reading my *French Revolution*: "Your book . . . seems to be the diary of our own revolution, so thoroughly well have our apes learnt their rôles . . . everybody in Russia knew by heart that bloody era, though many of the actors hardly knew how to sign their names!"

In the matter of the class war the Bolsheviks of Russia pursued precisely the same course as the revolutionaries of France. In both countries the monarchy and aristocracy were the first to suffer; in both the turn of the *bourgeoisie* came next. In the summer of 1793, as we have seen, war on the *bourgeoisie* was declared by the Convention, and the battle-cries of that period have been adopted verbatim by the Bolsheviks. Let us follow the same process, as carried out by Lenin, in his own words:

What is the first stage? It is the transfer of power to the capitalist class (*bourgeoisie*). Up to the March revolution of 1917 power in Russia was in the hands of one ancient class, namely the feudal-aristocratic-landowning class headed by Nicholas Romanov. After that revolution power has been in the hands of a different, a new class, namely the capitalist class (the *bourgeoisie*). The shifting of power from one class to another is the first, the main, fundamental symptom of a revolution, both in the strictly scientific and the practical political sense of the word. To this extent, the capitalist or bourgeois-democratic revolution in Russia is at an end.¹

In Russia as in France war on the *bourgeoisie* was only the second stage of the movement, and in both the complete subjection of the people formed the next point on the programme.

The Bolshevik revolution was, from the very beginning, avowedly anti-democratic and in no sense the outcome of the Russian revolutionary movement. Until the end of the last century the subversive forces in Russia had been mainly anarchic, resulting from the doctrines of Bakunin and Kropotkin; but with the formation of the Russian Social Democratic Party a definite Marxian school was inaugurated and found further support in the Jewish Bund of Social Democrats. It was at a congress of the Russian Social Democratic Party in London in 1907 that the split took place, resulting in division into the two groups of Bolsheviks under Lenin and Mensheviks under Martoff, the former signifying the majority, the latter the minority, but since then the terms have come to denote the extreme and the less extreme party.

At the outbreak of the March revolution of 1917 the

¹ *The Soviets at Work*, p. 8.

Bolsheviks were, however, completely in the minority amongst the various revolutionary groups — a fact frankly admitted by the Bolsheviks themselves¹ — and it was only by a course of systematic deception, and finally by force of arms, that the party which might be described in Bakunin's words, "the German-Jew Company," the "red bureaucracy," succeeded in establishing its domination. Such popularity as it had achieved had been won by the old method of the conspiracy — promising one thing and doing precisely the opposite. Thus according to the word of command of the Secret Societies — "Constitution" — the Bolsheviks had clamoured for a Constituent Assembly, and their first act was to dissolve the assembly elected by universal suffrage; exploiting the war-weariness of the troops they had promised the people immediate peace, and having by these means created disaffection first in the navy, then in the First army, and finally throughout all the troops, they inaugurated a régime that could only exist on warfare and of which the whole policy is aggressive militarism; they had promised the peasants the land they coveted, and then denied them the right to own the crops they grew on it.

From the outset, however, the Bolsheviks had never succeeded in obtaining a following amongst the peasants, of which the revolutionary elements looked to the Social Revolutionaries for salvation, and it was on the workmen of the towns that they counted for support. But here again their promises proved delusive, and the workers who imagined that they were to run the industries in which they were engaged found themselves bitterly disillusioned. Great efforts have been made by the Bolsheviks to persuade Syndicalists that their plans are identical, as we see in the overture made by Zinovieff in the name of the Third Internationale to the I.W.W. of America (date of January 1920), where soothing assurances are given on the subject

¹ "At the beginning of the Revolution, the Socialist Revolutionary Party became by far the strongest in the whole political field. The peasants, soldiers, and even the masses of the workers voted for the Socialist Revolutionaries" (Trotzky, *The History of the Russian Revolution to Brest-Litovsk* (Allen and Unwin), p. 62). A report in the White Paper on Bolshevism asserts that 90 per cent of the population were in favour of the monarchy (date of October 14, 1918).

of the State. "Our aim is the same as yours — a commonwealth without State, without Government, without classes, in which the workers shall administer the means of production and distribution for the common benefit of all." But the appeal goes on to explain that this cannot be done all at once, and the old process of the "withering away of the State," originating with Louis Blanc, is to take place. In the face of Lenin's views on control by the workers the hypocrisy of this protestation is, however, apparent.

"Socialism," Lenin wrote in May 1918, "can only be reached by the development of State Capitalism, the careful organization of finance, control, and discipline amongst the workers. Without this there is no Socialism. . . . To every deputation of workers which has come to me complaining that a factory was stopping work, I have said: 'If you desire the confiscation of your factory, the decree forms are ready, and I can sign a decree at once. But tell me: can you take over the management of the concern? Have you calculated what you can produce? Do you know the relations of your works with Russian and foreign markets?' Then it has appeared that they are inexperienced in these matters; that there is nothing about them in the Bolshevik literature, nor in the Menshevik either. The workers who base their activities on State Socialism are the most successful."¹

Bolshevism then is not Syndicalism, it is State Socialism, it is Marxism, it is Communism, in a word it is *Babouvisme*.

It is therefore no figure of speech to describe it as the most reactionary school of thought now in existence, for it does not even carry on the traditions of 1848 or 1871, but goes right back to the century before last — the Bolshevik revolution of 1917 began where the French Revolution left off in 1797. Is it possible to conceive anything more retrogressive?

Let us now follow the programme of Bolshevism as set forth by its own advocates in order to realize its exact resemblance to that of Babeuf. We shall find it most clearly propounded in the pamphlet of Bucharin, the right hand of Lenin, from which the following passages are taken:

¹ *The Chief Task of our Times*, by Vladimir Oulianoff (Lenin), published by the Workers' Socialist Federation, p. 12.

We already know that the root of the evil of all plundering wars, of oppression of the working-classes and of all the atrocities of capitalism, is that the wealth of the world has been enslaved by a few State-organized capitalist bands, who own all the wealth of the earth as their private *property*. . . . To deprive the rich of their power by depriving them of their wealth by force, that is the paramount duty of the working-class, of the Labour Party, the party of Communists. . . . In a Communist order all the wealth belongs not to individuals or classes, but to society as a whole; no one man is master over it. All are equal comrades. . . . The work is carried out jointly, according to a pre-arranged labour plan. A central bureau of statistics calculates how much it is required to manufacture in a year: such and such a number of boots, trousers, sausages, blacking, wheat, cloth, and so on. It will also calculate that for this purpose such and such a number of men must work on the fields and in the sausage work respectively, and such and such a number in the large communal tailoring workshops, etc., and working-hands will be distributed accordingly. The whole of production is conducted on a strictly calculated and adjusted plan, on the basis of an exact estimate of all the machines, apparatus, all raw material, and all the labour power in the community.¹

Compare this with Babeuf: "A simple affair of numbering things and people, a simple operation of calculations and combinations."²

All this, Bucharin goes on to inform us, "can be attained only by working to a single plan and by organizing the whole community into *one vast labour commune*."³

This process, which is to begin with the *bourgeoisie*, is to be carried out

by means of introducing labour record books and labour service. Every one of the above-named class should receive a special book in which an account is kept of his work, that is to say of his compulsory service. Fixed entries in his book entitle him to buy or to receive certain food products, bread in the first place. . . . If such an individual refuses to work there is no corresponding entry in his book. He goes to the store but is told, "There is nothing for you. Please to show an entry confirming your work."⁴

This may be very pleasing to the proletarian who sees in imagination the "idle rich" being forced to shoulder

¹ N. Bucharin, *The Programme of the World Revolution* (Socialist Labour Press, Glasgow, 1920), pp. 16, 17.

² P. 63 of this book.

³ *Programme of the World Revolution*, p. 17.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 55.

spade or pickaxe in order to secure a meal, but the proletarian smile fades away as the end of the page is reached and these ominous words appear: "Of course labour service for the rich should only be a transitory stage towards general labour service."

If we turn to *The Russian Code of Labour Laws* (published by the People's Russian Information Bureau in 1920) we shall find that "all citizens of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic over 16 and under 50 years of age" — with certain exemptions in case of illness — "are subject to compulsory labour" of eight hours a day.¹

In fact a great part of Lenin's writings are devoted to the problem of enforcing this system, to "the higher discipline of the toilers,"² "iron discipline during work with absolute submission to the will of one person,"³ for which purpose "a merciless dictatorship⁴ must be exercised." Moreover, we find that after all "wage-slavery" still exists, for a whole section of the Russian Code relates to the "transfer and discharge of wage-earners." But in time the wages though not the slavery are to disappear, for Bucharin explains that sale and purchase will by degrees give way to barter:

An "exchange" of goods must then begin between town and country, without the agency of money; municipal industrial organizations send out textile, iron, and other goods into the country, while the village district organizations send bread to the towns in exchange . . . when production and distribution are thoroughly organized money will play no part whatever, and as a matter of course no kind of money dues will be demanded from any one. Money will have generally become unnecessary. Finance will become extinct.⁵

In order to attain this ideal condition of things the working-class must engage in a "bloody, painful, heroic struggle."

We have only to turn back to the earlier pages of this book to see that this is identically and in every detail the plan of the Babouvistes; the Third International in its "New Communist Manifesto" in fact admits its direct

¹ Pp. 6 and 16.

² *Ibid.*, p. 35.

³ *Programme of the World Revolution*, p. 69.

⁴ *The Soviets at Work*, p. 25.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 40.

descent from Babeuf. How are we to explain the continuity of idea? Simply by the fact that both systems are founded on the same doctrines — those of Illuminism, and that the plan now at work in Russia has been handed down through the secret societies to the present day.

The Bolshevik revolution has in fact followed out the code of Weishaupt in every point — the abolition of monarchy, abolition of patriotism, abolition of private property and of inheritance, abolition of marriage and morality, and abolition of all religion.

On the last two points queries will be raised. Has the Bolshevik Government *officially* abolished marriage? No; simply because it has not dared to do so, but its intentions in this respect are made quite clear in the pamphlet of Madame Kolontay, the friend of Lenin, *Communism and the Family*,¹ in which it is explained that the old form of "indissoluble marriage" is to give place to "the free and honest union of men and women who are lovers and comrades" — that is to say simply to "free love." Does this imply then "the community of women"? Much discussion has been devoted to this question, heated controversies have taken place as to whether the mandate of Ekaterinodar ordering the "socialization" of women was a part of the Bolshevik programme or merely the act of an individual commissar. Yet all the time the answer is quite simple. Bolshevism is avowedly Marxism; to follow the precepts of Marx in every detail is the supreme aim of the leaders. And the "*official and open community of women*" is laid down in Marx's *Communist Manifesto*.² If, therefore, the Bolsheviks have not established it in Russia it is because public opinion was evidently too strong for them. The mandate of Ekaterinodar, never intended for publication in Western Europe, gave away the plan and prevented its execution. But Madame Kolontay's pamphlet leaves no doubt as to the ultimate design. For "free love" must inevitably lead to the same conclusion — the removal of all protection from women. The hypocritical pretension

¹ Published by "The Workers' Socialist Federation," 152 Fleet Street.

² Manifesto of the Communist Party published in pamphlet form by the Socialist Labour Party, p. 19.

put forward by Marx and the Bolsheviks of wishing to abolish prostitution can deceive no one — Communism would simply replace voluntary prostitution by forcible rape.

In this matter the Bolsheviks go much further than Babeuf, who does not touch on the community of women, although he is no less insistent on the necessity for the break-up of the family by taking away the children from their parents; and his further stipulation that they should not be allowed to bear their father's name "unless he had distinguished himself by great virtues," certainly seems to indicate abolition of the present marriage system. But in their plan of the communal education of children the Bolsheviks have followed Babeuf to the letter. The English Communist, Mr. Bertrand Russell, has described the idea formulated by Madame Kolontay more or less vaguely — so as not to alarm Western mothers — as he saw it in operation during his stay in Russia, and it is curious to notice that Babeuf's plan of teaching the children dancing has been carefully followed — an irony which even Mr. Russell could not fail to perceive, since the education of these "Eurythmic" dancers contrasted pathetically with "the long hours of painful toil" to which they were "soon to be subject in the workshop or factory."¹ The exact resemblance between the Bolshevik system with that of Babeuf is further shown by this passage from Mr. Russell's book:

It is necessary first to admit that children should be delivered up almost entirely to the State. Nominally, the mother still comes to see her child in these schools, but in actual fact, the drafting of children to the country must intervene, and the whole temper of the authorities seemed to be directed towards *breaking the link between mother and child.*²

In the matter of religion the Bolsheviks seem to have been unable to carry out their programme entirely, for, although churches have been desecrated and destroyed, ikons torn down and spat upon, and countless priests murdered, religious worship has not been officially pro-

¹ Bertrand Russell, *The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism* (Allen and Unwin), 1920, p. 69.

² *Ibid.* p. 66. Cf. with p. 59 of this book.

hibited as under the French Terror. But the intentions of the Soviet Government on this question admit of no misunderstanding. Turning again to Bucharin we find the following principles laid down:

One of the agencies in achieving this object (dulling the minds of the people) was the belief in God and the Devil. A great number of people have grown accustomed to believe in all this, whilst if we analyse these ideas and try to understand the origin of religion and why it is so strongly supported by the *bourgeoisie*, it will become clear that the real significance of religion is that it is a *poison* which is still being instilled into the people. It will also become clear why the party of the Communists is a strong antagonist of religion.¹

Adopting the aphorism of Marx that "religion is opium to the people," Bucharin goes on to show the mental degeneracy that results from any religious beliefs, and emphasizes his conclusions with these words in large black lettering: "*Religion must be fought, if not by violence, at all events by argument.*"²

All religions, moreover, fall under the ban, for after describing the follies of fasting and penance, Bucharin adds:

Equally foolish things are done by the religious Jew, the Moslem Turk, the Buddhist Chinese, in a word, by every one who believes in God. . . . Religion . . . not only leaves people in a state of barbarism, but helps to leave them in a state of slavery.³

In these words we seem to hear again the voice of Anarcharsis Clootz, "the personal enemy of Jesus Christ," uttering his declamations on "the nullity of all religions."

What is all this indeed but Illuminism, of which the anti-religious fury had blazed out successively in Weisshaupt, Clootz, the chiefs of the Alta Vendita, in Proudhon, and in Bakunin? Indeed the final aim of the Illuminati, the destruction of Christian civilization, has been frankly admitted by the Bolsheviks of Russia. "Wherever I went in Russia," the Rev. Courtier Forster said on his return from that unhappy country, "the Bolsheviks assured me that 'civilization was all wrong' and must be done away with. An important follower of Lenin observed: 'We have

¹ *Programme of the World Revolution*, p. 73.

² *Ibid.* p. 77.

³ *Ibid.* p. 76.

now been at work for two years and you see what we have already done, but it will take us twelve years to destroy the civilization of the world.' " And Mr. Lansbury, that obedient pupil of Lenin's, after his visit to Russia echoed the same sentiment in the columns of the *Daily Herald*: " We believe that man has been on the wrong road ever since the dawn of that thing we call civilization." ¹ The very words employed by Robert Owen under the influence of Illuminism nearly 100 years earlier!

Yet another witness to the persistence of this theory is Mr. H. G. Wells, whose visions of the future expounded in the concluding chapters of his *Outlines of History* and articles on Russia are simply a compound of Rousseau, Weishaupt, Cloutz, and Babeuf. Thus at the end of the former work we find Mr. Wells anticipating a partial return to the " nomadic life " — the identical expression employed by Barruel in describing Weishaupt's theory, — whilst the same writer's views on Internationalism are pure Cloutz. What else is the " World State " now being advocated by Mr. Wells in the *Sunday Times* but Cloutz's " Universal Republic," or his idea of union between all peoples regardless of nationality but Cloutz's " solidarity of the human race " ? The following genealogy of an extraordinary remark by Mr. Wells on the subject of cities will show how curiously he has been impregnated with " illuminated " thought, and incidentally illustrates the method by which one can acquire the reputation of being an " advanced thinker " today:

Barruel explained that the plan of Weishaupt had been to do away with fixed abodes so that man should return to the nomadic life,² and that this had been the influence at work behind the French Jacobins when they set out to destroy the manufacturing towns of France.³ " Be free and equal," he quotes from the original writings of Weishaupt, " and you will be Cosmopolitans and citizens of the world. Know how to appreciate equality and liberty and you will not fear to see Rome, Vienna, Paris, London, Constanti-

¹ *Daily Herald* for June 30, 1920.

² *Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme*, iii. 127, 130, and 198, quoting *Originalschriften*, Part II., letter No. 10 to Cato.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 141, 142, 178.

nople burning. . . ." ¹ This plan, as we have seen, was put into execution during the Commune of 1871, and still forms an important part of the programme of World Revolution.

In 1796 Babeuf, Illuminatus, expressed the hope that in time all the large towns of France would disappear, as it was in towns that wage slavery flourished and that Capitalists were able to surround themselves with luxury and display. ²

Seventy years later the Nihilists under the influence of German Illuminism declared: "We must burn down the towns. . . . What is the good of these towns? They only serve to engender servitude!" ³

And in 1920 Mr. H. G. Wells excuses the ruin of the towns of Russia under Bolshevism by saying: "It was not Communism which built up *these great impossible cities*, but Capitalism." ⁴

Now this is an argument too silly to have been invented by any one of Mr. Wells's intelligence, and we can only conclude that in putting it forward he is simply repeating a phrase that he has heard from his Russian friends, to whom the idea of the necessity for doing away with towns has descended direct from Weishaupt through the Secret Societies.

It is obvious that ideas such as these in no way correspond to the desires of the "people" in any country. Even the peasants of Russia do not want a return to savagery, whilst to the proletariats of Western Europe nothing would be more abhorrent than the destruction of cities. They love the busy life of towns and all the amenities of civilization; they ask for better homes, a higher standard of living, for modern conveniences that will lighten the burden of the working-woman, for the devices of science, for cinemas and music to beguile their hours of leisure. They do not wish to solve the housing question by becoming nomads. The cure for social evils — slums, sweating, unemployment, exploitation — is not less civilization but *more*. The

¹ *Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme*, iii. 197.

² Buonarrotti, *Conspiration pour l'égalité dite de Babeuf*, i. 221.

³ Fribourg, *Association Internationale des Travailleurs*, p. 184.

⁴ *Sunday Express* for Oct. 31, 1920.

"people" understand this very well, and thus the programme of the revolutionary leaders is still, as it has been throughout, in direct opposition to the wishes of the people.

If any doubt on this point still remains, if the history of the World Revolution related in this book does not prove that the revolutionary movement for the last 140 years has been the work of a conspiracy whose aims are entirely unconnected with the interests and demands of the people, how are we to account for the following undeniable facts?

1. That although the grievances of the people throughout this period have varied according to the changing conditions of our civilization, the programme of the social revolution has never varied. For if the succeeding outbreaks had been made by the people each would have been distinguished by different war-cries, different aims arising from the exigencies of the moment; instead of this each outbreak has been carried on to the same slogans, has repeated the same catch-words, and each has been directly copied from the earliest — and until 1917 the most successful — attempt, the first French Revolution.

2. That the leaders of the movement have never, in a single instance, been men of the people, but always members of the upper or middle classes who could not by any possibility be regarded as victims of oppression. And if it is objected that these men were disinterested fanatics fighting in a cause that was not their own, then —

3. That, with rare exceptions such as Louis Blanc, they invariably displayed complete unconcern for the sufferings of the people and a total disregard for human life. No instance has ever been recorded of pity or sympathy displayed by the Terrorists of France towards any individual members of the working-classes; on the contrary, they turned a deaf ear to all complaints. The Marxists and Bakuninists mutually accused each other of regarding the people as "cannon fodder."

4. That each outbreak has occurred not when the cause of the people was hopeless but on the eve of great reforms.

5. That each has been followed not by reform but by

a period of reaction. For twenty years after the first French Revolution the very word "reform" could hardly be breathed even in England.

6. That in spite of the fact that each outbreak has thus thrown back the cause of the people, each has been represented to the people as a step forward and further revolutions have been advocated.

The revolutionary movement of 1776 to the present day is therefore the work of a continuous conspiracy working for its own ends and against the interests of the people.

But now we come to the further question — who are the modern Illuminati, the authors of the plot? What is their ultimate object in wishing to destroy civilization? What do they hope to gain by it? It is this apparent absence of motive, this seemingly aimless campaign of destruction carried on by the Bolsheviki of Russia, that has led many people to believe in the theory of a Jewish conspiracy to destroy Christianity. And indeed, if one examines the present régime of Russia apart from the revolutionary movement of the last 140 years, this provides a very conclusive solution to the problem. To the unprejudiced observer Bolshevism in Russia may well appear to be a wholly Jewish movement.

For many years before the present revolution the Jews had played a leading part in the forces of disruption in that country. The correspondent of *The Times* at Odessa in 1905 described the riots that took place there at the end of October when "excited Jewish factory girls donned red blouses and ribbons and openly flaunted them in the faces of the Cossacks." Out of a population of 430,000 inhabitants over one-third were Jews, and about 15,000 took part in the rioting. "The main part of these demonstrators were students and Jews; . . . excited Jews unblushingly exhibited Republican emblems," red flags were unfurled, the Russian national flag was dishonoured by having all colour except the strip of red torn from it, the Emperor's portrait was mutilated. In the fight that ensued over 400 Jews and 500 Christians were killed. The writer

of this article further showed the demonstration to have been organized at headquarters; "amongst other Socialistic fraternities the Central Jewish organization located in Switzerland sent emissaries from its branches in Warsaw and Poland to Odessa."¹

Mr. Wickham Steed, in his book *The Hapsburg Monarchy*, quotes a letter written in this same year of 1905 by a semi-Jew on the question of the Jews in Hungary, in which this remarkable passage occurs:

There is a Jewish question and this terrible race means not only to master one of the grandest warrior nations in the world, but it means, and is consciously striving, to enter the lists against the other great race of the north (the Russians), the only one that has hitherto stood between it and its goal of world-power. Am I wrong? Tell me. For already England and France are, if not actually dominated by Jews, very nearly so, while the United States, by the hands of those whose grip they are ignorant of, are slowly but surely yielding to that international and insidious hegemony. Remember that I am half a Jew by blood, but that in all I have power to be I am not.²

Twelve years later this prophecy was terribly fulfilled. For, whatever the Jewish Press may say to the contrary, the preponderance of Jews amongst the Bolsheviks of both Hungary and Russia has been too evident to need further proof. The Executive of the Communist Government established in Hungary in March 1919 consisted in a Directorate of Five which included four Jews — Bela Kun, Bela Vago, Sigmund Kunfi, and Joseph Pogany. The Secretary was another Jew — Alpari. Szamuely, also a Jew, was the head of the Terrorist troops.³ In Russia Jews have again predominated. An article in *The Times* for March 29, 1919, stated that:

Of the twenty or thirty commissaries or leaders who provide

¹ *The Times* for November 22, 1905, article entitled "The Reign of Terror at Odessa." The Chief Rabbi Gaster wrote in *The Times* of November 25 to contradict these statements, but brought forward no proofs to the contrary.

² *The Hapsburg Monarchy* (1913), p. 169. "In Austria-Hungary," the author observes on p. 155, "the spread of Socialism has been largely the result of Jewish propaganda. Dr. Victor Adler, the founder and leader of the Austrian party, is a Jew, as are many of his followers. In Hungary the party was also founded and inspired by the Jews."

³ See the pamphlet, *In the Grip of the Terror*, by Lumen, printed by Jordan Gaskell. Agents, W. H. Smith & Son, 186 Strand.

the central machinery of the Bolshevist movement not less than 75 per cent are Jews. . . . If Lenin is the brains of the movement, the Jews provide the executive officers. Of the leading commissaries, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kameneff, Stekloff, Sverdloff, Uritsky, Joffe, Rakovsky, Radek, Menjinsky, Larin, Bronski, Zaalkind, Volodarsky, Petroff, Litvinoff,¹ Smirdovitch, and Vovrowsky are all of the Jewish race, while among the minor Soviet officials the number is legion.²

In fact the Jewish Press has on occasions admitted this influence in Bolshevism. Thus in *The Communist*, a newspaper published in Kharkoff (number for April 12, 1919), we find Mr. M. Cohan boasting that,

. . . without exaggeration, it may be said that the great Russian social revolution was indeed accomplished by the hands of the Jews. . . . It is true that there are no Jews in the ranks of the Red Army as far as privates are concerned, but in the committees and in Soviet organizations, as Commissars, the Jews are gallantly leading the masses of the Russian proletariat to victory. . . . The symbol of Jewry, which for centuries has struggled against capitalism, has become also the symbol of the Russian proletariat, which can be seen even in the face of the adoption of the Red five-pointed star, which in former times, as it is well known, was the symbol of Zionism and Jewry.³

This star from the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution has decorated the caps of Lenin's guards.

Even in England the activities of Jews are clearly evident in the Bolshevik camp; the audiences at "red flag meetings" have been observed to contain a very large Jewish element, Jewish interrupters have been sent to shout down speakers at patriotic meetings, Jewish agitators have taken part in every riot and urged young British hooligans to violence, and, according to the admission of the *Daily Herald*, a very large number of its readers are Jews.⁴ The *Jewish Chronicle* has in fact frankly declared that "there is much in the fact of Bolshevism itself, in the fact that so many Jews are Bolsheviks, in the

¹ A prominent member of the Jewish Bund in 1907 and Bolshevik "ambassador" to England.

² On this point see the remarkable pamphlet, *Who rules Russia?* published by the Association Unity of Russia, 121 East 7th Street, New York (1920), where the exact names and number of Jews in the different departments of the present Russian Government are given.

³ Quoted in American edition of *The Protocols*, p. 88.

⁴ Letter to the *Morning Post* from George P. Mudge, Aug. 31, 1920.

fact that the ideals of Bolshevism at many points are consonant with the finest ideals of Judaism." ¹

In the face of all this overwhelming evidence on the rôle of the Jews in the revolutionary movement, what wonder that the amazing *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, first published in Russian by Sergye Nilus in 1902 ² and in English under the title of *The Jewish Peril* in 1920, came as a revelation and appeared to provide the clue to the otherwise insoluble problem of Bolshevism? Here was the whole explanation — a conspiracy of the Jewish race that began perhaps at Golgotha, that hid itself behind the ritual of Freemasonry, that provided the driving force behind the succeeding revolutionary upheavals, that inspired the sombre hatred of Marx, the malignant fury of Trotzky, and all this with the fixed and unalterable purpose of destroying that Christianity which is hateful to it. Is this theory true? Possibly. But in the opinion of the present writer it has not been proved — it does *not* provide the whole key to the mystery.

The only way in which the truth can be reached is by scientific investigation. And the first step in the process of establishing the authenticity or non-authenticity of the famous Protocols is to endeavour to trace their origin. Now to any one familiar with the language of Secret Societies the ideas set forth in the Protocols are not new; on the contrary, many passages have a strange ring of familiarity. To the present writer the thought that recurred at every page was: "Where have I read that before?" and by degrees the conviction grew: "But this is simply Illuminism!" So striking, indeed, are certain analogies not only between the code of Weishaupt and the Protocols, but between the Protocols and later Secret Societies, continuations of the Illuminati, that a continuity of idea throughout the movement becomes apparent. The following parallels may prove of interest as evidence of the theory that the Protocols are founded on much earlier models:

¹ Article entitled "Peace, War, and Bolshevism," April 4, 1919.

² The copy in the British Museum is dated 1905, but there is said to have been an earlier edition in 1902.

PROTOCOLS

He who wants to rule must have recourse to cunning and hypocrisy (p. 3).

We must not stop short before bribery, deceit, and treachery, if these are to serve the achievement of our cause (p. 6.).

The end justifies the means. In making our plans we must pay attention not so much to what is good and moral, as to what is necessary and profitable (p. 4).

With the Press we will deal in the following manner. . . . We will harness it and will guide it with firm reins; we will also have to gain control of all other publishing firms . . . (p. 40).

All news is received by a few agencies, in which it is centralized from all parts of the world. When we attain power these agencies will belong to us entirely and will only publish such news as we allow . . . (p. 40).

No one desirous of attacking us with his pen would find a publisher . . . (p. 42).

Our programme will induce a third part of the populace to watch the remainder from a pure sense of duty and from the principle of voluntary government service. Then it will not be considered dishonourable to be a spy; on the contrary, it will be regarded as praiseworthy (p. 65).

We will transform the universities and reconstruct them according to our own plans. The

ILLUMINISM

(Weishaupt, 1776-1786)

Apply yourselves to the art of counterfeit, to hiding and masking yourselves in observing others (Barruel, iii. 27, *Originaischriften*, p. 40).

The end sanctifies the means. The good of the Order justifies calumnies, poisonings, murders, perjuries, treasons, rebellions; briefly, all that the prejudices of men call crimes (Barruel, iv. 182, 189, quoting evidence of Cossandey, Utzschneider, and Grunberger).

We must take care that our writers be well puffed and that the reviewers do not depreciate them; therefore we must endeavour by every means to gain over the reviewers and journalists; and we must also try to gain the booksellers, who in time will see it is their interest to side with us (Robison, p. 191).

If a writer publishes anything that attracts notice, and is in itself just, but does not accord with our plan, we must endeavour to win him over or decry him (Robison, p. 194).

Every person shall be made a spy on another and on all around him (Spartacus to Cato; Robison, p. 135).

We must acquire the direction of education — of church management — of the professorial chair

PROTOCOLS

heads of the universities and their professors will be specially prepared by means of elaborate secret programmes of action. . . . They will be very carefully nominated, etc. (p. 60).

We intend to appear as though we were the liberators of the labouring man. . . . We shall suggest to him to join the ranks of our armies of Socialists, Anarchists, and Communists. The latter we always patronize, pretending to help them out of fraternal principle and the general interest of humanity evoked by our socialistic masonry (p. 12).

In the so-considered leading countries we have circulated an insane, dirty, and disgusting literature (p. 49).

Our Sovereign must be irreproachable (p. 86).

In the place of existing governments we will place a monster, which will be called the Administration of the Super-government. Its hands will be outstretched like far-reaching pincers, and it will have such an organization at its disposal that it will not possibly be able to fail in subduing all countries (p. 22).

Our International Super-government (p. 28).

ILLUMINISM

and of the pulpit . . . (Robison, p. 191).

We must preach the warmest concern for humanity and make people indifferent to all other relations (Robison, p. 191).

We must win the common people in every corner (Robison p. 194).

We must try to obtain an influence . . . in the printing-houses, booksellers' shops. . . . Painting and engraving are highly worth our care (Robison, p. 196. Note adds: "They were strongly suspected of having published some scandalous caricatures and some very immoral prints. They scrupled at no means, however base, for corrupting the nation.")

An Illuminated Regent shall be one of the most perfect of men. He shall be prudent, foreseeing, astute, irreproachable (Instruction B. for the grade of Regent).

It is necessary to establish a universal régime of domination, a form of government that will spread out over the whole world . . . (Barruel, iii. 97).

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We will destroy the family life of the Gentiles . . . (p. 31).

We will also distract them by various kinds of amusement, games, pastimes, passions, public houses, etc. (p. 47).

The people of the Christians, bewildered by alcohol, their youths turned crazy by classics and early debauchery, to which they have been instigated by our agents, . . . by our women in places of amusement—to the latter I add the so-called "society women"—their voluntary followers in corruption and luxury (p. 5).

The masonic lodge throughout the world unconsciously acts as a mask for our purpose (p. 16).

Most people who enter secret societies are adventurers, who want somehow to make their way in life, and who are not seriously minded. With such people it will be easy for us to pursue our object, and we will make them set our machinery in motion (p. 52).

We employ in our service people of all opinions and all parties; men desiring to re-

HAUTE VENTE ROMAINE
(1822-1848)

The essential thing is to isolate a man from his family, to make him lose his morals. . . . He loves the long conversations of the cafés and the idleness of shows. . . . After having shown him how painful are his duties you will excite in him the idea of another existence (Piccolo Tigre to the Vente Piemontaise; Crétineau-Joly, ii, 120).

Let us . . . never cease to corrupt . . . but let us popularize vice amongst the multitude. Let us cause them to draw it in by their five senses, to drink it in, to be saturated with it. . . . It is corruption *en masse* that we have undertaken . . . (Vindex to Nubius; Crétineau-Joly, ii, 147).

It is upon the lodges that we count to double our ranks. They form, without knowing it, our preparatory novitiate (Piccolo Tigre to the Vente Supreme; Crétineau-Joly, ii, 120).

This vanity of the citizen or of the *bourgeois* for being enrolled in Freemasonry is something so *banal* and so universal that I am always full of admiration for human stupidity. . . . (The lodges) launch amidst their feastings thundering anathemas against intolerance and persecution. This is positively more than we require to make adepts (Piccolo Tigre to Nubius).

Princes of a sovereign house and those who have not the legitimate hope of being kings

PROTOCOLS

establish monarchies, Socialists, etc. (p. 28).

We have taken great care to discredit the clergy of the Gentiles in the eyes of the people, and thus have succeeded in injuring their mission, which could have been very much in our way. The influence of the clergy on the people is diminishing daily. Today freedom of religion prevails everywhere, but the time is only a few years off when Christianity will fall to pieces altogether (p. 64).

We must extract the very conception of God from the minds of the Christians . . . (p. 17).

We must destroy all professions of faith (p. 48).

PROTOCOLS

We persuaded the Gentiles that Liberalism would bring them to a kingdom of reason (p. 14).

We injected the poison of Liberalism into the organism of the State . . . (p. 33).

We preach Liberalism to the Gentiles . . . (p. 55).

HAUTE VENTE ROMAINE

by the grace of God, all wish to be kings by the grace of a Revolution. The Duke of Orleans is a Freemason. A prince who has not a kingdom to expect is a good fortune for us (Piccolo Tigre to Nubius).

There is a certain portion of the clergy that nibbles at the bait of our doctrines with a marvellous vivacity . . . (Nubius to Volpe; Crétineau-Joly, ii. 130).

It is corruption *en masse* that we have undertaken: the corruption of the people by the clergy and the corruption of the clergy by themselves, the corruption that ought to enable us one day to put the Church in her tomb (Vindex to Nubius; Crétineau-Joly, ii. 147).

Our final end is . . . the destruction for ever of Catholicism and even of the Christian idea (Dillon, *The War of Antichrist*, etc., p. 64).

In order to kill the old world surely we have held that we must stifle the Catholic and Christian germ (Piccolo Tigre to Nubius; Crétineau-Joly, ii. 387).

ALLIANCE SOCIALE
DÉMOCRATIQUE

(Bakunin's Secret Society,
1864-1869)

The fourth category of people to be employed thus described by Bakunin: "Various ambitious men in the service of the State and Liberals of different shades. With them one can conspire according to their own programme, pretending to follow them blindly."

PROTOCOLS

We will entrust these important posts (government posts) to people whose record and characters are so bad as to form a gulf between the nation and themselves, and to such people who, in case they disobey our orders, may expect judgment and imprisonment. And all this is with the object that they should defend our interests until the last breath has passed out of their bodies (p. 26).

We will pre-arrange for the election of . . . presidents whose past record is marked with some "Panama Scandal" or other shady hidden transaction (p. 34).

Out of governments we made arenas on which party wars are fought out. . . . Insuppressible babblers transformed parliamentary and administrative meetings into debating meetings. Audacious journalists and impudent pamphleteers are continually attacking the administrative powers (p. 11).

We will create a universal economical crisis. . . .¹ Simultaneously we will throw on to the streets huge crowds of workmen throughout Europe. These masses will then gladly throw themselves upon and shed the blood of those of whom, in their ignorance, they have been jealous

ALLIANCE SOCIALE
DÉMOCRATIQUE

The third category of Bakunin thus described: "A great number of highly placed animals who can be exploited in all possible ways. We must circumvent them, outwit them, and by getting hold of their dirty secrets make of them our slaves. By this means their power, their connections, their influence, and their riches will become an inexhaustible treasure and a precious help in various enterprises. . . ."

In the same way with the fourth category: "We must take them in our hands, get hold of their secrets, compromise them completely in such a way that retreat will be impossible to them."

The fifth category of Bakunin consists of: "Doctrinaires, conspirators, revolutionaries, all those who babble at meetings and on paper. We must push them and draw them on unceasingly into practical and perilous manifestations which will have the result of making the majority of them disappear whilst making a few amongst them real revolutionaries."

The Association will employ all its means and all its power to increase and augment evils and misfortunes which must at last wear out the patience of the people and excite them to an insurrection *en masse*.

¹ Marx was evidently in this secret. In *Réflexions sur la violence* (P. 183) Georges Sorel says: "Marx thought the great catastrophe would be preceded by an enormous economic crisis."

PROTOCOLS

from childhood, and whose belongings they will then be able to plunder (p. 14).

We will make merciless use of executions with regard to all who may take up arms against the establishment of our power (p. 50).

We must take no account of the numerous victims who will have to be sacrificed in order to obtain future prosperity (p. 51).

The masonic lodge throughout the world unconsciously acts as a mask for our purpose (p. 16).

ALLIANCE SOCIALE
DÉMOCRATIQUE

In the first place must be destroyed the men who are most pernicious to revolutionary organization and whose violence and sudden death may most frighten the government.

My friends, abandon that absurd idea that I have been won over to Freemasonry. But perhaps Freemasonry would serve as a mask or as a passport . . . (Letter to Herzen and Ogareff, *Correspondance de Bakounine*, 209).

Through all these parallels the plan of World Revolution runs like a "*complot suivi*," and when we further compare them with the utterances of the modern Bolsheviks we see the plan carried right up to the present moment. Let us now consider how the Protocols of the Elders of Zion tally with the Bolshevik programme:

PROTOCOLS

It is expedient for the welfare of the country that the government of the same should be in the hands of one responsible person (p. 5).

The system of government must be the work of one head.

The despotism of capital which is entirely in our hands will hold out to it (the State) a straw, to which the State will be unavoidably compelled to cling . . . (p. 2).

On the ruins of natural and hereditary aristocracy we built

BOLSHEVISM

"How can we secure strict unity of will? By subjecting the will of thousands to the will of one (Lenin, *The Soviets at Work*, p. 35).

What is the first stage? It is the transfer of power to the capitalist class. Up to the March Revolution of 1917 power in Russia was in the hands of one ancient class, the feudal-aristocratic-landowning class, headed by Nicholas Romanov

PROTOCOLS

an aristocracy of our own on a plutocratic basis. We established this new aristocracy on wealth, of which we had control . . . (p. 8).

Soon we will start organizing great monopolies—reservoirs of colossal wealth . . . (p. 22).

Our government is in so exceedingly strong a position in the sight of the law that we may almost describe it by the powerful expression of dictatorship (p. 27).

When we accomplish our *coup d'Etat*, we will say to the people: "Everything has been going very badly; all of you have suffered; now we are destroying the cause of your sufferings—that is to say, nationalities, frontiers, and national currencies. Certainly you will be free to condemn us, but can your judgment be fair if you pronounce it before you have had experience of what we can do for your good?" (p. 31).

Our laws will be short, clear, and concise, requiring no interpretation, so that everybody will be able to know them inside out. The main feature in them will be the obedience required towards authority, and this respect for authority will be carried to a very high pitch.

Then all kinds of abuse will cease, because everybody will

BOLSHEVISM

After that revolution, power has been in the hands of a different, a new class, namely, the capitalist class (the *bourgeoisie*) (Lenin, *Towards Soviets*, p. 8).

We must improve and regulate the State monopolies . . . which we have already established, and thereby prepare for State monopolization of the foreign trade (Lenin, *The Soviets at Work*, p. 20).

We advocate a merciless dictatorship (Lenin, *The Soviets at Work*, p. 40).

We must study the peculiarities of the highly difficult and new road to Socialism without concealing our mistakes and weaknesses. We must try to overcome our deficiencies in time (*The Soviets at Work*, p. 18).

What we have already decreed is yet far from adequate realization, and the main problem of today consists precisely in concentrating all efforts upon the actual, practical realization of the reforms which have already become the law, but have not yet become a reality (*ibid.* p. 20).

Economic improvement depends on higher discipline of the toilers. . . . To learn how to work—this problem the Soviet authority should present to the people in all its comprehensiveness (*The Soviets at Work*, p. 26).

The revolution . . . demands the absolute submission of the

PROTOCOLS

be responsible before the one supreme power, namely, that of the sovereign (p. 56).

We will make it clear to every one that freedom does not consist in dissoluteness or in the right of doing whatever people please. . . . We will teach the world that true freedom consists only in the inviolability of a man's person and of his property, who honestly adheres to all the laws of social life (p. 83).

In order to demonstrate our enslavement of the Gentile governments in Europe we will show our power to one of them by means of crimes of violence, that is to say, by a reign of terror (p. 25).

We must destroy all professions of faith (p. 48).

When the time comes for us to take special police measures by putting the present Russian system of the Okhrana in force . . . (p. 67).

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masses to the single will of those who direct the labour process (*The Soviets at Work*, p. 35).

It must take some time before the ordinary representative of the masses will not only see . . . but come to feel that he must not just simply seize, grab, snatch — and that leads to greater disorganization (*The Soviets at Work*, p. 36).

We will turn our hearts into steel, which we will temper in the fire of suffering and the blood of the fighters for freedom. We will make our hearts cruel, hard, and immovable, so that no mercy will enter into them, and so that they will not quiver at the sight of a sea of enemy blood, etc. (*Krasnaya Gazette*, the official organ of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers, Red Army, and peasants' deputies, presided over by Zinovieff, alias Apfelbaum, a Jew. Date of August 31, 1918).¹

Religion must be fought, if not by violence, at all events by argument (Bucharin, *Programme of the World Revolution*, p. 77).

A highly organized intelligence department, or rather the renewed Okhrana of the old autocracy, is a necessary part of . . . this régime. Lenin was perfectly right to emphasize this before the last Soviet conference in Moscow (Dec. 1919) (Miliukov in *The New Russia* for February 12, 1920).

¹ Quoted in American edition of the *Protocols*, p. 89. Nine years earlier M. Copin Albancelli, in his *Conjuration juive contre le monde chrétien* (p. 452), had written: "France has known — and she has forgotten! — the régime of the Masonic Terror. She will know, and the world will know with her, the régime of the Jewish Terror."

The foregoing parallels prove, therefore, a clear connection between the Protocols and former Secret Societies working for World Revolution, and also between the Protocols and Bolshevism. But they do not necessarily establish their authenticity. One possibility immediately suggests itself. Might they not be a forgery compounded by some one versed in the lore of Secret Societies? Supposing Nilus to have been a student of this subject and also, as he was known to be, a pronounced anti-Semite, it would not have been difficult for him to reconstruct the programme of World Revolution from earlier models, weaving into them at the same time the idea of a Jewish conspiracy. Why, then, was this very obvious explanation not put forward by the Jews? Why, on the contrary, when it was suggested by the present writer in a newspaper article, did it meet merely with resentment? Here was a loophole indeed! But instead of using it the advocates of Jewry contented themselves with angry expostulations, or fell back on absurd explanations, as that the Protocols were invented by the Russian police or by the "Tzarist reactionaries" in London, or that they were copied from a notorious forgery by Goedsche — why choose a forgery when such admirable authentic models were at hand? — or again, the attempt was made to draw a red herring across the track by dwelling on Nilus's personality and his own literary work, which had no bearing whatever on the question. The point was to prove whether the document which he purported to have discovered was genuine or not.

The truth is, then, that the Protocols have never been refuted, and the futility of the so-called refutations published, as also the fact of their temporary suppression, have done more to convince the public of their authenticity than all the anti-Semite writings on the subject put together.

The only line of defence, namely, that this document was the work of illuminized Freemasonry, and not of a purely Jewish association, has been rejected by the advocates of the Jews themselves, and the only conclusion that we can draw is either that the Protocols are genuine and what they pretend to be, or that these advocates put

forward by the Jews have some interest in concealing the activities of Secret Societies in the past.

The question then arises: Were the Jews concerned in the organization of Illuminism and its subsequent developments? At present this is not clearly proved. It is true that Cagliostro was probably a Jew, that Kölmer who partly indoctrinated Weishaupt may have been a Jew, that a certain Simonini wrote to the Abbé Barruel in 1806 declaring that "the freemasons and the *illuminés* were founded by two Jews" — whose names the author has forgotten¹ — that the Jewish financiers of Frankfurt may have contributed to the funds of the Illuminati or of the Duc d'Orléans, but all this rests so far on no contemporary documentary evidence. The "*illuminés*" referred to by Simonini may well have been the Martinistes founded, as it is known, by the Jew Paschalis and frequently referred to under this name. We should require more than such vague assertions to refute the evidence of men who, like Barruel and Robison, devoted exhaustive study to the subject and attributed the whole plan of the Illuminati and its fulfilment in the French Revolution to German brains. Neither Weishaupt, Knigge, nor any of the ostensible founders of Illuminism were Jews; moreover, as we have seen, Jews were excluded from the association except by special permission.² None of the leading revolutionaries of France were Jews, nor were the members of the conspiracy of Babeuf.

The claim of the "Elders of Zion" to have inspired all revolutionary outbreaks since 1789 is not therefore at present substantiated by history, and it is not until the Alta Vendita from 1820 onwards that they can be proved to have taken an active part in the movement. Yet Monsignor Dillon, who clearly recognizes their importance as agents of this secret society, nevertheless attributes its efficient organization to "Italian genius." From this date

¹ Deschamps, *Les Sociétés secrètes*, iii. 659.

² Since these words were written, and at the moment of this book going to press, a number of *La Veille France* has appeared (date of March 31-April 6, 1921) in which it is stated that five Jews were concerned in the organization and inspiration of the Illuminati — Wessely, Moses Mendelssohn, and the bankers Itzig, Friedlander, and Meyer. But the contemporary authority for this statement is not given.

onward their rôle is, however, more apparent. In Germany before 1848 Disraeli himself declared them to be taking the lead in the revolutionary movement, and with the First Internationale they come forward into a blaze of light. Henceforth along the line of State Socialism their influence is no longer doubtful.

But whilst the question of Jewish organization from the beginning of the World Revolution remains obscure, the workings of illuminized Freemasonry are clearly visible. It is strange that in the controversy that has raged over the Protocols so little attention has been paid to the fact that the so-called "Elders of Zion" were admittedly masons of the 33rd degree of the Grand Orient. Considered from this point of view, all their statements regarding the past history of the Revolution are substantiated by facts. For if by "we" is meant "illuminized Freemasons," then the assertion that "it is we who were the first to cry out to the people 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity'" is clearly accurate. Nothing can be truer than that since the French Revolution "the nations have been led from one disappointment to another," and that "the secrets of its preparatory organization were the work of our hands" — the hands of the Freemasons and Illuminati. If, then, the Protocols are genuine, *they are the revised programme of illuminized Freemasonry formulated by a Jewish lodge of the Order.*

But whilst the influence of the Jews cannot be proved throughout the early history of the society, German inspiration and organization is apparent from the very beginning. It was the German Weishaupt who founded the Illuminati with the aid of his German colleagues, it was the German Knigge who effected its alliance with French Freemasonry, German emissaries who introduced it to the lodges of the Grand Orient; it was this German Illuminism that inspired the campaign of universal corruption waged by the Alta Vendita and the anarchic fury of Bakunin; and again it was pan-Germanism, working by the methods of the Illuminati, that assured the success of Marx and Engels and secured control of all Socialist organizations up to the present day.

This revolutionary machine that threatens the peace of the world today, though manipulated in the past by men of all nationalities — French, Italian, Jewish, Russian, and in a few instances English — is primarily the work of German hands and is still mainly controlled by Germans with the aid of their Jewish allies. The German military authorities sent Lenin and the Jew Radek in a special train to Russia, German officers organized the Bolshevik armies, and German poison gas contributed to the final defeat of Wrangel.

It was also Germany who fanned the flames of civil war now raging in Ireland. Sinn Fein, which in its origins was largely a national and religious movement, is now being exploited by the International Atheist movement, whose "dark directory," as in 1884, "laughs at Ireland and her wrongs." For the plan of the conspiracy has always been to adopt a *protégé* and enlist its aid as an ally. Hitherto the two *protégés* invariably selected have been Ireland and Poland. But now that Poland has dared to assert its independence Poland has been thrown to the wolves, and when the day comes, as it must come if the World Revolution triumphs, for Ireland to resist the tide of Bolshevism, then Ireland with all her national and religious aspirations will be thrown to the wolves likewise. The organization of the revolutionary movement is even now less in the hands of Sinn Fein than of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, modelled like its predecessors, the Fenians and the United Irishmen, on the Illuminati of Weishaupt.¹ The same organization is at work in India, and both are directed, not by Moscow, but by the invisible council which holds in its hands the threads of the whole conspiracy.

Bolshevist propaganda all over the world has been carried out by German organization and financed by German as well as by Jewish gold. "I affirm," wrote Bourtzeff, the Russian refugee, "that since August 1914, and in a relatively short lapse of time, the Germans handed over personally to Lenin more than 70,000,000 marks for the organization of Bolshevist agitation in the Allied Coun-

¹ For this reason Sinn Fein will not be found marked in the chart accompanying this book. It is not a part of the World Revolution.

tries." Bernstein, a member of the German Social Democratic Party, has declared in the official organ of the party, *Vorwärts*, that he knew as far back as December 1917 that Lenin was in the pay of Germany. More recently, Bernstein has learnt from "a responsible person" that the sum given to Lenin was more than 50,000,000 gold marks, or £2,500,000.¹ The Jewish Bolshevik emissaries to the recent Tours Congress, Abramovitch and Clara Zetkin, were discovered by the French authorities to have received money from Germany for the expenses of propaganda in France. The Jewish agitator is the tsetse fly carrying the poison germ of Bolshevism from the breeding-ground of Germany.

As long as England retains any belief in Carlyle's theory of "noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany," the true cause of the evils now afflicting Europe will never be understood. Doubtless there are noble and pious elements in Germany, but let it not be forgotten that Germany holds within her a poison centre which has become a source of moral infection for the whole world. The campaign of militant atheism and moral corruption that is now being carried out systematically in our own country, in France, and in America, is of German devising. Weishaupt in his apology for Illuminism said that "Deism, Infidelity, and Atheism were more prevalent in Bavaria than in any country he was acquainted with."² Seventy years later, in 1846, Lord Shaftesbury, travelling in Germany, remarked: "Here is a peculiarity among the German *literati*; professorial chairs are held and public lectures given by men of open, acknowledged, and boastful Atheism"; and if we are reminded that Disraeli had declared most of these professorial chairs at this date to be monopolized by Jews, let us note that Lord Shaftesbury goes on to say: "Nor does opinion frown them down. We have bad people in England, but few dare to parade their make-beliefs with ostentation and joy."³ German Athe-

¹ Article by Mr. Adolphe Smith, "Lenin: Russian Traitor and German Agent," in the *National Review* for April 1921. The whole of this important article, from which the above quotations are taken, should be read carefully.

² Robison's *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, p. 102.

³ Edwin Hodder, *Life of Lord Shaftesbury*, p. 362.

ism and Jewish antagonism to Christianity have combined to form the great anti-religious force that is making itself felt in the world today.

Again, Internationalism, the policy of national suicide advocated by the modern revolutionaries, has been frequently attributed to the Jews, and it is obvious that a race without a country of its own must see in the propagation of Internationalism much to commend it; but the originator of Internationalist doctrines as they are preached today was not a Jew but a German — Anacharsis Clootz. The so-called "International Jew" is not in reality International at all; he is first a Jew and then a German — sometimes indeed he is a German first.¹ Internationalism, then, is simply another word for pan-Germanism, and it will always be noticed that advocates of Internationalism in this country betray a peculiar *tendresse* for Germany. As Mr. Adolphe Smith has well expressed it: "The Socialist and revolutionary doctrines . . . taught under the mantle of Marxism spread the idea that a Socialist has no country unless, of course, he has the good fortune to be a German." And again: "The doctrines of the older Socialists, the Socialists at whom Bismarck aimed by his anti-Socialist law, were now reserved for foreign exportation . . . abroad they were just what was wanted to disintegrate communities, to weaken the sense of nationality, and lessen the desire for strong armies of defence. . . . In all fields of action *the German as an Internationalist* needs to be studied with far greater care than as yet has been bestowed on him."² The International doctrines of Weishaupt and of his disciple Clootz have served the cause of Germany well.

It will be urged, "But why should Germany encourage Illuminism, since she herself is now a victim of World Revolution?" True, the Spartacists of Germany today are undoubtedly the direct descendants of Spartacus

¹ On March 29, 1913, an influential German-Jewish Association, the "Central Society of German Citizens of Jewish Faith," in a strongly anti-Zionist resolution, declared: "On the soil of the German Fatherland we wish, as Germans, to co-operate in German civilization and to remain true to a partnership that has been hallowed by religion and history" (Wickham Steed, *The Hapsburg Monarchy*, p. 177).

² Adolphe Smith, *The Pan-German International*, pp. 4, 9, 12.

Weishaupt from whom they take their name;¹ Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg were both leading members of the Order. Inevitably those who handle poison gas are liable at moments to inhale its fumes. But Germany has Sparticism well under control — meanwhile it can be used as a bogey to prevent her disarmament by the Allies. Between Berlin and Moscow the understanding is complete. Nicholas Lenin is not the controlling brain of the gigantic conspiracy. Great pains have been taken to represent the present dictator of Russia as a "Superman" of vast conceptions. Lenin's own writings refute this theory. Where in all his numerous pamphlets do we find a hint of genius or even of original thought? The writings of Robespierre bear at least the stamp of his personality. Babeuf, Illuminatus though he was, brought some native inspiration to bear on his diatribes, but from the days of Marx onwards revolutionary Socialism has always borne the same "machine-made" character and Lenin's pamphlets resemble nothing so much as the instructions of a bogus company promoter directing other would-be bogus company promoters how to "do the trick." Mr. Wells has hastened to assure us that Lenin's writings are not representative of himself, that the great man must be seen to be appreciated; yet how is it that the many ardent pilgrims to the shrine of the deity at Moscow have never been able to bring back a single phrase uttered by the oracle that gives evidence of the slightest gleam of inspiration or of concern for the people of Russia? The one point that appears to occupy him is how to make the system work in spite of the opposition of the people.

Lenin, then, is neither a demagogue nor a superman, but the agent of the great German-Jewish company that hopes to rule the world.

How do the Germans and the Jews come to be allied in this design? Are not their aims mutually antagonistic. If we regard the Jewish plan as a racial conspiracy — yes. But there is no evidence to show that the whole Jewish race is concerned in it; on the contrary, many Jews in our

¹ On this point see *Weltfreimaurerei, Weltrevolution, Weltrepublik*, by Dr. Wichtl (Munich, 1921), p. 262.

own country, as in France, have shown themselves fearless opponents both of Germany and Bolshevism. Nor does religious fanaticism appear to enter into the question. The insistence on the idea of a Jewish Messiah is the least convincing part of the Protocols. It is not religious Jews, even Talmudic Jews, but apostate Jews who have thrown themselves into the revolutionary movement. In the diatribe of Bucharin against religion quoted above, the Jewish faith is derided equally with that of the Christian or the Buddhist. Yet if we examine the plan of Bolshevism we shall see the motive for a certain section of the Jews to take part in it. Now the avowed plan of the Bolsheviks is to do away with the right of private property and establish universal *Communism*. But the ruse of the conspiracy has always been to use words with a double meaning, and not only this, but with meanings diametrically opposed to each other. Thus when they proclaim the "dictatorship of the proletariat" their real intention is to bring about the complete enslavement of the proletariat; when they talk of the "equality of sexes" what they really mean is to reduce women to a position lower than the rank of squaws. The word "constitution," as we have seen, has been employed throughout as the signal for crushing an attempt to introduce constitutional government or for overthrowing it when it has been established. In the same way the word "Communism" has a double meaning.

To the simple proletarian Communism conveys a very alluring idea, namely, that of "having everything in common." Of the real theory of Communism he has no conception, but the propagandist who tries to win him over to Communism knows very well. He knows, moreover, that Communism is a system which has been tried and in every instance found wanting, and that, on the lines which he advocates, can never succeed.

For the only form of Communism which it has ever been possible to carry out successfully is that practised by religious communities. Monasteries and nunneries are, of course, Communist, but the fact which makes this possible is that they are composed of people who have renounced all interest in earthly things and centre all their thoughts

and desires on the Kingdom of Heaven. Secular Communism, by its insistence on materialism, eliminates the only factor that makes the system feasible — belief in God and the Hereafter. It is inconceivable that leading Communists should be unaware of this fundamental error in their teaching, or of the failure that has attended every attempt to put it into practice in the past — above all, of its colossal failure in Russia.

If, then, Communism or State Socialism has been proved impracticable, if, moreover, it is a system that no one who understands it can possibly want, who is to profit by establishing it? Sorel answered the question long ago — “A few professors who imagine they invented Socialism and a few Dreyfusard financiers.” In other words, the Intellectuals who cherish the hope of being given official posts in the Socialist State which will give them an advantage over their fellow-men, and a few Jewish financiers. Werner Sombart, summing up the system of the latter, says: “Their aim was to seize upon all commerce and all production; they had an overpowering desire to expand in every direction.” The system of free trade was all part of this plan and can be traced back as far as Anacharsis Clootz, who was doubtless considering the interests of his friends the Jews when in his *Universal Republic* he advocated “all the peoples forming one nation, all the trades forming only one trade, all interests forming only one interest.” It is easy to see that State Socialism may be merely the prelude to this scheme, and here M. Sorel and M. Copin Albancelli are curiously in accord.

“One formula,” the latter wrote in 1909, “sums up the whole Collectivist propaganda: All for the State. All for the State! The people imagine that this means: All for All! and they march forward, intoxicated with hope, towards the conquest of this fallacious idea, not dreaming that the State being henceforth in the hands of the Jews ‘all for the State’ . . . will be ‘all for the Jews!’ . . . The dictatorship imposed by the Jewish race will be a financial, industrial, and commercial dictatorship.”¹

What could better describe the government of Russia

¹ *La Conjuration juive contre le monde chrétien*, pp. 448, 450.

today? The plan of wresting all capital out of private hands and placing it in the hands of the State, as under Communism, or in the hands of industrial syndicates as under Syndicalism, may well be the prelude to State Capitalism or to gigantic trusts controlled by international financiers. In this case the so-called war on capitalism is simply a war in favour of capitalism, of ruining all small holders of wealth or property in order to enrich a ring of multi-millionaires. A passage in Mr. Wells's articles on Russia lends colour to this theory:

Big business is by no means antipathetic to Communism. The larger big business grows the more it approximates to Collectivism. It is the upper road of the few instead of the lower road of the masses to Collectivism.¹

Conversely, then, may not Communism be the lower road which the masses are being invited to follow leading to "big business," that is to say, to super-Capitalism? Once embarked on this road there can be no turning back. The present Capitalist system — that is to say, the system that aims at the distribution of capital amongst as large a number of hands as possible — having been destroyed by the workers' own folly in favour of concentration of capital in the hands of the State, they will be obliged to work or starve. Their new masters will have them completely at their mercy.

It will be urged: "But the workers will never stand this; they will rise against their tyrants and overthrow them! What government of this kind could maintain itself in power?"

But this is where the rôle of the German armies comes in. It is quite true that a group of international financiers could not of its own strength maintain itself in power against an enraged industrial proletariat, but if we imagine this financial power backed by a superb military system, if, in a word, we picture *an alliance between Prussian militarism and international finance*, the plan no longer appears impracticable.

It is this alliance that today menaces civilization, and it is an alliance of long standing, as we have seen in the

¹ *Sunday Express* for November 28, 1920.

earlier chapters of this book. The present campaign of anti-Semitism raging in Germany is largely a strategic manoeuvre with the object of reinstating Germany in the eyes of the world and throwing all the blame for both the war and the revolution on the Jews. Germany will not relinquish her Jews as long as they can help her towards the attainment of her dream of world-power. Nor will the International Jew forsake Germany as long as by her military strength she remains the horse to back.

Yet, formidable as this coalition may be, does it provide the whole force of Bolshevism? The organization — yes; but the force — no. In following the history of World Revolution one other factor, an immense factor, must be taken into consideration — the power of anarchy. All Bolsheviks are not Jews or Germans; all are not inspired by Jews or Germans. *The importance of the constitutional destructionist cannot be over-estimated.* It is essential to recognize that there are men and women in the world who will throw themselves into any subversive movement for sheer love of violence — it is idle to seek with them a motive. This has been so all through the revolutionary movement. For although down the line of State Socialism the influence of the Germans and the Jews is clearly evident, down the line of Anarchy, except for the original inspiration of Weishaupt and the agitations of Most and Hartmann, it is hardly to be found at all. Bakunin was the author of a *polémique* against the Jews; Sorel was an ardent anti-Dreyfusard; Lev Chorny, the Russian Anarchist, at the beginning of the present revolution warned the Russian people against the Jewish leaders of Bolshevism. If modern Communism, that is to say, Marxian Socialism, is German and Jewish, Syndicalism and Anarchy are peculiar to the Latin and Slavonic races. It was this fearful element that contributed largely to the ferocity of Bolshevism, and, exploiting the native tendency of the Russian people towards violence, could inaugurate an orgy of blood and terror.

Bolshevism uses Syndicalism, like Anarchy, to establish its power, it encourages the General Strike, which enters in no way into its own programme, but the spirit of

Syndicalism exists apart from Bolshevism and is as much to be feared. If revolution breaks out in this country it will be a Syndicalist revolution — the General Strike with its fearful programme of *sabotage* and violence, its carnival of rioting and destruction. But it is not Syndicalism that will win the day. The lessons of history prove that anarchy, ephemeral in its essence, must always give way before organization. And if this organization is not supplied by the forces of law and order, it will be the iron bureaucracy of the German armies and the international financiers which will establish its domination over a ruined country and a helpless people.

CONCLUSION

Bolshevism in England—Our Illuminati—Danger now threatening civilization—Methods of defence.

IN the course of this book I have endeavoured to trace the workings of the great conspiracy throughout the history of the last hundred and forty years; a few concluding words are now necessary in order to indicate the manner in which it is being carried on in our country at the present moment and the means by which it may be defeated.

It is extraordinary how in the light of Illuminism many things that are happening today which appear at first inexplicable become clear as daylight; for not only do the six points of Weishaupt form the exact programme of the revolutionary party in England, but it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that every device now employed by it can be traced back to the code of the Illuminati.

Now it will be remembered that the precept most emphasized by Weishaupt was that the Illuminati should not be known as such, and after their suppression in Bavaria every effort was made by the conspirators to persuade the world that their Order had ceased to exist. As the instructions for the degree of Regent expressed it: "The great strength of our Order lies in its concealment; let it never appear in any place in its own name, but always covered by another name, and another occupation."¹

This device has always been exactly carried out; Freemasonry, Carbonarism, Socialism, the Internationale, have all in turn served as covers to the designs of the conspiracy, and the same method is being followed today. Every effort is made to persuade the public that no con-

¹ Robison's *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, p. 195.

spiracy exists, for once its existence is generally recognized its defeat is certain. Its whole success depends on secrecy. This much, however, is known.

The Order of the Illuminati exists in England; its statutes are those of the head lodge in Germany, reorganized in 1880. At the same time an association called Co-masonry, which has its headquarters in Paris and derives from the Grand Orient, is also active. By way of winning the confidence of the women it is hoped to enlist, they are frequently told that the Order has the approval of the Grand Lodge of England. This is absolutely untrue. British Masonry has repudiated the Grand Orient and *recognizes no form of masonry that admits women as members.*

But, according to the plan of Weishaupt, the principal activities of the conspiracy are conducted "under other names and other occupations." The instructions to the Regents go on to explain the different guises under which one may work. Next to Freemasonry "the form of a learned or literary society is best suited to our purpose, and had Freemasonry not existed, this cover would have been employed; and it may be much more than a cover, it may be a powerful engine in our hands. By establishing reading societies, and subscription libraries, and taking these under our direction, and supplying them through our labours, we may turn the public mind which way we will." The way in which the necessary literature is to be forced on the attention of the public is described in the passage already quoted in the parallels to the Protocols:

We must take care our writers be well puffed and that the reviewers do not depreciate them; therefore we must endeavour by every means to gain over the reviewers and journalists; and we must also try to gain the booksellers, who in time will see that it is their interest to side with us.

This is exactly what we see happening today. Not only have the modern Illuminati succeeded in organizing such avowedly subversive "literary societies" as the Fabian Society, and other minor associations, but also in gaining control over ordinary circulating libraries and bookshops, by placing at their head men or women who

are definitely working for the propagation of revolutionary doctrines. At the same time journalists, even in the employ of the so-called "Capitalist Press," devote long and important notices to every book that is calculated to serve the cause — works ranging from heavy treatises on intellectual Socialism to the lowest form of demoralizing fiction. No book subversive of order or morality ever passes unnoticed in the press.

Of course the greater part of this organization is carried out by the power of gold — not necessarily by bribery but simply by making agitation a "paying job," or by offering the most lucrative posts to adepts or at least agents of the conspiracy. But apart from these material advantages subtler methods are employed. Of these the two which prove the most effectual were thus laid down by Weisshaupt:

1. *Exploiting grievances.* — Amongst the people to enrol are "above all those who have experienced misfortune, not by mere accidents, but through some kind of injustice, that is to say, those that one can most certainly count amongst malcontents: those are the men that we must call into the bosom of Illuminism as into their asylum."¹

2. But by far the most potent inducement offered was the *promise of power*. "The pupils are convinced that the Order *will* rule the world. Every member therefore becomes a ruler." Robison quoting this passage adds: "We all think ourselves qualified to rule. The difficult task is to obey with propriety; but we are honestly generous in our prospects of future command. It is therefore an alluring thought, both to good and bad men. *By this lure the Order will spread.*"²

How truly has Robison's prophecy been fulfilled! Nothing indeed could better describe the mentality of the converts to what is now called "Bolshevism" than these two passages. Nearly all the promoters of disorder today will be found to be either people suffering from some real or imaginary injustice or those with an inordinate desire to rule over their fellow-men. They are convinced that if only

¹ Barruel, iii. 35.

² Robison's *Proofs*, p. 213.

the reins of power were once confided to their hands the whole social system would be miraculously transformed; they are further convinced that this day must come, for all have been taught to believe that "their Order will one day rule the world." It is this that gives them their immense confidence, for young Oxford Intellectual and Trade Union Leader alike has been assured of the important post he is to occupy under the coming régime. Neither, of course, has been admitted into the real plan of the conspiracy; neither probably suspects that any such conspiracy exists, for, according to the pyramidal scale of Weishaupt, each is acquainted only with the directors immediately above him and knows nothing of the higher adepts who are really controlling the movement.

Another motive that undoubtedly drives many people into the revolutionary camp is *fear*. They think that if a revolution is to take place in this country they will ensure their safety by throwing in their lot with the subversive party. Mirabeau, Illuminatus, voiced precisely this policy when he said to his followers: "You have nothing to fear from the aristocrats; those people do not pillage, they do not burn, they do not assassinate — what harm can they do you?" On the policy, therefore, of propitiating a malignant deity, numbers of timorous people become apologists for Bolshevism, imagining that all such utterances will be counted to them for righteousness when the "day of conflagration" arrives. Revolutionary violence has been carefully designed to produce this effect, for the method of the conspiracy is the same today as it was a hundred and forty years ago — "calumny, corruption, and *terror*."

But a little knowledge of the history of World Revolution would dispel the illusions of those who hope to save their heads by cowardly compromise; it would teach them that in times of revolution *no one's life is safe*, that men have never yet been spared on the score of past professions of sympathy with subversive doctrines, that on the contrary it has invariably been the less extreme revolutionaries who have fared the worst. Demagogues once in power need the co-operation of bold and despotic men, and these are not to be found amongst the timorous and time-

servers but amongst the agents of reaction. The French Revolution employed the Marquis de Sade but killed off the Girondins, and in Russia Social Revolutionaries and Mensheviks have perished by the score whilst Tzarist officials and members of the Okhrana have occupied official posts under the Soviet Government.

There is nothing, then, to be gained by cowardice, and there is much to be lost. A man who dies for his convictions can mount the scaffold with serenity, but what must be the bitter remorse of those who have sold their souls and profited nothing?

This form of "terrorism," of frightening people into siding with one, is peculiarly German. "Sabre-rattling" undoubtedly proved a highly effectual method of overcoming opposition amongst neutrals during the recent war. And the German psychology in the so-called Labour movement is everywhere apparent today. It is curious to notice the organization of illuminized Freemasonry during industrial crises. "All modern revolutions," wrote Eckert in 1857, "prove that the Order is divided into two distinct parties: one pacific, the other warlike," or, as Monsignor Dillon describes them, "the party of direction" and "the party of action." At moments of tumult the war party descends into the arena whilst the peace party retires into the back-ground. "The Pacific lodges hasten by every means to protect the brothers of the belligerent division by representing them as over-ardent patriots who have allowed themselves to be drawn on by the current beyond the limits of order and prudence."

✓ This process is repeated every time a revolutionary strike is now threatened, and the so-called moderate Labour leaders, whilst dissociating themselves from the actual preparation of revolution, give it all the support in their power by representing the Extremists as "hot-headed" enthusiasts whom it is impossible to restrain but whose cause nevertheless is just. The public, always deceived by this manoeuvre, falls on the necks of the "moderates," trusting to them to save the situation and bring the hot-heads to reason, the truth being that the very moderation of the former immensely aids the work of revo-

lution by reconciling those who would be alienated by the violence of the Extremists.

Trade Unionism, in its origins a wholly pacific system for the protection of the workers, has thus been captured by the conspirators, and the industrial disputes which form the ostensible purpose of each succeeding crisis are merely pretexts covering the real design of World Revolution.

Revolution by the General Strike is not the only danger to be feared; State Socialism by the ballot-box will ruin us more slowly but none the less surely. For State Socialism, with its crushing of all individual enterprise, must inevitably destroy our commerce, bring about vast unemployment and finally bankruptcy and starvation, whilst the pro-German sympathies of its leaders will lead to the rupture of our alliance with France, on which the security of both countries depends. At the same time, all measures of military and naval defence will be abandoned, national traditions will be swept away, Socialist teachers will inculcate anti-patriotism and materialism into the minds of the rising generation, and Germany will be able to take over the British Empire without an effort.

The manner in which the women of this country have been enlisted in the service of the conspiracy can also be traced to illuminized Freemasonry. Just as in the first French Revolution the advocates of "Women's Rights" were persuaded to throw themselves into the movement, so the conspiracy today has succeeded in capturing a large proportion of the "Feminist" movement for its purpose of general demoralization. The female missionaries who recently visited England for the purpose of preaching "The Right to Motherhood" — a theory which was of course given wide publicity in the Press — were not solitary enthusiasts who had evolved this theory out of their own inner consciousness, but mouthpieces repeating a phrase that has long been current in the language of illuminized Freemasonry and forms a part of the plan for the break up of family life.¹

¹ M. Copin Albancelli, writing in 1910, described the campaign being carried out by "the Occult Power" for the demoralization of French women and children: "All facilities of corruption . . . are offered to mothers of families — the family, they go so far as to say, must be destroyed

Nothing is more extraordinary than the way apparently intelligent women have allowed themselves to be drawn into a plot of which they will be the chief victims. Women have obviously far more to lose than men by the destruction or even by a decrease of civilization, whilst the Suffragist has everything to lose by the abolition of the Parliamentary system which accords her the vote she has so long demanded, but the modern Illuminati, following Weishaupt's precepts by "flattering their vanity" and giving them "hints of emancipation," have succeeded in persuading numbers of women to assist in digging their own graves. These words of warning written 123 years ago might well be laid to heart by the women of our country and of America today:

There is nothing in the whole constitution of the Illuminati that strikes me with more horror than the proposals of Hercules and Minos to enlist the women in this shocking warfare with all that "is good and pure, and lovely, and of good report." They could not have fallen on any expedient that will be more effectual and fatal. If any of my countrywomen shall honour these pages with a reading, I would call on them, in the most earnest manner, to consider this as an affair of the utmost importance to themselves. I would conjure them, by the regard they have for their own dignity and for their rank in society, to join against these enemies of human nature and profligate degraders of their sex; and I would assure them that the present state of things almost puts it in their power to be the saviours of the world. But if they are remiss, and yield to the seduction, they will fall from that high state to which they have arisen in Christian Europe and again sink into that insignificance or slavery in which the sex is found in all ages and countries out of the hearing of Christianity.

For as Robison truly adds:

Woman is indebted to Christianity alone for the high rank she holds in society. . . . It is undoubtedly Christianity that has set woman on her throne. . . .

If not only Christianity but all religion is to be destroyed, then indeed women will sink to a condition which Robison describes as lower than a "Mahomedan paradise."

. . . prostitution is honoured . . . conferences are held in its temples (of the Grand Orient) on free maternity (*la libre maternité*). (*Le Pouvoir occulte contre la France*, pp. 417, 418).

But even more horrible than the degradation of women is the systematic demoralization of children which is now being carried out by the conspiracy. The plan of Weishaupt for obtaining influence in the schools has been followed by the establishment of Socialist Sunday Schools, attended, it is said, by no less than 10,000 children in the United Kingdom, where the poison of class-hatred, of greed, and of materialism is sedulously instilled into the child-mind.

At the same time, still following faithfully in the footsteps of Weishaupt, our Illuminati are careful to win the sympathy of "those who have a hankering for religion," by telling off a few of their number to profess the doctrines of Christian Socialism. Thus Mr. Lansbury, returning from the land whose Government has adopted as its motto, "Religion is opium to the people," where the churches have been desecrated and Christians crucified for their faith, proclaims in the same breath his allegiance to Christ and Lenin. Bebel, the German Socialist, was more honest when he declared: "Christianity and Socialism stand towards each other as fire and water." Yet in the face of such declarations we find a dignitary of the Church of England proclaiming that "if Christ came to earth today He would be a Bolshevik." Can we not hear again the exulting tones of Weishaupt saying, "The most admirable thing of all is that great Protestant and reformed theologians who belong to our Order really believe they see in it the true and genuine mind of the Christian religion. Oh! man, what cannot you be brought to believe!"

Not amongst the Protestant clergy alone is this strange delusion to be found; Catholics likewise have allowed themselves to be blinded to the real forces at work behind the troubles in Ireland. Have they forgotten the warnings of their eloquent predecessor the Abbé Barruel? Do they forget the prophecy of Cardinal Manning, now so terribly fulfilled: "On the day when all the armies of Europe will be engaged in an immense conflict, then, that day, the revolution which until now has been working secretly underground will have found the favourable moment to show itself in the light of day"?

Cardinal Manning repeatedly warned his generation of the danger of Secret Societies; Monsignor Dillon still more clearly indicated the nature of the formidable sect that was to bring about this consummation, and also the occult force behind it:

"We only want a knowledge of the evil to avoid it . . . all secret societies aiming at bad and irreligious ends are no other than *deadly illuminated Freemasonry*. Let them be called by whatever name, they are a part of the system of revolutionary fraud, invented and cast upon earth by Satan to compass the ruin of souls and the destruction of the reign of Jesus Christ." The final end is "to form, and that before very many years, the vast kingdom of anti-Christ, which already spreads its ramifications over the whole earth." Only by a realization of this truth can the true meaning of the World Revolution be understood. Neither greed of gold nor power, neither political nor social theories, however subversive, could alone have produced the unspeakable horrors, the moral perversion, the far more than bestial cruelties that have marked its course. The description of "bloody baboonery" applied to Bolshevik atrocities is unjust to apes. Beasts may wound and kill — they do not torture, do not gloat over the sufferings of their victims; savages may do these things, but even they content themselves with torturing the body, they do not set out to destroy the soul. The spirit of evil that finds expression in the defilement and desecration of sacred things, in the systematic destruction of all nobility, all decency of thought and life, above all, in the poisoning of the child-mind, can be explained by no natural laws or mere human passions.

Let us not forget that the cult of Satan which flourished in Bavaria at the same time as Illuminism, and was in all probability connected with it, is practised today in our own country. The powers exercised by the modern Illuminati are occult powers and range from hypnotism to black magic, which, since the days of the magician Cagliostro, have always formed part of the stock-in-trade of the sect. It is therefore no fantastic theory but the literal truth to say that the present world crisis is a conflict

between the powers of good and evil. Christianity is a beleaguered citadel surrounded by the dark forces which have mustered for the supreme onslaught. Only in one way can it be withstood. The words of Joseph de Maistre, who, like Barruel, regarded the French Revolution merely as the first stage in the campaign, must be taken as the battle-cry of the White Army today: "The French Revolution is Satanic in its principle and can be only really killed, exterminated, and finished by the contrary principle." ("La Révolution française est satanique dans son principe et ne peut être vraiment tuée, exterminée, finie que par le principe contraire.") The Christian principle — that is the force that must be opposed to the Satanic power of the World Revolution.

It is because England, with all her shortcomings, in spite of the recent betrayal of her traditions in the compact entered into with the Bolsheviks by her politicians, in spite of the attempts to poison the life-blood of her people with alien germs of corruption, yet remains the stronghold of Christian civilization, that the conspiracy has made her the principal point of attack. If England goes the whole world goes with her. Marx knew this when he said: "Every revolution that does not spread to England is a storm in a tea-cup." And it was also Marx who uttered the cry of despair: "England is the rock on which revolutionary waves are broken!" Is that rock at last to be overwhelmed? Not if we hold fast to the same principle that has saved us in the past. It is recorded that the Comte de Provence when in England during the French Revolution "said to one of the gentlemen about him, that 'if this country was to escape the general wreck of nations, it would owe its preservation to religion.'" After the revolution of 1848 a Frenchman observed to Lord Shaftesbury: "You have been saved by the religion of your people." And today Lenin has declared the greatest obstacle to the success of Bolshevism in England to be the fact that the English working-man founds his ideas upon the Bible.

If the people of our country will but realize the diabolical nature of the conspiracy at work amongst them,

the powers of Hell cannot prevail against us. In ignorance and indifference lie our principal danger. Every outbreak of the World Revolution that has so far occurred has been rendered possible by the apathy of the nation in general. Let the words of Barruel, uttered in the face of the same peril a hundred and twenty-five years ago, ring in our ears today:

Cease to flatter yourselves. The danger is certain, it is continual, it is terrible, it threatens you all without exception. Keep yourselves, however, from giving way to that kind of terror which is only cowardice and discouragement; for, with all the certainty of the danger, I say to you none the less: "Will to be saved and you will be saved. . . . *One cannot triumph over a nation that resolves to defend itself.* Know how to will as they do and you will have nothing more to fear from them."

Illuminism is mustering all its forces for a supreme onslaught in our own country at the present moment. But the nation at heart is sound and has resolved to defend itself. Is it possible that this little island of ours is finally to stem the tide of World Revolution and save not only herself but Christian civilization?

THE END

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A STUDY IN DEMOCRACY

BY

NESTA H. WEBSTER

(MRS. ARTHUR WEBSTER)

AUTHOR OF "THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS"

"La révolution populaire était la surface d'un volcan
de conjurations étrangères."—SAINT JUST.

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PREFACE

ASTROLOGERS tell us that the history of the world moves in cycles ; that from time to time the same forces arise producing eras that strangely resemble one another. Between these eras a close affinity exists, and so it is that we, in looking back to the past from the world crisis of to-day, realize that periods which in times of peace have soothed or thrilled us have now lost their meaning, that the principles which inspired them have no place in our philosophy. The Renaissance is dead ; the Reformation is dead ; even the great wars of bygone days seem dwarfed by the immensity of the recent conflict. But whilst the roar of battle dies down another sound is heard—the angry murmur that arose in 1789 and that, though momentarily hushed, has never lost its force. Once more we are in the cycle of revolution.

The French Revolution is no dead event ; in turning over the contemporary records of those tremendous days we feel that we are touching live things ; from the yellowed pages voices call to us, voices that still vibrate with the passions that stirred them more than a century ago—here the desperate appeal for liberty and justice, there the trumpet-call of “ King and Country ” ; now the story told with tears of death faced gloriously, now a maddened scream of rage against a fellow-man. When in all the history of the world until the present day has human nature shown itself so terrible and so sublime ? And is not the fascination that amazing epoch has ever since exercised over the minds of men owing to the fact that the problems it held are still unsolved, that the same movements which originated with it are still at work amongst us ? “ What we learn to-day from the study of the Great Revolution,” the anarchist Prince Kropotkin wrote in 1908, “ is that it was the source and origin of all the present communist, anarchist, and socialist conceptions.”

Indeed Kropotkin goes so far as to declare that "up till now, modern socialism has added absolutely nothing to the ideas that were circulating among the French people between 1789 and 1794, and which it was tried to put into practice in the year II. of the Republic (*i.e.* in the Reign of Terror). Modern socialism has only systematised those ideas and found arguments in their favour," etc. Now since the French Revolution still remains the one and only occasion in the history of the world when those theories were put into practice on a large scale, and carried out to their logical conclusion—for the experiment in Russia is as yet unfinished—it is surely worth while to know the true facts about that first upheaval. So far, in England, the truth is not known; we have not even been told what really happened. "As to a real history of the French Revolution," Lord Cromer wrote to me a few months before his death, "no such thing exists in the English language, for Carlyle, besides being often very inaccurate and prejudiced, produced merely a philosophical rhapsody. It is well worth reading, but it is not history." Yet it is undoubtedly on Carlyle's rhapsody that our national conceptions of the Revolution are founded; the great masterpiece of Dickens was built up on this mythological basis, whilst the old histories of Alison and Morse Stephens, and even the illuminating *Essays* of Croker, lack the power to rouse the popular imagination.¹ Thus the legend created by Carlyle has never been dispelled.

During the last few years the French Revolution has become less a subject for historical research than the theme of the popular journalist who sees in that lurid period material to be written up with profit. This being so, accuracy plays no part in his scheme. For the art of successful journalism is not

¹ No English writer was better acquainted with the *dessous des cartes* of the French Revolution than John Wilson Croker. Born in 1780, he talked with people who had taken part in the movement, and spent many years in forming and studying the magnificent collections of revolutionary pamphlets that he afterwards sold to the British Museum. In 1816 the publisher, John Murray, offered him the sum of 2500 guineas to write the complete history of the Revolution, but Croker never found time to do this, and his *Essays*, reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*, are all that he has left us of his stores of knowledge. These, though too controversial to appeal to the general public, throw more light on the hidden causes of the revolutionary movement than any book in the English language.

to illuminate the public mind but to reflect it, to tell it in even stronger terms what it thinks already, and therefore to confirm rather than to dispel popular delusions.

But if the Revolution is to be regarded as the supreme experiment in democracy, if its principles are to be held up for our admiration and its methods advocated as an example to our own people, is it not time that some effort were made to counteract that "conspiracy of history" that in France also, as M. Gustave Bord points out, has hitherto concealed the real facts concerning it? Shall we not at last cease from rhapsody and consider the matter calmly and scientifically in its effects on the people? This, after all, is the main issue—how was the experiment a success from the people's point of view? Strangely enough, though it was in their cause that the Revolution was ostensibly made, the people are precisely the portion of the nation that by Royalist and Revolutionary writers alike have been most persistently overlooked—the Royalists occupying themselves mainly with the trials of the monarchy and aristocracy, the Revolutionaries losing themselves in panegyrics on the popular leaders. Thus Michelet was a Dantoniste, Louis Blanc a Robespierriste; Lamartine was a Girondiste; Thiers and Mignet were Orléanistes, not only as historians but as politicians, for their exoneration of the Duc d'Orléans was only a part of their policy for placing his son Louis Philippe on the throne of France,—and consequently to all these men the people were a matter only of secondary importance. So far no one has written the history of the movement from the point of view of the people themselves.

In studying the Revolution as an experiment in democracy, we must clear our minds of all predilections for certain individuals. Just as the author of a treatise on the discovery of tuberculin or on the antidote to hydrophobia devotes no space to recording the sufferings of the unhappy guinea-pigs and rabbits sacrificed in the cause of science, or in dilating on the virtuous private life of Koch or Pasteur, but concerns himself solely with the exact process adopted and the symptoms exhibited by the subjects with a view to proving or disproving the efficacy of the serums employed, so, if we would examine the Revolution as a scientific experiment, King, noblesse, and revolutionary leaders alike must be considered only in their relation to the cause of democracy; we must concern ourselves with the people only, with the ills

from which they suffered, with the means employed for their relief, with the part they themselves played in the great movement, and finally the results that were achieved. By this means alone we shall do justice to that brave and brilliant people by whose side we have fought to-day; we shall come to understand that they were not the blind unreasoning herd portrayed by Taine, the enraged "hyenas" of Horace Walpole, nor yet, as revolutionary writers would have us believe, a nation of slaves brought by long years of oppression to a pitch of exasperation that found a vent in the crimes and horrors of the Revolution.

It is on this last theory that popular opinion in England on the Revolution is founded, and that might, I think, be epitomized thus: "The French Revolution was in itself a purely beneficial movement, inspired by the desire for liberty and justice: unhappily it went too far and produced excesses which, though deplorable, were nevertheless the unavoidable accompaniment to the regeneration of the country." Now this statement is as illogical as it is unjust; how could a movement that was purely beneficial "go too far"? How could the desire of the people for liberty and justice be carried to excess and produce cruelty and bloodshed such as the civilized world had never seen before? If this were true, then the only opinion at which a thinking human being could arrive would be that the French Revolution was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the proposition of democracy, a proposition that, once worked out to its tragic and grotesque conclusion, should have proved for all time that to give power into the hands of the people is to create a tyranny more terrible than any despotism can produce. But it was not so; it was *not* the desire of the people for liberty and justice that produced these horrors; it was *not* the movement for reform that "went too far"; the crimes and excesses of the Revolution sprang from totally distinct and extraneous causes that must be understood if justice is to be done to the people of France. It is by the revolutionary writers that the people have been most maligned, for since, as I have pointed out, these writers were not the advocates of the people but of certain revolutionary leaders, their method is to absolve their heroes from all blame and heap the whole responsibility upon the people. For this purpose a legend has been woven around all the great outbreaks of the Revolution and the rôle of the people persistently misrepresented.

Now if we study carefully the course of the revolutionary movement we shall find that the rôle of the people is in the main passive ; only on these great days of tumult do they play an active part. Between these outbreaks the fire of revolution smoulders, at moments almost flickers out, then suddenly for no apparent reason bursts again into flame, and it is only by long and patient search amongst contemporary documents that we can begin to understand the causes of these conflagrations. "The popular Revolution," said St. Just, "was the surface of a volcano of extraneous conspiracies," and consequently the actions of the people seen from the surface only can never be understood. Thus the story of the Revolution, as it is usually told us, with its pointless crimes, its unreasoning violence, and its hideous waste of life, is simply unintelligible—"a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury and signifying nothing."

If, then, we would discover the truth about these great revolutionary outbreaks, we must dig down far below the surface, we must trace the connection between the mine and the explosion, between the actions of the people and the causes that provoked them.¹ For, as Mr. Croker truly observed, "It is doubtless a very remarkable—though hitherto very little remarked—feature of the whole Revolution, that not one, not a single one, of the tumults which now had its successive stages, from the *Affaire Réveillon* to the September massacres, had any real connection with the pretext under which it was executed." These great moments of crisis, five in number, are like the five acts of a tremendous drama ; through them all we see the same methods at work, the same actors under different disguises, the same tangled threads of intrigue leading up to the tremendous cataclysm of the Terror. The Siege of the Bastille—the March on

¹ Lord Acton in his *Essays on the French Revolution* apparently caught a stray glimmer of this truth when he wrote these words : "The appalling thing in the French Revolution is not the tumult but the design. Through all the fire and smoke we perceive the evidence of calculating organization. The managers remain studiously concealed and masked ; but there is no doubt about their presence from the first. They had been active in the riots of Paris, and they were again active in the provincial risings." Having delivered himself, however, of this profound reflection, Lord Acton seems to have lost it from sight, for he proceeds to describe all the tumults of the Revolution without any further reference to organization or design—his chief concern being to absolve all the leaders from complicity.

Versailles—the two Invasions of the Tuileries—the Massacres of September—and finally the Reign of Terror—these form the history of the French people throughout the Revolution. The object of this book is, therefore, to relate as accurately as conflicting evidence permits the true facts about each great crisis, to explain the motives that inspired the crowds, the means employed to rouse their passions, and thereby to throw a truer light on the rôle of the people, and ultimately on the Revolution as the great experiment in democracy.

AUTHORITIES CONSULTED

AN immense advantage offered to the historian by the modern and popular way of writing history lies in the fact that he is able to dispense with any reference to the authorities he has consulted. Both public and critics object to notes and quotations which interrupt the flow of the narrative ; therefore notes and quotation marks have gone out of fashion. This convenient plan not only facilitates enormously the author's task, since it enables him to write down anything that comes into his head without troubling to remember where he read it, but also provides the unscrupulous historian with unlimited scope for misrepresentation, for by pandering to this popular prejudice he is able to propound theories absolutely at variance with fact, to attribute to historical personages sentiments they never entertained, and even words they never uttered, and so to present a period in precisely the colours that best suit his purpose.

In this book, however, at the risk of giving to its pages a ponderous appearance, I have reverted to the old-fashioned system of notes, since my object is not to weave fanciful word-pictures around the great scenes of the Revolution, but to tell as simply and clearly as possible what really happened. Now since the whole story of these great revolutionary days is a series of disputed points, no book on the subject is of the slightest historical value that does not give chapter and verse for every controversial statement. Further, it is essential to indicate the political faction to which the authorities quoted belonged, and also the value of their evidence. For to condemn an individual or a party on the word of their enemies, or to absolve them on the testimony of their accomplices, is as absurd as if one were to accept evidence at a trial without inquiring into the identities of the witnesses. Criminology plays no small part in understanding the true causes of the revolutionary outbreaks, and for this purpose contemporaries alone must be consulted, and the identity of these contemporaries must be clearly defined. The following *résumé* will show the political standpoint of the authorities quoted most frequently throughout the course of this book, whilst the policy of those referred to on particular events will be given in the context :—

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORITIES (REVOLUTIONARY)

1. *Histoire de la Révolution par Deux Amis de la Liberté*, in nineteen volumes.—The first six volumes, violently revolutionary in tone and filled with grotesque fables current at the time, have been attributed to the bookseller Clavelin, and to Kerverseau, but this surmise rests on no evidence whatever (see *Bibliographie de la Révolution*, by Maurice Tourneux, i. 3). Montjoie stated that the work was dictated and paid for by the Duc d'Orléans (*Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 97), and it is no doubt strongly Orléaniste in its point of view. After the sixth volume, however, it makes a complete *volte-face* and becomes moderate, even Royalist in opinion, and at the same time less interesting. As an anonymous publication the history of the *Deux Amis* carries none of the weight that attaches to signed work, but since it was on the early part of the series that Carlyle mainly based his account of the first stages of the Revolution, and also his accusations against the Old Régime, it should be read if one would realize how flimsy was the evidence that Carlyle blindly accepted as the truth.

2. The *Moniteur*, a journal edited by Panckoucke, first made its appearance on November 24, 1789. The numbers relating to events anterior to this date were written up afterwards, and the accounts of the great revolutionary tumults in July 1789 are copied verbatim from the *Deux Amis*. Its policy throughout the Revolution is always that of the dominating party—at first Orléaniste, then Girondiste, and finally Montagnard.

3. Prudhomme.—The paper known as *Révolutions de Paris*, published weekly throughout the whole course of the Revolution by this indefatigable journalist, is the most genuinely democratic record of the period, since it attaches itself to no political party, but identifies itself with the revolutionary element amongst the people and supports the demagogues only as representative of the popular cause. Later on, however, Prudhomme realized that he had been duped by these men, and in his *Histoire impartiale des Crimes et des Erreurs de la Révolution Française*, published in 1797, completely gave away his former associates and showed up the intrigues of the Revolution more thoroughly than any Royalist has done. The former work—*Les Révolutions de Paris*—is freely quoted by revolutionary writers; on the second—*Crimes de la Révolution*—they are strangely silent.

4. The *Histoire Parlementaire*, by Buchez et Roux, contains reports of the debates that took place in the Assembly (mainly abbreviated from the *Moniteur*), and also in the Jacobin Club, besides reprints of various contemporary pamphlets, etc. But the opinion of the authors, strongly biassed in favour of the revolutionary leaders rather than of the people, should be accepted with caution.

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORITIES (ROYALIST)

1. Montjoie.—Félix Christophe Louis Ventre de la Touloubre (1756–1816), known as Galart de Montjoie (or Montjoye), was the author of an *Histoire de la Révolution de France et de l'Assemblée Nationale* which appeared in the Royalist journal *L'Ami du Roi*, of a history of the Orléaniste conspiracy, *Histoire de la Conjuration de Louis Philippe Joseph d'Orléans* (1796), and of an inferior work, *L'Histoire de la Conjuration de Maximilien Robespierre*. Montjoie as an eye-witness of the earlier revolutionary tumults is extremely interesting, but owing to his violent animosity towards the Orléanistes his accusations against them should not be accepted unless confirmed by other contemporary evidence. In most instances, however, this is forthcoming. Both by Taine and by Jules Flammermont, a strongly revolutionary writer, Montjoie is regarded as an important authority on the period.¹

2. Beaulieu.—Claude François Beaulieu (1754–1827) edited several papers during the Revolution, and, according to Dauban, was the author of the *Diurnal*, of which Dauban reprinted a large part in *La Demagogie à Paris en 1793*. But this is not conclusively proved. In 1803 Beaulieu published his history of the French Revolution in six volumes, entitled *Essais historiques sur les Causes et les Effets de la Révolution de France*. This is undoubtedly the best contemporary work on the subject, and is quoted by historians of every party. Although a Royalist, Beaulieu displays the greatest impartiality; he advances nothing without proof. Personally acquainted with most of the leading Revolutionaries, he speaks of what he himself saw and heard, and never allows himself, like Montjoie, to be carried away by his feelings. Beaulieu was arrested on the 29th of October 1793, and imprisoned first at the Conciergerie, then at the Luxembourg, from which he

¹ “Montjoie is a party man, but he dates and specifies, and his evidence, when elsewhere confirmed, deserves to be admitted” (Taine, *La Révolution*, iii. 37). M. Flammermont draws an interesting comparison between Montjoie and the *Deux Amis de la Liberté*, pointing out that the latter is in reality a patchwork of current rumours, the authors “have no settled system, they have not criticized each of the sources of which they have made use; on every point they content themselves with choosing the version which seems to them most likely, thereby arriving at the strangest contradictions. . . . *En résumé*, this considerable work has no original value, at any rate for the narrative of the 14th of July. In Galart de Montjoye we meet at last a man who has the courage of his opinions, and who signs his work, which was not without danger at the period when he published it. Indeed, he loudly proclaims he is a Royalist, and takes up his stand as a declared adversary of the Revolution, but at the same time he is nearly always moderate in his language, and he takes pains to support his opinions and his judgements by the most authoritative testimony” (*La Journée du 14 Juillet*, p. cxxxvii). See also the opinion of the English contemporary, John Adolphus, *Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution*, ii. 205.

was released after the fall of Robespierre. Between 1813 and 1827 he collaborated with Michaud in compiling the great *Biographie Universelle*, for which he wrote articles on several of the Revolutionaries he had known.

3. Ferrières.—The *Mémoires* of the Marquis de Ferrières, though more frequently quoted by English writers than the *Essais de Beaulieu*, are of far less original value, as they are largely composed of quotations from the writings of other contemporaries. Ferrières was a disaffected noble, and, although a Royalist, does not err on the side of over-indulgence for the Court, but as an ardent anti-Orléaniste throws an interesting light on the intrigue at work behind the earlier revolutionary movement.

The above are the authorities mainly consulted for the purpose of this book; the evidence of historians is only quoted in the case of those who had access to the archives of France or other contemporary documents not to be found in this country. In this respect Taine, Granier de Cassagnac, Mortimer Ternaux, Edmond Biré, Gustave Bord, Chassin, Dauban, Wallon, Campardon, and Adolphe Schmidt are particularly valuable. The opinion of M. Louis Madelin is also occasionally referred to as being founded on the most recent researches, and as representing the last word in modern French thought on the vexed questions of the Revolution.

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PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

BEFORE attempting to describe the outbreaks of the Revolution, it is necessary to indicate as briefly as possible the ills from which the people were suffering, the reforms that they demanded, and, on the other hand, the influences at work amongst them which diverted the movement for reform into the channel of revolution.

THE PEOPLE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

Nearly every author in embarking on the story of the Revolution has considered it *de rigueur* to enlarge on the progress of philosophy that heralded the movement. The oppressions that had prevailed during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. had, we are told, been endured in a spirit of dumb resignation until the teaching of Rousseau, Diderot, and other social reformers proclaimed to the nation that they need be endured no longer. If we regard the Revolution from the point of view of the people, this time-honoured preamble may, however, be dispensed with. Doubtless the philosophers played an important part in preparing the Revolution, but their direct influence was confined to the aristocracy and the educated bourgeoisie; to the peasant tilling the soil, the *Encyclopédie* and the *Contrat Social* were of less pressing interest than the condition of his crop and the profit of his labour. How the abuses of the Old Régime affected him in this tangible respect we can read in Arthur Young's *Travels*, in Albert Babeau's *Le Village sous l'Ancien Régime*, or in the works of Taine, where all the injustices of *tailles*, *capitaineries*, *corvées*, *gabelles*, etc., are set forth categorically, and are too well known to be enumerated here. Suffice it to say, these oppressions were many and grievous, but they sprang less from intentional tyranny than from an obsolete system that demanded readjustment. Thus certain customs that originated in benevolence had, through the progress of civilization, become oppressive—the *liberty* to grind at the seigneur's mill had become the *obligation* to grind at the seigneur's mill, whilst many feudal exactions and personal services were merely relics of the days when rent was paid in

kind or in labour. It is evident, moreover, that many of these feudal oppressions that look so terrible on paper had fallen into disuse; thus, although the parchments enumerating the seigneurial rights were still in existence, "the power of the seigneurs over the persons of their vassals only existed in romances" at the time of the Revolution.¹ In every ancient civilization strange archaic laws might be discovered—does not our own legal code enact that a man may beat his wife with any weapon no thicker than his thumb? but so far the women of England have not found it necessary to rise in revolt against this extraordinary stipulation.

For the peasant of France the most real grievances were undoubtedly the inequality of taxation and the "capitaineries" or game-laws, monstrous injustices that crippled his energies and often made his labour vain. Yet were the peasants of old France the wretched, down-trodden beings that certain historians have described them? The strange thing is that no contemporary evidence corroborates this theory; in none of the letters or memoirs written before the Revolution, even by such advanced thinkers as Rousseau and Madame Roland, do we encounter the starving scarecrows of the villages or the ragged spectres of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine portrayed by Dickens; on the contrary, gaiety seems to have been the distinguishing characteristic of the people. The dancing peasants of Watteau and Lancret were no figments of an artist's brain, but very charming realities described by every traveller. Arthur Young, who has been persistently represented as the great opponent of the Ancien Régime, records few actual instances of misery or oppression, and, as we shall see, Young was later on led to reconstruct his views on the old government of France in a pamphlet which has been carefully ignored by writers who quote his earlier work in support of their theories.

But the most remarkable evidence on peasant life before the Revolution is to be found in the letters of Dr. Rigby, who travelled in France during the summer of 1789. This curious book, published for the first time in 1880, aroused less attention in England than in France, where it was regarded as an important contribution to the history of the period.² The accounts it

¹ *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, p. 46.

² See, for example, the opinion of the pro-revolutionary writer M. Jules Flammarion in his *Journée du 14 Juillet*: "Another witness of this surprising revolution (the revolution of July 1789) is Dr. Rigby, whom the chances of travel brought to France and kept in Paris during these glorious days. His letters to his wife form valuable evidence of which neither the authenticity nor the impartiality can be disputed. . . . He was a practical agriculturist and at the same time a man of science, and his letters, though perhaps rather optimistic, make the counterpart to the criticisms of Arthur Young, who saw the dark side of everything."

contains are so subversive of the accepted theories on peasant misery current in this country, and have been so little quoted, that a few extracts must be given here.

Between Calais and Lille "the most striking character of the country" through which Dr. Rigby passed was its extraordinary fertility: "We went through an extent of seventy miles, and I will venture to say there was not a single acre but what was in a state of the highest cultivation. The crops are beyond any conception I could have had of them—thousands and ten thousands of acres of wheat superior to any which can be produced in England. . . .

"The general appearance of the people is different to what I expected; they are strong and well-made. We saw many agreeable scenes as we passed along in the evening before we came to Lisle: little parties sitting at their doors, some of the men smoking, some playing at cards in the open air, and others spinning cotton. Everything we see bears the marks of industry, and *all the people look happy*. We have indeed seen few signs of opulence in individuals, for we do not see so many gentlemen's seats as in England, but then *we have seen few of the lower classes in rags, idleness, and misery*. What strange prejudices we are apt to take regarding foreigners! . . .

"What strikes me most in what I have seen is the wonderful difference between this country and England . . . the difference seems to be in favour of the former; if they are not happy, they look at least very like it. . . ." Throughout the whole course of his journey across France Dr. Rigby continues in the same strain of admiration—an admiration that we might attribute to lack of discernment were it not that it ceases abruptly on his entry into Germany. Here he finds "a country to which Nature has been equally kind as to France, for it has a fertile soil, but as yet the inhabitants live under an oppressive government." At Cologne he finds that "tyranny and oppression have taken up their abode. . . . There was a gloom and an appearance of disease in almost every man's face we saw; their persons also look filthy. The state of wretchedness in which they live seems to deprive them of every power of exertion . . . the whole country is divided between the Archbishop and the King of Prussia . . . the land is uncultivated and depopulated. *How every country and every people we have seen since we left France sink in comparison with that animated country!*" It is evident that, however rose-coloured was Dr. Rigby's view of France, the French people had certainly not reached that pitch of "exasperation" that according to certain historians would account for the excesses of the Revolution. Lady Eastlake, Dr. Rigby's daughter, who edited these letters from France, fearing apparently that her father will be

accredited with telling travellers' tales, attempts in the preface to explain his remarks by quoting the observation of De Tocqueville : " One must not be deceived by the gaiety the Frenchman displays in his greatest troubles, it only proves that, believing his unhappy fate to be inevitable, he tries to distract himself by not thinking about it—it is not that he does not feel it." This might possibly describe the attitude of the French people towards their government during the centuries that preceded the Revolution, when, convinced of their impotence to revolt, they resigned themselves to oppression ; but at the period Dr. Rigby describes the work of reform had long since begun and they had therefore no cause for hopelessness or despair. Louis XVI. had not waited for the gathering of the revolutionary storm in order to redress the evils from which the people suffered ; in the very first year of his reign he had embarked on the work of reform with the co-operation of Turgot and Malesherbes. In 1775 he had attempted to introduce the free circulation of grain—thereby enraging the monopolizers who in revenge stirred up the " *Guerre de Farines* " ; in 1776 he had proposed the suppression of the *corvée* which the opposition of the Parlements prevented ;¹ in 1779 he had abolished all forms of servitude in his domains, inviting " all seigneurs of fiefs and communities to follow his example " ; in 1780 he had abolished torture ; in 1784 he had accorded liberty of conscience to the Protestants ; in 1787 he had proposed the equality of territorial taxation, the suppression of the *gabelle* or salt tax, and again urged the abolition of the *corvée* and the free circulation of grain ; in 1787 and 1788 he had proposed reforms in the administration of justice, the equal admission of citizens of every rank to all forms of employment, the abolition of *lettres de cachet*, and greater liberty of the press. Meanwhile he had continued to reduce the expenses of his household and had reformed the prisons and hospitals. Finally on August 8, 1788, he had announced the assembling of the States-General, at which he accorded double representation to the Tiers États.

In this spring of 1789 the French people had therefore every reason to feel hopeful of the future and to believe that now at last all their wrongs would be redressed. Had not the King sent out a proclamation to the whole nation saying, " His Majesty has desired that in the extremities of his kingdom and in the

¹ The Parlements, which played an active part in the revolutionary movement, had proved continually obstructive to the King's schemes of reform, and it was they, as well as the monopolizers, who had opposed the free circulation of grain. " It must appear strange," wrote Arthur Young, " in a government so despotic in some respects as that of France, to see the parliaments in every part of the kingdom making laws without the King's consent, and even in defiance of his authority " (*Travels in France*, p. 321).

obscurest dwellings every man shall rest assured that his wishes and requests shall be heard " ?

" All over the country," says Taine, " the people are to meet together to discuss abuses. . . . These confabulations are authorized, provoked from above. In the early days of 1788 the provincial assemblies demand from the syndicate and from the inhabitants of each parish that a local enquiry shall be held ; they wish to know the details of their grievances, what part of the revenue each tax removes, what the cultivator pays and suffers. . . . All these figures are printed . . . artisans and countrymen discuss them on Sunday after mass or in the evening in the great room at the inn. . . ."

The King has been bitterly reproached by Royalists for thus taking the people into his confidence over schemes of reform ; such changes in the government as were needed, they remark, should have been effected by the royal authority unaided by popular opinion. But the King doubtless argued that no one knows better than the wearer where the shoe pinches ; and since his great desire was to alleviate the sufferings of his people, it seemed to his simple mind that the best way to do this was to ask them for a list of their grievances before attempting to redress them. Believers in despotism may deplore the error in judgement, but the people of France did not mistake the good intentions of the King, for in the *cahiers de doléances* or lists of grievances that arrived from all parts of the country in response to this appeal the people were unanimous in their respect and loyalty to Louis XVI.

What, then, did the cahiers demand ? What were the true desires of the people in the matter of government ? This all-important point has been too often overlooked in histories of the Revolution ; yet it must be clearly understood if we would realize how far the Revolution as it took place was the result of the people's will. Now the summarizing of the cahiers by the National Assembly¹ revealed that the following principles of government were laid down by the nation :

- I. The French government is monarchic.
- II. The person of the King is inviolable and sacred.
- III. His crown is hereditary from male to male.

On these three points the cahiers were unanimous, and the great majority were agreed on the following :

- IV. The King is the depositary of the executive power.
- V. The agents of authority are responsible.
- VI. The royal sanction is necessary for the promulgation of the laws.

¹ *Moniteur*, i. 215.

- VII. The nation makes the laws with the royal sanction.
- VIII. The consent of the nation is necessary for loans and taxes.
- IX. Taxes can only be imposed from one meeting of the States-General to another.
- X. Property is sacred.
- XI. Individual liberty is sacred.

In the matter of reforms the cahiers asked first and foremost for the equality of taxation, for the abolition of that monstrous privilege by which the wealthier classes of the community were enabled to avoid contributing their rightful share towards the expenses of the State ; they asked for the free admission of citizens of all ranks to civil and military employment, for revision of the civil and criminal code, for the substitution of money payments in the place of feudal and seigneurial dues, for the abolition of gabelles, corvées, franc-fief, and arbitrary imprisonment.

In all these demands we shall find no element of sedition or of disaffection towards the monarchy, but the response of a loyal and spirited people to the King's proposals for reform. Such animosity as they displayed was directed against the "privileged orders," and, as we shall see, this sentiment was not wholly spontaneous. Hua, a member of the Legislative Assembly, has well described the attitude of the people in pages that may be summarized thus :

The Ancien Régime had very real abuses, there was every reason to attack it. The clergy and noblesse had lost their power and their *raison d'être* ; they were obliged to let the Third Estate come into its own by giving up their privileges. Nothing could have stopped this or ought to have stopped it. "It has been said that the Revolution was made in public opinion before it was realized by events ; this is true, but one must add that it was not the Revolution such as we saw it . . . *it was not by the people that the Revolution was made in France.*" And in confirmation of this statement, with which, as I shall show, contemporaries of all parties agree, Hua points out that "the voice of the nation cried out for reform, for changes in the government, but all proclaimed respect for religion, loyalty to the King, and desire for law and order."¹

What, then, was needed to kindle the flame of revolution ?

To understand this we must examine the intrigues at work amongst the people ; these and these alone explain the gigantic misunderstanding that arose between the King and his subjects, and that plunged the country on the brink of regeneration into the black abyss of anarchy.

¹ *Mémoires de Hua, député à l'Assemblée Législative*, published by his grandson François Saint Maur in 1871.

At the beginning of the Revolution the principal intrigue, and the one that paved the way for all the rest, was undoubtedly

THE ORLÉANISTE CONSPIRACY

Louis Philippe Joseph, fifth Duc d'Orléans in direct descent from the brother of Louis XIV., and therefore fourth cousin once removed to Louis XVI., came into the world with a heredity tainted from various sources. His great-grandfather Philippe, Regent of France during the minority of Louis XV., had married the daughter of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. More German than French—for his mother was the Princess Elizabeth of the Palatinate, whose memoirs are perhaps the most nauseous reading of the period—the Regent had introduced into the gay gallantry of France the bestial forms of vice that prevailed in those days at the courts of Germany. Amongst the most dissolute frequenters of the Palais Royal during the Regency was Louis Armand, Prince de Conti, a moral maniac of the Sadic variety, and it was his daughter who, married to the fourth Duc d'Orléans, became the mother of Louis Philippe Joseph, later to be known as Philippe Égalité. Of such elements was the man composed—if indeed he was the son of the duke and not—as the people of Paris believed, and as he himself afterwards declared to the Commune—of the duchess's coachman.

In appearance, certain contemporaries assure us, Philippe was not unattractive, since he had blue eyes, good teeth, and a fine white skin; but when they proceed to relate that his face was bloated and adorned with collections of red pimples, whilst his portraits show him to us with a large fleshy nose, thick lips, and a massive neck and chin, we find it difficult to understand the charm he exercised over his *intimes*. Yet so fervent was their admiration that when Philippe in time grew bald his boon companions loyally shaved off their front hair in compliment. The Anglomania which had increased his popularity amongst the young bloods of the day disgusted Louis XVI., since it consisted in no appreciation for the better qualities of the English, but in adopting all their worst habits—the betting, gambling, and heavy drinking that prevailed in England at that date. As the leader of this imported fashion, the Duc d'Orléans affected English dress of the sporting kind, appearing habitually in a cloth frock coat, buckskin breeches, and top boots; thus attired he rode to race-meetings, or drove about the town in his English "whisky." His two ruling passions, says the Duc de Cars, were money, and after money debauchery. Entirely indifferent to public opinion he flaunted his vices in the eyes of all Paris; arm-in-arm with the Marquis de Sillery he might be seen on the steps of the

Coliseum in the Champs Élysées, insolently accosting women who had the misfortune to meet his eye ; at Longchamps he would gallop ostentatiously beside the carriage of some notorious *demi-mondaine*, whilst at the Palais Royal his entourage was composed of the most worthless men and women of the day. The evil reputation borne by society at the time of the Revolution is attributable more to the Duc d'Orléans and his set than to any other cause, whilst as a climax of hypocrisy the severest strictures on the morals of society emanated from the pens of the very men and women who outraged them—Laclos, Chamfort, and Madame de Genlis. By the side of the Duc d'Orléans and his boon companions the follies of the Comte d'Artois and the Polignacs fade into insignificance, and the games of “descamptivos,” so luridly described by Orléaniste writers as the favourite diversion at Versailles, seem innocuous indeed compared with the ducal pastime of “collecting girls from the lowest quarters of Paris, and thrusting them nude and inebriated into the park of Monceaux.”

Yet this was the prince who, we are asked to believe, became the idol of the Paris populace. It is only one of the many calumnies directed against the people by so-called democratic writers. The instincts of the people are not naturally perverse ; they do not admire a bad master, a faithless husband, a man of corrupt and vicious tastes. We have only to consult the records written before the Revolution to find that the people of Paris loathed and despised the Duc d'Orléans. The duke returned their aversion with contempt ; to the future bearer of the name “Égalité” the people were indeed less than the dust. In order to keep up the “aristocratic” character of his garden at the Palais Royal, he had issued an order that no admittance was to be granted to “soldiers, men in livery, people in caps and shirts, to dogs or workmen.”¹

“The Duc d'Orléans,” a chronicler writes on April 5, 1787, “allowed himself to be so carried away by the ardour of the chase that he followed the quarry he was hunting, with his train, through the Faubourg Montmartre, the Place Vendôme, and the Rue Saint-Honoré, as far as the Place Louis XV., not without having overturned and wounded several people.” Thereupon the Parisians composed satirical verses on the duke, ending with these lines :

. . . au sein de Paris, un grand, noble de race,
Sans respect pour les droits des gens,
Écrase quelques habitants
Pour goûter en plein jour le plaisir de la chasse.²

¹ *Journal d'un Étudiant*, edited by M. Gaston Maugras, p. 9.

² *Correspondance Secrète sur Louis XVI et Marie Antoinette*, edited by M. de Lescure, p. 126.

It was certainly no easy task for the party who wished to substitute the Duc d'Orléans for Louis XVI. on the throne of France to persuade the people that the man who treated them with so much insolence had now become the champion of their liberties. M. Émile Dard in his interesting book, *Le Général Choderlos de Laclos*, declares that the Orléaniste conspiracy originated with Brissot as early as 1787, and that in this year he sketched out, in a letter to Ducrest, the brother of Madame de Genlis, his plan for inaugurating a second Fronde with the Duc d'Orléans at its head. "His cause must be identified with that of the people." If in the beginning the duke were to distinguish himself by "striking acts of benevolence and patriotism," he would soon become "the idol of the people." "Let him then embrace the doctrines in vogue, disseminate them in writing, and gain the leaders to his side."

Whether this scheme was adopted on the advice of Brissot or not, it was precisely the one pursued by the duke and his supporters. From the moment the States-General met, says a democratic pamphlet of the day, "the seigneur who was the hardest towards his vassals, the most exacting and the most severe, especially in the matter of pecuniary rights, made a show of moderation, generosity, and even lavishness."¹ It is a common ruse of Orléaniste writers to represent the duke as an amiable, weak, and irresponsible puppet, incapable of serious designs. This was precisely the impression he intended to create; an affectation of irresponsibility is a time-honoured ruse of conspirators. At the same time it is probable that, left to himself, the Duc d'Orléans would have had neither the wit nor the energy to form a conspiracy; the genius of Laclos was needed to devise and organize a vast and formidable intrigue.

Choderlos de Laclos belonged to a poor and recently ennobled family of Spanish origin, and in 1788, at the age of forty-seven, after leaving the army, he was introduced to the Palais Royal by the Vicomte de Ségur, who obtained for him the post of *secrétaire des commandements* to the Duc d'Orléans. Laclos had already made a name for himself as the author of the scandalous *Liaisons Dangereuses*, a novel describing in the form of letters from country-houses the depraved morals of society. "A monster of immorality" himself, he revelled in depicting the baser sides of human nature—"according to him, good people, if any such existed, would be simply lambs amongst a herd of tigers, and he holds it better to be a tiger, since it is better to devour than to be devoured."²

¹ "Grand Triomphe de M. le Duc d'Orléans, ou Examen Impartial de Conduite," p. 5, August 23, 1790.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, i. 213.

To the cynical mind of Laclos there was something infinitely diverting in the idea of placing the dissolute duke at the head of the kingdom, and the very weakness and want of energy that characterized his royal protégé offered all the wider a field to Laclos's own ambition.

In order to inspire the duke with the will to collaborate in this scheme Laclos well knew, moreover, the vulnerable side from which to approach him. Place and power had little attraction for Philippe d'Orléans; as king he would have access to no more money and to less pleasure than fell to his share as "first prince of the blood." "The Duc d'Orléans," a wit had once remarked, "would always be afraid to belong to any party where he would not have the chorus-girls of the opera on his side." But if incapable of great ambitions, the duke possessed one characteristic that lent not merely energy but fire to his otherwise sluggish nature—this was the spirit of revenge. If he could not devise, if he could not scheme, if he could not strive to achieve some settled purpose, he could *hate*. He was immeasurably and unrelentingly vindictive. To revenge himself on any one who had piqued his vanity or thwarted his designs, he would stick at nothing, he would know no pity. And now for years all the bitter rancour of which he was capable had been growing in intensity towards one woman who had humiliated him—the Queen of France.

In a lesser degree he hated the King also: had not Louis XVI. refused to make him grand admiral of the fleet, in consequence of his conduct at the battle of Ouessant? But it was Marie Antoinette who had withheld her consent to the marriage of his daughter with the Duc d'Angoulême, it was to her he owed his banishment from the Court, and it was her rejection of his infamous love-making that still rankled in his mind.

The Duc d'Orléans was not the only member of the Palais Royal set who had suffered a like rebuff. "The Queen," says M. Émile Dard, "was proud and *coquette*; she held back with disdain those that her charm attracted. The spite of men was directed against her as cruelly as the jealousy of women. Under a chaste king many courtiers had hoped that the reign of lovers would succeed to that of mistresses. What a prospect for the ambitions of the Court! What glory and profit for roués like Tilly, Biron, Bézénval, Ségur, to record amongst their successful ventures the Queen of France! In how many calumnies did self-interest and vanity find their vent!" Biron, we know from his insufferable memoirs, had actually made overtures to the Queen, and we may safely accept the version of this incident given by Madame Campan, who states that the interview ended after a few moments with the words pronounced in indignant

tones by Marie Antoinette, "Sortez, monsieur!" and the hasty exit of Biron from her presence.

The advances of the Vicomte de Noailles met with no better success,¹ and both these *séducteurs* became the bitterest enemies of the Queen.

On such resentments was the animosity of the Palais Royal roués for the Court founded. At the duke's country-house of Monceaux all these malcontents collected, and it was here, amidst the clinking of champagne glasses, that the foulest libels, the most obscene verses on the Queen, were uttered and afterwards circulated through the underworld of Paris.

The exile of the Duc d'Orléans in 1787 provided his party with a fresh *cause de guerre*. At the Séance Royale the King had announced two fresh taxes—the *timbre* and the *subvention territoriale*—to be imposed on the "privileged classes"; whereupon the duke at the instigation of Ducrest rose and declared the royal decree to be "illegal." "Do not imagine," he said afterwards to Brissot, "that if I made this stand against the King it was in order to serve *a people I despise*, or a body of which I make no account (the Parlement), but that I was indignant at a man treating me with so much insolence."² The insolence, however, seems to have been entirely on the side of the duke. Louis XVI. on his return to Versailles remarked that it was not the declaration of the Duc d'Orléans that had offended him, but the threatening tone in which the words were pronounced, and the way he had looked at him as he spoke.³ On the advice of the Queen he accordingly exiled the duke, stipulating that he should not go as he wished—for reasons we shall see later—to England, but to his property at Villers-Cotterets.

This edict admirably served the interests of the Orléanistes, since the duke was now able to pose as the victim of despotism, and it did much to inflame his fury against the King and Queen. When two years later he was elected deputy in the States-General, he cynically declared: "I laugh at the States-General, but I wished to belong to them if only for the moment when individual liberty should be discussed in order to vote for a law that will enable me to go where I like, so that when I want to start for London, Rome, or Peking, I shall not be sent to Villers-Cotterets. I laugh at all the rest."⁴

Such were the motives that inspired the "democracy" of the Palais Royal party. Directed by the genius of Laclos, and financed by the millions of the Duc d'Orléans, the vast organiza-

¹ *Mémoires du Comte de Tilly*, ii. 110.

² *Le Général Choderlos de Laclos*, by Émile Dard, p. 153.

³ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, i. 93.

⁴ *Les Fils de Philippe Égalité pendant la Terreur*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 12.

tion of the Orléaniste conspiracy took form and grew, until by the spring of 1789 the plan of campaign was complete. Orléaniste propaganda were circulated all over France in preparation for the States-General; models of cahiers drafted by Sieyès and Laclos were distributed to different constituencies, and it was undoubtedly by this means that the people's animosity towards the noblesse was largely engineered, for in the upholders of the Old Régime the Orléanistes saw the most serious obstacle to their schemes.

But the crowning triumph of the Orléaniste conspiracy was the acquisition of Mirabeau. This amazing man, whose striking personality and thunderous oratory must have ensured the success of any party to which he attached himself, was lost to the royal cause mainly by the ineptness of the King's ministers. It is almost certain that at this crisis Mirabeau needed only the slightest encouragement to throw himself into the movement for reform by peaceful methods, and in this he rightly saw that the King was the real leader. Such rancour as he entertained against the Old Régime was directed against the noblesse who had shunned him on account of his irregularities; the royal authority he was prepared to defend. He alone of all the men who should have advised the King on the assembling of the States-General foresaw the disasters impending from the unpreparedness of the Government, and in a letter addressed to the King's minister Montmorin in December 1788 he implored him to be advised in time.

Alas, for the eternal weakness of Conservatism, the fatal unresponsiveness that has driven many a would-be ally into the enemy's camp! To Montmorin, Mirabeau with his discreditable past and his unscrupulous business transactions was a man to distrust, and therefore to be rejected. He failed to realize the truth of Gouverneur Morris's aphorism—a maxim that should surely be laid to heart by every one concerned in government: "*There are in the world men who are to be employed, not trusted.*"

Mirabeau was decidedly not to be trusted. "I was born to be an adventurer!" he once said gaily to Dumont and Duroverai. But was that a reason not to employ him? Were not some of the greatest men who ever lived adventurers? Was not France saved ten years later by the great adventurer from Corsica? Yet with this term Conservatism too often brands the man whose dynamic force is needed to counteract its own inertia. The letter of Mirabeau was ignored, his *mémoire* never reached the King, and all the disasters he had foreseen came to pass. So the man who might have saved the monarchy, smarting at this rebuff, threw himself into the opposite camp, and devoted all his force, his eloquence, and his vast energy to overthrowing the Government

that had repulsed him. At the very moment that Montmorin refused his services, the Orléanistes were making every effort to secure him. It is evident that from the first the Duc d'Orléans inspired him with no sympathy, but he needed a field for his talents, he needed a goal for his ambitions, and alas, he needed also the wherewithal to satisfy his taste for luxury and pleasure! Convinced that for the present he could hope for nothing from the Court, Mirabeau therefore allowed himself against his inclination to be drawn into the Orléaniste conspiracy.¹

With the annexation of Mirabeau the success of the conspiracy seemed assured. The duke and a number of his supporters—the Duc de Biron, the Marquis de Sillery (husband of the famous Madame de Genlis), the Baron de Menou, the Vicomte de Noailles, and the De Lameths—had succeeded in securing election to the States-General, and with Mirabeau at their head constituted a formidable faction. At Montrouge, a little house near Paris belonging to the Duc de Biron, the conspirators met by night and discussed their schemes, but “of those nocturnal confabulations,” remarks M. Dard, “nothing transpired either for contemporaries or for posterity.”

The amazing thoroughness with which the intrigue was carried out has never been surpassed except by the pan-German plot of our day. At the Palais Royal, Laclos, “like a spider in his web,” wove the almost invisible network of intrigue that soon covered France, and stretched out into other countries—England, Holland,

¹ That Mirabeau was definitely working in the interests of the Duc d'Orléans throughout the summer of 1789 is perfectly obvious from the evidence of all contemporaries, even those who were his friends, such as Dumont and La Marck, the latter only attempting—very unconvincingly—to prove that Mirabeau was not *paid* by the duke. Weber, however, declares that Mirabeau and the Duc d'Orléans “troubled so little to conceal their connection that notes signed by the Duc d'Orléans in favour of Mirabeau were seen publicly negotiated on the Paris Bourse” (*Mémoires de Weber*, ii. 17). Perhaps the best summary of Mirabeau's policy at this date is that given by Mounier: “I have seen him pass from the nocturnal committees held by the friends of the Duc d'Orléans to those of the enthusiastic republicans, and from these secret conferences to the cabinets of the King's ministers; but if from the first months (of the Revolution) the ministers had consented to work with him he would have preferred to uphold the royal authority rather than to ally himself with men he despised. His principles must not be judged by the numerous contradictions in his speeches and writings, where he said less what he thought than what happened to suit his interests under such and such circumstances. He often communicated his real opinions to me, and I have never known a man of more enlightened intellect, of more judicious political doctrines, of more venal character, and of a more corrupt heart” (*De l'Influence attribué aux Philosophes, Franc Maçons et Illuminés*, p. 100). This passage gives the key to the whole of Mirabeau's conduct during the early stages of the Revolution. On the nocturnal meetings between Mirabeau and the Duc d'Orléans see also Garat's *Conspiration de d'Orléans*.

Germany. In Paris he had enlisted the services of various unscrupulous agitators who stirred up the Faubourgs of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau ; pamphleteers in the pay of the duke loaded the bookstalls with seditious pamphlets ; at the street corners and in the garden of the Palais Royal mob orators inflamed the minds of the people, and in the palace of Versailles the spies of Orléans hovered round the Queen, gained access to her correspondence, and sent copies of her letters to the councils of Montrouge.¹

It is probable, however, that all these schemes would have proved unavailing to produce a revolution had not the country at this crisis been faced with famine. Hua, looking back on the beginnings of the Revolution, was convinced that but for the threatened famine the people would have remained indefinitely submissive to the Old Régime. " Everywhere they know how to endure, to expect from time improvements that often do not come, but for which they continue to hope. They know only present evils, and of these famine alone is intolerable to them. Struck by this terrible scourge, it is not a change in the State that they demand, *it is bread*. So the French people would long have endured their accustomed burdens, they would have continued to pay taxes, tithes, to carry out feudal duties, to bend beneath the corvée and the other miseries of vassaldom. I find the proof of their patience in the means employed to make them lose it." ² It was here the conspirators saw their greatest opportunity. " Bread," says Hua, " was the potent lever by which the people were roused to action. What lies, what fables were thrown to public credulity ! " It is evident from all accounts that the famine was more fabulous than real. The people were not starving, but haunted by the fear of starvation. And to this fear was added exasperation, owing to the conviction that no real scarcity of grain existed. It was true that a fearful hailstorm in July of the previous year had destroyed many of the crops round Paris, but had not the minister Necker declared that, in spite of this disaster, " the stores of grain in the country were more than sufficient to supply the needs of the nation until the next harvest " ? The want of bread in itself is bad enough, but to believe that bread is being wilfully withheld from one is enough to stir the meekest to revolt. This was the " lever " employed by the conspirators. When the peasants of France creeping to their doors saw wagons laden with wheat winding their way through the village street, voices were not lacking to whisper, " There is corn in plenty, but it is not for you ; it is to be stored for the Court, the aristocrats, the rich, who will feast in plenty

¹ *Histoire de la Révolution*, by Louis Blanc, ii. 331 ; *Essais de Beaulieu*, i. 302.

² *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 53.

while you go hungry." And forthwith the maddened people would hurl themselves on to the sacks of corn and fling them into the nearest river.¹ The fact that in many cases the corn was destroyed and not appropriated by the people proves that hunger was less the incentive to revolt than rage at the monopolizers; and if the name of a supposed monopolizer were but whispered likewise, the unfortunate man fell a victim to the same fate as the sacks of corn. It is, of course, impossible to defend such excesses, yet if during a time of scarcity there were really profiteers enriching themselves at the expense of the people, the fury of the peasants is certainly justified. Their guilt must therefore be measured by the facts on which their suspicions were founded.

Was the scarcity of grain, then, imaginary or real? Undoubtedly it was not to be entirely accounted for by the failure of the crops. On this point contemporaries of all parties agree. But the question of monopolizers is one on which pro-revolutionary historians are strangely silent, since for their purpose—the glorification of the revolutionary leaders—it does not bear examination. The truth is probably that the monopolizers were in league with the very men who were stirring up popular fury against monopoly—the leaders of the Orléaniste conspiracy. Montjoie asserts that agents employed by the Duc d'Orléans deliberately bought up the grain, and either sent it out of the country or concealed it in order to drive the people to revolt, and in this accusation he is supported by innumerable contemporaries, including the democrat Fantin - Désodoards, Mounier, whose integrity is not to be doubted, the Liberal Malouet, Ferrières, and Madame de la Tour du Pin.

Beaulieu, however, one of the most reliable of contemporaries, considers that the Orléanistes would have been unable to create a famine by these means, but that they accomplished their purpose by stirring up public feeling on the subject of monopolizers, thereby inducing the people to pillage the grain. The farmers and corn merchants, therefore, fearing that their supplies would be destroyed in transit, were afraid to release them. By this means a fictitious famine was created.²

M. Gustave Bord, whose researches into the question of the famine are perhaps the most complete of any French historian's, believes that the farmers and bakers were not altogether guiltless, but that many had an interest in producing a scarcity in

¹ Letter of Lord Dorset, March 19, 1789, in *Dispatches from Paris*, ii. 175.

² This was also the opinion of Arthur Young, who likewise believed that the revolutionary leaders had an interest in keeping up the price of corn. See *Travels in France* (edited by Miss Betham Edwards), p. 154.

order to raise the price of bread: "It is they who were the real authors of the scarcity, and the Old Régime hunted them down without mercy. In their rôle of *exploiters of the people* they were the natural allies of the revolutionaries, who upheld them in their calumnies. It was they who triumphed in 1789, and who succeeded in deluding history by throwing the responsibility on their enemies."

Yet against these enemies, that is to say "the Court," the noblesse, the clergy, and the King's ministers, not a shred of evidence was ever produced. The ridiculous legend of the "Pacte de Famine," by which certain revolutionary writers have sought to prove that Louis XV. speculated in grain,¹ has no bearing on the question, since at this date Louis XV. had been dead for fifteen years, and against Louis XVI. not even the most rabid of revolutionary writers has ventured to raise such an accusation. On the contrary, the King, the noblesse, and the clergy² contributed immense sums towards the relief of the famine, and the King's ministers, headed by Necker, were incessantly occupied with the problem of ensuring corn supplies, and in thwarting the designs of speculators.

All through the terrible winter of 1788-1789 the *intendant* of Paris, Berthier de Sauvigny, travelled about the country interviewing farmers to find out how much grain they had in reserve, how much they required, and what surplus they could put on the market; when, however, in the spring, a shortage occurred, and Berthier applied to these men for the grain they had promised him, they immediately put up the price to a prohibitive figure, and Montjoie declares that this price was paid by agents of the

¹ On this point see the articles on the "Pacte de Famine" by M. Gustave Bord, M. Léon Biollay, and M. Edmond Biré, which all demonstrate that even Louis XV. was innocent of this crime, and that the "bleds du roi" consisted in a benevolent scheme for keeping down the price of grain by storing supplies, and releasing them in a time of scarcity at a lower price than that demanded by the corn merchants and farmers.

² On the immense liberality of the noblesse and clergy see Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, i. 202; Taine, *La Révolution*, i. 5. "The poor and needy," says the English contemporary Playfair, "whom shame prevented from seeking aid, were themselves sought after, and relief was forced upon the poor starving family in their cold and hungry retreat by those same clergymen and nobility who soon after were driven from their own abodes. . . . These acts of charity were not the acts of a few, they were general, and were done without ostentation or show, as such actions always ought to be." The Duc d'Orléans loudly proclaimed his charities in the press, but these, says Montjoie, existed principally on paper, at any rate they did not prevent him from investing, at this crisis, in a gorgeous new set of plate which his friends—and presumably not the hungry multitude—were invited to the Palais Royal to admire (*Mémoires of Madame de la Tour du Pin*, i. 164). The Archbishop of Paris at the same moment sold all his plate to feed the poor.

Duc d'Orléans: "They did not bargain, they gave what was asked. The farmers and monopolizers alone profited by this manœuvre; the artisan, the labourer, the poor man could not afford the price that the monopolizers offered, and it was only by outbidding them that the Government succeeded in wresting from these vampires a portion of their spoil."

Whether, then, the Orléanistes achieved their purpose by actually cornering supplies, or by terrorizing the farmers into holding them up, there can be no doubt that *the famine of 1789 was deliberately engineered by the agents of the duke, and that by this means the people were driven to the pitch of desperation necessary to produce the Revolution.*

The Orléanistes, however, did not constitute the only revolutionary element in the country; a second intrigue was at work amongst the people, that of

THE SUBVERSIVES

These men desired no change of dynasty or in the government; their aim was purely destructive. Three years later, when the monarchy was abolished, many of the revolutionary leaders declared that they had all along been Republicans at heart, but if we examine their earlier writings we shall find that at the beginning of the Revolution none of them had formulated any such political creed. "There were not ten of us Republicans in 1789," Camille Desmoulins wrote afterwards, and since Camille at this date was one of the Duc d'Orléans' most enthusiastic admirers, the number may be reduced at least by one. With the exception perhaps of Lafayette, whose experiences in the American War of Independence inspired him with Republican sympathies, those of the earlier revolutionaries who were not Orléanistes had no definite theories of reconstruction—their aim was merely to clear the ground of all existing conditions. "All memories of history," said Barrère, "all prejudices resulting from community of interest and of origin, all must be renewed in France; we wish only to date from to-day." "To make the people happy," said Rabaud de Saint-Étienne, "their ideas must be reconstructed, laws must be changed, morals must be changed, men must be changed, things must be changed, *everything, yes, everything must be destroyed*, since everything must be re-made." ¹

¹ Rabaud lived to see these theories carried into effect and to realize too late their disastrous folly. "France," he wrote only a short time later, "might have been likened to an immense chaos; power was suspended, authority disowned, and the wrecks of the feudal system were added to the vast ruins." He repented still more bitterly when, in the reign of

These subversive theories emanated from certain secret societies of which an English writer calling himself John Robison described the aims in the title of his book, *Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe carried on in the Secret Meetings of the Free-Masons, Illuminati, and Reading Societies*. Robison, who was himself a genuine Freemason, made a tour of the Continental lodges, where he found that a new and spurious form of masonry had sprung into existence. Both in France and Germany "the lodges had become the haunts of many projectors and fanatics, both in science, in religion, and in politics, who had availed themselves of the secrecy and freedom of speech maintained in these meetings. . . . In their hands Freemasonry became a thing totally unlike, and almost in direct opposition to, the system imported from England, where the rule was observed that nothing touching religion or government shall ever be spoken of in the lodges. . . ." The Association, in fact, was "all a cheat, and the leaders . . . disbelieved every word that they uttered and every doctrine that they taught . . . their real intention was to abolish all religion, overturn every government, and *make the world a general plunder and wreck*."

A further development of German Freemasonry was the Order of the Illuminati founded in 1776 by Dr. Adam Weishaupt, a professor of the University of Ingoldstadt in Bavaria. Weishaupt, who had been educated by the Jesuits, succeeded in persuading two other ex-Jesuits to join him in organizing the new Order, and it was no doubt this circumstance that gave rise to the belief entertained by certain contemporaries that the Jesuits were the secret directors of the sect. The truth is more probably that, as both Mirabeau and the Marquis de Luchet, in their pamphlets on the Illuminati, asserted, Illuminism was founded on the régime of the Jesuits, although their religious doctrines were diametrically opposed.¹ Weishaupt, whom M. Louis Blanc described as "one of the deepest conspirators that ever existed," had adopted the name of Spartacus—the leader of an insurrection of slaves in ancient Rome—and he aimed at nothing less than *world revolution*.² Thus the Order of the Illuminati "abjured Christianity, advocated sensual pleasures, believed in annihilation, and called patriotism and loyalty narrow-minded prejudices incompatible with universal benevolence"; further, "they accounted all princes usurpers and tyrants, and all privileged orders

anarchy that followed, he was led to the scaffold. His wife killed herself in despair.

¹ Confirmed by the Abbé Barruel, *Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme*, iii. 11.

² *Ibid.* p. 25; *Histoire de la Révolution*, by Louis Blanc, ii. 84, 85.

as their abettors; they meant to abolish the laws which protected property accumulated by long-continued and successful industry; and to prevent for the future any such accumulation, they intended to establish universal liberty and equality, the imprescriptible rights of man, and as preparation for all this they intended to root out all religion and ordinary morality, and even to break the bonds of domestic life, by destroying the veneration for marriage-vows, and by taking the education of children out of the hands of the parents."¹

These were precisely the principles followed by the Subversives of France in 1793 and 1794, and the method by which this project was carried out is directly traceable to Weishaupt's influence. Amongst the Illuminati, says Robison, "nothing was so frequently discoursed of as the propriety of employing, for a good purpose, the means which the wicked employed for evil purposes; and it was taught that the preponderancy of good in the ultimate result consecrated every means employed, and that wisdom and virtue consisted in properly determining this balance. This appeared big with danger, because it seemed evident that nothing would be scrupled at, if it could be made appear that the Order would derive advantage from it, because the great object of the Order was held superior to every consideration."²

It is this doctrine that provides the key to the whole policy of the leading revolutionaries of France, and that, as we shall see later, brought about the Reign of Terror.

Quintin Craufurd, the friend of Marie Antoinette, writing to Pitt in 1794, remarked: "There is a great resemblance between the maxims, as far as they are known, of the Illuminés and the early Jacobins, and I am persuaded that the seeds of many of those extravagant but diabolical doctrines that spread with such unparalleled luxuriance in the hotbeds of France were carried from Germany."³ The lodges of the German Freemasons and Illuminati were thus the source whence emanated all those anarchic schemes that culminated in the Terror, and it was at a great meeting of the Freemasons in Frankfurt-am-Main, three years before the French Revolution began, that the deaths of Louis XVI. and Gustavus III. of Sweden were first planned.⁴

The Orléanist leaders, quick to see the opportunity for ad-

¹ Robison's *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, pp. 107 and 375.

² *Ibid.* p. 107.

³ Craufurd here uses the word "Germany" as it was employed at that date, *i.e.* as a name covering Austria as well as Prussia and the other independent German states. Yet it was not in Austria, but in such towns as Berlin, Frankfurt, Mainz, Göttingen, Brunswick, Gotha, Breslau, etc., that Illuminism flourished most vigorously.

⁴ See the evidence of two French Freemasons present at this meeting published by Charles d'Héricault, *La Révolution*, p. 104.

vancing their own interests, joined the Freemasons, and the Duc d'Orléans succeeded in getting himself elected Grand Master of the Order in France. A little later Mirabeau went to Berlin, and whilst in Prussia attracted the attention of "Spartacus" and his colleague "Philo," alias the Baron Knigge of Frankfurt-am-Main, who through the influence of Mauvillon, a disciple of Philo's, persuaded him to become an Illuminatus. On his return to Paris Mirabeau, together with Talleyrand and the Duc de Lauzun, inaugurated a lodge of the Order, but none of the three being as yet adepts they were obliged to apply to headquarters for aid. Accordingly two Germans were sent to initiate them further in the doctrines of the sect. Before long the Club Breton, the first revolutionary club, later to be known as the Club des Jacobins, became the centre of Illuminism and Freemasonry, for all its members were also members of the two secret societies. But though the leading Orléanistes were all Freemasons, all Freemasons were not Orléanistes; some were pure Subversives, and M. Gustave Bord is no doubt right in stating that the duke was only the visible head of the sect whose members used him as a cover to their designs, whilst he and his supporters used them with the same object. Thus Chamfort, though a member of the Orléaniste conspiracy, was at heart a Subversive, as an illuminating conversation he once held with Marmontel at the beginning of the Revolution testifies. Chamfort having remarked that it would not be a bad thing to level all ranks and abolish the existing order of things, Marmontel replied:

"Equality has always been the chimera of republics and the bait that ambition offers to vanity. But this levelling down is all the more impossible in a vast monarchy, and in attempting to abolish everything it seems to me that we should go further than the nation expects, and further than it wishes."

"True," said Chamfort, "but does the nation know what it wishes? One can make it wish, and one can make it say what it has never thought . . . the nation is a great herd that only thinks of browsing, and with good sheepdogs the shepherds can lead it as they please." He went on to explain that one must help the people according to one's own lights, not according to theirs, and spoke cheerfully of a Revolution that would make a clean sweep of the Old Régime, a scheme he thought by no means impossible to carry out, for though it might be difficult to move the industrious citizens, there was always the class that has nothing to lose and everything to gain which could be stirred up by rumours of massacre, famine, and so forth. The Duc d'Orléans, he ended by remarking, must be made use of for this purpose. When to this Marmontel suggested that the

duke had hardly the makings of a leader, Chamfort replied imperturbably :

" You are right, and Mirabeau, who knows him well, says it would be building on mud to count on him, but he has identified himself with the popular cause, he bears an imposing name, he has millions to distribute, he hates the King, he hates the Queen still more."

Such, then, were the " democratic " principles of the Subversives, and the methods described by Chamfort were, as we shall see, precisely those employed to work up the people. The first item on their programme was the systematic dissemination of class hatred and the promise of unlimited booty.

" Name me as your representative at the States-General," said Robespierre in his electioneering speeches, " and you will be for ever exempt from those burdens which have so far been required of you on the pretext of the needs of the State. . . . This will not be the only benefit you will enjoy if I succeed in becoming one of your representatives ; too long have the rich been the sole possessors of happiness. It is time that their possessions should pass into other hands. The castles will be overthrown and all the lands belonging to them will be distributed amongst you in equal portions." To the agricultural labourers he promised the fields they cultivated, to the retainers of the nobles he offered freedom from all duties. " Everything will be changed, for masters will become servants, and you will be served in your turn." ¹

It will be seen, therefore, that from the outset " equality," the great watchword of the Revolution, had no place in the minds of the Subversives ; conditions were simply to be reversed, wealth was to change hands, a process that was to be never-ending, since that which was at the top was to be perpetually thrust to the bottom, and that which was at the bottom raised to the top.

Towards religion the Subversives displayed the same attitude as towards government ; their animosity was not directed against the Church of Rome more than against Protestantism ; it was religion in itself they detested, and that they set out to destroy. When we study the manner in which they carried out their design, when we read of the frightful profanity that was inaugurated during the Terror, the desecration of the churches, the blasphemies against Christ and the Holy Virgin, and the worship of Marat, it is almost impossible to disbelieve in demoniacal possession, to doubt that these men, inflamed with hatred against all spiritual influences working for good in the world, became indeed the

¹ Montjoie, *Histoire de la Conjuration de Maximilien Robespierre*, pp. 36, 37.

vehicles for those other spirits, the powers of darkness, whose cause they had made their own. And in their hideous deaths, for nearly every one perished on the scaffold, were they not, perhaps, like the Gadarene swine, victims of the demons that drove them to destruction?

PRUSSIA

Whilst the Illuminati of Germany strove to plunge France and all the rest of the world into anarchy, the Government of Prussia was engaged on another intrigue against the French monarchy. Optimists who believe that the desire of modern Germany to dominate the world was a form of temporary insanity which originated with Nietzsche and Bernhardt, and may terminate in a return to the "peaceful philosophy" of what they fondly describe as "old Germany," would do well to study the policy of that idol of the German people—Frederick the Great.

No event had so seriously disturbed the serenity of Frederick as the marriage of the Dauphin to Marie Antoinette in 1770, since by this union of the royal families of France and Austria the alliance between the two countries—both the hated rivals of Prussia—was definitely sealed. It must be remembered that in the eighteenth century France was the richest and most thickly populated country on the Continent, whilst the Court of Versailles far eclipsed in splendour that of any other kingdom, and in the mind of Frederick the memory of the "Roi Soleil" lingered as a constant source of irritation. Austria, on the other hand, as the head of the German Empire, enjoyed a power and prestige that reduced the little kingdom of Prussia to comparatively small importance. Meanwhile the Rhine provinces, more French than German in their sympathies, showed no anxiety to unite with Prussia, thereby forming the Germanic Confederation that was the dream of Frederick. To break the alliance between France and Austria became therefore the great ambition of his life, and the one on which he concentrated all his energies.

In Von der Goltz, his ambassador, who arrived at the Court of Louis XV. in 1772, Frederick hoped to find an instrument to carry out his design, which was not to consist in open warfare but in a system of political mischief-making that would sow discord between the Courts of Versailles and Vienna. At the same time Von der Goltz was to act as a spy by getting information out of Maurepas and sending it to the King of Prussia. In this the ambassador at first proved successful, for the frivolous Maurepas loved to be amused and Von der Goltz possessed a merry wit, but the reports he forwarded to Berlin were far from satisfying to his Prussian Majesty. The correspondence that

took place between Frederick and the luckless ambassador, whom he treated with brutal sarcasm, is a revelation in Prussian diplomacy.¹ Frederick, it appears, was in the habit of confiding sums of money to his representatives at the various courts of Europe which were to be employed in bribery and corruption. Meanwhile their own personal expenses were but meagrely defrayed. Accordingly Von der Goltz on arriving in France was obliged to borrow money from Necker to pay the rent of his house, which he eventually opened as a gambling-saloon in order to meet his creditors. Appeals to Frederick for financial assistance met only with indignant replies: "You are a spendthrift! . . . Did you not fritter away at the Court of Petersbourg thousands of écus which I entrusted to you for corruptions?" In France Frederick is convinced that Von der Goltz is simply amusing himself instead of obtaining information on affairs of state. "You drive my patience to its limit," he writes on December 21, 1780, "by the clumsy way in which you fill your post. . . . One might excuse it in a student who had just left the University, but it is unpardonable in a man of your age who has been so long employed in affairs of state. So if you do not bestir yourself and bring more reflection to bear on them, I shall be obliged to find you a successor in whatever corner of Europe I have to look for him."

To these reproaches Von der Goltz replies with the utmost meekness, even when Frederick goes so far as to accuse him of being occupied with some "grosse Margot" instead of attending to his affairs—this suspicion, he makes answer, is unfounded, since neither his health nor his finances permit of such diversions.

The point on which this extraordinary correspondence turns is of course the Queen. As long as Marie Antoinette retains her popularity Frederick realizes that there is little hope for the success of Prussian intrigue. This point needs emphasizing, owing to the curious confusion of thought that exists on the Queen's policy. No reproach has been more often repeated against Marie Antoinette than that of sympathizing with Austria; undoubtedly she sympathized with Austria and wished to cement the alliance between the country of her birth and that of her adoption. This was only natural, but the point so continually overlooked is that sympathy with Austria at this date was precisely the opposite of sympathy with Prussia, and this alliance that the Queen was so anxious to maintain was the greatest safeguard France possessed

¹ The correspondence from which all the following extracts are taken is to be found in a work entitled *Rapport sur les Correspondances des Agents Diplomatiques étrangers en France avant la Révolution conservées dans les Archives de Berlin, Dresde, Genève, Turin . . . Gênes . . . Londres, etc.*, by Jules Flammermont (Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, 1896).

against Prussian aggression. *The cry of "l'Autrichienne!" raised against Marie Antoinette throughout the Revolution probably originated therefore in Prussia, and was foolishly taken up by the French people with fatal blindness to their real interests.*

No one rejoiced more heartily than Frederick the Great at the estrangement that existed between Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette during the first seven years of their marriage, and in 1776 we find him writing to confide to Von der Goltz his fears that the impending visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to the Court of France may bring about a closer relationship between the husband and wife. In a letter dated December 26, 1776, Frederick points out to his ambassador that the best way to counteract the Emperor's influence will be for Von der Goltz to repeat to the royal family of France remarks the Emperor is supposed to have made about them: "It will be a good thing if you can manage *by means of subterranean insinuations* to increase the dissension between the two Courts. With this object the ambitious views of his Imperial Majesty on Italy, Bavaria, Silesia, Alsace, and even Moldavia will open a vast field to your political career, and if to these you add the sarcasms that prince permitted himself on the subject of his brothers-in-law when he said: 'I have three brothers-in-law; the one at Versailles is an imbecile, the one at Naples is a lunatic, and the one at Parma is a fool,' it cannot fail to make an impression and to prejudice the Court at which you are against him in such a way that all further understanding will be extremely difficult if not impossible. But this," Frederick adds, "must be done cleverly"—a feat of which Von der Goltz was apparently incapable, for the Emperor's visit resulted in the reconciliation Frederick was so anxious to avoid, and the birth of a princess to the royal family of France destroyed his hopes for the future.

A further check to Prussian intrigue occurred in the dismissal of Maurepas, for his successor Vergennes had no confidence in Von der Goltz, and refused to discuss anything with him. Accordingly in 1784 another ambassador was sent to France in the person of Frederick's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, who was instructed to effect an alliance between the Courts of Versailles and Berlin. "The Prince," remarks M. de Croze Lemercier, "came amongst us as a good Prussian . . . he was charged by his brother Frederick the Great to embroil us with Austria—which he nearly succeeded in doing—and he only flattered our national vanity in order the better to exploit it. . . . Hatred of Austria was then the fashion (in France), and public opinion was so blind as not to see that *we had enemies still more dangerous*. The Prince became popular for the same reason that made the unfortunate Marie Antoinette hated."

Prince Henry certainly succeeded in exciting some degree of

sympathy with Prussia at the Court of France, but the Queen, as before, remained the insuperable obstacle. When, three years later, yet another envoy, the Baron von Alvensleben, was despatched by Frederick to report on the state of feeling at Versailles he found the Queen still irreconcilable.

"*The hatred of the Queen for everything that bears the name of Prussian,*" he wrote to Frederick, "is so indisputable, that I have, so to speak, the proofs under my hand."

This, then, was one of the great crimes of the unhappy Queen—that she was anti-Prussian. Those amongst the French who still revile her memory would do well to remember that she was the first and greatest obstacle to those dreams of European domination that, originating with Frederick the Great, culminated in the aggression of 1870 and 1914.

Marie Antoinette paid heavily for her aversion to Prussia. There can be no doubt whatever that certain of the libels and seditious pamphlets published against her before and during the Revolution were circulated by Von der Goltz at the instigation of the King of Prussia. In the course of this book we shall see the further methods employed by Prussia to undermine the monarchy of France and to overthrow the balance of power in Europe by breaking the alliance between the two rivals to her supremacy.

There was thus a double strain of German influence at work behind the French Revolution—the political and the philosophical. The first, inspired by Frederick the Great and carried out by Von der Goltz; the second, inspired by Weishaupt and conducted by Anacharsis Clootz, the Prussian sent to France for the purpose.

ENGLAND

In the minds of certain contemporaries no doubt exists that yet another intrigue at work behind the revolutionary movement was that sinister influence—"the gold of Pitt." England, they declare, resentful of the help given by France to the American insurgents, took advantage of the disturbed state of the country to wreak her vengeance on the French Government by encouraging and actually financing sedition. Montmorin told Gouverneur Morris that he "had indisputable evidence of the intrigues of Britain and Prussia that they gave money to the Prince de Condé and the Duc d'Orléans." Bézenval, describing the riots of July 1789, speaks of the brigands employed by the Duc d'Orléans and by England. According to Madame Campan, Marie Antoinette herself shared the conviction of England's complicity, and regarded Pitt as the leader of the intrigue. "Do not go to Paris

to-day," she is said to have remarked, "the English have been distributing money there!" or again: "I cannot hear the name of Pitt without feeling cold shivers down my back!"

What was the explanation of these rumours? Was the Government of England really animated by a spirit of revenge? It is certainly probable that the intervention of France on behalf of America appeared to Pitt as hostile an act as the sending of the Kruger telegram appeared to our Government of 1896, yet it must be remembered that Louis XVI. had entered reluctantly into the war, whilst the leaders of the expedition to America—Lafayette, Lauzun, De Ségur, and others—were later on partisans of the Revolution. If, therefore, Pitt desired revenge is it likely that he would have sought to obtain it by joining forces with the very men who had taken part against him?

At the same time it is undeniable that a serious rivalry existed between France and England. As the two principal monarchies of Europe this was inevitable, nor in the past had it proved wholly disastrous. The perpetually recurring wars between the two rival powers had been conducted with gallantry and generosity on both sides, and had left little bitterness in the mind of either nation. But the reign of Louis XVI. introduced a more formidable menace to the power of England. For the first time in her history she saw her most cherished possession, the dominion of the seas, seriously threatened. Louis XVI. was an enthusiast for the navy; on the subject of shipbuilding he displayed surprising knowledge, and his visit to the port of Cherbourg—the construction of which was the greatest triumph of his reign—brought him a popularity he had never before enjoyed. Across the sea England watched and wondered. As a seafaring nation it was perhaps the most anxious moment in her existence. In the correspondence of English diplomatists at this date we find a vague fear piercing, and with the outbreak of the Revolution an undeniable breath of relief. "It is certainly possible," writes Lord Dorset from Paris in September 1789, "that from this chaos some creation may result, but I am satisfied that it must be long before France returns to any state of existence which can make her a subject of uneasiness to other nations." Earlier in the year Hailes had expressed the same conviction.

Yet to show a certain degree of complacency at the spectacle of a foreign power that had threatened aggression weakening itself with internal dissensions is surely not to imply that one has deliberately set out to organize these dissensions. George III. throughout showed himself resolutely opposed to the Revolution, and Pitt, who consistently supported the King, could have had no conceivable object in furthering a movement that shook all the thrones of Europe. Far from sympathizing with the

revolutionary leaders Pitt invariably displayed a marked aversion to the Orléanistes, whilst the Jacobins who were avowedly "the natural enemies of England" were the last people with whom he would be likely to ally himself. The hatred expressed for Pitt by both these parties of revolutionaries is again surely proof of his non-complicity—if Pitt was helping to finance them, why should they regard him as their enemy? Why should "l'or de Pitt" be mentioned by Jacobin writers with the same indignation as by Royalists? When, therefore, we find Pitt suspected by Royalists of abetting the Revolution and accused by Revolutionaries of aiding the Royalists,¹ we may surely conclude that his attitude was, as he professed, one of strict neutrality. Moreover, as Madame de Staël points out, how could Pitt dispose of the vast sums of money he was said to have scattered among the rioters without accounting for them to Parliament? Necker, she says, made minute investigations during his ministry, but "was never able to discover the faintest trace of complicity between the popular party and the English Government,"² and M. Granier de Cassagnac adds that "historical documents have since then confirmed this conviction of Necker's, for the official accounts of the finances of the emigration at the Bibliothèque Nationale prove that of all governments of Europe the English Government is the only one that never contributed any sum of money towards the divers enterprises of different parties during the French Revolution."³

Even Sorel, who misses no opportunity of denouncing the aggressive policy of England, is obliged to admit the integrity of Pitt:

"The ministry, that is to say William Pitt, was perfectly pacific. The Revolution ridded him for a time of a formidable rival; it assured him of the peace he needed for his financial reforms, and surrendered to England all the benefits of which the crisis in public affairs deprived French industry and commerce. In every market, as in every chancellery, England was free to substitute herself for France. Pitt would have been careful not to obstruct the development of a revolution so advantageous to his designs. He also held that a king of France deprived of his prestige, with his rights limited and his power contested, would marvellously answer the convenience of England. But he was not one of those greedy politicians blinded by jealousy, whose covetousness leads them to take a brutal advantage of fortune.

¹ See, for example, the 5th number of the *Vieux Cordelier*, in which Camille Desmoulins accuses Pitt of being in league with Calonne, Malouet, and Luchesini to create a "counter-revolution."

² *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*, i. 329, 331.

³ *Histoire des Causes de la Révolution Française*, i. 59.

Certain of these, and *notably his allies in Berlin*, marvelled at his not seizing this occasion to throw himself on France, to crush her and take over her colonies. He was careful to refrain from this. The natural elevation of his soul restrained him as much as the foresight of his mind. Such perfidy was repugnant to him, and he held it to be dangerous." ¹

This testimony of a hostile critic, and at the same time of the historian most versed in the politics of the eighteenth century, is surely convincing. If, in the opinion of Sorel, Pitt was above taking advantage of the Revolution to declare open war on France, is it conceivable that he would have descended to the ignoble policy of financing sedition, to the brutal expedient of scattering gold amongst an enraged mob? The thing is unthinkable, and it is time that this gross calumny on our Government should be finally demolished. Suleau, the Royalist pamphleteer, knew better than many of his contemporaries when he wrote these noble words :

"The English people have not degenerated from the magnanimity of their ancestors, and here wise policy is allied to generosity, for it would not be difficult to prove that the splendour of France will always be the surest guarantee for the prosperity of Great Britain."

England, then, far from abetting the Revolution, regarded it with undisguised aversion. Such liberal-minded men as Wordsworth and Arthur Young, who at first hailed it as the dawn of liberty, lived to recognize their error. "In England," says Cardonne, "the majority of the people, including almost all those who belonged to the Government, the rich and noble owners of property, had conceived such a horror for the principles and acts of the French revolutionaries, and such a dread of seeing them adopted in their country, that they were anxious to break off all commerce between the two nations." As we shall see in the course of this book, the "people" of England shared the opinion of their rulers.

What, then, is the explanation of the belief in English co-operation with the revolutionary movement? Of the English guineas found on the rioters? Of Englishmen mingling in the mobs of Paris during popular agitations? Of the seditious pamphlets printed in London? Of the traffic in letters, messages, and money maintained between England and the revolutionary leaders? Many of these leaders, moreover, were constantly in England, both before and during the Revolution; Marat lived for years in Soho, whilst Danton, Brissot, Pétion, St. Huruge, Theroigne de Méricourt, and the ruffian Rotondo were all habitués of London. These facts admit of no denial; to suppose, how-

¹ *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, ii. 29.

ever, any complicity on the part of the English Government is illogical and absurd. The explanation seems to me to lie in a perfectly different direction.

I have already referred to the Duc d'Orléans' predilection for visits to London—a predilection that is not to be altogether accounted for by the “anglomanie” he professed. “M. d'Orléans,” a contemporary shrewdly remarks, “often went to England. . . . M. d'Orléans was very fond of England, though not of the English. The wisdom of their laws mattered very little to him, but the liberty of London mattered to him a great deal. This apparent love of the Duc d'Orléans for the English was in the end the cause of all the calumnies against England with which the leaders of the different factions influenced public credulity, so as to throw on the policy of that nation the excesses of which they alone were guilty.”¹

Here, then, is the key to a great part of the mystery; the theory of “l'or de Pitt” was a fable circulated by the duke himself to shield his own manœuvres, and such was the skill with which it was disseminated that it was believed even by the Queen, who, as we know, never fully realized the complicity of the duke with the revolutionary outbreaks.

For ten years before his death, that is to say from 1783 onwards, the Duc d'Orléans continually deposited sums of money in London banks, and these sums, estimated at between ten to twelve millions of francs, were not exhausted in 1794.² Now since countless witnesses testify that the revolutionary mobs were financed by the duke, it is surely more than probable that many of the guineas found on rioters were the Duc d'Orléans' money,³ which with diabolical cunning he drew out in English coin, and had sent over to France in order to throw suspicion on the English. This may to a large extent account for the sums distributed, but it does not entirely dispose of the belief in English co-operation. A further light is thrown on the matter by the following passage of Montjoie :

“During his visits to London the Duc d'Orléans personally, and by means of his agents in Holland, *made fresh loans of money in England*. . . . He attached to his interests . . . Milord Stanhope and Dr. Price. These two men were the most important members of a society calling itself ‘The Revolution Society.’ . . . D'Orléans also knew how to interest all that party known as the ‘Opposition’ in his cause. Fox, one of the oracles of

¹ *Histoire des Factions de la Révolution Française*, by Joseph Lavallée, i. 25 (1816).

² See letters from General Montesquiou and the Duc de Chartres published at the end of the *Mémoires de Mallet du Pan*, edited by A. Sayous, p. 455.

³ Fantin Désodoards, *Histoire Philosophique*, ii. 436.

this party, was throughout attached to d'Orléans, and still is to his family (1797) ; he is the declared protector of all the Frenchmen who belong to the faction of this prince."

Is it not possible, then, that the duke, fearing that even his vast fortune might prove inadequate to the demands made on it during the course of nearly five years, for financing insurrection, may have supplemented it by sums raised amongst his friends in England? In this case English gold *did* play a part in the revolutionary movement, but *it was provided not by the Government, but by its opponents*. The Opposition party in London formed an exact counterpart to the duke's party in Paris ; headed by the Prince of Wales, the roués of Carlton House formed a Fronde against George III., such as the roués of the Palais Royal formed against Louis XVI. In the House of Commons Fox, the so-called " friend of the people," demanded that the enormous debts of the Prince of Wales should be defrayed by the nation. Thus in both countries it was the " democratic " party, the revolutionaries of France and the Whigs of England, who supported the follies and extravagances of these two dissolute princes, whilst in both countries the cause of order and morality was represented by the sovereign whom the democrats wished to dethrone. George III., like Louis XVI., was intensely respectable ; the Duc d'Orléans was therefore even less to his taste than his own prodigal son, and he rightly discerned the demoralizing influence that the duke exercised over him. " George, the Prince of Wales," says Ducoin, " had done the honours of the brothels and gambling-houses of the old city, and in Paris the Duc d'Orléans had returned the hospitality shown him by the Prince of Wales in the suppers and orgies of London. Like Philippe, the Prince of Wales had adopted the Revolution, and hailed the dawn of a new era." This era was apparently to consist in placing George III. under restraint and proclaiming the Prince of Wales Regent, a scheme in which the Prince's boon companions, Fox, Sheridan, and others, heartily concurred. Meanwhile the same process was to take place in France, the regency in both countries being merely the preliminary to a change of sovereigns. With these two merry monarchs, George IV. and Philippe VII., on the thrones of England and France, an era of liberty seemed assured for the *bons vivants* of Carlton House and the Palais Royal, who found themselves perpetually hampered by the exercise of the royal authority.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Louis XVI. found it necessary to prohibit the Duc d'Orléans from visiting England too frequently. In the *Correspondance Secrète* we find on April 9, 1788, the following significant entry :

" It is confirmed that one of the conditions that the Duc

d'Orléans' exile should be cancelled is that this prince should make a long journey to anywhere except England. To the well-founded reasons the King may have for preventing him from breathing British air there is, they say, to be added the entreaty of George III., who, wishing to maintain the footsteps of the Prince of Wales on the paths of order and morality, has begged his most Christian Majesty not to allow his friends from Paris to approach him."

This, then, was the reason why Louis XVI. stipulated that the duke should not spend the term of his exile in England, a stipulation that, as we have seen, contributed more than any other cause to the duke's animosity towards the Court of France.

The prohibition to visit England was, of course, a serious obstacle to the designs of the Duc d'Orléans and Choderlos de Laclos. These journeys, made ostensibly for pleasure, held a deeper purpose. Whilst the wine flowed freely, and George and Philippe basked in the smiles of their various enchantresses, who could suppose that plots of a serious nature were in progress, and that anything more important than the pleasure of the hour occupied the brains of the revellers?

In England, as in France, however, the conspirators were divided in their aims. Not all the English revolutionaries belonged to the Prince of Wales's party; many, like their French counterparts, desired no change of sovereign but simple anarchy. Throughout the history of our country subversive spirits have from time to time arisen to advocate "equality" and the levelling of all ranks to an indifferent public. "Pride," said the Prince de Ligne, "disdains revolutions; vanity produces them." The British people, far more proud than vain, have always responded with lukewarm interest to the instigators of class hatred; perfectly satisfied with their own position in the social scheme they care not who considers himself their superior. Liberty they demand as a right; equality they wisely recognize as impossible, and dismiss from their calculations. But in England, as in France, a minority has always existed, totally distinct from the people, whose vanity is greater than its pride. To them obscurity is far more intolerable than oppression. Usually members of the middle class employed in sedentary occupations and deprived of the mental balance that manual labour brings, or occasionally of an aristocracy that has failed to show them the appreciation they desire, they seek to avenge their own wrongs rather than to redress those of the people. Like the Subversives of France they have seldom any definite plans of reconstruction—their aim is only to destroy. Of such elements were the "Revolution Societies" of England in 1789 composed. Dr. Robinet, who has described them admiringly in his *Danton Émigré*, under the title

of "The English Jacobins," has given us illuminating details of their conduct during the course of the Revolution. Like nearly every French revolutionary, Dr. Robinet detests England, and his comments on the attitude of the British people towards the Revolution are very bitter—there were in England, he says, "only a respectable minority, a numerous *élite*," who sympathized with the movement. This "respectable minority" consisted of the Prince of Wales and his boon companions, and of the Revolutionary Societies headed by the renegade Lord Stanhope, by Dr. Price, Dr. Priestley, and the drunkard Thomas Paine. The natural allies of their country's bitterest enemies, the Jacobins of France, we shall find them throughout the Revolution, not merely abetting the excesses committed abroad, but seeking to create a kindred movement at home. It was they, as I shall show, who subscribed towards the Revolution; it was they who fraternized with the revolutionary agitators on their visits to London; it was they who committed the crimes that certain writers have falsely attributed to our Government.

The complicity of these English Subversives with the revolutionaries of France is a fact we should do well to realize, both in justice to the French nation and also with a view to understanding the potentialities of our own. The smug belief that none amongst our fellow-countrymen would have been capable of the atrocities committed in France is shattered at a blow when we read the comments of English revolutionaries on these deeds of horror—deeds not to be attributed as we are accustomed to attribute them to the excitability of the Latin temperament, but to political passions, of all passions the most terrible and relentless which men of our own race displayed at the same period without the same provocation. In the course of this book we shall see that the crimes committed by the lowest of the Paris rabble, and execrated by the honest democrats of France, were applauded by educated men and women in our country, and if England was not plunged in the horrors of anarchy it was not because she did not hold within her forces capable of producing them.

These, then, were the four great intrigues of the French Revolution. Their aims may be briefly recapitulated thus :

- I. The intrigue of the Orléanistes to change the dynasty of France.
- II. The intrigue of the Subversives to destroy all religion and all government.
- III. The intrigue of Prussia to break the Franco-Austrian alliance.
- IV. The intrigue of the English revolutionaries to overthrow the governments both of France and England.

To these four organized intrigues must be added the innumerable people of all classes, belonging to no particular party, but with private grievances of their own, and all ready to throw themselves into any subversive movement—Madame de la Motte, who raged at her punishment in the affair of the necklace, and to whom many of the libellous pamphlets against the Queen are due ; courtiers who had failed to secure the favours they solicited ; women who had been refused admittance to the Court, or like Madame Roland, felt humiliated by its magnificence—all those people who, either by the misfortune of their circumstances or by a natural biliousness of temperament, resented prosperity in others, and below them all that underworld of vice and misery that in every old civilization sinks to the bottom like the dregs in an old wine, and that any violent convulsion brings to the surface with terrible effect. All through the Revolution we shall see these heterogeneous rebels, inflamed with their own burning thirst for vengeance, mingling with the great conspiracies, and the great conspiracies in their turn joining forces with each other ; we shall see the agitators of the Palais Royal fraternizing with the emissaries of Prussia, Madame de la Motte circulating libels through the agents of the Duc d'Orléans, and English revolutionaries corresponding with the cut-throats of September. All this confused and turbulent movement, formed of such conflicting units, running concurrently with the genuine movement for reform, succeeded so skilfully in blending with it as to deceive not only contemporaries, but the greater part of posterity. " They had," says Malouet, " the art and the wisdom to appear in a mass, marching under one banner, the banner of liberty, which floated over the heads of men whose secret aims were widely divergent, thus presenting a united front to the world." So, though all the revolutionary elements put together formed but a small minority in the State, they were able, by means of this union, to hold their own against the immense but disunited majority that composed the Old Régime—a king at variance with his Court, a noblesse divided against itself, and a people who for want of leaders in their own ranks allowed themselves to be swayed by every breath of opinion. Before this rising tide of insurrection the Government erected no barriers, to the superb organization of the Orléaniste conspiracy provided no counter-organization, and to seditious doctrines replied with no corrective propaganda. " Will posterity believe," cried Arthur Young, as he watched the engineering of the Revolution, " that while the press has swarmed with inflammatory productions, that tend to prove the blessings of theoretical confusion and speculative licentiousness, not one writer of talent has been employed to refute and confound the fashionable doctrines,

nor the least care taken to disseminate works of another complexion ? ”

Playfair, another English contemporary, was amazed by the incredible inertia of the ruling classes : “ In this state of things, did the proprietors pay a single man of merit to plead their cause ? No. If by chance a man of merit refuted their enemies, did they make a small sacrifice to give publicity to his work ? No. He who pleaded the cause of murder and plunder saw his work distributed by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and himself enriched ; while he who endeavoured to support the cause of law, of order, and of the proprietor, had his bookseller to pay and saw his labours converted into waste paper.” ¹

So at the outbreak of the Revolution all dynamic force, all fire and energy, were to be found on the side of demolition, whilst the Old Régime, resolutely blind to the coming danger, allowed itself to be destroyed without striking a blow in self-defence.

¹ Playfair's *History of Jacobinism*, p. 108.

THE SIEGE OF THE BASTILLE

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THE AFFAIRE RÉVEILLON

THE spring of 1789 found the citizens of Paris divided between two great emotions, hope and fear—hope verging on ecstasy at the prospect of the States-General that were to regenerate the kingdom, fear amounting to panic at the threatened famine and the presence of mysterious strangers in their midst.

The immense charities of the King, noblesse, and clergy had had the effect of attracting crowds of hungry peasants to Paris, where they were employed at the King's expense in working at the Butte Montmartre, and soon fell a prey to the Orléaniste leaders, who enlisted many of them in their service for the purposes of insurrection. But even this formidable addition to the underworld of Paris formed but a small minority amongst the law-abiding of the population, and a further measure was devised by the leaders. Towards the end of April the peaceful citizens saw with bewilderment bands of ragged men of horrible appearance, armed with thick knotted sticks, flocking through the barriers into the city. This sinister contingent is not, as certain historians would have us believe, to be confounded with the former crowds of peasants—"they were neither workmen nor peasants," says Madame Vigée le Brun, "they seemed to belong to no class unless that of bandits, so terrifying were their faces," and Montjoie adds that this aspect was intentional—"they had been instructed to disfigure their faces in a manner so hideous that they were objects of horror to all the Parisians." Other contemporaries, whose accounts exactly coincide with the foregoing, add that these men were "foreigners"—"they spoke a strange tongue"; Bouillé states that "they were bandits from the South of France and Italy," whilst Marmontel describes them as "Marseillais . . . men of rapine and carnage, thirsting for blood and booty, who, mingling with the people, inspired them with their own ferocity."

The Marseillais were therefore not called in for the first time in 1792, as is generally supposed, and their aid was evidently evoked at the later date in consequence of their successes at the

beginning of the Revolution. That brigands from the South were deliberately enticed to Paris in 1789, employed and paid by the revolutionary leaders, is a fact confirmed by authorities too numerous to quote at length; and the further fact that the conspirators felt such a measure to be necessary is of immense significance, for it shows that in their eyes *the people of Paris were not to be depended on to carry out a revolution*. In other words, the importation of the contingent of hired brigands conclusively refutes the theory that the Revolution was an irrepressible rising of the people; it proves that, on the contrary, the movement was deliberately and laboriously engineered. No one understood human nature better than such men as Laclos, Chamfort, and the other leaders of the Orléaniste conspiracy, and they doubtless realized that in the past the irresponsible, pleasure-loving people of Paris had shown little initiative in the matter of bloodshed, but had needed always to be given the lead before they entered into the spirit of the thing and played at killing. Thus at the Massacre of Saint-Bartholomew had not the lead been given by the German Behme and the Italian Catherine de Medicis before the people of the city joined in the hue and cry after the flying Huguenots? Pitiless as they could be at moments, they were prone to sudden revulsions of feeling that in an instant transformed their victims into objects of admiration; they lacked the hot blood of the South that revels in cruelty and does not tire of the spectacle. Just as the Anarchists of our own day have always realized that it is amongst the descendants of the Roman populace who gathered in the Coliseum to watch the brutal sports of the arena that they must seek the assassin they needed to track down their royal victim, so the conspirators of 1789 knew that it was to the South that they must look for that sombre ferocity which the light-hearted Parisians lacked, and in the sun-baked regions of Italy and Provence, where a dagger-thrust is still but the everyday ending to a quarrel, they found the terrible instruments that they required.

Thus side by side the work of reformation and the work of revolution had gone forward, and whilst the deputies of the people were assembling the leaders of insurrection were likewise mustering their forces. It was a race between the two—who was to be first in the field? those who desired to build up or those who sought only to destroy? Revolution won the day, and on the 27th of April the first outbreak occurred in Paris.

The victim of this extraordinary riot was a certain wall-paper manufacturer of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine named Réveillon, who had recently been chosen elector for the Tiers État in opposition to the Orléaniste candidate. According to certain historians “the rumour went round” that Réveillon had

spoken slightly of working-men at the electoral assembly, but Montjoie states that this accusation was definitely proclaimed through the streets by a horde of the brigands dragging with them an effigy of Réveillon, and calling out to the people that he had said a workman could live quite well on fifteen sous a day.

This device of inventing a phrase and placing it in the mouth of any one they wished to offer up to popular fury was regularly adopted by the agitators in all the earlier riots of the Revolution, and often succeeded in completely deceiving the people. In the case of Réveillon, however, the calumny was palpably absurd; the paper-maker was well known and respected in the Faubourg; he himself had started life as a working-man, and when he had made his fortune resolved that his *employés* should never know the hardships he had endured. Not one of his workmen was paid less than twenty-five sous a day, and during the recent severe winter he had kept them all on at full pay although unable to give them work. The inhabitants of the Faubourg knew better, therefore, than to believe the calumny against their benefactor, and refused to riot. The agitators and their allies the brigands were consequently obliged to resort to force in order to raise a mob. Montjoie, who was an eye-witness of the whole affair, and whose account is confirmed in nearly every point by other reliable contemporaries, states that "these ruffians went into the factories and workshops and compelled the workmen to follow them. This method of swelling a mob of insurrection . . . was adopted throughout the whole revolution. To begin with, about fifty rioters, men or women, surround the first person they meet on their way, two of the rioters hold him tightly under the arms and carry him off against his will . . . by this means, when the troop has arrived on the battle-field, its numbers alarm those against whom it is directed. On this occasion the horde of brigands was increased by all the workmen they had enrolled against their wills."¹

By this laborious method a disorderly mob was collected who marched to Réveillon's house in the Rue de Montreuil, which, on arrival, they found to be surrounded by a cordon of troops. The street being thus rendered impassable the crowd was held up, but at this opportune moment the Duc d'Orléans *happened* to drive past on his way to the race-meeting at Vincennes, where his horses were running against those of the Comte d'Artois.

¹ Bézénval, who was in command of the Swiss Guards, exactly corroborates this statement: "All the spies of the police agreed in saying that the insurrection was caused by strange men who, in order to increase their numbers, *took by force* those they met on their way; they had even sent three times to the Faubourg Saint-Marceau to raise recruits without being able to persuade any one to join them. These spies added that they saw men inciting the tumult and even distributing money."

He stopped his carriage, got down, spoke a few words to the rioters, and then drove on again. The duke afterwards admitted his appearance on the scene, but explained it by saying that his intention was merely to soothe the people, and that the words he had spoken were "Allons, mes enfants, de là paix : nous touchons au bonheur." The exhortation did not, however, have the effect of dispersing the mob, which continued to besiege the house of Réveillon until the evening, when the Duchesse d'Orléans in returning from Vincennes passed by the Rue de Montreuil, which was still barricaded by the troops. Out of respect for the duchess—whom no one associated with her husband's intrigues—the soldiers immediately opened a way for her, and thereupon the mob, seeing their opportunity, burst through the same passage and fell upon the house of Réveillon, which they proceeded to pillage and destroy.

Three more regiments were now sent to the scene of action, and the officers called upon the invaders to retire. The order was repeated three times without effect, the rioters replying only with a hail of stones and tiles that they hurled from the housetop on the soldiers, killing several. Then by way of warning a few shots were fired into the air by the troops, and this time the mob retaliated with still more formidable missiles in the shape of roof-beams and immense blocks of stone torn from the invaded building. So at last the soldiers, finding pacific methods of no avail, opened fire on the housetop, carrying death and destruction into the ranks of the rioters—"the unhappy creatures fell from the roofs, the walls dripped with blood, the pavement was covered with mutilated limbs." The survivors took refuge inside the house and prepared to carry on the siege, but the troops entered with fixed bayonets, and by dint of hand-to-hand fighting succeeded finally in clearing the premises and ending the riot.

Montjoie afterwards visited the wounded and questioned them on the motives that had inspired their actions : "Unhappy one, what were you doing there ?" And one and all made the same reply, "What was I doing there ? I went, like you, like every one else, just to see." But one poor wretch dying in agony exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, must one be treated in this way for twelve miserable francs ?" He had, in fact, exactly twelve francs in his pocket, and the same sum was found on many of the other rioters.¹

Meanwhile Réveillon himself had succeeded in escaping during the tumult and fled for refuge to the Bastille, where he remained under the protection of the governor, De Launay, until he could venture out again in safety. Compensation was made him by the King for his ruined industry.

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, i. 275.

Such was the Affaire Réveillon which historians are fond of describing as mysterious and inexplicable. Yet contemporaries of all parties admit that it was engineered by agitators; the only question on which they differ is, "By whom were these agitators employed?" The revolutionaries according to their usual custom reply, "The Court." The Court and aristocracy, they solemnly assure us, deliberately provoked the riot *in order to find an excuse for firing on the people!* Later on we shall find the aristocrats accused of burning down their châteaux for the same purpose. The suggestion is too ludicrous to be taken seriously. Why should the Court wish to provoke a riot against itself? Why should a mob raised by aristocrats reproach Réveillon with being a friend of aristocrats? Why should the Court incite popular fury against a law-abiding citizen and a loyal subject of the King? Above all, if the Court wished for an excuse to use force against the people, why did they not hasten to use it? Why was every conciliatory method resorted to before force was employed?

That the Affaire Réveillon was the work of the Orléaniste conspiracy no one who brings an impartial mind to bear on contemporary evidence can possibly doubt; the presence of the duke, and it is said also of Laclos, amongst the crowd, the fact that the riot was carried on to the cry of "Vive le duc d'Orléans!" and even "Vive notre roi d'Orléans!"¹ is surely proof enough of the influences at work. Talleyrand—who well knew the intricacies of the Orléaniste intrigue—definitely stated that it was organized by Laclos, whilst Chamfort, himself a member of the conspiracy, admitted to Marmontel that the movement was financed by the duke. "Money," he said, "and the hope of plunder are all-powerful with the people. We have just made the experiment in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and you would not believe how little it cost the Duc d'Orléans to get them to sack the manufactory of the honest Réveillon, who amidst these same people was the means of livelihood for a hundred families. Mirabeau cheerfully asserts that with 100 louis one can make quite a good riot."²

What was the Orléanistes' object in singling out Réveillon

¹ See, for example, the letter from the English ambassador in Paris, the Duke of Dorset, to the Duke of Leeds, April 30, 1789: "The Duc d'Orléans has experienced repeated marks of popular favour lately, and particularly on Tuesday last. As he was returning through the Faubourg Saint-Antoine the people frequently called out 'Vive la maison d'Orléans!'" Madame de la Tour du Pin, who drove through the Faubourg during the riot with some of the Palais Royal party, relates that "the sight of the livery of Orléans . . . stirred the enthusiasm of this riff-raff. They stopped us a moment calling out, 'Long live our father, long live our King Orléans!'" (*Journal d'une Femme de Cinquante Ans*, i. 177).

² *Mémoires de Marmontel*, iv. 82.

as a victim? The defeat of their own candidate at the elections was certainly disconcerting to their projects, but it is evident that there was a still more definite reason for their animosity. The Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where Réveillon's manufactory was situated, had an entirely working-class population, whilst the Faubourg Saint-Marceau was the centre of destitution. These two poor and populous quarters of the city were the strongholds of the agitators; popular movements never originated there, but were devised at Montrouge or the Club Breton, worked up at the Palais Royal, whence they spread to the Faubourgs and produced the desired explosion. By this means the Faubourg Saint-Antoine became simply the echo of the Palais Royal. But an influential agent was needed in the district, and Montjoie asserts that Réveillon was therefore approached by the Orléanistes with the view of enticing him into the conspiracy. These overtures were met, however, with an indignant refusal by the honest paper-maker, and the post was offered to the rough and brutal brewer Santerre, who accepted it with alacrity. From this moment "Général Mousseux"—as Santerre was nicknamed by the people on account of the frothy beer he manufactured—became an *intime* of the Duc d'Orléans, driving about Paris with him in his cabriolet, dining with him at cabarets,¹ and whilst referring to the people as "vile brigands and rascally rabble,"² scattering amongst them the gold with which the duke provided him. It is easy, therefore, to understand that Réveillon with his three to four hundred well-paid and contented workmen, in the very quarter where the agitators were exerting every effort to sow discontent, proved highly obnoxious to the conspirators, and the destruction of the paper factory was hardly less necessary to their designs than the destruction of that other building in the same district—the château of the Bastille. The factory and the fortress must therefore both be destroyed before the agitators could depend on the Faubourg to carry out their designs unchecked.

The Affaire Réveillon thus served a double purpose, for it had not only cleared the ground of one obstacle, but it had prepared the way for the removal of the other; it was, in fact, an admirable rehearsal for the attack on the Bastille, it had enabled the conspirators to test the efficacy of their methods for assembling a mob, and if it had ended in defeat they realized that they had but to overcome the loyalty of the troops in order to ensure the success of the further venture. As this book will show, every one of the great popular tumults of the Revolution was preceded by

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuratton de d'Orléans*, i. 210, 211, confirmed by Maton de la Varenne, *Histoire Particulière*, etc.

² *Mémoires de Sénart*, edit. de Lescure, p. 27.

some such abortive rising—the 14th of July by the 27th of April, the 6th of October by the 30th of August, and the 10th of August 1792 by the 20th of June. On each of these occasions the agitators, finding it impossible to rouse the people to the required pitch of violence, were obliged to cast about for fresh methods to achieve their ends.

It will be seen, therefore, that any account of the Siege of the Bastille must begin with its prelude in the *Affaire Réveillon*. From this moment the conspirators never relaxed their efforts to corrupt the troops and to undermine the royal authority. In order to understand how they accomplished their purpose we must follow their movements not only in the city of Paris but in the States-General that met at Versailles on the 5th of May, a week after the *Affaire Réveillon*.

THE WORK OF REFORM

It is a common device of pro-revolutionary writers to represent the National Assembly (into which the States-General were transformed on June 17) as divided into two opposing camps formed by revolutionary leaders who desired reforms and by reactionaries who opposed them. According to this theory the delay in framing the Constitution was caused merely by the recalcitrance of the noblesse and clergy in relinquishing their privileges. But if we study the reports of the debates that took place in the Assembly we shall find that the real obstructionists were the revolutionary deputies. For in the Assembly, as in the city of Paris, two of the great conspiracies had their representatives—the *Orléanistes* led by Mirabeau and including Barnave and the two Lameths, also the duke himself and his boon companions the Duc de Biron and the Marquis de Sillery, and the *Subversives* who consisted in a herd of quarrelsome nonentities, of which Robespierre was the typical representative.¹ These two revolutionary factions, far from representing democracy, were concerned solely in furthering their own designs. For since not a single cahier had expressed dissatisfaction either with the reigning dynasty or with the monarchy, the faction that wished to replace Louis XVI. by the Duc d'Orléans and the faction that wished to destroy the monarchy were both equally opposed to the people's wishes. The election of these members as repre-

¹ Gouverneur Morris well described this faction under the name of the "Enragés": "These are the most numerous, and are of that class which in America is known by the name of pettifogging lawyers, together with a host of curates and many of those who, in all revolutions, throng to the standard of change because they are not well" [*sic*] (*Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris*, i. 277).

sentatives of the people had therefore been secured on false pretences, and their attitude from the outset was necessarily one of duplicity and imposture. Unable to avow their real policy lest they should be disowned by their constituents, they adopted a method which effectually delayed the work of reform—that of diverting attention from the real issues at stake by perpetual quibbles over matters of no importance.

It was against these revolutionary obstructionists far more than against the reactionary portion of the noblesse that the true reformers had to contend. Now the party which advocated true reform was represented by several very able and enlightened men—Jean Joseph Mounier, a magistrate from Dauphiné, noted for his integrity and love of justice, Pierre Victor Malouet, the Comte de Virieu, the Comte de Lally Tollendal, and the Comte de Clermont Tonnerre. This party, known as that of the “Royalist democrats” and later as the “Constitutionals,” represented in reality the cause of true democracy, and their royalism resulted solely from the fact that in the person of Louis XVI. they saw, as did the people, the surest guarantee of liberty and justice. “The majority of the people,” says Bouillé, “were attached to this party, as also all the municipalities of the kingdom and the Gardes Nationales. The plan of the leaders was to establish a democratic monarchy that they called ‘a royal democracy.’” If we refer again to the cahiers we shall find that this policy was exactly in accord with the unanimous desires of the nation, and we shall then recognize the fundamental error of regarding the Revolution as the movement for reform carried to excess. *Reform and revolution were two totally distinct movements, and not only distinct but directly opposed to each other.*

Since, in all assemblies, those who make the most noise are those that most readily obtain a hearing, the Tiers État allowed itself to be dominated by the two contentious factions, and the voice of reform was drowned by floods of futile verbiage. So, although revolutionary writers depict the people of France at this crisis as on the verge of starvation and “groaning under oppressions,” we have only to consult the *Moniteur* to find that *during the first four weeks after the opening of the States-General not one word was spoken in the hall of the Tiers État on the subject of the famine or the sufferings of the people.* When at last after a month it was suggested, *not by the Tiers État but by the clergy,* that the Assembly should turn its attention to the question of the people’s bread, the proposal was received with a howl of execration by the revolutionary factions. “It was just like the clergy!” to try by these means to divert attention from the union of the orders! “The clergy should be denounced as seditious!” Robespierre in a violent diatribe demanded why the clergy, if

they were so concerned for the people's welfare, did not sell all they possessed to supply their needs.¹ The speech was as senseless as it was unjust ; the liberality of the clergy in the matter of relieving distress had been unbounded, and, as everybody knew, the famine was not caused by lack of funds but by the difficulty of obtaining and circulating grain. But this was the point of all others on which the revolutionary factions were the most anxious to avoid inquiry, and their complicity with the monopolizers is evident from the debates that took place on the subject of monopoly. Now, if ever, was their opportunity for publicly denouncing the "aristocrats" they accused of cornering the grain, but far from substantiating these charges their policy was invariably to suppress all discussion of the question. Thus, as M. Louis Blanc in a rare fit of candour admits, "the sacred question of feeding the people was lost to sight," and "the Assembly in a way passed over social misery and the hunger of the people to other subjects." These subjects were, of course, inevitably party quarrels in general, and the "Union of the Orders" in particular.

This is not the place to discuss the vexed question of a single chamber ; much was to be said for it, much against it. The true democrats of the Assembly undoubtedly desired it on the ground that no reforms could be effected if the noblesse and clergy were enabled to obstruct them. Arthur Young considered this unreasonable. "Among such men, the common idea is that anything tending towards a separate order, like our House of Lords, is absolutely inconsistent with liberty ; all which seems perfectly wild and unfounded."

Whether the union of the three orders was advisable or not, one thing is certain—that the revolutionary factions did everything in their power to prevent it taking place by their aggressive attitude towards the nobility and clergy. But the great objection to the union of the three orders lay in the fact that the *Tiers État* insisted on admitting strangers indiscriminately to their debates, with the result that the most frightful confusion prevailed, and that the deputies, instead of expressing their real convictions, were tempted to talk to the galleries in order to win popularity. "Learn, sir," said the deputy Bouche to Malouet in a speech on May 28, "that we are debating here in the presence of our masters !"

The revolutionary leaders took care to ensure support from the galleries, and a great part of the audience was their own *claque*, composed of Paris idlers and ruffians in their pay, whom they sent for to intimidate their adversaries, and who, before long, not content with applauding sedition, expressed

¹ *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, by Étienne Dumont, p. 44.

their disapproval by boos and hisses. What assembly, however democratic, could continue to debate under such conditions? ¹

So great was the confusion into which the revolutionary factions succeeded in throwing the Assembly that Louis XVI. finally resolved to intervene, and announced his intention of holding a Séance Royale. For this purpose it was necessary to make use of the hall of the Tiers État, the "Salle des Menus Plaisirs," which, being the largest of the three, was the only one capable of containing the deputies of all three orders, and had therefore been used for the meeting of the States-General. Accordingly the Tiers were informed that the hall must be closed to debates *for two days only*,² and in order to avert ill-feeling the halls of the noblesse and clergy were closed likewise. The announcement was received without a murmur by the "privileged orders," but the Tiers, furious at the royal edict, repaired to the "tennis court" close by and held an indignation meeting, where, at the instigation of Mounier—who afterwards bitterly repented his action—they swore not to separate until they had framed the Constitution.

Regardless of this act of open insubordination Louis XVI. appeared at the Séance Royale on June 23³ and announced his intentions to the Assembly. In dignified yet touching words he besought the representatives of the people to carry on the work of reform he had inaugurated; he reminded them that the

¹ See the evidence of Arthur Young, an eye-witness of these scenes: "The spectators in the galleries are allowed to interfere in the debates by clapping their hands, and other noisy expressions of approbation: this is grossly indecent; for if they are permitted to express approbation, they are, by parity of reason, allowed expressions of dissent, and they may hiss as well as clap, which it is said they have sometimes done: this would be to overrule the debate and influence the deliberations. Another circumstance is the want of order among themselves; more than once to-day there were more than a hundred members on their legs at a time," etc. (*Travels in France*, p. 165). Lord Dorset in a letter to the Duke of Leeds on June 4, 1789, confirms this description: "I am told that the most extravagant and disrespectful language against Government has been held, and that upon all such occasions the greatest approbation is expressed by the audience, by clapping of hands and other demonstrations of satisfaction: in short, the encouragement is such as to have led some of the speakers on to say things little short of treason. The Nobility, as may be supposed, are roughly treated in these debates, and their conduct does not escape being represented in the most odious light possible. The Clergy and Nobility hold their meetings in separate chambers, and neither of them admit strangers to be present at their deliberations" (*Dispatches from Paris*, ii. 207).

² The Séance Royale was announced for Monday, June 22, and the hall was closed on Saturday the 20th. As the Assembly did not sit on Sundays, this meant the Séance of Saturday only would be missed.

³ At the request of Necker the Séance Royale was afterwards postponed till Tuesday the 23rd.

States-General had been assembled for nearly two months, yet had not been able to agree on the preliminaries of their work; he appealed to their love for their country, to their traditions as Frenchmen, to cease from dissensions and work together for the common good. "I owe it to myself to put an end to these disastrous differences; it is with this resolution that I have gathered you around me as the father of all my subjects, as the defender of the laws of my kingdom."

Since it was essential, without further delay, to meet the demands of the people, the King proceeded to enumerate the reforms that, acting on the royal prerogative, he proposed to introduce. These were, above all, the equality of taxation and abolition of the pecuniary privileges of the noblesse and clergy; further, the total abolition of the *taille*, of *corvées*, *francs-fiefs*, *lettres de cachet*, *mainmorte*, and personal charges, greater liberty of the press, the mitigation or even the abolition of the *gabelle*, and the restriction of *capitaineries* or game-laws.

Thus of his own accord the King had redressed the principal grievances of the Old Régime; he refused, however, to abolish all the feudal rights of the noblesse and clergy, which he held not to be his to do away with. This sacrifice was therefore left to the two orders to make themselves, and they made it voluntarily six weeks later. The King's speech ended with these significant words:

"You have heard, messieurs, the result of my inclinations and my views . . . and if by a fatality far from my thoughts you abandon me in so great an enterprise, alone I will accomplish the welfare of my people, alone I shall consider myself as their true representative; and knowing your *cahiers*, knowing the perfect accord that exists between the general wishes of the nation and my benevolent intentions . . . I shall walk towards the goal with all the courage and firmness that it inspires in me."

What could this mean? One thing only. Those two ominous phrases had made the King's intentions clear—"alone I will accomplish the welfare of my people, alone I shall consider myself as their true representative." In other words, the King intimated that *if the Tiers Etat did not cease its quarrels and "get to business," he would dissolve the States-General and carry out the work of reform himself.*

What wonder that the King's discourse was received in gloomy silence by the Tiers? What wonder that the factions trembled in their seats? What wonder that Orléanistes and Subversives alike feared for those fortunes they had hoped to build on public confusion? What wonder that Mirabeau, seeing the ministry he coveted vanishing into space, rose in wrath to

utter his famous "apostrophe"? The King had left the hall, and De Brézé, the master of ceremonies, declared the sitting ended, when Mirabeau, who exactly a week before in supporting the royal veto had stated, "I could imagine nothing more terrible than the sovereign aristocracy of 600 persons who to-morrow might declare themselves immovable," now insolently defied the King's order with the words, "We will only leave our places by the force of the bayonet!"

So ended this sitting that might have laid the foundations of French liberty for ever. The thing that the revolutionary factions dreaded more than any other threatened to occur—the regeneration of the kingdom was to be accomplished peacefully and the monarchy established on a free and constitutional basis. If any further proof were needed that the work of the revolutionary factions was actively opposed to the work of reform, it is to be found in this one undeniable fact that, throughout the whole Revolution until the fall of the monarchy, *every concession made by the King to the desires of the people, every step in the work of the reform, was the signal for a fresh outbreak of revolutionary fury.*

Accordingly the immense reforms of the Séance Royale, far from bringing a peaceful settlement of the crisis, were followed by renewed scenes of violence. Two days later the Archbishop of Paris, beloved by all the true people for his benevolence and the uprightness of his life, was attacked by a band of hired rioters as he was leaving the Assembly, and only escaped with his life owing to the speed of his horses and the courage and presence of mind of his coachman.

The fact that four days after the Séance Royale the noblesse and clergy, in obedience to the King's command, settled the burning question of a single chamber by joining the Tiers État, did nothing to allay the fermentation the revolutionaries had succeeded in creating. If, as the Tiers État had declared, the refusal of the noblesse to concede this point had been the only obstacle to the work of reform, why did this work not proceed now that the obstacle had been removed? On the contrary, the Tiers, once they had the noblesse and clergy at their mercy, showed themselves more aggressive than ever and in no way disposed to discuss peaceably the regeneration of the kingdom. True, a "committee of subsistences" was formed for dealing with the question of the famine, but as it consisted almost entirely of Orléanistes, including the Duc d'Orléans himself, nothing was done to relieve the distress of the people, and the famine continued its ravages.

THE HOTBED OF REVOLUTION

Whilst these scenes were taking place at Versailles the agitators of Paris, in close touch with the revolutionary factions of the Assembly, had been busy stirring up insurrection. Night and day the dusty garden of the Palais Royal was filled to overflowing; no longer merely a haunt of vice, it had now become a political arena—a sort of Trafalgar Square and Burlington Arcade combined—where every device was employed to play upon the passions of men—women, wine, the lust of gold, envy, hatred, and revenge. At the little tables outside the cafés idlers gathered in heated debate; under the long arcades, where the *marchands de frivolités* displayed their wares, painted women of the town walked arm-in-arm attracting with bold glances the soldiers who passed by; in the gambling hells the rattle of the dice and the clink of coin continued far into the night, and under the trees cheap-jack politicians with rolling eyes and furious gestures stirred the people to violence. With these mob orators noise was of the first importance, and working themselves up into convulsions of revolutionary frenzy they shrieked invectives against the aristocrats and the Court, or yelled foul blasphemies on God and religion.

Most violent of all was the Marquis de St. Huruge, an ex-convict, whose stentorian voice seemed indefatigable; above the heads of the crowd his white hat could be seen afar, a rallying point for disorder, whilst with an immense cudgel, manipulated like a conductor's baton, he roused or soothed the passions of his auditors. Philippe d'Orléans, looking down on this scene from his windows at the end of the long square, had reason to congratulate himself on the vast machinery that the genius of Choderlos de Laclos had set in motion. Recently a number of new recruits had been added to the conspiracy, of which the most important was a young journalist from Guise, Camille Desmoulins—discovered by Mirabeau—who tempted the greed of the populace with promises of booty to be wrested from the nobility and clergy:

“The brute is in the trap, then kill it! . . . Never was richer prey offered to the conqueror! Forty thousand palaces, hotels, and châteaux, two-fifths of the wealth of France, will be the price of valour!”¹

The services of several new agitators had also been enlisted—the comedian Grammont, a man of extraordinary ferocity, with, as we shall see later, a *literal* “taste for blood”; a convict from San Domingo known as Fournier l'Américain, Stanislas

¹ *La France Libre.*

Maillard, a future director of the September massacres, and one woman whose wit and daring was to prove an immense acquisition to the cause.¹

Anne Terwagne of Marcourt was a Belgian *demi-mondaine* and an old friend of the Duc d'Orléans when the Revolution broke out. Several years before she had been introduced to him in London by the Prince of Wales, and it was to the duke she owed her rise to fortune, for on her return to Paris she became a brilliant courtesan with jewels, carriages, and horses, and under the name of "Comtesse de Campinados" travelled about the Continent with various rich protectors.² The "Comtesse" was in Rome when the States-General met, but the gathering of the revolutionary storm brought her hurriedly back to Paris, where, adopting "Théroigne de Méricourt" as her *nom de guerre*, she threw herself into the cause of her old benefactor, the Duc d'Orléans. Théroigne was far from resembling the "unfortunate female" burning to avenge her wrongs on a corrupt society, who masqueraded under her name through the pages of Carlyle, for it was with the most corrupt portion of society that she now identified herself. Small and fragile, with brilliant black eyes, an impertinent retroussé nose, and "a waist that a man could encircle with his ten fingers," Théroigne at her salon in the Rue de Bouloi reigned as a queen of the demi-monde, assembling around her the leaders of the Orléaniste conspiracy, of which the Abbé Sieyès was her particular idol.

The rôle played by courtesans in the earlier stages of the Revolution has never been properly estimated by historians; but for the co-operation of these women, from Théroigne de Méricourt down to the humblest *fille de joie*, it is doubtful whether the great scheme of the Orléanistes—the defection of the army—could ever have been realized. The French Guards, the gayest and most essentially Parisian regiment in the army, were habitual frequenters of the Palais Royal, and thus became the allies of the courtesans who lodged in the surrounding houses and haunted the arcades; in some cases the soldiers played the part of *souteneurs*, sharing the incomes of the *filles de joie*, and these incomes being now largely increased by the bounty of the duke, both reaped the golden harvest sown by the conspirators. By this means the French Guards, who had stood firm at the Affaire Réveillon, were gradually turned from their allegiance. Towards the end of June, the regiment having been confined to barracks for insubordination, three hundred broke loose and paraded the streets of Paris, finally presenting

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuratton de d'Orléans*, i. 221; *Philippe d'Orléans Égalité*, by Auguste Ducoin, p. 50.

² *Théroigne de Méricourt*, by Marcellin Pellet, p. 10.

themselves at the Palais Royal, where they received a rapturous reception from the courtesans and were regaled with wine and good cheer.

This open revolt at last spurred the authorities to action and eleven of the ringleaders were imprisoned in the Abbaye. Immediately a yell of indignation went up from the Palais Royal, and an army of brigands, led by Jourdan, with Maillard as his aide-de-camp and Théroigne de Méricourt as Amazon, set forth to deliver the "victims of despotism." With clubs and hatchets the doors of the Abbaye were broken down, and all the prisoners—not only the deserters but a number of criminals—were let loose in the streets. Once more the Palais Royal received the rebels, a magnificent supper was spread, whilst bonfires and fireworks turned night into day. Yet even after this outbreak the King was persuaded to pardon the insurgents. It is the custom of historians, whether Royalist or Revolutionary, to accuse Louis XVI. of weakness. This charge, brought by those who believe that a king should be the ruler and not the servant of his people, is certainly consistent, but for believers in the sovereignty of the people to accuse Louis XVI. of weakness is both unjust and illogical. Louis XVI. carried out the principles of democracy to their utmost conclusion; he believed that he existed for his people, not his people for him. "Despotism," says the democratic Bailly, "had no place in the King's character; he never desired anything but the happiness of his people; this was the only means that could be employed to influence him—a less kind-hearted king, cleverer ministers, and there would have been no revolution." As long, therefore, as the mob orators inveighed against the Court, and the agitators incited the people to rise against his own authority, the King refused to put down sedition by force; only when the people turned on each other he held it his duty to save them from themselves. When at last the scenes of violence taking place at the Palais Royal had reached such a pitch that no law-abiding citizen could venture inside the garden, the King was placed in the frightful dilemma of having to decide whether to bring out troops to restore order, and, as at every crisis in the Revolution, he found himself torn between conflicting counsels. On the one hand the so-called democrats of the Assembly represented the iniquity of opposing the "sovereign will of the people," on the other hand the noblesse and clergy protested that it was "a cruel derision thus to confound the people it was necessary to restrain with those it was necessary to protect," and therefore urged the King to order out troops for the defence of the town. So great, indeed, was the alarm of the citizens that by the end of June the commons of Paris began to inaugurate a *garde bourgeoise* for protection against

the brigands. Since the assembling of the troops round Paris has been habitually accepted as the principal reason for the Revolution of July, this point is important to remember.

The King finally decided to employ the army for the defence of the town; and as it was essential to guard against further defection, two regiments of Swiss and German auxiliaries were included, partly because these men were especially amenable to discipline, but mainly because their ignorance of the French language rendered them less liable to corruption by the agents of the Palais Royal.¹ The circumstance of their nationality, however, afforded a fresh pretext for stirring up the crowd—"foreign legions to be employed against the nation!" Yet the revolutionaries did not hesitate to welcome these foreigners into their own ranks when by their usual methods of women, wine, and money they succeeded in seducing them from their allegiance to the King. A German hussar mounted in the ranks for the defence of French citizens was a "foreign mercenary"; the same hussar drinking with the courtesans of the Palais Royal to the downfall of the French monarchy was a man and a brother. This throughout the Revolution, as we shall see, was the "patriotism" of the leaders.

The presence of any loyal troops, whether foreign or otherwise, was naturally calculated to thwart the designs of the conspirators, for, apart from the opposition they offered to insurrection, the troops acted as a guard to the convoys of grain intended for the capital. The Maréchal de Broglie, the Baron de Bézénval, and the Prince de Lambesc had proved untiring in their efforts to protect the wagons of corn from the onslaughts of the brigands that lay in wait round Paris, and for this reason had become odious to the agitators.²

The mob orators of the Palais Royal therefore set to work to stir up a fresh panic. "Vast hordes of foreign soldiers were to be marched against the capital to massacre the citizens—the Palais Royal would be given over to pillage—the city was to be bombarded with red-hot cannon-balls and everything put to fire and sword. Meanwhile at Versailles the National Assembly was to be blown up by mines laid beneath the floor." This wild farrago of nonsense was believed not only by the ignorant populace of Paris, but was seriously repeated by the deputies themselves. Mirabeau at the Assembly, working on their alarms, exerted all his energy to fan the flame of insurrection:

"When troops advance from all sides, when camps are formed

¹ Marmontel, iv. 137; *Dispatches from Paris*, letter from Lord Dorset, dated July 9, 1789.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 19; *Mémoires de Bézénval*, ii. 396.

around us, when the capital is besieged, we ask ourselves with astonishment, ' Does the King doubt the fidelity of his people ? What means this threatening display ? Where are the enemies of the King and State that must be subdued ? Where are the plotters that must be restrained ? ' "

This whilst the Palais Royal was a hotbed of sedition, when " almost every day produced some act of violence," ¹ when the citizens of Paris themselves were arming for purposes of self-protection !

The tirade was a masterpiece of hypocrisy and cunning ; no one knew better than Mirabeau the necessity for maintaining order, no one realized more keenly the horrors of anarchy, and no one was less truly democratic.

The King's reply to the demands of the deputies for the withdrawal of the troops was brief and to the point :

" No one is ignorant of the disorders and scandalous scenes that have taken place repeatedly in Paris and Versailles under my eyes and those of the States-General. It is necessary that I should employ all the means within my power to restore and maintain order in the capital and its surroundings. It is one of my principal duties to guard public safety. These are the motives that led me to assemble troops round Paris, and you can assure the States-General that they are intended only to repress or rather to avert such-like disorders, to enforce the law, even to assure and protect the liberty that should reign in your deliberations. . . . Only evilly-disposed persons could mislead my people as to the true motives for the precautionary measures I have taken. I have invariably sought to do all that I could to contribute to their happiness, and I have always had reason to believe in their love and loyalty."

That the King was absolutely sincere in making these assurances was afterwards proved by the trial of Bézénval, the commander of the Swiss Guard. In January 1790 the Commune of Paris, at the instigation of the Orléanistes, arraigned Bézénval before the tribunal of the Châtelet for " having entered into a conspiracy formed against the liberty of the French people, of the National Assembly, and particularly of the city of Paris " in the preceding July. No proof whatever of a conspiracy was forthcoming ; on the contrary, it was proved by documentary evidence that the intentions of the Ministry and of M. de Bézénval " were the most pacific and paternal " ; the letters produced " manifested the plan of this officer for guarding the provisionment of Paris, *for which purpose the troops were assembled*, and that, far from any design to destroy the citizens, they had been assembled to protect them." They were necessary also " to

¹ *Dispatches from Paris*, ii. 237, letter from Lord Dorset.

repress the brigands who had already caused disorders in Paris and who might be plotting further disorders." These facts having been proved Bézenval was acquitted, and, in spite of the protests of Marat, the *Moniteur* itself recognized the justice of the decision: "The information taken was immense, but nothing criminal was discovered against the defendant and he was acquitted. It would be necessary to have very strong proofs to suspect a perfidious collusion between a respected municipality and an esteemed tribunal only for the purpose of deceiving the populace concerning *pretended offences of which the most minute investigation has been unable to prove the reality.*"¹ That the troops were therefore intended for no aggressive purpose is certain, and the necessity for assembling them is now recognized by enlightened French historians.²

The King's speech had the effect of allaying public anxiety, and Mirabeau thereupon set immediately to work on a new address that would stir up fresh discontent.³

To Louis XVI. the situation now became completely bewildering. Content to do his duty according to his lights, he could not understand why his actions were perpetually misconstrued by the people, he could not guess the existence of the influences brought to bear on their minds by the agitators who made it their business to avert popular satisfaction at every concession to the people's desires.

Why did none of the Royalist democrats in the Assembly enlighten the King on the true state of affairs? That they knew of the Orléaniste conspiracy is certain, for they afterwards described the efforts made by the duke's supporters to secure their co-operation—overtures that were all indignantly repulsed. Mounier and Bergasse were approached by Mirabeau,⁴ Virieu by Sillery,⁵ and both conspirators met with almost identically the same reply: "Understand, monsieur, that if any one here were to dare to call M. le duc d'Orléans to the throne in the place of the King, I would stab him with my own hand!" Lafayette, whose first enthusiasm for the Revolution had raised hopes in the minds of the conspirators, proved no less intractable, for if he cared little for the King he detested Orléans, and to the suggestion that a price having been set on his head and on that of the duke by the Court he would do well to join forces with him,

¹ *Moniteur* for Jan. 4, Feb. 4, and March 3, 1790.

² For example, *La Révolution*, by M. Louis Madelin, p. 62, "It will be understood that under these circumstances the ministry advanced troops on Paris. The least reactionary government would have been forced to do this."

³ *Appel au Tribunal de l'Opinion Publique*, par Mounier, 1790.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Le Roman d'un Royaliste*, par Costa de Beauregard.

Lafayette coldly replied that "the Duc d'Orléans was nothing to him, and that it was needless to form a party when one was with the whole nation."¹

But instead of merely rejecting these advances, why did not these men use their immense influence to quell the intrigue? We cannot believe that they lacked courage, since later on they faced the full tide of revolution to support the tottering monarchy; why then did they wait until it was too late? The only explanation seems to be that at this crisis they believed the Orléaniste conspiracy to be incidental to the Revolution; they recognized its existence but failed to realize its extent, and feared that in crushing it they might arrest the whole revolutionary movement which they still held to be necessary to the regeneration of the kingdom. In a word, they were visionaries, and at times of national crisis visionaries are of all men the most dangerous; intent on the pursuit of unattainable ideals they shut their eyes to realities, and instead of facing danger prefer to ignore it.

Most culpable of all was Necker—Necker whom both the King and Queen had trusted to steer the ship of state to safety. From the beginning his only consideration had been popularity, his only policy to temporize. His method of dealing with the financial crisis had consisted in raising perpetual loans; in the matter of the famine Arthur Young declared that "his edicts had operated more to raise the price of corn than all other causes together," and though having made this initial mistake he apparently did his best to repair it by untiring efforts to feed the people, he shrank from taking the most effectual step towards this end—that of exposing the monopolizers.

The attitude of Necker admits only of two explanations—either he was in league with the Orléanistes or he was afraid of them. In either case his conduct was contemptible, as contemporaries of all parties agree. It is a strange fact that, although Necker is the only demagogue of the period who has never found a panegyrist—except in his own daughter, Mme. de Staël—it was the King's discovery of his incapacity, which all the world now acknowledges, that has been accepted as an adequate pretext for the Revolution of July.

By the beginning of this month Louis XVI. finally realized that Necker must go and a strong ministry be formed if the impending crisis was to be averted. Accordingly he dismissed his ministers and nominated in their place De Breteuil, De Broglie, La Galaizière, and Fouché.

Joseph François Fouché was an old commissary of '74 who had grown grey in the service of the army. His large fortune, attributed by the revolutionary leaders to speculation or monopoly

¹ *Mémoires de Lafayette*, ii. 53.

in grain, resulted from the emoluments of his office and from his marriage with a Dutch heiress.¹ It is evident that Foullon was unpopular with the people, yet no proof is forthcoming that he had ever treated them with harshness; on the contrary, during the preceding winter he had spent no less than 60,000 francs in providing work for the peasants of his province, "not wishing to humiliate them by charity."² A stern man, however, and a believer in discipline, Foullon came forward at this juncture to offer the King his advice on the situation in the form of two alternative schemes by which he believed the Revolution might be averted. In the first he expressed himself plainly on the Orléaniste conspiracy; he advised that the duke and his accomplices amongst the deputies of the Assembly should be arrested, and that the King should not be parted from his army till order was re-established; in the second he suggested that the King should identify himself with the Revolution before its final explosion, that he should go to the Assembly, demand the cahiers himself, and then make the greatest sacrifices in order to satisfy the true desires of the people before the sedition-mongers could turn them to the advantage of their criminal designs.³

This proposal of the new minister throws an important light on the Revolution of July, for according to Madame Campan it reached the ears of the Orléanistes by means of the Comte Louis de Narbonne and Madame de Staël, and naturally explains their fury at the change of ministry and also their animosity to Foullon. Whichever of the two schemes were followed their doom was equally certain, since a peaceful settlement of the crisis would have proved no less fatal to their designs than the more rigorous measure of their own arrest.

¹ *Biographie Michaud*, article on Foullon; *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, by Poujoulat, p. 121, quoting contemporary documents.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 242; *Histoire du Règne de Louis XVI*, by Joseph Droz, p. 311. This story of Mme. Campan's is confirmed by a contemporary manuscript in the possession of Berthier's descendants. See *La Conspiration Révolutionnaire de 1789*, by Gustave Bord, p. 195. D'Espremesnil had already given the King the same advice a few weeks earlier, for just after the "Serment du Jeu de Paume" he had requested an audience with the King, and urged him not only to arrest but to hang the Duc d'Orléans and his accomplices, to dissolve the Assembly, and to follow out his plan of himself granting to the people the reforms they asked for in the cahiers (*Mémoires Secrets d'Allonville*, ii. 155). Strangely enough the Duke's mistress, Mrs. Elliott, was of the same opinion with regard to the treatment that should have been meted out to the royal conspirator: "Had he (the King), when the nobles went over to the Tiers État, caused the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, and about twenty others, to be arrested and executed, Europe would have been saved from the calamities it has since suffered; and I should now dare to regret my poor friend the Duke" (*Journal of Mrs. Elliott*, p. 57).

It is evident that they were aware of Necker's impending dismissal several days before it actually took place, and immediately in the midnight council of Montrouge a scheme of insurrection was planned. The advance of the troops and the departure of Necker were to be made the pretexts for stirring up the people; with that superb capacity for eating their own words which is the true art of demagoguery, Necker, whom they had hitherto overwhelmed with their sarcasms and openly accused of monopolizing the grain, was to be represented to the people as their one hope of salvation, and in the panic that would follow on his dismissal the people—"that foolish herd" that, as Chamfort said, "good shepherds could drive as they pleased"—were to be worked up to revolt. Then the Duc d'Orléans, profiting by the general confusion, was to be made lieutenant-general of the kingdom, if not raised at once to the throne. "It only depended on himself," said Mirabeau, who admitted the whole scheme later to Virieu; "his part had been arranged for him (*on lui avait fait son thème*); the words he had to use had been prepared."¹

Mirabeau rose triumphantly to the occasion. Hitherto he had frankly disparaged Necker, referring to him as "the Genevese penny-snatcher"² (*le grippe-sou genevois*) or "the clock that always loses," and on the eve of his dismissal had already prepared a speech for the Assembly accusing him of complicity with the famine. But now that Necker's dismissal was to be made a pretext for insurrection, Mirabeau, like the gigantic humbug that he was, declared that "we can only regard with terror the abyss of misfortune into which the country will be dragged now that the exile of M. Necker, so long desired by our enemies, has been accomplished."³

Already on the 9th of July the agitators of the Palais Royal had begun to alarm the people concerning the fate destined for their idol. "Listen to me, citizens!" cried a mob orator who had succeeded in collecting a crowd around him; "we have assembled here in order to declare to you that we shall regard as a traitor to the country any one who shall make an attempt not only on the life but on the ministerial office of M. Necker, whom we intend to make permanent minister of the nation, and since our King, though good and confiding, is incapable of governing his kingdom, we nominate M. le duc d'Orléans lieutenant-general of the kingdom!"⁴

¹ *Procédure du Châtelet*, déposition du comte de Virieu.

² *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, by Étienne Dumont, p. 208.

³ "Courrier de Provence, lettre 19," *Mémoires de Bailly*, i. 332.

⁴ Montjoie, *Histoire de la Révolution de France*, chap. xli.; evidence of M. Périn, *Procédure du Châtelet*, ii. 113.

The proposition does not seem to have been received with great enthusiasm, and the agitators merely succeeded in producing in the people a state of mind aptly described by M. Louis Madelin as a *crise de nerfs*. Already they had sufficient causes for alarm—the growing fear of famine, the brigands that surrounded them, the assurances of the Palais Royal orators that the King's troops were closing in on them for the purpose of massacre, and now, following on all these terrors, came the fresh alarm that Necker was to be dismissed, and the country involved in bankruptcy and ruin. What wonder that the unhappy people were thrown into a condition bordering on hysteria?

THE 12TH OF JULY

The state of the weather further added to the excitement of the Parisians, for the cold spring had been followed in July by a burst of almost tropical heat, a circumstance that seems always to have reacted on the minds of the populace, since nearly every great day of tumult during the Revolution in Paris was unusually hot. Sunday morning, the 12th of July, the day after Necker's departure, was torrid; the sun poured down from a cloudless sky on to the crowds that from an early hour had filled the garden of the Palais Royal. Already at nine o'clock a vague rumour had reached the city that the worst had happened, that Necker was dismissed, and as the panic news passed from mouth to mouth the terrified citizens hurried to the Palais Royal to ascertain the truth. By midday the garden was so packed from end to end that no more standing room was available, and people climbed on to the trees until the branches bowed beneath their weight; even the mob orators, after vainly attempting to pile up chairs and tables for their platforms, were reduced to hanging from the boughs of the lime-trees whilst they harangued the crowd. "This agitation," says Montjoie, who looked on at the scene, "was terrifying. One must have seen it to be able to form any idea of it." At every moment a fresh rumour was circulated, adding to the general consternation; now a messenger, wild-eyed, rushing into the square and crying out that he had just arrived from Versailles where the deputies were being massacred; now a panic-monger announcing that the Duc d'Orléans was exiled—thrown into the Bastille—condemned to death; now warnings shrieked to the terrified people that the troops were marching on the city to put everything to fire and sword. The seething multitude that filled the garden and arcades was like a sea lashed by a hurricane; at each new alarm a long deep moan arose from thousands of throats, a moan that now grew into a muffled roar of fury, now died away into the

silence of consternation. Then suddenly rumour gave way to certainty. A fresh messenger from Versailles announced the terrible news—Necker was dismissed, had already taken his departure, the country's doom was sealed; and at this confirmation of their fears the maddened people turned on the bearer of ill-tidings and were with difficulty prevented from drowning him in one of the fountains of the garden.

It was now twelve o'clock and the sun had reached the meridian, beating down on the dense mass of heads and on the burning glass of the Palais Royal. Suddenly a strange thing happened. The glass mirror reflected the sun's rays on to the cannon of the palace and, setting light to the charge, fired it with a terrifying report, and so "the sun himself gave the first signal for the Revolution."¹

The effect of this circumstance on the minds of the people was indescribable. The wildest scene of confusion began. Men haggard with fear, women pale and tearful rushed hither and thither; the streets were filled with bands of citizens, silent and distraught, hurrying like frightened sheep they knew not whither. Unhappy people driven desperately to and fro by the men who had made themselves their shepherds!

Yet the shepherds did not find their work too easy; even sheep refuse at moments to be driven in the right direction, and still the people, for all their panic, showed no inclination to carry out the designs of the agitators and begin the revolution in earnest. Camille Desmoulins afterwards described his desperate efforts that afternoon to stir the people up to violence; some, indeed, were so misguided as to cry, "Vive le Roi!" "In vain I tried to inflame their minds," says Camille; "no one would take up arms!"

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when at last Camille, coming out of the Café de Foy where the Orléaniste leaders forgathered, encountered several young men walking arm-in-arm and shouting, "Aux armes! Aux armes!" Immediately he saw his opportunity and joined them; in an instant he was hoisted up on to a table in front of the café, from which position he afterwards related that he delivered an eloquent harangue:

"Citizens, you know that the nation had asked for Necker to be retained, for a monument to be raised to him, and he has been driven away! Could you be more insolently defied? After this stroke they will dare anything, and for to-night they are meditating, have perhaps arranged, a Saint-Barthélemy of patriots! To arms! To arms! Let us take green cockades the colour of hope!" He waved a green ribbon, fastened it in

¹ Montjoie, *Histoire de la Révolution de France*, chap. xl.

his hat, and instantly the crowd, tearing down leaves from the trees above their heads, adorned themselves with the same emblem. Then, striking an attitude, Camille pointed a quivering finger at the crowd, pretending to see amongst them the agents of the police. "The infamous police are here! Let them look at me! Let them observe me! Yes, it is I who call my brothers to liberty!" He raised a pistol in the air. "At least they shall not take me alive, and I shall know how to die gloriously; only one misfortune can befall me—that of seeing France become again enslaved!"

Such is Camille's version of his tirade, but it seems probable that much of it was inspired by *esprit d'escalier* and never found utterance, for none of his auditors record it in these words. Montjoie, in fact, declares that Camille's performance consisted merely in standing on the table waving a pistol and calling out "Aux armes!" making horrible grimaces the while to overcome his stutter.

At any rate his efforts were rewarded, for he was hauled down from the table and carried in triumph on the shoulders of the crowd, who now at last responded to the cry of insurrection, and arming themselves with sticks, hatchets, and pistols poured into the streets thirsting to do battle with the menacing legions—the legions that meanwhile remained peacefully encamped in the Champ de Mars.

This was undoubtedly the great moment to which the Orléaniste conspiracy had been leading up. The people's minds had been prepared by the alarms concerning the fate of the duke, and were therefore more than usually disposed in his favour as the victim of despotism. If he had now come forward and shown himself to the frenzied crowd it seems probable that he could have placed himself at the head of the movement. But at this crucial moment the duke was not forthcoming, for he had gone off at eleven o'clock that morning with his mistress, Mrs. Elliott, to spend the day at his château of Raincy, and did not reappear until the evening. Was his absence arranged by the conspirators to give colour to their stories of his exile or imprisonment? Or did he disappoint his supporters by refusing to be present? We know that the pusillanimity of the duke at every crisis made him the despair of his party, and that this fear, moreover, was founded on a very real danger—that of assassination. When he fainted in the Assembly that summer day only a few weeks earlier, and his coat was unfastened to give him air, had it not been discovered that he wore beneath it no less than four waistcoats, including one of leather, to protect him from a dagger-thrust? ¹ It is possible, therefore, that at

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuraton de d'Orléans*, i. 296; *Mémoires de Ferrières*, i. 52.

the last moment his courage failed him ; but at any rate his absence was foreseen by the conspirators, for the duke himself being unavailable they led the crowd to the waxwork show of M. Curtius in the Boulevard du Temple, where—*by mere coincidence*, Orléaniste historians would have us believe—the busts of the Duc d'Orléans and Necker lay ready to hand.

Camille Desmoulins' subsequent remarks on this incident show that he certainly did not believe in the theory of coincidence, but recognized very clearly the design of the faction—from which, like every other Orléaniste, he became anxious to disassociate himself. "Will any one make me believe," he wrote four years later, "that when I mounted a table on the 12th of July and called the people to liberty, it was my eloquence that produced that great movement half an hour later, and that made the two busts of Orléans and Necker spring from the ground?"¹ The procession with the two effigies had therefore been premeditated, and Mirabeau, hardly less an *enfant terrible* than Camille in giving away the secrets of his party, confirms this statement. Referring to the 12th of July in his answer to the *Procédure du Châtelet*, he attempted to prove the duke's innocence on this day by remarking, "When his bust was paraded he hid himself."² Then the duke *knew* that his bust was to be paraded? Otherwise where was the virtue of his disappearance from the scene *four hours earlier*? Again, why should he *hide* himself? Why not, if he was innocent, have come forward boldly and denied all complicity with the movement? Thus from Orléaniste evidence alone it is obvious that the incident of the two busts was a ruse devised by the conspirators, with the idea of putting popular feeling to the test; it had been resolved to try the people with the duke's effigy, and if, as seemed not unlikely, it met with a hostile reception, nothing but wax would suffer; if, on the other hand, it was received with acclamations, the duke was to be recalled from his retreat and placed at the head of the movement. The effigy of Necker was, of course, merely a cover to the real design—"to parade only one," remarks Prudhomme shrewdly, "would have been clumsy."³ Accordingly the two busts, wreathed in black crêpe and *crowned*, were carried in procession through the streets whilst Orléaniste agents, posted in the crowd, cried out, "Hats off! The country is in danger; here are its restorers. Vive D'Orléans!" Then, as the people failed to take up the cry, the agitators went amongst them repeating, "Call out 'Vive

¹ *Fragment de l'Histoire Secrète*, p. 8, April 1793.

² *Moniteur*, ii. 33.

³ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iii. 111.

D'Orléans ! ” For answer some asked wonderingly, “ What does all this mean ? ” and the agitators replied, “ Why, don't you understand that Monsieur le duc d'Orléans is to be proclaimed king and M. Necker his prime minister ? Come, cry with us ‘ Vive D'Orléans ! ’ ”¹ Even at the Palais Royal the busts met with a no more enthusiastic reception. On arrival in the garden one of the men bearing the effigies, pointing them out to the people, called aloud, “ Is it not true that you want this prince for your king, and this good man for his minister ? ” But only a few voices answered, “ We wish it ! ”²

After this discouraging response the procession made its way by the Boulevards to the Place Louis XV., where it encountered a regiment of the Royal Allemands under the Prince de Lambesc, who rode up with drawn sword and scattered the rioters. During the fray the bust of Orléans fell into the gutter ; a linen-draper's assistant, Pépin by name, rushed to its rescue, and in his attempt to pick up the mutilated effigy was wounded in the leg and fell bleeding to the ground.³ Raised in the arms of sympathizers, Pépin was carried off to the Palais Royal to exhibit his wounds ; he was not, however, too seriously wounded to harangue the multitude. Dr. Rigby, an eyewitness of the scene, describes “ the whole mass agitated afresh by the appearance of a man with a green coat whose countenance and manner bespoke the utmost consternation. ‘ To arms, citizens,’ he cried, ‘ the Dragoons have fired on the people, and I myself have received a wound,’ pointing to his leg. This acted like an electric shock.”

Meanwhile the Prince de Lambesc and his troops made their way towards the Tuileries across the great Place Louis XV, which at this hour was filled with holiday-makers returning from their Sunday afternoon festivities in the Bois de Boulogne and the neighbouring villages ; through this crowd the troops advanced at foot pace, gently pushing aside those who obstructed their passage, but the people, infuriated by the sight of the soldiers, greeted them with a hail of stones. Gouverneur Morris, who at this moment arrived upon the scene, thus describes the incident : “ The people take post among the stones which lie scattered about the whole place, being then hewn for the bridge now building. The officer at the head of the party (a body of cavalry with their sabres drawn) is saluted by a stone, and

¹ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iii. 112.

² *Mém. de Ferrières*, and statement by Clermont Tonnerre at the *Procédure du Châtelet*. See also *Souvenirs de Mme. Vigée le Brun*, p. 129.

³ Montjoie, ii. 48, confirmed by Pépin himself, witness cxxiv. at the *Procédure du Châtelet*. According to these two witnesses this encounter took place in the Place Louis XV. ; according to Bailly (i. 327) and to Flammermont, *La Journée du 14 Juillet* (CLXXVII.), in the Place Vendôme.

immediately turns his horse in a menacing manner towards the assailant. But his adversaries are posted in ground where the cavalry cannot act. He pursues his route, and the pace is soon increased to a gallop, amid a shower of stones. One of the soldiers is either knocked from his horse, or the horse falls under him. He is taken prisoner and at first ill-treated. They fired several pistols, but without effect ; probably they were not even charged with ball. A party of the Swiss Guard are posted in the Champs Élysées with cannon."

The Prince de Lambesc, having thus reached the entrance of the Tuileries, crossed the swing bridge into the garden with his troops, but was again immediately assailed by a hail of stones, chairs, and bottles that the crowd, assembled on the terraces at each side of the bridge, flung down on the regiment.¹ In spite of these outrages the soldiers still refrained from retaliating, and in order to avoid bloodshed the prince ordered the troops to evacuate the garden, whereupon the crowd rushed forward and attempted to cut off their retreat by closing the swing bridge. One old man, a schoolmaster named Chauvet, in the act of performing this manœuvre, was slightly injured by the Prince de Lambesc, who struck him with the flat of his sword, causing a wound that was speedily healed by means of a brandy compress.²

Such was "the brutal charge" of the "ferocious Prince de Lambesc," retailed with so much virtuous indignation by revolutionary writers. It is interesting to compare the evidence of eye-witnesses, of Gouverneur Morris, of Montjoie, and of those who appeared later at the trial of the Prince, with the version circulated that night in Paris by the leaders of the agitation. Dr. Rigby, who unfortunately was not present, thus records the account given him by Jefferson :

"About seven in the evening Prince de Lambesc, who commanded a regiment of German Dragoons, entered the Tuileries . . . and made its gay crowds of citizens the objects of his attack, enforced his commands by a sudden discharge of musketry. The terrified multitude fled in all directions, and the middle of the square was suddenly cleared of all but a feeble old man, whose infirmities denied him the power of running. Against this single defenceless individual the cowardly Prince lifted up his arm, and either desperately wounded or killed him with one stroke of his sabre."

This story—every word of which was afterwards disproved, and is now believed by no responsible historian³—was loudly

¹ *Deux Amis*, i. 276. Even this authority admits that the people were the aggressors.

² Taine, *La Révolution*, i. 62.

³ "The sanguinary Lambesc and his blindly ferocious troop were singularly debonair; ten accounts testify to it. Although they were

proclaimed at the Palais Royal, and the alarm was followed by messengers rushing into the square frantically declaring that citizens were being massacred in the garden of the Tuileries, and dragoons with drawn swords were crushing women and children beneath their horses' feet. These fearful tidings had the effect that for seven hours the mob orators had striven in vain to produce, of arming the mob.

"From this moment," says Dr. Rigby, "nothing could restrain the fury of the people; they burst forth into the streets calling 'Aux armes! Aux armes!' Every house likely to afford any was immediately entered. The gunsmiths' shops were ransacked, and in a very short time the principal streets were filled with a tumultuous populace, armed variously with guns, swords, pikes, spits, and every instrument of offence and defence." This disorderly band, joined by numbers of deserters from the Gardes Françaises, now marched on the King's troops in the neighbourhood of the Place Louis XV. Let us consult the revolutionary account of the day to discover the manner in which these bloodthirsty soldiers received the onslaught.

"Assembled in force near the depot on the old boulevard," say the Two Friends of Liberty, "they (the armed mob) advance in good order, attack a detachment of the Royal Allemand, and at the first discharge cause three horsemen to bite the dust. *These, although assailed, endure the fire of their adversaries without replying*, and double back on the Place Louis XV, where was the main body of their regiment."¹

This, then, was the conduct of the troops accused by the revolutionary leaders of carrying out a "massacre of Saint-Barthélemy" amongst the citizens! What further proof is needed of the King's sincerity in assuring the people that these forces had been summoned merely to protect them? Nothing could exceed the heroic forbearance of these much-tried men, and those historians who would have us believe that their attitude was owing to the fact that they sympathized with the *peuple* and therefore could not be induced to use their arms against them, calumniate not only the officers in command, but the people themselves. Is it conceivable that the people could be so

stoned by the people in ambush behind the stone-heaps they contented themselves with advancing without charging. . . . That only one old man was knocked over and that so much was made of this in the popular camp indicates better than all the contemporary accounts how mild was the 'repression' " (Madelin, p. 63). "It was the crowd that began the attack; the troops fired into the air. . . . All the details of the affair prove that the patience and the humanity of the officers was extreme" (Taine, *La Révolution*, i. 62). See also *La Journée du 14 Juillet*, by Jules Flammermont, p. clxxviii.

¹ *Deux Amis de la Liberté*, i. 117.

cowardly as to insult and attack men they knew to be their friends? All contemporary evidence points to the one conclusion—the men were acting under orders from their officers, and the officers, in their turn, were obeying the King's command—at all costs to avoid bloodshed. The order given to Bézénval, and produced later at his trial, is proof positive of this assertion: "Give the most precise and moderate orders to the officers in command of the detachment you employ that they shall act only as protectors, and shall have the greatest care to avoid compromising themselves or engaging in any combat with the people unless they show themselves inclined to cause fires or commit excesses or pillage that would endanger the safety of citizens."¹

It was a frightful position for the men in command, and Bézénval, in deciding to withdraw the troops to the Champ de Mars, was evidently only doing what he conceived to be his duty. Royalists who reproached him for not adopting stronger measures, and revolutionaries who laughed at his retreat, were alike incapable of appreciating his dilemma. "If I had marched the troops into Paris," he wrote afterwards, "I should have started civil war on one side or the other; precious blood would have been shed without any useful result. . . ." True, but how much innocent blood might have been spared that flowed hereafter? Civil war with all its horrors cannot equal the horror of leaving the mob to execute its own vengeance unrestrained, for a rioting mob, like a woman in hysterics, needs firmness to bring it to its senses; too great solicitude but weakens its power of self-control, and leaves it a prey to frightful convulsions even more dangerous to itself than to those against whom its fury is directed. Paris, which through that feverish Sunday had worked itself up into a nervous crisis that nothing but iron discipline could have allayed, was now, through the mistaken humanity of those in command, left unprotected, and at the withdrawal of all lawful authority rapidly passed into a state of frenzied panic. To all law-abiding citizens, the night that followed was a night of terror, for, at the signal of insurrection, the hordes of brigands, that since the *Affaire Réveillon* had been kept in reserve by the leaders to create fresh scenes of violence,² came forth armed with sticks and pikes and paraded the streets, pillaging the armourers' shops, and threatening to burn down the houses of the aristocrats. The *Quinzaine Mémorable* puts the number of these professional bandits at 20,000, Droz at no less than 40,000, and when we remember the terror created in the provinces of France only a few years ago by half-a-dozen motor bandits—Bonnard and his gang—it is easy to imagine the horror and confusion

¹ Order given to Bézénval on July 12, 1789. See the *Moniteur*, iii. 33.

² Bailly, i. 337.

inspired by thousands of such ruffians suddenly let loose and armed in the streets of an undefended city.¹

To these hired bands were added all the dregs of the Faubourgs—drunkards, wastrels, degenerates, prototypes of the modern *Apache*, whose native love of violence needed no incentive; prostitutes who tore the ear-rings from the ears of passers-by, “and if the rings resisted, tore the ears”; smugglers who saw their chance of booty and led the crowd to burn down the barriers and defraud the customs.² Where in all this pandemonium were “the people” to be found? No good citizens were abroad that hot and terrible night, the true “people,” the peaceful bourgeois, the quiet and laborious working men and women of Paris, hid themselves in their humble dwellings no less fearfully than the aristocrats in their hotels of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, whilst all the while the tocsin sounded drearily and the cry of the rioters, “Des armes et du pain!” rang out in the darkness. “During that disastrous night,” say the Two Friends of Liberty, “sleep descended only on the eyes of children; they alone reposed in peace whilst their distracted parents watched over their cots.”

THE 13TH OF JULY

Morning dawned on a demented city; wild bands still paraded the streets, and were only prevented by good citizens, who mingled with them, from committing horrible excesses. One horde, however, succeeded in breaking into the convent of Saint-Lazare, “the asylum of religion and humanity,” where, disregarding the entreaties of a white-haired priest who threw himself on his knees and begged them to spare the sacred precincts, they proceeded to pillage and destroy the library, laboratory, and pictures, and finally descending to the cellars broke open the casks of wine, gorging themselves with the contents. Next day no less than thirty unfortunate wretches, both men and women, were carried dead or dying from the scene.

The news of this senseless outrage burst on Paris “like a clap of thunder”; terrified tradesmen shut their shops, and good citizens once more barricaded themselves behind closed shutters. “To the cries of fear,” say the Two Friends of Liberty, “are added the tumultuous cries of several lawless bands, bold-eyed, and ready to dare and do anything, who rove through the streets and public places, and in whose hands the weapons they carry

¹ Note that even the Two Friends of Liberty admit these to have been “hired brigands” (*Deux Amis*, i. 283), though they carefully refrain from mentioning who hired them. Are we to believe again this time that it was the Court?

² *Histoire du Règne de Louis XVI*, by Joseph Droz, p. 292.

seem even more dangerous than those of the enemies (*i.e.* the King's troops!). The moment was the more perilous since all the springs of public administration were broken, and Paris seemed abandoned to the mercy of whoever chose to make himself master."¹ On the 13th of July the worst fears of the people were thus not caused by the King's troops but by the brigands, and further, the removal of all lawful authority added immensely to the panic.

When at ten o'clock of this dreadful morning the tocsin of the Hôtel de Ville rang out again it was, therefore, in no sense a signal of revolution, but a summons to all good citizens to take up arms in defence of their lives, their wives and children, and their property.² In this moment of real and immediate peril the imaginary menace of the King's troops was forgotten, and men of all classes, rich men, nobles, bourgeois and working-men alike, hastened to the Hôtel de Ville to demand arms for their defence. Inevitably, however, a number of brigands and emissaries of the Palais Royal, who already that morning had burst into the Hôtel de Ville and carried off by force 360 guns, now mingled with the law-abiding citizens, and threw the authorities into a frightful predicament. They wished to arm the *milice bourgeoise*, yet not to reinforce the brigands. Bézenval, appealed to later in the day, flatly refused, declaring he could give up no arms without an order from the King;³ Flesselles, the provost-marshal, adopted less courageous tactics and attempted to put the people off with fair words, temporizing as a father

¹ *Deux Amis de la Liberté*, i. 284.

² M. Louis Madelin has emphatically refuted the error perpetuated by historians on this point. The *milice bourgeoise*, he explains, had been formed "not at all—as a hundred years ago so many historians and a crowd of their readers believed—against the Court but against the brigands. . . ." Thus since the 25th of June the Hôtel de Ville had been preparing for the coming danger, and the message carried by its bell must not be misinterpreted. "This bell of the Hôtel de Ville had until the last few years a very definite significance for the historians of the Revolution—it called the great city against the Government of Versailles. The more recent researches, and those least to be suspected of retrospective anti-revolutionism, convey to us a different sound. The city called for help, desperately, because in the night the bandits, that for three weeks had been dreaded, were invading it, pillaging the shops, robbing the passers-by. Far from wishing to destroy the Bastille, the bourgeois of the Hôtel de Ville—Liberals of yesterday—would rather have built twenty more to enclose the beasts of prey that infested the disorganized city" (Madelin, pp. 62, 64). Yet even "recent researches" were not needed to prove this fact, since the oldest authority of all, the *Deux Amis*, had clearly stated it.

³ Bézenval suspected the good faith of certain of these deputies: "Although the orators of these deputies had prepared their speeches skillfully, it was easy to see they had been prompted, and that they were asking for arms for the purpose of attacking us rather than to defend themselves" (*Mémoires de Bézenval*, ii. 369).

might do with a sick and fretful child that asked for a razor as a plaything : " My friends, I am your father, you will be satisfied," he told the frenzied multitude, and sent them in all directions to seek arms where none were to be found. For this he has been bitterly condemned by historians, yet what was the unfortunate Flesselles to do ? An officer in charge of an arsenal suddenly confronted with a heterogeneous crowd of civilians clamouring for firearms, and threatened with death if he gives a direct refusal, must possess a very ready wit if he can hold his own diplomatically. Yet so far was Flesselles from wishing to thwart the good citizens of the *milice bourgeoise*, that he sent to Versailles for an order authorizing their equipment.

Versailles meanwhile was ill-informed of the progress of events in Paris. The Assembly, persisting in its assertion that the tumult was caused solely by the presence of the troops, continued to send deputations to the King demanding their removal from the environs of Paris, whilst the King, seeing in the troubles of the capital only the work of the brigands,¹ held this to be no moment for the withdrawal of armed force, and repeated his former statement that the troops were necessary for the defence of the citizens. Whilst heartily approving the formation of the *milice bourgeoise*,² he did not consider this body of armed civilians sufficient to cope with the situation unsupported by regular troops, and therefore insisted on keeping the troops within reach of the city ready to come to the rescue if required. At the same time he replied to Flesselles' message with an order authorizing the organization and equipment of 12,000 men for the *milice bourgeoise*, and naming the officers he desired to command these patriotic legions. " What amazes us," remarks M. Louis Madelin, " is that this correspondence between Flesselles and the Court should have appeared next day, even to calm minds, as ' an unfortunate connivance sufficient to justify the massacre of the magistrate by the people.' " ³

Before the King's reply to Flesselles had reached the capital, however, the citizens had already formed the *milice bourgeoise*, and instead of 12,000 men enrolled 40,000, which they later increased to 48,000. These patriotic civilians at first showed themselves perfectly capable of maintaining order. All contemporaries, whether Royalist or revolutionary, speak of the admirable way in which the *milice bourgeoise* dealt with the situation. " The magistrates assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, and the inhabitants of the several districts," writes Dr. Rigby, " were called together in the churches to deliberate upon the measures proper to be taken. . . . It was resolved that a certain

¹ Bailly, i. 340.

² *Ibid.* 367 ; Rivarol, p. 45.

³ Madelin, p. 65.

number of the more respectable inhabitants should be enrolled and immediately take arms, that the magistrates should sit permanently at the Hôtel de Ville, and that committees, also permanent, should be formed in every district of Paris to convey intelligence to the magistrates and receive instructions from them. This important and most necessary resolution was executed with wonderful promptitude and unexampled good management."

By the evening of the 13th order was, therefore, once more restored throughout the greater part of the city, but unfortunately the ringleaders were as usual left unimpeded to continue the work of insurrection. A few obscure wretches, mere tools of the conspirators, were hanged, having been handed over to justice by the men who had set them in motion, and who now proceeded to work up a fresh agitation at the Palais Royal and other revolutionary centres of the city. Once more the menace of the troops served as a pretext for inflaming the minds of the people, and the fact that throughout the day these same troops had remained completely inactive, had allowed the citizens to arm without resistance and were even now preparing to withdraw from the neighbourhood of Paris, did not prevent this absurd alarm from gaining ground.

Amongst the most energetic of the panic-mongers on this day was a new recruit to the Orléaniste conspiracy, a young lawyer of peculiarly frightful appearance named Georges Jacques Danton, whose eloquence consisted in a form of noisy badinage that rendered him immensely popular at street corners. His massive head and somewhat Kalmuck features lent themselves singularly well to the violence of his oratory, as, now chaffing, now thundering, he kept his audience in good humour—that pleasure-loving Parisian audience that he, essentially the man of pleasure, understood so well.

Another lawyer, Lavaux, entering the convent of the Cordeliers, the centre of one of the new districts of Paris, found a mob orator in frenzied tones calling the citizens to arms in order to resist an army of 30,000 men who were preparing to march on Paris and massacre the inhabitants. Lavaux was surprised to recognize in this panic-monger his old colleague, Danton, and, never doubting his sincerity, took advantage of the orator pausing for breath to assure him that these fears were unfounded—he himself, Lavaux, had just returned from Versailles, where all was quiet. "You do not understand," Danton answered; "the sovereign people have risen against despotism. Be one of us. The throne is overturned and your employment is gone. Think it well over."¹

¹ *Danton*, by Louis Madelin, p. 19.

There was in Danton a certain frankness that disarmed criticism ; he made no secret of the fact that in the Revolution he saw less the fulfilment of any political aspirations than the opportunity for pleasure and profit.¹ " Young man," he said later on at the Cordeliers to Royer Collard, " come and bellow with us ; when you have made your fortune you can then follow whichever party suits you best." ²

That Danton was definitely financed by the Duc d'Orléans was not only the belief of his political adversaries but the general opinion of Paris. When in August 1790 he sought election as a " notable " of the Constitutional Commune of Paris, he was reported to be " a paid and perfidious agent of the Duc d'Orléans," and rejected for his venality by forty-two out of forty-eight sections of Paris.³ Even M. Louis Madelin, who admires Danton, is unable to clear him from this charge : " The most generally received opinion was that the Duc d'Orléans supported Danton. If we admit that he was paid, it is there, I think, that we must seek the principal payer." And he adds this sentence that in a word sums up Danton's political creed : " *Danton was all his life an Orléaniste.*" ⁴ After such an admission it is idle to accredit Danton with either patriotism or disinterestedness ; that any man who loved his country could sincerely believe he was working for its good in attempting to replace the honest and benevolent Louis XVI. by the corrupt and despotic Duc d'Orléans is inconceivable. The popular conception of Danton as a patriot burning with zeal for liberty and the Republic is therefore based on a fallacy ; Danton was neither a democrat nor a Republican, but a paid agitator of the party who would have instituted a far worse despotism than France had ever before endured.

Already on this 13th of July a triumph had been secured by the conspirators ; the green cockade was discarded as representing the colours of the Comte d'Artois, and red, white, and blue, the livery of the Duc d'Orléans, substituted as the emblem of liberty. The fact that these were also the colours of the town of Paris was a fortunate coincidence that served to veil the manœuvre.⁵

¹ See, amongst many contemporary testimonies, the article on Danton by Beaulieu in the *Biographie Michaud* : " This man had not, like many others, embraced the Revolution as a philosophical speculation ; his views were less elevated. More attached to sensual pleasures, he belonged to that class of intriguers who lend themselves to great upheavals in order to make their fortunes ; sometimes indeed he made no mystery of his projects in this respect." ² *Essais de Beaulieu*, iii. 192.

³ *Études et Leçons sur la Révolution Française*, by Aulard, iv. 134.

⁴ *Danton*, by Louis Madelin, p. 48.

⁵ Historians of all parties have endeavoured to deny this Orléaniste

Throughout the night that followed the leaders of the conspiracy were at work organizing the insurrection of the morrow. A plan of attack on the Bastille had already been drawn up,¹ it only remained now to set the people in motion. This was to be effected by circulating the news early in the morning that the troops were advancing on the city and that the citizens were to be bombarded from within by the cannons of the Bastille. The members of the "committee of electors" at the Hôtel de Ville were now denounced as traitors to the country,² and the death of Flesselles was ordained.³ A further list of proscriptions included the Comte d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, the Maréchal de Broglie, the Prince de Lambesc, the Baron de Bézénval, Foullon and Berthier,⁴ and the people were to be made to carry out these vengeance of the demagogues by the same means that had been employed in the case of Réveillon, that is to say, by affixing to each victim a calumny calculated to rouse the fury of the mob. Thus Broglie, Bézénval, and Lambesc, whose real crime in the eyes of the demagogues was to have ensured the safe transit of supplies into Paris, were to be accused of plotting with "the Court" to massacre the citizens; Foullon, for whose condemnation we have already seen the reason, was

origin of the *tricolore*, but contemporary evidence is strongly in favour of these colours being chosen as those of the duke. Thus Ferrières (*Mem.* i. 119): "The revolutionaries adopted the cockade made of white, blue and red, it was the livery of the duc d'Orléans." Beaulieu (*Essais*, i. 522): "Blue, red and white, which are said to be the colours of the town of Paris, but belong just as much to the duc d'Orléans." Lord Dorset (*Dispatches from Paris*, ii. 243): "Red and white in honour of the duc d'Orléans." Lafayette (*Mem.* iii. 66) speaks of "the strange coincidence that the colours of the town should happen also to be those of the duke." Most convincing of all is the statement of Mrs. Elliott, the duke's mistress, whose sole aim was to exonerate the duke of all complicity in the revolutionary movement (*Journal*, p. 33): "The mob obliged everybody to wear a green cockade for two days, but afterwards they took red, white and blue, the Orléans livery." Moreover, Camille Desmoulins later on admitted the same: "When patriots needed a rallying sign, could they have done better than to choose the colours of the one who first called us to liberty?" (*Révolutions de France et de Brabant*, iv. 439).

¹ This important point, which entirely refutes the idea of the march on the Bastille as a spontaneous movement of the people, is admitted even by revolutionary authorities, by *Deux Amis*, i. 313, note: "It is certain that the taking of the Bastille was planned, and that the day before plans of attack had been drawn up." Also Dussaulx, *De l'Insurrection parisienne et de la Prise de la Bastille*, p. 44: "The taking of the Bastille had been planned. M. le Marquis de la Salle certified to me that the day before he had received for this purpose a plan of attack."

² Marmontel, iv. 180; Dussaulx, p. 206 (edition Monin).

³ Marmontel, iv. 199; Bailly, i. 381, 382

⁴ *Histoire du Règne de Louis XVI*, by Joseph Droz, p. 293; *Histoire de la Révolution*, by Montjoie.

to be declared to have said that "if the people had no bread, they could eat hay"; his son-in-law, Berthier, whose untiring energy in combating the famine had seriously obstructed the designs of the conspirators, was to be denounced to the people as "a monopolizer of grain," and in the case of Flesselles, whose sole crime was loyalty to the King, a forged note was prepared in order to inflame the minds of the populace. For the murder of the Comte d'Artois no pretext was needed; the principal, perhaps the only truly reactionary member of the Royal family, he was already too unpopular to require calumniating, and a placard offering a reward for his head was boldly affixed at the street corners.¹

It will be seen, therefore, that the motives that inspired the demagogues were totally different from those acted on by the people, and this fact explains the confused and frequently abortive nature of the succeeding revolutionary tumults. The leaders had planned that the mob should do one thing, and *the mob, not being in the secret*, did another, hence the apparently inexplicable and pointless crimes that took place. Amongst these, we shall see, was the massacre of the garrison at the Bastille, which had *not* been ordained by the Palais Royal.

THE 14TH OF JULY

Whilst the panic concerning the approach of the troops was thus being prepared, how were these bloodthirsty legions engaged? Bézénval, having waited in vain for orders throughout the whole day of the 13th, decided at one o'clock in the morning of the 14th to retreat to the Champ de Mars and the École Militaire on the other side of the Seine; and thus at the very moment that the alarm of their advance on the city was trumpeted to the terrified population, the troops were actually moving away to the distance. This circumstance might have been expected to refute the false alarm in circulation, but the agitators were clever enough to turn it to their own advantage. The troops were on the move, they told the people, and though they might *appear* to be retreating, this manœuvre was only a question of *reculer pour mieux sauter*—it was evident that De Broglie intended to unite these troops with superior forces in order to make an overwhelming advance on the capital, and reduce it to ashes. Such was the amazing credulity of the Parisians that this ludicrous story was universally believed and once more threw the city into a state of frenzied panic. The citizens, who yesterday had flown to arms against the brigands, now prepared themselves to do battle with the bloodthirsty troops of the King.²

¹ *Essais de Beaulieu*, i. 522.

² Montjoie, *Histoire de la Révolution*, p. 87; Marmontel, iv. 182. See

The terror and confusion that prevailed throughout the city was indescribable; from seven o'clock in the morning of the 14th false alarms succeeded each other without intermission—the Royal Allemand had already encamped at the Barrière du Trône, other regiments had actually entered the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, cannons had been placed across the streets, whilst those on the ramparts of the Bastille were pointing at the city. "At the Palais Royal the most violent motions followed each other with terrifying rapidity; the most vehement orators, mounted on tables, inflamed the imagination of the audience that crowded around them, and spread itself about the city like the burning lava of a volcano; inside the houses were seen the distress of husbands and wives, the grief of mothers, the tears of children; and in the midst of this universal confusion the tocsin sounded without interruption at the cathedral, at the palace (the Palais de Justice) and in all the parishes, drums beat the 'générale' in every quarter, false alarms were repeated, and the cry of 'To arms! To arms!' The machinery of war and desolation, convulsive movements, and the sombre courage of despair—such is the horrible picture that Paris presented on the 14th July."

One might suppose this lurid description to emanate from the pen of an incorrigible reactionary, unable to see in the tumult of the capital the sublime spectacle of a nation rising as one man to oppose tyranny, and representing as agitators those noble orators who called the citizens to arms. Not at all. This account is given by no other than the Two Friends of Liberty themselves, who thus ingenuously disclose the methods used by the revolutionaries to create a panic. For all this terror and confusion, these tears and cries and "movements of despair," *there was no cause whatever*; the troops at the Champ de Mars remained completely inactive, the Bastille was utterly unprepared for defence, still less for aggression, and the only soldiers in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine were the increasing numbers of deserters from the army, whilst the one real danger—the brigands—had been disarmed and subdued by the *"milice bourgeoise"*. Thus the whole agitation was the work of the revolutionary leaders who, in order to accomplish their designs, did not scruple to strike terror and dismay into the hearts of the people. What,

also *Deux Amis de la Liberté*, ii. 297: "The regiments encamped in the Champs Élysées *had retired during the darkness*, but their real motive and the place of their retreat was unknown. An attack was expected every moment; nothing was talked of but the troops that were to come and make an assault on the capital." Historians have almost invariably misrepresented this point, confounding the panic caused by the brigands on the 13th with that caused by the troops on the 14th.

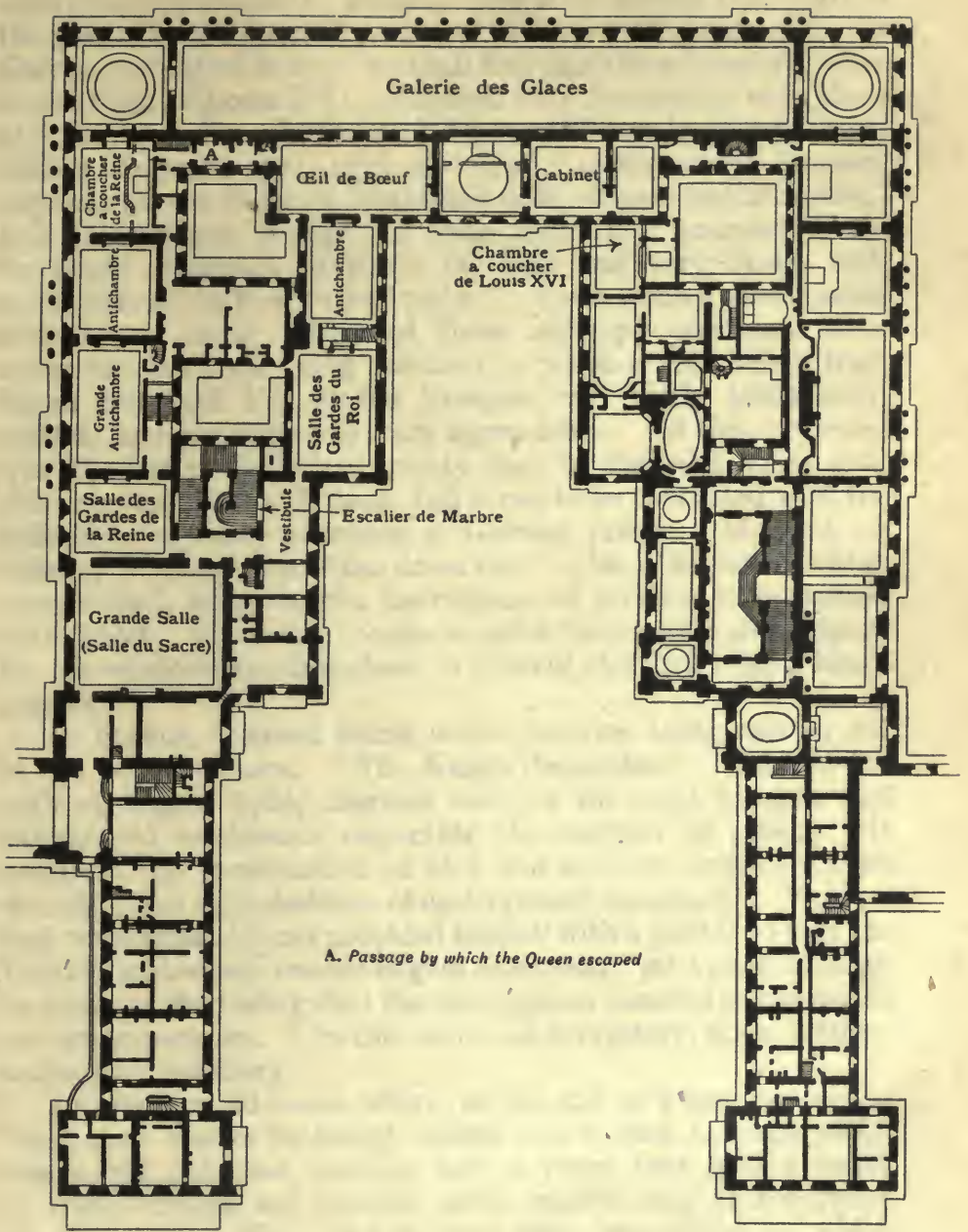
indeed, were the "tears of mothers" or the "cries of children" to cynics such as Laclos and Chamfort, to the members of the councils of Montrouge and of Passy, and the agitators of the Palais Royal, to Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Santerre, and St. Huruge? The "people" existed to serve their purpose, not to inspire their pity.

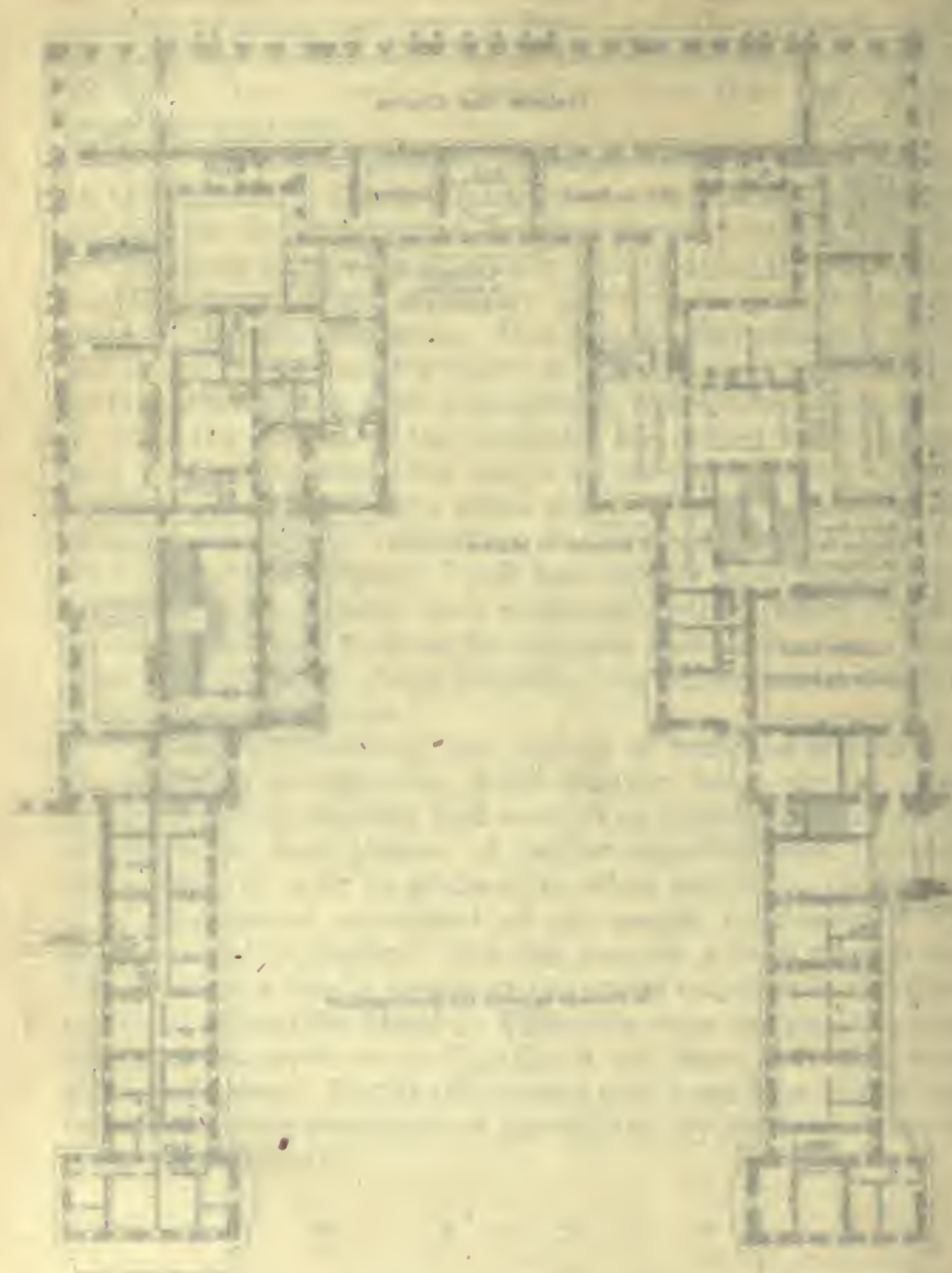
But how was an unarmed multitude to carry out the attack on the Bastille? The disarming of the brigands by the patriotic citizens the day before had deprived the revolutionary leaders of their most valuable instruments, and, in order to re-arm these ragged legions, it was necessary to drive the population once more to raid the armouries. This was speedily effected, and in the course of the morning thirty to forty thousand people of all sorts and conditions, with Théroigne de Méricourt in their midst, invaded the arsenal of the Invalides and seized every weapon they could find, whilst the troops in the neighbouring Champs de Mars—obedient to the order not to shed the blood of the citizens—offered no resistance. "Famished tigers," say the Two Friends of Liberty, "fall less rapidly upon their prey." In the struggle several were suffocated, others killed in their furious endeavours to wrest the weapons from each other. Such were the citizens to whom Flesselles was denounced as a traitor for not delivering arms.

But now the moment had arrived to turn the attention of the people in the direction of the Bastille, for so far the alarm of the pointing cannons had created no popular determination to attack the state prison. A further incentive must therefore be provided in order to produce the effect desired by the leaders of a spontaneous movement of the people to overthrow the monument of despotism. For this purpose a fresh rumour was circulated by a bandit posted in the crowd collected in the Place de Grève around the Hôtel de Ville—the arms the people sought had been conveyed to the Bastille, it was there that they must go to find them. And at this news a roar arose from the excited crowd, and from thousands of throats the cry went up, "Let us go to the Bastille!"

* * * * *

What was the Bastille, that monument of despotism, at whose destruction lovers of liberty all over the world rejoiced? A grey stone fortress with eight pointed towers, surrounded by a dry moat and separated by two drawbridges from a gateway opening into the Rue Saint-Antoine. Over the poor and populous Faubourg it loomed forbiddingly, a mysterious relic of the past, holding within its wall many ancient secrets. Yet was it the





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place of horror it has been represented? In order to realize how far its evil reputation was merited in its day we must compare it with other prisons of the period. Now if we consult the report of the philanthropic John Howard on the *State of the Prisons* all over Europe, published in 1792, we shall find that the prisons of France in the reign of Louis XVI. compared very favourably with those of other countries. In England, Howard tells us he saw prisoners during the years 1774, 1775, and 1776 "pining under diseases, expiring on the floors in loathsome cells, of pestilential fevers," half starved and in rags; in some gaols they occupied "subterranean dungeons, of which the floor was very damp, with sometimes an inch or two of water." Even women were loaded with heavy irons. Many of these unhappy creatures were, moreover, innocent, being detained in prison a year before trial. When Elizabeth Fry visited Newgate over thirty years later, matters had not improved very appreciably. All this, however, was due less to deliberate cruelty than to the carelessness that characterized our forefathers, and is not to be compared with the deliberate brutality exercised in German prisons. Howard, on visiting Germany, was taken down into "a black torture chamber round which hung various instruments of torture, some stained with blood. When the criminals suffer the candles are lighted, for the windows are shut close, to prevent their cries being heard abroad."

In France, Howard found active reforms being carried out in the prison system. "The King's declaration . . . dated the 30th of August 1780, contains some of the most humane and enlightened sentiments respecting the conduct of prisons. It mentions the construction of airy and spacious infirmaries for the sick . . . a total abolition of underground dungeons." Howard had, unfortunately, not provided himself with a permit to visit the Bastille, and so was unable to gain admission,¹ yet in one sentence he sums up the feeling that the state prison inspired in the minds of contemporaries: "In this castle all is mystery, trick, artifice, snare, and treachery."

Imagine an old house where, at the end of a long passage, a black door was to be found, locked and bolted, through which one might not pass, leading into a room that held a secret of some strange and terrible kind, known only to the owner of the house; then picture the wild imaginings to which the mystery would give rise, the children hurrying past with

¹ Visitors were admitted on a permit to the Bastille. "M. Howard could, therefore, have obtained admittance like any one else—he had taken no steps to obtain permission to enter and was sent away, so he was only able to speak of the facts he had collected on the subject" (*Bastille dévoilée*, 2^{ième} Livraison (1789), p. 13).

bated breath, the servants whispering their suspicions to the village, conjuring up monstrous theories of what was to be found there.

Thus the Bastille at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine, with its grim portals and its eight grey towers, provided a perpetual matter of speculation to imaginative minds; and if at times the preposterously thick doors with their gigantic locks opened to admit the curious, they suspected that much was still concealed from them. Down below those stone floors, hidden from the light of day, were there not subterranean dungeons, "the resort of toads, of lizards, of monstrous rats and spiders," where the victims of despotism "pined in darkness and solitude" until the mind gave way, so that when at last deliverance came, the prisoner had passed beyond all human aid? Worse still, were there not dreadful torture-chambers, iron cages eight feet long, in which unhappy captives were confined, and, beneath the masonry of those stone walls, the mouldering skeletons of men done to death secretly at dead of night? Most gruesome of all was the story of the *chambre des oubliettes*, a room of outwardly smiling aspect, scented with flowers, and lit by fifty candles. Here the unsuspecting prisoner was led before the governor and promised his liberty. But the human monster who presided over the destinies of the captives waited only to see the rapture of his victim before giving a signal at which the floor opened, and the wretched man fell upon a wheel of knives and was torn to pieces.¹

Such is the legend of the Bastille, perpetuated by Louis Blanc and Michelet, and in our country by Carlyle and Dickens, but which rests on no shadow of a foundation. It should be noted that it was not amongst the people that the legend arose; "the people," says Mercier, "dread the Châtelet more than the Bastille; they are not afraid of the latter because it does not concern them, consequently they hardly pity those imprisoned there." Such awe as it inspired in them, such curiosity as it aroused in their minds, had therefore been instilled in them by the men whose wealth or talents or importance entitled them to *lettres de cachet*—the tickets of admission to the Bastille. The State Prison, known ironically to contemporaries as the "Hôtel des Gens de Lettres," was almost exclusively reserved for people suspected of designs against the State, for conspirators, forgers, writers of obscene books or seditious pamphlets whose lively imaginations threw a lurid light over their experiences. Of these, the most vehement in their denunciations were Latude and Linguet, both, as M. Funck Brentano and M. Edmond Biré have proved, unscrupulous liars whose testimony is refuted not

¹ *Deux Amis*, i. 375.

merely by the statements of other prisoners, but by the still existing archives of the Bastille.

Researches also made by M. Alfred Begis, M. Victorien Sardou, M. Victor Fournel, M. Ravaisson, and M. Gustave Bord have unanimously revealed the fact that under Louis XVI. the Bastille, though dreadful merely as a place of captivity, bore no resemblance to its legendary counterpart. The damp, dark dungeons had fallen into complete disuse ; since the first ministry of Necker in 1776, no one had ever been imprisoned there. All the rooms were provided with windows, and either stoves or fireplaces, good beds, and furniture, whilst the prisoners were allowed to occupy themselves in various ways—with books, music, drawing, and so on—and in certain cases to meet in each other's rooms for games. The food was excellent and plentiful ; many of the menus recorded by prisoners would tantalize the palate of an epicure, and this was so even under Louis XV., when De Renneville, in a pamphlet written after his release with the object of denouncing the Bastille, admitted that "certain people had themselves imprisoned there in order to enjoy good cheer without expense."¹

Yet, for all these amenities, the abolition of the Bastille as a place of *arbitrary imprisonment* was undoubtedly desired by the nation, and had been demanded by the cahiers of the noblesse as well as of the Tiers États. The request was made, moreover, in no spirit of sedition ; the King was confidently appealed to, in virtue of his well-known humanity, to demolish this relic of bygone tyranny.

As early as 1784 the architect Corbet had published the *Plan of a Public Square to the Glory of Louis XVI. on the Site of the Bastille*, and this scheme was being openly discussed in 1789. Moreover, in the Séance Royale on June 23, Louis XVI. had again proposed the abolition of *lettres de cachet*, thereby, as M. Biré points out, sounding the knell of the Bastille.

The destruction of the Bastille by force was therefore needless from the point of view of the nation as a whole, but necessary to the designs of the revolutionary leaders, firstly, because it deprived the King of the glory of destroying it ; secondly, because it served as a pretext for an insurrection ; thirdly, because it exercised a restraining influence over the Faubourg Saint-Antoine ; and fourthly, because its continued existence was a menace to their personal security. The State Prison must be demolished instantly if they were to make sure of not expiating their crimes within its precincts.

This was the task the people were to be worked up to by terror to perform. It is evident, however, that no intention of this

¹ *De l'Inquisition Française ou Histoire de la Bastille*, 1724.

kind existed in their minds when the march on the Bastille began.¹ On this point all reliable contemporaries are agreed—the idea of “the people” rising as one man to overthrow the “monument of despotism” is a fiction; the greater proportion of the crowd that marched on the Bastille were animated by one motive only—that of procuring arms for their protection.² “It was not,” says M. Funck Brentano, “a question of liberty or of tyranny, of delivering prisoners or of protesting against authority. The taking of the Bastille was carried on to the cries of ‘Vive le Roi!’ ‘March,’ said the women to their men, ‘it is for the King and country!’”³

* * * * *

Whilst the honest citizens, animated by no sanguinary intentions, thus prepared to march on the Bastille, what was the disposition of the Governor, De Launay? It is amusing to compare the fiction circulated amongst the populace with the reality recorded by the colleagues of De Launay. “Despotism,” say the Two Friends of Liberty, “threatened us from the ramparts of the Bastille. De Launay, worthy minister of its vengeance, was entrusted with the care of its fearful dungeons, shuddering at the very name of liberty, trembling lest, with the tears of his victims, the gold that was the object of his desires, the price of their torments and of his brutality, should cease: the cowardly and avaricious satellite of tyranny had long been surrounding himself with arms and cannons. Since the insurrection of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine (the Affaire Réveillon) he had been unceasingly engaged in preparations for defence. . . .”⁴

The truth was that De Launay had reduced the other officers to desperation by his unpreparedness. In vain Bézénval had warned him that the castle was unfit to resist the attack; in vain De Flue, the captain of the Swiss contingent, sent to reinforce the garrison on July 7, urged him to take measures of defence. “From the day of my arrival,” says De Flue, “I learnt to know this man; by the meaningless preparations he made for the defence of his post, and by his continual anxiety and irresolution, I saw clearly that we should be ill commanded if we were attacked. He was so overcome with terror that at night he took for enemies

¹ “This resolution (to attack the Bastille) appeared sudden and unexpected amongst the people, but it was premeditated in the councils of the Revolutionary leaders” (Marmontel, iv. 187).

“There is every reason to conclude, by the false reports and alarms that were circulated everywhere, that it was desired to keep up, to increase the agitation, and lead to the siege of the Bastille” (Bailly, i. 375).

² “They went to the Bastille, but only to get arms and munitions” (Dussaulx, p. 211, edition Monin).

³ *Précis exacte du Cousin Jacques*.

⁴ *Deux Amis*, i. 306.

the shadows of trees and other surrounding objects. . . .”¹ Even M. Flammermont is obliged to admit the pacific intentions of the Governor: “One sees that De Flue cannot understand the weakness of poor De Launay. For him, a soldier by profession and a foreigner, the besiegers are simply enemies—‘*Feinde*’—this is the word he constantly applies to them; *whilst the Governor no doubt saw in them citizens whose blood he feared to shed* even in the defence of the fortress confided to his care.”²

This tribute from a writer whose sole object is to glorify the besiegers of the Bastille effectually disposes of the theory of De Launay as the instrument of despotism. In fact, as all evidence proves, he did everything in his power to settle matters by peaceful arbitration. When at ten o’clock in the morning of the 14th a deputation of three citizens arrived at the Bastille to complain that “the cannons on the ramparts were pointing in the direction of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine”—a position they had always occupied³—De Launay received them with his customary urbanity and invited them to breakfast with him. The cannons, he assured them, should be drawn back in their embrasures; the embrasures themselves should be boarded over to soothe the alarms of the people. No injury whatever should be done to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and in return he hoped that the inhabitants would refrain from aggression.

The deputies lingered so long at De Launay’s hospitable board that the crowd of citizens who had followed them, and were waiting meanwhile in the outer court, began to grow impatient. The sight of the cannons being drawn back in their embrasures added further to their excitement, and it was immediately concluded that this movement had been made for the purpose of charging the guns with balls.

De Launay and the three deputies were still at breakfast when a second deputation arrived from the district surrounding the Bastille, headed by M. Thuriot de la Rozière, and again followed by a crowd. De la Rozière was admitted to the Governor’s apartments opposite the entrance to the courtyard of the prison, and as soon as the three former deputies had departed he addressed De Launay in these words:

“I come, sir, in the name of the nation and of the country to represent to you that the cannons placed on the towers of the Bastille are a cause of great anxiety and spread alarm throughout

¹ *La Journée du 14 Juillet*, by Jules Flammermont, p. lxviii.

² *Ibid.* p. lxix.

³ “If cannons were perceived on the battlements it was because they were habitually used for firing salutes on fête-days: since the far-off Fronde no balls had been fired from them. The Faubourg saw them every morning, but such was the popular excitement that this morning they seemed to assume a threatening aspect” (Madelin, p. 66).

Paris. I beg you to have them taken down, and I hope you will acquiesce with the demand I have been ordered to make to you." De Launay may not have been lion-hearted, but to this proposition he had the courage to reply: "That is not in my power; these cannons have been on the towers from time immemorial and I cannot take them down without an order from the King. Already informed of the alarm they cause in Paris but unable to be taken off their mountings, I have had them drawn back from their embrasures."

No governor of a fortress could possibly make a more pacific reply, but it did not satisfy De la Rozière, who now requested De Launay to admit him to the prison. To this the Governor at first demurred, but finally allowed himself to be over-persuaded by Major de Losme, the most humane and broad-minded of all the officers at the Bastille, known as the "Consoler of the Prisoners," and the very antithesis of the despotic De Flue.

The Governor having led De la Rozière over the smaller draw-bridge into the courtyard of the Bastille, they found the Swiss Guard, some of the Invalides, and all the officers assembled there, whereupon De la Rozière proceeded to appeal to them "in the name of honour, of the nation, and of their country, to change the direction of the cannons and to surrender."

It is difficult here to recognize the "ferocious De Launay shuddering at the very name of liberty": for at this open defiance of his authority he joined De la Rozière in making the soldiers swear that they would not fire or make use of their arms unless they were attacked.¹

De la Rozière, however, not content with this assurance, insisted on wasting more time by going up to inspect the battlements, whilst the people outside grew more and more impatient and excited. De Launay, who had accompanied him, now looked forth from the heights of the Bastille and saw for the first time the large and threatening multitude that completely blocked the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine and was beginning to penetrate into the outer courtyard of the prison. At this sight, it is said, the Governor grew pale; the thing he had long dreaded had come to pass: the people were marching on the Bastille. Was it cowardice that whitened the cheek of the unfortunate Governor? It seems unlikely; De Launay was provided with formidable measures of defence—"fifteen cannons bordered the towers, and three field-pieces were placed in the great courtyard opposite the entrance gate presenting a certain death to those bold enough to attack it. Ammunition, moreover, was not

¹ "On the provocation of the Governor himself the officers and soldiers swore that they would not fire and would not make use of their arms unless they were attacked" (*Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 91).

wanting. . . ." Why, then, should the Governor tremble? Could he not, with a few volleys from his guns, sweep both street and courtyard clear of the encroaching multitude? This was, however, precisely the course he feared to take, so he found himself in the dilemma that faced all upholders of the royal authority throughout the Revolution—the necessity for repressing violence, coupled with a dread of shedding the blood of the people. The power was all in their hands, but they feared to use it, and this fear—the outcome of the philosophy of the age, increased by a knowledge of the King's humanity—paralysed the arm of law and order, and gave to the revolutionaries an immense advantage. This, then, was the fear that caused De Launay to grow pale, and that, according to De Flue, would have made him surrender the castle had not De Flue and the other officers represented to him that he could not thus betray his trust to his royal master.¹

When at last De la Rozière left the castle it was too late to stem the rising tide, and a short half-hour later the armed crowd arrived on the scene. This crowd that we have already seen setting forth for the purpose of obtaining arms had now, however, been reinforced by other elements, which it is important to distinguish if we would attempt to understand the chaotic movement that followed.

First of all, then, there were the honest citizens who desired arms for their defence; secondly, the revolutionary leaders, the ferocious Maillard, Théroigne de Méricourt, and Jourdan, later to be known as "Coupe-tête," all determined to accept no pacific measures but to destroy the castle; thirdly, the motley crew of "brigands" not in the secret of the leaders, thirsting for violence, consisting not only of the aforesaid Marseillais and Italians, but also, according to Marat, of large numbers of *Germans*,² presumably deserters from the royal troops; fourthly and lastly, the crowds of merely curious who longed to explore the innermost recesses of the Bastille, to see for themselves the ghastly torture-chamber, the iron cages and the oubliettes, and bring to light the many nameless and unhappy prisoners lingering forgotten in dark dungeons down below.

This tumultuous and heterogeneous mob, armed with guns, sabres, and hatchets, now surged into the outer courtyard (the Cour de l'Avancée) shouting, "We want the Bastille! Down with the troops!"

¹ *La Journée du 14 Juillet*, p. cxcviii.

² "The Bastille, ill defended, was taken by a few soldiers and a troop of wretches, mostly Germans and also provincials. The Parisians—those eternal idlers (*ces éternels badauds*)—appeared at the fortress, but curiosity alone brought them there to visit the dark dungeons of which the mere idea froze them with terror" (Marat, *Ami du Peuple*, No. 530).

The besiegers were, however, confronted by the raised drawbridge known as the Pont de l'Avancée opening into the Cour du Gouvernement, and beyond that by the second drawbridge leading into the castle itself. Two men, Tournay and Bonne-mère,¹ thereupon climbed to the roof of the shop of M. Riquet, a perfumer, and by this means reached the wall surrounding the moat of the Bastille. Sitting astride on the top they managed to work themselves along to the Corps des Gardes by the side of the drawbridge, and the amazing point is that the garrison allowed them to do this without firing a shot, contenting themselves merely with shouting warnings from the battlements,² and this conciliatory attitude was maintained even when the two men proceeded to cut through the chains of the drawbridge "de l'Avancée," which fell with a terrific crash, killing one man in the crowd and wounding another. Instantly the whole mob rushed forward into the Cour du Gouvernement, and now for the first time the garrison, anxious to prevent their attacking the second drawbridge, opened a fire of musketry, scattering the people in all directions, and finally driving them back into the outer courtyard. This was the incident which gave rise to the legend that De Launay, having let down the drawbridge and enticed the people into the Cour du Gouvernement, treacherously opened fire on them.

Around this treachery—the first of the two with which De Launay was accused during the siege of the Bastille—controversy raged for over a century, but responsible French historians are now agreed that the incident occurred as it is here described.³

The most convincing proof in favour of De Launay lies perhaps in the inexpediency of such a manœuvre. If he would not make use of the legitimate means of defence at his disposal, why should he resort to treachery and thereby needlessly enrage the people? Had he wished to carry death and destruction into their ranks he had only to fire any of his fifteen cannons from the ramparts. There was no necessity to entice them within range of musketry fire.

¹ *Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 92; *Deux Amis*, i. 317. The citizens of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine gave their names as Davanne and Demain, but M. Flammermont (p. ccv, *note*) and M. Victor Fournel, *Les Hommes du 14 Juillet*, p. 216, accept the former statement.

² Even the Two Friends of Liberty admit this: "Two men . . . get up on to the roof of the guard-house in spite of the cries and threats of the garrison of the fortress." See also *Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 93; Marmontel, iv. 191. M. Flammermont's assertion that they acted under the fire of the garrison is therefore contrary not only to evidence, but to probability, for, considering the slow rate at which they must have progressed, they would have proved an easy target had the garrison chosen to fire.

³ "This pretended treachery of De Launay, which was immediately noised all over Paris . . . is disproved not only by the accounts of the

It is easy, however, to understand the misunderstanding that gave rise to the story of De Launay's treachery. The rear-guard of the crowd, seeing the fall of the drawbridge, the onrush of the people in the front, and then the fire directed on them from the battlements, could not know by what means the drawbridge had been let down, and immediately concluded that the order had been given by De Launay so as to lure the people on to their destruction. The cry of treachery having once been uttered, the agitators, mingling in the crowd, saw their opportunity to fan the flame of popular fury, and messengers were despatched all over Paris to circulate the news of De Launay's hideous perfidy. At the Hôtel de Ville it raised a storm of indignation, and a further deputation was sent to the Bastille to inquire of M. de Launay whether he "would be disposed to receive into the château the troops of the Parisian militia, who would guard it with the troops already stationed there and who would be under the orders of the town." But when the deputation arrived, the fusillade going on between the garrison and the besiegers made it impossible to communicate with the Governor, and in the frightful uproar that now prevailed the white handkerchiefs waved by the deputies in sign of truce passed unperceived. A second deputation, armed this time with a flag and drum, succeeded, however, in attracting the attention of the Governor and officers on the battlements, who replied by inviting the deputies to come forward, but to persuade the crowd to keep back. At the same moment a subordinate officer on the ramparts, to prove the good faith of the garrison, reversed his gun in sign of peace, and this example was followed by his comrades, who called out loudly to the crowd, "Have no fear, we will not fire, stay where you are. Bring forward your flag and your deputies. The Governor will come down and speak to you."

But here another misunderstanding occurred which gave rise to the story of a second treachery on the part of De Launay,

besieged but of the besiegers themselves, and is rejected to-day by all historians" (Funck Brentano, *Légendes et Archives de la Bastille*, p. 256). M. Flammermont admits with regard to this accusation: "All that is false." Even M. Louis Blanc with a rare impulse of fairness absolves De Launay from this charge: "Such was the confusion that the greater number (of the crowd) were not aware under what intrepid effort the chains of the first bridge had been broken; they believed that the Governor himself had given the order to let it down in order to entice the multitude and more easily to make carnage amongst them. . . . De Launay was capable of having given the order to fire but not of having committed the perfidious atrocity imputed to him, and justice demands that his memory should be openly cleared of it" (*Histoire de la Révolution*, ii. 381). In spite of all this evidence the story of De Launay's treachery is persistently repeated by nearly every English writer.

for just as the deputies were about to advance, a man in the crowd—obviously an agitator posted there to prevent arbitration—started a fresh alarm that one of the cannons was pointing at the people, and immediately every one took up the cry and urged the deputies not to trust the “perfidious promises” of the garrison.¹ The deputies thereupon retreated into the Cour de l’Orme and remained standing there for a quarter of an hour, disregarding the shouts of the garrison urging them to advance. De Launay, now convinced that the signals of peace were merely a ruse to obtain admittance to the castle by treachery, remarked to his officers: “You must perceive, messieurs, that these deputies and this flag cannot belong to the town; the flag is certainly one that the people have seized and which they are using to surprise us. If they were really deputies they would not have hesitated, considering the promise you made them, to come and declare to me the intentions of the Hôtel de Ville!”²

Then, since the crowd continued to fire at the garrison, the garrison once more returned their fire, and the battle continued with redoubled violence. The story of this second treachery of De Launay was again circulated through Paris—the Governor, it was said, had replied to the flag of truce with signs of peace and, the deputies having confidently advanced, the garrison had discharged a volley of musketry, killing several people at their side. Around this point again controversy has raged, but all reliable evidence proves that the second accusation of treachery was as unfounded as the first,³ for on two points all accounts agree—the deputies did not advance and the crowd continued without interruption to fire on the garrison.

Moreover, to this second charge of treachery, as to the first,

¹ *Deux Amis*, i. 325.

² “Récit des Assiégés,” *Deux Amis*, i. 321; *Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 97.

³ The legend was repeated at the time by a great number of writers, including even Lord Dorset, who was not present at the siege, and whose account is inaccurate in nearly every point. It is refuted, however, not only by Montjoie, Beaulieu, and Marmontel, but by the principal revolutionary authorities—*Bastille dévoilée* (ii. 99); Dussaulx, p. 219 (edition Monin): “In order to have the right on all these points, to accuse the Governor and his garrison of perfidy one would have to be very certain that they saw and recognized the signals of the deputies, and if they did indeed perceive them it must be admitted that it was impossible for them to cease action whilst the fire of the besiegers continued, and whilst they were being shot at not only from the foot of the fortress but from the tops of the neighbouring houses.” Beaulieu explains the situation by stating that a part of the garrison—that is to say the Invalides—were on the side of the people, and that it was they who signed to them to advance, whilst the rest—the Swiss—were for holding out, and it was they who fired. This is the view taken by Louis Blanc (ii. 385), who also in this instance denies De Launay’s treachery. “No historian any longer admits this legend,” says M. Louis Madelin.

the same line of reasoning may be applied—what object could De Launay possibly have for needlessly infuriating the people, though still at this stage of the siege he refused to open fire on them from the cannons? Further, why should he fire on a deputation when we know from the evidence of his officers that he would have seized any opportunity to capitulate, and that it was mainly at the instance of the Swiss De Flue that he continued the siege? ¹ Obviously, as Beaulieu remarks, “there was no treachery, but only a frightful confusion.”

At the Hôtel de Ville the news of De Launay's latest perfidy roused a fresh storm of indignation, and the wildest rumours were circulated amongst the crowd assembled in the Place de Grève. Now, amongst the groups of citizens angrily discussing the situation, there moved a tall young man, who listened eagerly to all that was said, and at last entering into the conversation heard of the “massacre of citizens” that was taking place at the Bastille. This young man was Pierre Hulin, the manager of a laundry on the outskirts of Paris; he had come into Paris early that morning on business, and, finding a crowd assembled in the Place de Grève, he joined it at the precise moment that the news of De Launay's second treachery had set all minds aflame. Hulin, who was a brave man, unconnected with any intrigue, shared the general indignation, and seeing that his handsome countenance and commanding appearance had evidently found favour with the multitude, he turned and addressed them in these spirited words:

“My friends, are you citizens? Let us march on the Bastille! Our friends, our brothers, are being massacred. I will expose you to no chances, but if there are risks to run, I will be the first to run them, and I swear to you on my honour that I will bring you back victorious or you will bring me back dead!” ²

The people, taking this courageous and eloquent young man to be at least an officer, immediately rallied around him, and the whole Place de Grève resounded with the cry, “You shall be our commander!”

Hulin accepted and found himself at the head of an army by no means contemptible; here were grenadiers of Ruffeville, fusiliers of the company of Lubersac, a host of bourgeois, and three cannons, and these on their way to the Bastille were reinforced by several Invalides and two more cannons.

In this second start for the Bastille there was undeniably a strong element of heroism; these men setting forth, burning with indignation at a supposed outrage on their fellow-citizens,

¹ *Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 127, 128. See also account by De Flue in *Revue Retrospective*.

² Montjoie, *Hist. de la Révolution*, xlv. 110; *Deux Amis*, i. 327.

are in no way to be confounded with the brigands who had preceded them. To attack the fortress, which at this moment they honestly regarded as the stronghold of tyranny, belching forth fire and smoke on all those who attempted to approach it, was indeed a brave adventure that required no little personal courage and self-sacrifice. The fact that all the commotion was based on a misunderstanding does not detract from the gallantry of the enterprise. The incident is all the more remarkable in that *it was the one and only occasion in the history of the Revolution when a crowd was led by a true man of the people*, and not by the professional agitators or their tools. Hulin was a noble and disinterested man, and, as we shall see, proved himself worthy of the confidence the people had placed in him.

This formidable contingent with their five cannons, Hulin marching at the head of the bourgeois, sergeants leading the Gardes Françaises, arrived at the Bastille by way of the Arsenal to find a scene of indescribable confusion. The crowd, infuriated by De Launay's supposed treachery, had bethought themselves of a plan for burning down his house by wheeling wagon-loads of straw into the Cour du Gouvernement and setting light to them. The brigands in the crowd, not content with inanimate objects on which to vent their fury, seized on a pretty girl, Mlle. de Monsigny, the daughter of a captain of the Invalides, whom they took to be the daughter of De Launay, and by signs intimated to the garrison that they would burn her alive if the castle were not surrendered. The girl, who was little more than a child, fainted with terror, and was dragged unconscious on to a heap of straw. M. de Monsigny, seeing this from the towers of the castle, rushed to his daughter's rescue, but was knocked down by two shots from the besiegers, and the horrible crime was only averted by the bravery of Aubin Bonnemère—he who had cut the chains of the drawbridge—and who now succeeded in carrying the girl away to a place of safety.

It is difficult to reconstruct the exact order of events at this point of the siege, but it would seem that the arrival of Hulin and the army with cannons coincided with the setting light to the wagon-loads of straw, and that at this moment the first and only charge was fired from one of the cannons of the Bastille. According to Montjoie the discharge was made when the garrison perceived the cannons of the besiegers arriving on the scene; according to the Two Friends of Liberty it followed on the attempt to set fire to the Governor's house; but on one point all authorities are agreed—*the Bastille had fifteen cannons, and during the whole siege one was fired once*.¹ No further proof is needed of

¹ *Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 101 note, 121; *Deux Amis*, i. 326; Montjoie, *Histoire de la Révolution de France*, xlv. 112; Marmontel, iv. 193.

De Launay's humanity: had he chosen to make use of the means within his power, even the authors of the *Bastille dévoilée* are obliged to admit, he could have swept the courtyard clear of assailants: "If the platform of the great bridge had been lowered, and the three cannons charged with grape-shot in the courtyard had been fired, what carnage would not have been made?"¹ But now the artillery of the besiegers being brought into play, the confusion reached its height: the roar of the cannons and the rattle of musketry mingled with the howls of the mob, whilst the smoke of the burning wagon-loads of straw blinded and nearly suffocated the besiegers. A brave soldier, Élie, of the Queen's Infantry, assisted by a "muscular and intrepid linen-draper, Réole," at the risk of their lives dashed into the flames and removed the wagons, thereby clearing the atmosphere, but in no way quieting the pandemonium. On all sides men were falling dead and dying to the ground, but most of these casualties were caused, not by the fire of the Bastille, but by the crowd itself who, not knowing how to load the cannon, were killed by the recoil or were fired on by each other. Hulin had succeeded, however, in destroying by gun-fire the chains of the drawbridge de l'Avancée, whereupon the whole mob pressed forward once more into the Cour du Gouvernement, and two cannons were mounted opposite the second drawbridge leading into the Bastille itself.

This movement seems to have entirely deranged De Launay; obliged to choose, and choose immediately, between the shame of surrender and the wholesale massacre of the people by cannon fire, he was indeed between the devil and the deep sea, and it is said that, unable to decide on either course, he now resolved on the desperate measure of setting light to the powder magazine and blowing up the castle. But two Invalides, Becquard and Ferrand, restrained his hand, thereby saving both besiegers and besieged from total destruction.

One thing is certain, the garrison made almost no defence. "I was present at the siege of the Bastille," says the Chancellor Pasquier, "and the so-called combat was not serious; the resistance shown was practically nil. . . . A few shots from guns were fired (by the besiegers) to which no reply was made, then four or five cannon shots. . . . What I did see perfectly was the action of the soldiers, Invalides and others, ranged on the platform of the high tower, raising the butts of their rifles in the air, and expressing by every means used under such circumstances the wish to surrender."²

¹ *Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 126; Montjoie, *ibid.* xlv. 112.

² See also *Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 121: "The garrison, so to speak, made no resistance." Georget, one of the besieging gunners, expressed the same opinion

It is evident, as Beaulieu says, that the garrison were divided, the Swiss, with De Flue at their head, urging the Governor to continue the siege, and the Invalides, whose sympathies were with the people, begging him to capitulate.¹ At last De Launay, yielding to the entreaties of the latter, ordered two of his men to go up to the battlements with a drum and a white flag of truce. No flag was forthcoming, but the Governor's handkerchief was hoisted on a staff, and with this banner the men paraded the towers of the prison for a quarter of an hour. The people, however, continued to fire, and replied to the overtures of the garrison with cries of "Down with the bridges! No capitulation!"

De Launay then retired to the Salle de Conseil and wrote a desperate message to the besiegers: "We have twenty thousand weight of powder; we shall blow up the garrison and the whole district if you do not accept the capitulation."

In vain De Flue represented to De Launay that this terrible expedient was wholly needless, that the gates of the fortress were still intact, that means of defence were not lacking, that the garrison had suffered the loss of only one man killed and two wounded—the note was handed to a Swiss, who passed it through a hole in the raised drawbridge to the crowd beyond. The besiegers gathered on the stone bridge at the other side of the moat were at first unable to reach it, but a plank was fetched, a man in the crowd came forward, walked along it, fell into the moat and was killed instantly. A second man followed—according to one report Élie, according to another Maillard—and this time the slip of paper was safely conveyed to the people. At the words, read aloud by Élie, a confused cry arose, "Down with the bridges!" but whilst some added, "No harm shall be done you," others continued to shout, "No capitulation!" But Élie answered loudly, "On the word of an officer no one shall be injured; we accept your capitulation; let down your bridges!"

On the strength of this promise De Launay gave up the key of the smaller drawbridge, the bridge was let down, and the leaders of the people—Élie, Hulin, Tournay, Maillard, Réole, Arné, and Humbert—entered the castle. The next moment an unknown hand inside the courtyard of the prison lowered the great drawbridge, and instantly the immense crowd poured on to it and with a mighty rush surged forward into the Bastille. Whose was the hand that did the deed? No one to this day knows for certain. De Launay had not intended

¹ "The Swiss exhorted the Governor to resist, but the staff and the non-commissioned officers strongly urged him to surrender the fortress" (*Deux Amis*, ii. 333).

admitting the crowd before parleying with the leaders, and it seems probable that the bridge was treacherously lowered by certain of the Invalides who were in collusion with the people.¹

If so, they paid dearly for their cowardice; for the mob, according to the habit of mobs, did not pause to discriminate, but fell upon the Invalides with fury, leaving the Swiss to escape unharmed.

Meanwhile Élie and his comrades approached the Governor, who was standing with his staff in the great courtyard dressed in a grey coat, with a poppy-coloured ribbon in his buttonhole, and holding in his hand a gold-headed sword-stick. According to certain accounts Maillard, or a man named Degain, there-upon seized him, crying out, "You are the Governor of the Bastille." Legris addressed him brutally.² Marmontel shows a nobler picture of this dramatic moment:

"Élie entered with his companions, all brave men and thoroughly determined to keep their word. Seeing this the Governor came up to him, embraced him, and presented him with his sword and the keys of the Bastille." "I refused his sword," Élie told Marmontel, "I only accepted the keys." Élie's companions greeted the staff and officers of the castle with the same cordiality, swearing to act as their guard and their defence.³ Hulin, too, kissed the unfortunate Governor, promising to save his life, and De Launay returning the embrace, pressed the hand of Hulin, saying, "I trust to you, brave man, and I am your prisoner."

But though these pioneers showed themselves magnanimous, "those that followed them breathed only carnage and vengeance," for at the fall of the great drawbridge it was the brigands armed with forks and hatchets who first penetrated into the castle, leaving the soldiers who had carried on the siege at the other side of the moat. This horrible crowd gathered so threateningly around the Governor that Élie, Hulin, and Arné resolved to lead him out of the castle to the Hôtel de Ville. At the risk of their lives the little procession started out, Élie carrying the

¹ "An Invalide came to open the door situated behind the drawbridge and asked what they wanted. 'That the Bastille should be surrendered,' they replied. Then he let them in" (*Deux Amis*, i. 337). "I was very much surprised . . . to see four Invalides approach the door, open them, and let down the bridges" (*Relation de de Flue*, Flammermont, ccxxxv.).

² "Récit de Pitra," *La Journée du 14 Juillet*, p. 48; Montjoie, *Hist. de la Révolution*, xlv. 115.

³ Marmontel, iv. 194. "The ones who entered first approach the vanquished with humanity, throw their arms round the necks of the staff officers as a sign of peace and reconciliation, and take possession of the fortress as surrendered by capitulation" (*Deux Amis*, i. 338).

capitulation on the point of his sword, Hulin and Arné following with De Launay held between them.

Thus began the terrible journey to the Place de Grève ; fighting every inch of the way, the two heroic men led their prisoner, receiving on their heads and shoulders the blows of the multitude. All through the seething Rue Saint-Antoine Hulin never left the arm of De Launay ; struck at, fired at, insulted, he struggled forward ; once, fearing that the bare head of the Governor exposed him to danger, Hulin quickly covered it with his own hat, but the next instant nearly fell himself a victim to the fury of the populace. Three times the people tore De Launay from his arms, and three times Hulin wrenched him from their clutches with torn garments and blood streaming from his face. De Launay, wounded from head to foot, pale but resolute, " with head held high and a still proud eye," made no complaint, uttered not a single murmur, only when the crowd had again hurled themselves upon him, and Hulin once more dashing into the fray had caught him in his arms and borne him from their midst, the old man pressed him to his heart and cried, " You are my saviour. Only a little more strength and courage. . . . Stay with me as far as the Hôtel de Ville." And turning to Élie he exclaimed, " Is this the safety you promised me ? Ah, sir, do not leave me."

But Hulin's strength was now rapidly failing him. The interminable journey was almost ended ; they had reached the Arcade de St. Jean—only forty steps onward to the Hôtel de Ville and safety. But even as they entered the Place de Grève a furious horde of brigands bore down on the procession, and once more De Launay was torn from the arms of his protectors, whilst this time Hulin, utterly exhausted, sank upon a heap of stones—or, according to another account, was dragged there by the hair and flung down senseless. When again he opened his eyes it was to see the head of De Launay raised on a pike amidst the savage cries of his murderers.

" I have seen the *Sieur Hulin* more than a year afterwards," writes *Montjoie*, " grow pale with horror and shed torrents of tears as he recalled that bloody sight. ' The last words of the *Marquis de Launay* will always echo in my heart,' he said ; ' night and day I see him, overwhelmed with insults, covered with blood, and gently addressing his murderers with these words, " Ah, my friends, kill me, kill me on the spot ! For pity's sake do not let me linger ! " ' "

Ghostly as was the massacre of De Launay, it was followed by crimes even more glaringly unjust. The Swiss who, as we have seen, during the siege of the Bastille were the keenest to continue the defence, and to whom most of the firing was due, one and all escaped without injury, but to the Invalides, who

had sympathized with the besiegers, the crowd showed no pity. Three were immediately put to death, and amongst these was Becquard, who had restrained De Launay from blowing up the castle. The hand that had thus saved the lives of countless citizens was cut off and paraded through the streets, then Becquard himself was hoisted to the fatal lantern. Three officers also perished, and to make the senseless violence of the day complete, De Flue, who throughout the siege had urged the Governor to greater severity, was allowed to escape, whilst the merciful De Losme was barbarously butchered.

Two former Bastille prisoners, the Marquis de Pelleport and the Chevalier de Jean,¹ entered the Place de Grève at the moment of De Launay's death. Pelleport, seeing that the same fate would befall De Losme, who during his captivity had always been his friend, rushed forward and threw his arms around him.

"Wait!" he cried to the mob, "you are going to sacrifice the best man in the world! I was five years in the Bastille, and he was my consoler, my friend, my father!"

At this De Losme raised his eyes and said gently, "Young man, what are you doing? Go back, you will only sacrifice yourself without saving me."

But Pelleport still clung to De Losme, and since he was unarmed, attempted with his hands to keep off the raging multitude.

"I will defend him against you all!" he cried; "yes, yes, against you all!"

Thereupon a brigand in the crowd dealt Pelleport a blow with an axe that cut into his neck, and raising the weapon was about to strike again when De Jean flung himself upon him and threw him to the ground. But De Jean in his turn was assailed on all sides, struck with sabres, pierced with bayonets, until at last he fell fainting on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. Then De Losme was massacred, and his head was raised on a pike and carried in procession with De Launay's.

The remaining Invalides were led through Paris amidst the execrations of the crowd: twenty-two of these unfortunate old men and several Swiss children in the service of the Bastille were brought to the Hôtel de Ville, where on their arrival a revolutionary elector² brutally addressed them with these words: "You fired on your fellow-citizens, you deserve to be hanged, and you will be on the spot." Instantly a chorus of voices took up the cry: "Give them up to us that we may hang them!" But the Gardes Françaises, with Élie at their head, interposed, throwing themselves courageously between the Invalides and their assailants.

¹ Charles de Jean de Manville, half-brother to the Comtesse de Sabran, a *mauvais sujet* who had been imprisoned in the Bastille for forging a will.

² *Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 110; *Hist. de la Révolution*, par Montjoie.

"I shall never forget that terrible moment," wrote Pitra; "the crowd hurling itself upon the prisoners, the Swiss on their knees, the Invalides clasping the feet of Élie, who, standing on a table crowned with laurels, vainly strove to make his voice heard above the tumult, whilst the Gardes Françaises surrounded them, making a rampart of their bodies and tearing them from the hands of those who would have dragged them away."

So, says Montjoie, "men of no education, soldiers and rebels, gave a lesson in justice and humanity to the barbarous elector."

But this mobile crowd, stirred by a word to violence, was also by a word moved to pity. Suddenly one of the Gardes Françaises cried aloud, "We ask for the lives of our old comrades as the price of the Bastille and of the services we have rendered!" Élie in a broken voice, with trembling lips, joined his entreaties to theirs, "I ask for mercy to be shown to my companions as the prize of our deeds"; and pointing to the silver plate belonging to De Launay which had been offered to him he added, "I want none of this silver; I want no honours. Mercy, mercy for these children," he turned to the little Swiss standing by him; "mercy, mercy for these old men," he added, taking the hands of the trembling Invalides, "for they have only done their duty."

"Élie," says Dussaulx, "reigned supreme, as he continued to calm the minds of the people. His disordered hair, his streaming brow, his dented sword held proudly, his torn and crumpled clothing, served to heighten and to sanctify the dignity of his appearance, and gave him a martial air that carried us back to heroic times. All eyes were fixed on him. . . . I seem still to hear him speaking: 'Citizens, above all, beware of staining with blood the laurels you have bound about my head—otherwise take back your palms and crowns!'"

At these noble words a sudden silence fell on the tumultuous crowd, then a few voices murmured "Mercy!" and the next moment a mighty shout went up from every mouth. "Mercy, yes, mercy, mercy for all!" and the great hall re-echoed the cry of pardon.

So at last the Invalides and little Swiss were led out by the same crowd that had clamoured for their blood, and fêted amidst general rejoicing.

"Thus ended this great scene of fury, of vengeance, of victory, of joy, of atrocities, but where there gleamed a few rays of humanity."¹

More than a few rays! On this terrible 14th of July great deeds were done, deeds of glorious valour and self-sacrifice. Against the murky background of brutality and horror the names of Élie, Hulin, Arné, Bonnemère stand out in shining letters, and

¹ Bailly, i. 385.

the fact that these men took no part in the subsequent excesses of the Revolution shows that they were not the tools of agitators but honest men acting on their own initiative and, as such, truly representative of the people. For patriots like these the revolutionary leaders had no use; the instruments they needed were of a different stamp. Jourdan, Maillard, Théroigne, Desnot, the "cook out of place" who had cut off the head of De Launay, all these will reappear again and again in the great scenes of the Revolution, but of Élie we shall hear no more.

What share must we attribute to the people in the crimes of this day? Out of the 800,000 inhabitants of Paris only approximately 1000 took any part in the siege of the Bastille,¹ and we have already seen the elements of which this 1000 were composed. That the mob by whom the atrocities were committed consisted mainly of the brigands, the evidence of Dussaulx further testifies:

"They were men," he says, "armed like savages. And what sort of men? Of the sort that one could not remember ever having met in broad daylight. Where did they come from? Who had drawn them from their gloomy lairs?" And again: "They did not belong to the nation, these brigands that were seen filling the Hôtel de Ville, some nearly naked, others strangely clothed in garments of divers colours, beside themselves with rage, most of them not knowing what they wanted, demanding the death of the victims pointed out to them, and demanding it in tones that more than once it was impossible to resist." Further, that they were actually *hired* for their task is evident. Mme. Vigée le Brun records that on the morning of this day she overheard two men talking; one said to the other, "Do you want to earn 10 francs? Come and make a row with us. You have only got to cry, 'Down with this one! down with that one.' Ten francs are worth earning." The other answered, "But shall we receive no blows?" "Go to!" said the first man, "it is we who are to deal the blows!"

Dussaulx confirms this statement in referring to the *lanterne*, "where butchers *paid* by real assassins committed atrocities worthy of cannibals."

But tools when they happen to be human are sometimes difficult to manipulate. In massacring the garrison of the Bastille it is evident that the brigands exceeded their orders,

¹ So little commotion did the siege of the Bastille cause in Paris that Dr. Rigby, unaware that anything unusual was going on, went off early in the afternoon to visit the gardens of Monceaux. "I doubt not that it (the attack on the Bastille) had begun a considerable time and even been completed before it was known to many thousands of the inhabitants as well as to ourselves."

for neither De Launay nor the Invalides had been proscribed in the councils of the revolutionary leaders.¹ The murder of Flesselles, the provost-marshal, had, however, as we have seen, been ordained during the preceding night. The forged note was prepared and handed round amongst the populace; it purported to be a message from Flesselles to De Launay and contained these words: "I am keeping the Parisians amused with promises and cockades; hold out till the evening and you will be reinforced." This note, of which only a copy was produced, and the original, though sought for during six months, could never be discovered, is admitted by Dussaulx, Bailly, and Pitra to have been merely the faked-up pretext given to the people by those who desired the death of Flesselles. But on this occasion "the people" proved recalcitrant, and Flesselles was allowed to pass unharmed out of the Hôtel de Ville. Then a hired assassin, "not a man of the people," says Montjoie, but a well-to-do jeweller named Moraire, approached him as he came down the steps and fired a revolver into his ear. Flesselles fell dead, and the crowd, once more carried away by the sight of blood, cut off his head and bore it on a pike with De Launay's to the Palais Royal. Thus perished the first victim on the list of proscriptions drawn up by the Palais Royal; the only other in Paris at the time was the Prince de Lambesc, but though attacked by the mob, his carriage seized and burnt, he was able to make good his escape. At the King's command the Comte d'Artois, De Breteuil, and De Broglie left Versailles and succeeded in reaching the frontier unmolested, thus avoiding the fate designed for them by the conspirators, but the Prince de Condé on his journey from Chantilly encountered at Crépy-en-Valois—the constituency of the Duc d'Orléans—emissaries sent by the duke to stir up the peasants, and narrowly escaped drowning in the Oise.

Foullon, though warned of the conspirators' intentions regarding him, was at his château of Morangis and refused to fly. To the supplications of his daughter-in-law he only answered: "My daughter, you are aware of all the infamies circulated about me; if I leave I shall seem to justify my condemnation. My life is pure, I wish it to be examined, and to leave my children an untarnished name." He consented, however, to go to the château of his friend M. de Sartines at Viry, and on the morning of the 22nd of July he started forth on foot. M. de Sartines was out when he arrived, and Foullon awaited his return in the garden, when suddenly a horde of ruffians, led by one Grappe,

¹ Malouet, i. 325; Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 87. On this point Montjoie shows great fairness, for he does not attribute to the Orléanistes crimes that were not of their devising. It is evident that he had definite grounds for his accusations.

burst in upon him. His whereabouts had been discovered by the treachery of a servant of Sartines'—not, as certain writers have stated, his own servant, who remained with him and endeavoured to protect him from his murderers.

Then the unfortunate old man of seventy-four was led to Paris, and in ghastly mockery the ruffians proceeded to mimic the sufferings of our Lord, crowning Foullon with thorns and, when on the long road to Paris he complained of thirst, giving him vinegar to drink.

At the Hôtel de Ville Lafayette vainly attempted to save him from the fury of the populace. "But this agitation," says Bailly, now the mayor of Paris, "was not natural and spontaneous. In the square, and even in the hall, people of decent appearance were seen mingling in the crowd and exciting them to severity. One well-dressed man, addressing the bench, cried out angrily, 'What need is there to judge a man who has been judged for thirty years?' " The lying phrase attributed to Foullon, "If the people have no bread let them eat hay," was successfully circulated, and at last the infuriated mob stuffed his mouth with hay and hung him to the lantern.¹

Meanwhile Foullon's son-in-law, Berthier, was arrested at Compiègne, in the midst of his efforts to assure the provisioning of Paris. It was said, to inflame the passions of the crowd, that he had ordered the corn to be cut green so as to starve the people. The truth was that letters had reached him from all sides describing the urgent demand for grain, and Necker himself had written on the 14th of July ordering him to cut 20,000 septiers of rye before the harvest in order to supply the present need,² but Berthier had refused to comply, preferring to ensure the circulation of grain already stored, and by means of untiring activity he succeeded in providing the necessary supplies. This, of course, the revolutionaries could not forgive him, and Berthier was driven to Paris amidst the execrations of the populace. As he entered the capital, followed by a mob of armed brigands, the head of his father-in-law was thrust through his carriage-window on the end of a pike. Faint with hunger and sick with horror he reached the Hôtel de Ville, but before the lantern could be lowered a mutineer of the Royal Cravatte plunged his sabre into his body. Thereupon "a monster of ferocity, a cannibal," tore

¹ Von Sybel, in his *History of the French Revolution*, i. 81 (Eng. trans.), says of the death of Foullon: "This crime was not the result of an outbreak of popular fury, it had cost the revolutionary leaders large sums of money, for which thousands of assassins were to be had. In Mirabeau's correspondence the following statement occurs: 'Foullon's death cost hundreds of thousands of francs, the murder of the baker François only a few thousands.'"

² *La Prise de la Bastille*, by Gustave Bord, p. 33.

out his heart, and Desnot, the "cook out of place" who had cut off the head of De Launay and again "happened" to be on the spot, carried it to the Palais Royal.¹ This ghastly trophy, together with the victim's head, was placed in the middle of the supper-table around which the brigands feasted.

Such were the consequences of the siege of the Bastille so vaunted by panegyrists of the Revolution. Well may M. Madelin exclaim: "A new era was born of a prodigious lie. Liberty bore a stain from its birth, and the paradox once created can never be dispelled."

And what of the Bastille, that haunt of despotism, whose destruction was to atone for these atrocities? Alas for the deception of the people, their investigation of the hated fortress revealed nothing remotely resembling the visions presented to their imaginations—no skeletons or corpses were to be found, no captives in chains, no oubliettes, no torture-chambers.² True, an "iron corselet" was discovered, "invented to restrict a man in all his joints and to fix him in perpetual immobility," but this was proved to be an ordinary suit of armour; a destructive machine, "of which one could not guess the use," turned out to be a printing-press confiscated by the police; whilst a collection of human bones that seemed to offer a sinister significance was traced to the anatomical collection of the surgery.

The prisoners proved equally disappointing. Seven only were found—four forgers, Béchade, Lacaurège, Pujade, and Laroche; two lunatics, Tavernier and De Whyte, who were mad before they were imprisoned, and the Comte de Solages, incarcerated for "monstrous crimes" at the request of his family. The first four disappeared into Paris. The remaining three were paraded through the streets and exhibited daily as a show to an interested populace. Finally, the Comte de Solages was sent back to his inappreciative relations, whilst a kind-hearted wig-maker attempted keeping Tavernier as a pet, but was obliged to return him hastily to the Comité, who despatched him with De Whyte to the lunatic asylum at Charenton.

The Revolution showed itself less indulgent to Bastille prisoners than the Old Régime. The romantic conception of Dickens in the *Tale of Two Cities*, wherein a former victim of

¹ Note that even the Two Friends of Liberty admit that the death of Berthier was engineered: "It seems that the people, without knowing it, were the blind instruments of the vengeance of the intendant's private enemies or of the cruel prudence of his accomplices. Electors noticed from the windows of the Hôtel de Ville several people scattered about the square who seemed to be the leading spirits of the different groups and to direct their movements" (*Deux Amis*, ii. 73).

² *Bastille dévoilée*, ii. 21, 39, 82.

despotism is made to remark that "as a Bastille prisoner not a soul would harm a hair of his head," is entirely refuted by history. Two, as we have already seen, were nearly massacred in their attempts to save De Losme, and subsequently *no less than ten Bastille prisoners perished at the hands of the revolutionaries*—eight were guillotined and two were shot. Of these—greatest irony of all—was Linguet, the man whose revelations had contributed more than any other evidence to inflame public feeling on the subject of the Bastille. Linguet did his best to atone for the calumnies he had circulated, for in December 1792 he wrote to Louis XVI. begging to be allowed the honour of defending him. Eighteen months later, in one of the many horrible prisons of the Terror where he awaited his summons to the guillotine, Linguet had leisure to meditate on the amenities of the Bastille.

THE KING'S VISIT TO PARIS

It was through the medium of the Palais Royal that the news of the taking of the Bastille reached Versailles, for the King's messengers were waylaid by revolutionary emissaries, whilst the Vicomte de Noailles and other Orléanistes were deputed to announce the events of the day to the Assembly. Needless to say, these events were ingeniously distorted to suit the purpose of the intrigue—the Bastille had been taken by force, De Launay had fired on the deputation of citizens and met with the just reward of his treachery at the hands of "the people." The presence of the troops was, of course, still represented as the only reason for these disorders.

The King, informed of the desperate state of affairs, replied to the Assembly: "You rend my heart more and more by the account you give me of the troubles of Paris. It is not possible to believe that the orders given to the troops can be the cause." They were most certainly not the cause, and the removal of the troops was followed a week later, as we have seen, by disorders still more frightful in the massacres of Foullon and of Berthier. But the King, assured by succeeding deputations that no other measure would restore peace to the capital, torn between his own convictions and the entreaties of the deputies, finally resolved to appeal to the better feelings of the Assembly. Accompanied by his two brothers he appeared in the great hall, and in the simple human language peculiar to him, that contrasts so strangely with the redundant periods of the day, he implored their aid in dealing with the crisis:

"Messieurs, I have assembled you to consult on the most important affairs of state, of which none is more urgent, none touches my heart more deeply, than the frightful disorder that

reigns in the capital. The head of the nation comes with confidence into the midst of its representatives to tell them of his grief, to ask them to find means for restoring calm and order." Then, referring to the hideous calumnies circulated on his intentions—notably the monstrous fable that he had ordered the hall of the Assembly to be mined in order to blow up the deputies—he added, with a pathos and dignity that won for him the sympathy of almost the whole Assembly :

" I know that people have aroused unjust suspicions in your minds ; I know that they have dared to say that your persons were not in safety. Is it necessary to reassure you concerning such criminal rumours, refuted beforehand by your knowledge of my character ? Well, then, it is I, who am one with my nation, it is I who trust in you ! Help me in these circumstances to assure the salvation of the State ; I await this from the National Assembly, from the zeal of the representatives of my people. . . ."

Then, since he was persuaded the *milice bourgeoise* were competent to maintain " order " in the capital, he ended by announcing that he had ordered the troops to retire from Paris to Versailles.

In the wild enthusiasm that followed this speech of the King the voice of the revolutionary factions was for once stifled, and Louis XVI. was escorted back to the Palace amidst the acclamations of deputies and people. Cries of " Vive le Roi ! " resounded on every side, and so immense a crowd assembled that the King took an hour and a half to cover the short distance between the Salle des Menus and the Château. The unfortunate monarch, pressed upon from every side, saluted unresistingly on both cheeks by a woman of the people, grilled by the rays of the July sun, suffered almost as much by the warmth of his subjects' affection as two days later he was to suffer by their coldness, and he reached at last the marble staircase nearly suffocated and streaming with perspiration.

Meanwhile the Queen, holding the Dauphin in her arms and little Madame Royale by the hand, came out on to the balcony—that same balcony from which less than three months later she was to face a very different crowd. The children of the Comte d'Artois came to kiss her hand ; the Queen stooped to embrace them, holding the Dauphin towards them. The little boys pressed him to their hearts, and Madame Royale, slipping her head under her mother's arm, joined in the caresses. The King arrived at this moment and appeared on the balcony amidst the cheers and benedictions of his people.

In Paris, likewise, the people longed for peace. When on the same day eighty-four deputies went to the capital to read aloud the King's discourse, and to announce the dismissal of the

troops, they were received with acclamations, and from thousands of throats arose the cry, "Vive le Roi! Vive la Nation!" The whole city was in an ecstasy of happiness. Lally, the tender-hearted Lally, took advantage of the restored good-humour of the people to address them at the Hôtel de Ville and entreat them to put an end to disorder:

"Messieurs, we have come to bring you peace from the King and the National Assembly. (Cries of Peace! Peace!) You are generous; you are Frenchmen; you love your wives, your children, your country. (Yes! Yes!) There are no more bad citizens. Everything is calm, everything is peaceful . . . there will be no more proscriptions, will there?" And with one voice the people answered, "Yes, yes, peace; no more proscriptions!"

Then the Archbishop of Paris (Monseigneur de Juigné) spoke with fatherly compassion of the misfortunes of the capital, after which he led the people amidst thunderous applause to sing a Te Deum of thanksgiving at Notre Dame.

Alas, the people were not allowed to enjoy for long this restored harmony! Such was the amazing ingenuity of the agitators and the credulity of the Parisians that in the space of a few hours the city was thrown into a fresh panic—"The troops are not being sent away—flour intended for Paris is being held up—soldiers are tearing the national cockade off passers-by and stuffing their guns with them—the city has only three days' supplies." The workmen engaged in demolishing the Bastille were told that their bread and wine were poisoned.¹

Then, when the fury of the populace was once more thoroughly aroused, deputations of fishwives were sent by the leaders of the conspiracy to demand that the King should come to Paris. *It was the first of the series of attempts made by the revolutionaries to have the King assassinated by the people.* They dared not do the deed themselves, for they knew the frightful punishment attaching to regicide; they knew, moreover, the furious indignation so foul a crime would arouse in the minds of the people in general to whom the King was still almost a sacred being. But if the populace could be sufficiently inflamed, and at the psychological moment the King were brought amongst them, might not some brigand lurking in the crowd, some obscure fanatic, give way to a sudden impulse and pull the trigger of his rusty flint-lock? The thing was not impossible.²

¹ "Paris again worked on by its perfidious agitators" (Marmontel, iv. 214). See also Ferrières, i. 154; Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 73; *Deux Amis*, ii. 32.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 77; *Souvenirs d'un Page* (le Comte d'Hézecques), p. 300.

The Queen, who foresaw the same possibilities, threw herself in vain at the King's feet and implored him not to expose himself to the threatening populace. But the King, convinced "that if each citizen owes to his sovereign the sacrifice of his life, the sovereign equally owes to his country the sacrifice of his, turned a deaf ear to all forebodings, trusted to his people and the good genius of France, and in spite of the Queen's entreaties showed himself firm and unshakable. 'I have promised,' he said; 'my intentions are pure; I trust in this. The people must know that I love them, and, anyhow, they can do as they like with me.'"¹

"Louis XVI.," says De Lescure, "was neither a superior intellect nor an energetic will, he was *an incorruptible conscience*," and these words give the clue to all his oscillations, for conscience is necessarily a more uncertain guide than policy or self-interest. As long as he felt convinced a certain course was right he followed it without a thought for his personal safety or advantage—the trouble was that he could not always decide which course was right, and allowed himself to be swayed by conflicting counsels. On this occasion he did not hesitate—the people wished him to go to Paris; he would go, and his conscience being at rest he could meet any fate with tranquillity.

At ten o'clock in the morning of July 17 the King, escorted by the deputies of the Assembly and the *milice bourgeoise*, set forth for Paris. His guards were taken from him, and in their place marched 200,000 men armed with scythes and pickaxes, with guns and lances, dragging cannons behind them, and women dancing like Bacchantes, waving branches of leaves tied with ribbons. In order not to tire the people the King had ordered the procession to move at foot's-pace, and it was four o'clock by the time it reached Paris.² In the midst of this threatening escort Louis XVI. sat pale and anxious, and on entering the city he leant forward, casting his eyes wonderingly over the assembled multitude that received him in an ominous silence, for the people had been forbidden to cheer him. So potent was the spell exercised over the popular mind by the leaders of the Revolution that not a soul dared to utter the cry of "Vive le Roi!" and brigands posted in the crowd silenced the least murmur of applause.³ Thus, dragged like a captive through the streets of the city, the King was obliged to endure this terrible humiliation for which no cause whatever existed; he had done absolutely nothing to forfeit the popularity which only two days earlier he had enjoyed. The good Archbishop of Paris fared still worse at the hands of the populace, for alone of all the procession he was hissed by those he had ruined

¹ *Deux Amis*, ii. 42; Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 77.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 81.

³ Marmontel, iv. 214.

himself to feed. Sitting in his carriage, his eyes downcast, striving to overcome the agitation of his mind, his thoughts must have indeed been bitter.

As the procession passed through the Place Louis XV the possibility that both the Queen and the revolutionary leaders had foreseen was realized—a hand in the crowd pulled the trigger of a gun, and the shot missing the King killed a poor woman at the back of the royal carriage.¹ The incident was hushed up, and even the King was unaware it had occurred. Thus, saved by the mysterious power which protected him every time that he was brought face to face with the people, the King reached the Hôtel de Ville.

Under an archway of pikes and naked swords he passed to the throne prepared for him. Bailly presented him with the tricolour cockade, and the King accepting it as that which it professed to be—the cockade of Paris—placed it in his hat. Then suddenly it seemed that the spell was broken, and cries of “Vive le Roi!” broke out on all sides. Once more Lally passionately appealed to the people’s loyalty:

“Well, citizens, are you satisfied? Here is the King for whom you called aloud, and whose name alone excited your transports when two days ago we uttered it in your midst. Rejoice, then, in his presence and his benefits.” After reminding the people of all the King had done for the cause of Liberty he turned to assure the King of the people’s love: “There is not a man here who is not ready to shed for you the last drop of his blood. No, Sire, this generation of Frenchmen will not go back on fourteen centuries of fidelity. We will all perish, if necessary, to defend the throne that is as sacred to us as to yourself. Perish those enemies who would sow discord between the nation and its chief! King, subjects, citizens, let us join our hearts, our wishes, our efforts, and display to the eyes of the universe the magnificent spectacle of one of its finest nations, free, happy, triumphant, under a just, cherished, and revered King, who, owing nothing to force, will owe everything to his virtues and his love.”

Again and again Lally was interrupted by tumultuous applause, and the King, overwhelmed by this sudden revulsion of popular feeling, could only murmur brokenly in reply, “My people can always count on my love.”

His departure for Versailles was as triumphant as his arrival had been humiliating. When he entered his carriage with the tricolour cockade in his hat an immense crowd gathered round him, crying, “Long live our good King, our friend, our father!”

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 82; *Essais de Beaulieu*, i.; Bailly, ii. 61.

It was eleven o'clock before he reached the Château. On the marble staircase the Queen, with the Dauphin in her arms, was waiting for him in an agony of suspense, and at the sight of the husband she had not dared to hope ever to see again Marie Antoinette fell weeping on his neck. But when she raised her eyes and saw that sinister badge—the enemy's colours in his hat—her heart sank; from that moment she felt that all was lost.

But the King was happy, not because his life had been spared, but because he believed that he had regained the love of his people.

RESULTS OF THE JULY REVOLUTION

So ended the Revolution of July, and what had it brought to the people? To the immense majority, unaffected as we have seen by *lettres de cachet*, the destruction of the Bastille meant no more than the destruction of the Tower of London would mean to-day to the inhabitants of Whitechapel. Indeed, certain amongst them shrewdly recognized that in attacking it they were fighting for a cause that was not their own. The Abbé Rudemare, walking amongst the ruins of the Bastille the day after the siege, came upon a workman engaged in the task of demolition who brusquely accosted him with the words: "Mon chevalier, vous ne direz pas que c'est pour nous que nous travaillons; c'est bien pour vous, car nous autres, nous ne tâtions pas de la Bastille: on nous f... à Bicêtre. N'y a-t-il rien pour boire à votre santé?"¹

The people had indeed admirably served the design of the conspirators, taking on themselves all the risks and facing all the dangers of revolt, whilst the men who had worked them up to violence remained discreetly in the background. Now, in all the great outbreaks of the Revolution we shall find that the mechanism was threefold, consisting of, firstly, the Instigators; secondly, the Agitators, and thirdly, the Instruments; and of these three classes only the last two incurred any danger. Thus at the siege of the Bastille the mob and its leaders alone took part in the battle, whilst the Instigators prudently effaced themselves. For the rôle of the Instigators was not to lead insurrection but only to provoke it, and having laid the mine to retreat into safety the moment it produced the desired explosion. So throughout the whole course of the Revolution we shall never find Danton figuring in the tumults he had helped to prepare; he was, therefore, not present at the siege of the

¹ "Journal d'un prêtre parisien, 1789-1792," published in *Documents pour servir à l'histoire de la Révolution de France*, by Charles d'Héricault and Gustave Bord, i. 165.

Bastille, but he visited it next day when all danger was over ;¹ St. Huruge also kept away, but he was at Versailles the day after shaking his fist at the Queen's windows and uttering furious invectives against the royal family ;² Santerre contented himself with sending his dray-horses to represent him in the fray ;³ whilst Camille Desmoulins, the hero of the 12th of July, who first called the people to arms, was careful to postpone his arrival on the scene until after the capitulation.

The women of the Orléaniste conspiracy proved more courageous : Théroigne was in the thick of the fight and received a sword of honour from the leaders ; Mme. de Genlis watched the siege from the windows of Beaumarchais' house, opposite the gate of the Bastille, with the Ducs de Chartres and Montpensier—the sons of the Duc d'Orléans—at her side.

The duke himself behaved with his usual pusillanimity ; instead of going to the King and boldly requesting to be made lieutenant-general of the kingdom, as the conspirators had planned, he presented himself timorously at Versailles and asked permission to go to England “ in the event of affairs becoming more distressing than they were at present.” The King looked at him coldly, shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

But though the Orléanistes had failed to bring off their great *coup* of putting the Duc d'Orléans at the head of affairs, they had nevertheless accomplished a great deal. The destruction of the Bastille by force and not by the King's decree had proved a powerful blow to the royal authority, but the most important result of the outbreak from the point of view of both the revolutionary factions was the effect produced on the public mind. The people before the Revolution of July, says Marmontel, “ were not sufficiently accustomed to crime, and in order to inure them to it they must be practised in it.” The Parisians, always eager for spectacles and enchanted by novelty of any kind, had now been initiated into a new form of entertainment—the fashion of carrying heads on pikes and of hoisting victims to the lantern ; and though it would be unjust to accuse the mass of the true people—the law-abiding and industrious citizens—of sympathy with these atrocities, it is undeniable that from this date the populace of Paris—the idlers, wastrels, and drunken inhabitants of the city—acquired a taste for bloodshed that made them the ready tools of their criminal leaders. So, although, as we shall see, the crimes that followed were invariably instigated, if not performed, by professional revolutionaries, we shall find henceforth a steady deterioration in the mind of the populace, and even in the mass of the true people a growing indifference to

¹ *Danton*, by Louis Madelin. ² *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 235.

³ *Le Marquis de Saint-Huruge*, par Henri Furgeot, p. 202.

bloodshed and submission to violence, that five years later made the Reign of Terror possible. Thus the Revolution of July, whilst serving the cause of the Orléaniste conspiracy, had likewise paved the way for Anarchy.

In England the news of the siege of the Bastille was received with mingled feelings. All true lovers of humanity rejoiced at an event that at the time they believed to herald the dawn of liberty, though many Englishmen, like Arthur Young¹ and Wordsworth, lived to realize their error. Burke, more far-seeing, wondered whether to blame or applaud; thrilled by the struggle for freedom he shuddered nevertheless at the outbreak of "Parisian ferocity," and dreaded its recurrence in the future. But to the Whigs and the revolutionaries of England this triumph of the Orléaniste conspiracy was a matter for the heartiest congratulation. "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world and how much the best!" wrote Fox to Fitzpatrick. To the Duc d'Orléans, whose despicable conduct had sickened even his supporters in France, Fox thought fit to send his warm compliments: "Tell him and Lauzun (the Duc de Biron) that all my prepossessions against French connections for this country will be altered if this Revolution has the consequences I expect." The anniversary of the "fall" of the Bastille was celebrated the following year by the Revolution Society at the tavern of "The Crown and Anchor," where more than 600 members, presided over by Lord Stanhope, drank to the liberty of the world, and Dr. Price demanded the inauguration of a "league of peace."

But whilst the Subversives of this country gave way to

¹ It is perhaps not generally known that Arthur Young, who has been falsely quoted as the panegyrist of the French Revolution on account of his earlier works, *Travels in France*, 1789, and *On the Revolution in France*, 1792, entirely recanted from his former opinions, and in 1793 wrote a denunciation of the Revolution no less vehement than that of Burke. This pamphlet, entitled *The Example of France, a Warning to Britain*, has been very carefully ignored by democratic writers in this country. Lord Morley, in his essay on Burke (*English Men of Letters*, p. 162), accounts for it by describing Young as becoming "panic-stricken." There is, however, I believe, a simple explanation of Young's complete *volte-face* on the subject of the Revolution. His earlier work was written in France under the influence of the set in French society that he frequented, and this set we shall find on examination to have been entirely Orléaniste—hence his exaggerated strictures on the Old Régime. With the best portion of the "noblesse," and even with the "royalist democrats," he was unacquainted, and the disgust he expresses at the cynical behaviour of certain nobles at a dinner-party he attended is readily explained by the fact that the party consisted of the Duc d'Orléans and his supporters (see entry for June 22, 1789). It was from these sources, therefore, that Young gleaned his earlier opinions on the state of France, and which a fuller knowledge of facts and not "panic" led him to relinquish.

rejoicing, the Government of England resolutely refrained from any expressions of satisfaction at the blow to the monarchy of France; out of respect to Louis XVI. the playhouses of London were prohibited from representing the siege of the Bastille on the stage.

The conduct of England provided, indeed, a marked contrast to that of Prussia. "All the symptoms of anarchy in France," writes Sorel, "all the signs of discredit in the French state, are seized upon abroad eagerly by the Prussian agents and commented on in Berlin with acrimonious satisfaction. Hertzberg, whilst priding himself on his 'enlightened views,' shows himself on this occasion as good a Prussian as the favourites of his master. This is because the crisis serves his intrigues and he hopes to profit by it. 'The prestige of royalty is annihilated in France,' he writes to the King on the 5th of July; 'the troops have refused to serve. Louis has declared the Séance Royale null and void;¹ this is a scene after the manner of Charles I. Here is a situation of which the governments should take advantage.' " That the English Government should not seize this opportunity to attack the rival to her naval supremacy is inconceivable to the mind of the good Prussian. "The 14th of July overwhelms him (Hertzberg) with joy. . . . He hails it after his fashion as a day of deliverance. '*This is the good moment,*' declares Hertzberg; 'the French monarchy is overthrown, the Austrian alliance is annihilated, *this* is the good moment, and also the last opportunity presented to your Majesty to give to his monarchy the highest degree of stability.' " ²

Von der Goltz, still faithful to the precepts of his former master, showed himself as enthusiastic as Hertzberg; he, too, sees in the 14th of July the final defeat of the Queen he had so long sought to defame in the eyes of the French nation, and is equally unable to understand the attitude of the British ambassador, Lord Dorset, who allows his personal feelings of gratitude and affection for the royal family of France to override the satisfaction he might be expected to experience at the unique opportunity offered to his country. The Comte de Salmour, minister for Saxony, had filled his post more ably. "The Saxon Minister," Von Goltz writes to the King of Prussia on July 24, "though principally frequenting the society of the Queen, on account of his uncle, the Baron de Bézenval, nevertheless, I must do him the justice to admit, continues to behave very well to me (*i.e.* assists Von der Goltz in his schemes against the Court?). The ambassador for England, owing to his personal attachment to the Queen and the Comte d'Artois, is as distressed

¹ This was, of course, absolutely untrue.

² *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, ii. 25.

by all that has happened as if the blow had fallen on the King, his master. In truth it must go to his heart, but would it not be well if he distinguished better between his personal affections and the interests of his post ? ”¹ Frederick William, delighted at the zeal of his ambassador, thereupon wrote to order Von der Goltz to get into touch with the revolutionary leaders in the National Assembly and to continue his campaign against the Queen. Von der Goltz, obedient to these commands, stirred up further hatred for Marie Antoinette, “intrigued against the Court of Vienna, and thanks to his equivocal relations with the revolutionaries paralysed the measures of the French ministry.”² *By the Prussians, therefore, the fall of the Bastille is regarded as the triumph of Prussia over Austria.* The Government of Berlin, says Sorel, “sees that which it dared not hope for by the happiest fortune, that which all the diplomacy of Frederick had so often vainly attempted to secure—the Austrian alliance dissolved, the credit of the Queen lost for ever ; influence acquired by the partisans of Prussia, and in consequence *all avenues opened to Prussian ambition.*”³

¹ Flammermont, *La Journée du 14 Juillet*, and *Rapport sur les Correspondances des Agents Diplomatiques, etc.*, p. 128.

² Sorel, *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, ii. 69 ; Flammermont, *Rapport sur les Correspondances des Agents Diplomatiques, etc.*, p. 127.

³ Sorel, *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, ii. 25.

THE MARCH ON VERSAILLES

THE MARCH ON VERSAILLES

DISORDERS IN THE PROVINCES

THE desire of the people for peace and for a return to law and order after the King's visit to Paris on the 17th of July necessitated strenuous efforts on the part of the revolutionary leaders to fan up anew the flame of insurrection. Often the task seemed almost hopeless, and Camille Desmoulins—now embarking on his sanguinary *Discours de la Lanterne*, in which the Parisians were incited to hang further victims—afterwards described to the Assembly the immense difficulty the agitators encountered in overcoming the disinclination of the people to continue the Revolution. "I reduce to three," wrote Buzot later, "the methods employed by the masters of France to lead this nation to the point she has now reached—*calumny, corruption, and terror*,"¹ and though in these words Buzot alluded to the men who afterwards became his enemies, the Terrorists, they might still more aptly be applied to his former colleagues, the members of the Orléaniste conspiracy.²

Calumny directed against the victims, corruption of the instruments, and terror created in the minds of the people—such is the history of the three months that led up to the march on Versailles.

Of these three methods terror proved the most potent ; in order to rouse the people one must begin by frightening them. It was Adrien Duport,³ one of the most inventive members of the Club Breton, who devised the project known to contemporaries as "the Great Fear," a scheme which consisted in sending messengers to all the towns and villages of France to announce the approach of imaginary brigands, Austrians or English, who were arriving to massacre the citizens.

On the same day, the 28th of July, and almost at the same hour, this diabolical manoeuvre was repeated all over France ;

¹ *Memoirs of Buzot*, p. 61.

² It is probable that Buzot was never an Orléaniste but, like Robespierre, he worked with them at the beginning of the Revolution.

³ *Essais de Beaulieu*, i. 506.

everywhere the panic-stricken peasants flew to arms, and thus the great aim of the revolutionary leaders was realized—the arming of the entire population against law and order.¹

By this means anarchy was complete throughout the kingdom, and the crimes of July 14 and 22 in Paris were followed in the provinces by atrocities too revolting to describe. This Reign of Terror, organized by the Orléanistes, was, in fact, even more frightful than the Terror of Robespierre four years later; the victims were arraigned before no Revolutionary Tribunal, received no warning of their fate, but suddenly found themselves the centre of a raging mob, accused of crimes they had never committed, reproached for words they had never uttered, and put finally to a death even more horrible than the guillotine.

In no case, however, do we find these outrages to be the spontaneous work of the people; the conception of down-trodden peasants rising uncontrollably to overthrow their oppressors, as in the earlier *jacqueries*, is entirely mythical, and exists in the minds of no contemporaries. Such violence as the people committed was invariably instigated by revolutionary emissaries who persuaded them to act under a misapprehension, and methods of diabolical ingenuity were employed to overcome their reluctance. Thus, for example, the agitators, taking advantage of the King's benevolent proclamations in favour of reform, succeeded in making the peasants believe that Louis XVI. wished to take part with them against the noblesse, and to invoke their aid in demolishing the Old Régime. Messengers were sent into the towns and villages bearing placards or proclaiming by word of mouth: "The King orders all châteaux to be burnt down; he only wishes to keep his own!" and such was the amazing credulity of the country people that they set forth to burn and destroy, believing in all good faith that they were carrying out the orders of "not' bon roi."²

When, however, the people proved recalcitrant, the revolutionaries were obliged to resort to force; in Dauphiné in Burgundy, in Franche Comté, real bands of brigands were employed to stir up the villagers, who in some cases offered a spirited resistance. "This troop of maniacs went into all the villages, rang the bells to collect the inhabitants, and forced them with a pistol at their throats to join in their brigandage. . . . This

¹ *Moniteur*, i. 324; Beaulieu, i. 506; *Appel au Tribunal de l'Opinion Publique*, by Mounier; *Mémoires de Frénilly*, p. 121. See the very curious account of the scene that took place at Forges in Normandy given by Mme. de la Tour du Pin, *Journal d'une Femme de Cinquante Ans*, i. 191. Note that the manœuvre was admitted and approved by Louis Blanc, *La Révolution*, i. 337.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orleans*, ii. 105; *Deux Amis*, ii. 255; *Moniteur*, i. 324; *Essais de Beaulieu*, ii. 16.

army of bandits threw the whole of Burgundy into consternation, where the bravest inhabitants of the towns and country places united all their efforts and advanced against these common enemies of the human race, who breathed only murder and pillage.”¹ At Cluny the peasants, led by the monks to whom they were devoted, received the brigands with guns and cannon-fire and with stones flung from the windows. “They did not allow a single brigand to escape, they were all killed or led away as prisoners to the royal prison. They were found in possession of printed forms: ‘By order of the King.’ This document gave instructions to burn down the abbeys and châteaux because the seigneurs and the abbots were monopolizers of grain and poisoners of the wells, and intended to reduce the people and the subjects of the King to the lowest pitch of misery.”²

At St. Germain the brigands unfortunately won the day, and the inhabitants sent a deputation to the Assembly protesting against the murder of their mayor, Sauvage, guiltless of any offence, the victim of “a crowd of strangers who had thrown themselves upon the town” and torn the unhappy man from the hands of his fellow-citizens.³ The mayor of St. Denis, Châtel, met with a still more terrible fate. Throughout the preceding winter he had been seen “always surrounded by the unfortunate, to whom he gave free orders for bread and meat and wood . . . so that the inhabitants of St. Denis called him ‘the father and the saviour of the poor people.’” But suddenly Châtel found himself accused by messengers from Paris of monopolizing grain, and was put to a lingering death of which the details are so unspeakably revolting that it is impossible to describe them.⁴ Huez, the mayor of Troyes, another “benefactor of the poor,” was also butchered in much the same manner.

It will be seen, therefore, that the aristocrats and clergy were not the only victims pointed out for vengeance to the people: the law-abiding bourgeois, the benevolent citizen, whatever his rank, was equally abhorrent to the revolutionary leaders; the houses of peasants who would not join in excesses were burnt likewise.⁵ It was *not* a case of “misdirected popular fury,” but of a definite system pursued by the agitators which

¹ *Deux Amis*, ii. 257.

² *Lettres d'Aristocrates*, published by Pierre de Vassière, p. 256; *Deux Amis*, ii. 258.

³ *Deux Amis*, ii. 93; “Report of Deputation from St. Germain to the National Assembly,” *Moniteur*, i. 184.

⁴ Montjoie, *Conjuration*, ii. 91; *Deux Amis*, ii. 172.

⁵ In Maçonnais, not far from Vesoul, banditti to the number of 6000, collected together, set fire to the houses of those peasants who would not join them, and cut down 230 of them (*Report to the National Assembly*, March 22, 1791).

consisted in exterminating every one who encouraged contentment with the Old Régime. Three years later the minister, Roland, gave the clue to this design when he stated that "in 1789 the misguided people allowed themselves to be worked up into fury and to immolate the men who were occupied in feeding them."¹ The massacre of these good citizens is therefore to be explained in the same way as the attacks on Réveillon and Berthier.

So obvious was it, indeed, to all contemporaries that these outrages were contrary to the interests of the people, that revolutionary writers can only explain them by the theory that they were instigated by the "enemies of the Revolution," that is to say, by the aristocrats themselves, who, in order to bring the cause of "liberty" into disrepute, stirred the people up to violence, and for this purpose *had their own châteaux burnt down*!² But if the object of the aristocrats in persuading the people to burn down their châteaux appears incomprehensible, the object of the revolutionary leaders in doing so is very obvious, for by this means not only were the nobles driven out of the country, but in the process of destruction the seigneurial granaries were frequently burnt down likewise, fields of standing corn were trampled under foot, and consequently the famine was seriously aggravated.³

The manner in which the news of all such excesses was received at the National Assembly proves only too clearly the collusion between the revolutionary deputies and the agitators of the provinces. No historian has revealed this more clearly than Taine, and his strange inconsequence in heading his chapter on the disorders in the provinces as "spontaneous anarchy" has been commented on by several modern French historians.⁴

"Thus," writes Taine himself, "is rural 'jacquerie' prepared,

¹ *Le Ministre de l'Intérieur aux Corps Administratifs*, September 1, 1792.

² See, for example, *Deux Amis de la Liberté*, ii. 90 and following pages, where all the excesses described by Montjoie are related in almost identical language, but the recital ends with the words: "Such was the march of aristocracy!" Let any one who can make sense out of the following passage: "The enemies of the Revolution, profiting by the general disposition to credulity, strove to fatigue the people by alarms spread for the purpose in order afterwards to lull them into a false security: their plan was to drive them to excesses so as to bring them through licence under the yoke of despotism." Since few reprisals were ever taken, however, it is difficult to follow this line of reasoning.

³ *Moniteur*, i. 324; Fantin Desodoards, p. 196: "Hordes of brigands paid by the Duc d'Orléans devastated rural property without distinguishing to which party the proprietors belonged; the granaries disappeared with the grain they contained."

⁴ *La Conspiration révolutionnaire de 1789*, by Gustave Bord, p. 62; Chassin, i. 109; *La Révolution*, by Louis Madelin, p. 74.

and the fanatics who fanned up the flame in Paris fan it up likewise in the provinces. 'You wish to know the authors of the troubles,' writes a man of good sense to the Committee of Inquiry; 'you will find them amongst the deputies of the Tiers, and particularly amongst those who are attorneys or lawyers. They write incendiary letters to their constituents, these letters are received by the municipalities which are likewise composed of attorneys and lawyers . . . they are read aloud in the principal square, and copies are sent into all the villages.'"¹

"I will tell my century, I will tell posterity," cries Ferrières, "that the National Assembly authorized these murders and these burnings!"²

In vain the true democrats in the Assembly—Mounier, Malouet, Lally Tollendal, Virieu, and Boufflers—rose to protest against outrages on humanity and civilization committed in the name of liberty; the members of the revolutionary factions in every case defended these excesses.

On July 20 Lally, in harrowing terms, described the horrors that were taking place in Normandy, Brittany, and Burgundy, and ended with the words: "A citizen king forces us to accept our liberty, and I do not know why we should wrest it from him as from a tyrant. If I insist on the motion I have put forward, it is that love of my country impels me, it is that I accede to the impulse of my conscience; and if blood must flow, at least I wash my hands of that which will be shed."³

The speech was received with cries of fury from all parts of the Assembly, though the side of the nobles ventured to applaud.

The murder of Foullon and Berthier had filled Lally with burning indignation. On the morning of the 22nd of July, he told the Assembly, the son of Berthier, pale and disfigured, had entered his room crying out, "Monsieur, you spent fifteen years defending the memory of your father; save the life of mine and let him be given judges!" But Lally appealed in vain to the humanity of the Assembly. Barnave, rising furiously, exclaimed with a violent gesture, "Is this blood then so pure that one need fear to shed it?"⁴

¹ Arthur Young was present when one of these letters was received in the provinces. "The news at the table d'hôte at Colmar curious, that the Queen had a plot, nearly on the point of execution, to blow up the National Assembly by a mine, and to march the army instantly to massacre all Paris. . . . A deputy had written it; they had seen the letter. . . . Thus it is in revolutions, one rascal writes and a hundred thousand fools believe" (*Travels*, date of July 24, 1789).

² Ferrières, i. 161.

³ *Moniteur*, i. 183.

⁴ Article on Lally Tollendal in *Biographie Michaud*; also Second Letter of Lally Tollendal to his Constituents. This speech of Lally's and the exclamation of Barnave, though recorded by countless contemporaries, are suppressed in the *Moniteur's* account of the debate that took place on July 23.

Mirabeau went further. "The nation," he declared, "must have victims!" In a letter to his constituents he had openly defended the crimes attending the siege of the Bastille: "The people must be essentially kind-hearted since so little blood has been shed. . . . The anger of the people! ah! if the anger of the people is terrible, the cold-bloodedness of despotism is atrocious; its systematic cruelties create more wretchedness in a day than popular insurrections create victims in the course of years."¹

The unhappy people of France had yet to learn that demagoguery can be systematic too; that demagoguery, moreover, can become more potent than despotism, because it does not merely bring external force to bear upon the people, but like a skilful jiu-jitsu wrestler turns the people's own power against themselves. This was the whole secret of the early revolutionary movement: the people, by calumny, corruption, and terror, were made to work out their own destruction, to kill their best friends, and to strike down the hands that fed them.

THE WORK OF REFORM

In Paris, as in the provinces, a great fear held all hearts in its grip. "The anarchy is most compleat," wrote Lord Auckland on August 27; "the people have renounced every idea and principle of subordination . . . even the industry of the labouring class is interrupted and suspended . . . in short, it is sufficient to walk into the streets and to look at the faces of those who pass to see that there is a general impression of Calamity and Terror."²

"The National Assembly," Fersen wrote a week later, "trembles before Paris, and Paris trembles before 40,000 to 50,000 bandits and vagabonds encamped at Montmartre and in the Palais Royal."³

In the midst of these alarms the Royalist Democrats of the Assembly struggled bravely on with the work of reform. Already the foundations of the Constitution had been laid at the Séance Royale of the 23rd of June; it only remained for the nobility and clergy to complete the scheme the King had inaugurated by surrendering their seigniorial rights.

Now "the people" of France are by nature retentive of their possessions, and were therefore not disposed to believe that any class enjoying privileges would voluntarily renounce them.

¹ Eighteenth Letter of Mirabeau to his Constituents. See *Moniteur*, i. 191, note 2.

² Letter of Lord Auckland to Pitt, Auckland MSS.

³ *Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France*, i. xlix.

The great scheme of the revolutionary leaders from the beginning of the Revolution had been to play on this conviction.¹ In the cahiers drafted by Laclos and Sieyès the "privileged classes" were persistently represented as opposed to reform, and later the disorders in the provinces were instigated by the same propaganda.

The moment had now come to bring off the great *coup* of the revolutionaries and show the nobility and the clergy to the people as their declared enemies. This was to consist in proposing to the Assembly to abolish at a sweep the entire feudal system. The privileged orders would be sure to protest, and a further triumph would thus be provided for the Orléaniste cause. What a signal for fresh insurrections in the provinces if it could be proclaimed to the people that the nobles and clergy had formally refused to relinquish their privileges! On the other hand, if the "privileged orders" capitulated the Orléanistes would still score a victory, for, as I have shown, the weakening of the noblesse was an essential part of their scheme for making the Duc d'Orléans a monarch à la Louis XIV. "Thus," says Montjoie, "d'Orléans on coming to reign would find no longer those provincial states, those sovereign courts, that clergy, that noblesse . . . which formed a tribunate between the King and his subjects . . . there would be in France only one master and a people without protectors."²

Even the Republican Gouverneur Morris clearly recognized this danger when he urged Lafayette "to preserve if possible some constitutional authority to the body of the nobles as the only means of preserving any liberty for the people."

The Orléanistes, of course, had no intention of giving liberty to the people, and so the destruction of both nobility and clergy was necessary to their designs. Accordingly, at a meeting of the Club Breton,³ it was decided that the Vicomte de Noailles, a penniless member of the nobility and an ardent supporter of the Duc d'Orléans, should propose to the Assembly the complete abolition of seigneurial rights.

The plan was carried out on the evening of the 4th of August, but to their eternal honour the nobility and clergy of France rose as one man to renounce all their ancient privileges—seigneurial

¹ *Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet*, i. 335.

² On this point the opinion of Montjoie is confirmed by no other than Robespierre himself, for in his illuminating *Rapport* on the Orléaniste conspiracy, delivered four years later through the mouth of St. Just, we find this passage: "They (the Orléanistes) made war on the noblesse, the guilty friends of the Bourbons, in order to pave the way for d'Orléans. One sees at each step the efforts of this party to ruin the Court and to preserve the monarchy."

³ Montjoie, *Conjuratton*, ii. 120; *Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante*, by Alexandre de Lameth, i. 96.

justice, dîmes, the rights of the chase, and all those feudal dues the loss of which reduced many landed proprietors to beggary.

At the end of the sitting Lally Tollendal rose to remind the Assembly that it was the King who had first set them the example of self-sacrifice by the surrender of his rights, and to propose that "Louis XVI. should now be proclaimed the Restorer of French liberty."¹ This time the eloquence of Lally carried all before him; the proposal was instantly taken up by both deputies and people; for a quarter of an hour the hall of the Assembly rang with shouts of "Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVI, restaurateur de la liberté française!"

The decision was conveyed to the King in an address from the Assembly, and Louis XVI., in accepting the title of honour conferred on him, declared his sympathy with the new reforms: "Your wisdom and your intentions inspire me with the greatest confidence in the result of your deliberations. Let us go and pray Heaven to guide us, and render thanks to Him for the generous feelings that prevail in the Assembly."² The last obstacle to the work of reform had now been removed, and nothing remained but to frame the Constitution in accordance with the wishes of the King, nobles, clergy, and *people*.

On July 27 the Royalist Democrat, Clermont Tonnerre, had presented to the Assembly the "Declaration of the Rights of Man,"³ and by this charter and the *résumés* of the cahiers the wording of the Constitution was to be framed. Now, on August 27, Mounier, in the name of the Committee of the Constitution, came forward with an improved plan by the Archbishop of Bordeaux.⁴ It will be seen, therefore, that the Royalist Democrats were again the leaders of reform and rightly earned the name they bore later of "the Constitutionals," whilst on the other hand we have only to consult the *Moniteur* to find that in the debates that took place on the subject of the Constitution the revolutionary leaders in the Assembly were conspicuous by their silence. The thunderous eloquence of Mirabeau, the biting irony of Robespierre, so potent to destroy, ceased directly the work of reconstruction began. True, the Abbé Sieyès, that "dark horse" of the Assembly—now Royalist, now Republican, and all the while the *intime* of the Orléanistes—had taken part in framing the Constitution, but when it came to renouncing his own privileges Sieyès showed the worth of his Liberalism and openly opposed the abolition of the dîmes,⁵ whilst the Arch-

¹ *Moniteur*, i. 287; Bailly, ii. 217; article on Lally Tollendal in *Biographie Michaud*.

² *Moniteur*, i. 335.

³ *Ibid.* i. 216.

⁴ *Ibid.* i. 390.

⁵ *Ibid.* i. 328; *Mémoires de Rivarol*, p. 147.

bishop of Paris, hissed by the mob as an aristocrat, came forward at the head of the clergy to renounce them.¹ The history of the Revolution is full of these little ironies.

It now became evident to the revolutionary leaders that the tide was turning irresistibly against them ; during the discussion on the Constitution the existence neither of the monarchy nor of the reigning dynasty had been brought into dispute—for, so far, no one dared to differ from the unanimous demands of the cahiers—and it was plain that not only the monarchists but Louis Seizistes were leading the House. “Louis XVI.,” a deputy had declared, “is no longer on the throne by accident of birth ; he is there by the choice of the nation.”²

To both Orléanistes and Subversives the future, therefore, looked very black indeed ; at this rate France would be regenerated without further convulsions, and both monarchy and reigning dynasty established more firmly than ever. From the Orléaniste point of view the Constitution would inevitably prove disastrous, for either it would stop the Revolution altogether, or, if they were able to continue it and bring about the desired change of dynasty, the Duc d’Orléans would have to content himself with becoming a Constitutional monarch—a position it would not amuse him in the least to occupy. Some pretext must therefore be found immediately for creating fresh dissensions. This was provided by the debate on the “royal sanction” which began on August 29 and turned on the questions : “Should the King be allowed to retain the right of the ‘Veto’ ? If so, should the ‘Veto’ be ‘absolute’ or ‘suspensive’—in other words, should the King be able absolutely to ‘veto’ the promulgation of a law or merely to suspend its promulgation until a later date ? ”

Undoubtedly the Royal Veto was a relic of autocracy, and as such might reasonably be condemned by independent democratic thinkers, but, as several deputies immediately pointed out, the question was one on which the Assembly had no power to deliberate, since “the royal sanction had been demanded by the people in the cahiers.”³

“The law was made by the nation,” said D’Espréménil, “we have only to declare it.”⁴

Thus spoke the spirit of pure democracy.

The Royalist Democrats, true to their cahiers as to their King, therefore unanimously supported the royal sanction. “I regard the royal sanction,” declared Lally Tollendal, “as one of the first ramparts of national liberty.”⁵ “I would defend

¹ *Moniteur*, i. 331 ; Rivarol, p. 146.

² *Moniteur*, i. 391.

³ See Articles VI. and VII. quoted on pp. 7 and 8.

⁴ *Moniteur*, i. 397.

⁵ *Ibid.* i. 419.

it," he said again, "to my last breath, less for the King than for the people."¹

Here, then, was the pretext needed by the revolutionary leaders for once more stirring up insurrection, and agitators were sent into the clubs and cafés of Paris to tell the citizens that "traitors in the Assembly had voted for the absolute Veto of the King, who would now revoke all the decrees of August the 4th and France would be again enslaved."²

They were careful, however, not to mention to the people that several of the Orléaniste deputies, including Mirabeau himself—acting presumably in the interests of the duke—had voted for the *absolute* Veto.³ The Royalist Democrats alone, and *not* the Royalists who opposed reform, were represented to the people as their enemies. Playfair is one of the few English contemporaries who have commented on this significant fact: "Perhaps the thing that may the most convince impartial men of the existence of a criminal plot is, that the moderate party of the reformers in the Assembly, that is those who were royalists, but had obtained popular favour by their eloquence and *love of liberty*, were those whom the party in power, the Lameths, Barnave, Mirabeau, etc., turned against with the greatest fury. Mounier, the Count de Lally Tollendal, and upwards of forty more of the moderate party, received anonymous letters threatening their lives. . . . This would seem to be proof that the reigning party were more afraid of the men who were attached to liberty than of the pure royalists, as the personal characters of the former left no hopes of leading them over to the violent measures in view."⁴

So again we find *the revolutionary movement diametrically opposed to the work of reform*. Let any one who challenges this statement explain the following circumstance: the plan of the Constitution founded on the Declaration of the Rights of Man—universally agreed to be the purest expression of democracy—was given to the Assembly by the Royalist Democrats on August 28, and two days later a price was set on the heads of all these men by the revolutionaries at the Palais Royal.⁵ Mounier, who

¹ *Monteur*, i. 399.

² *Deux Amis*, ii. 361; *Mémoires de Bailly*, ii. 327; Ferrières, i. 222.

³ According to the *Mémoires de La Fayette*, Mirabeau had voted for the absolute Veto on the advice of Clavière, the future Girondin: "'You see that bald head,' he said, pointing out Clavière to several deputies who spoke to him in favour of the Suspensive Veto, 'I do nothing without consulting it.' And the bald head, Republican in Geneva on the 10th of August (1792), had declared for the absolute Veto" (*Mémoires de La Fayette*, iii. 311).

⁴ Playfair's *History of Jacobinism*, p. 244.

⁵ Article on Mounier in *Biographie Michaud* by Lally Tollendal.

from the first had shown himself the most intrepid champion of liberty—Mounier who in an excess of democratic zeal had proposed the Oath of the Tennis Court, and to whom more than to any one the principles of the Constitution were due—was now held up to popular execration, and from this moment his life was perpetually threatened.¹ Could there be any explanation but the one offered by Mounier himself—that the whole agitation was a plot to prevent the framing of the Constitution?²

FIRST ATTEMPT TO MARCH ON VERSAILLES

By the usual methods of calumny and terror the mind of the populace was once more stirred up, and a panic on the subject of the Veto spread through Paris. The fact that to many of the people the Latin word conveyed no meaning whatever greatly facilitated the work of the agitators. "Do you know what the Veto is?" they cried out at the street corners. "Listen, then. You go home and your wife has prepared your dinner, then the King says 'Veto!' and you get nothing to eat!"³

The "suspensive Veto," a peasant told Bertrand de Molleville, was the right of the King to suspend, *i.e.* to *hang*, any one he pleased. Some people, indeed, believed the Veto to be alive: "What is he, this Veto? What has he done, this brigand Veto?"⁴

By the evening of Sunday, August 30, the garden of the Palais Royal had become once more a raging sea; so immense was the crowd that it overflowed into the surrounding houses; the windows and the very roofs were packed with people. Suddenly from a window of the Café de Foy there shot forth the shoulders and shaggy black head of Camille Desmoulins, who shouted excitedly to the assembled multitude:

"Messieurs, I have just received a letter from Versailles telling me that the life of the Comte de Mirabeau is no longer safe, and it is for the defence of our liberty that he is exposed to danger!"⁵

The panic news was passed from mouth to mouth—"Mirabeau has paid with his life-blood his attachment to the cause of the

¹ "M. Mounier, one of the principal authors of the Revolution and one of the first leaders of the patriotic party, became suddenly the object of the people's hatred and of the favour of aristocracy!" (*Deux Amis*, iii. 166). For "people" as usual read "revolutionaries"!

² Mounier to the Assembly, August 31: "It is evident that perverse men desire to build up their fortunes on the ruins of the country. You see the plan to prevent the Constitution from being formed and developed" (*Moniteur*, i. 400).

³ *La Révolution*, by Louis Madelin, p. 87.

⁴ Article on St. Huruge in the *Revue de la Révolution*, published by Gustave Bord, vol. vi. p. 251.

⁵ *Procédure du Châtelet*, evidence of Dwall, witness cccxvii.

people"—"Mirabeau has been stabbed to the heart—no, poisoned"—a letter from Mirabeau himself warned the people that the country was in danger, that fourteen men had betrayed their cause.¹

These tidings drove the crowd into a frenzy of alarm, and thus the ridiculous situation was created of a vast multitude inveighing against the Veto and at the same time stricken with panic for the safety of its chief supporter—Mirabeau! "The people," remarks Bailly, "did not as yet know their lesson."²

It was now that the Orléanistes saw their opportunity for launching their great scheme of *a march on Versailles*. If the King persisted in retaining his popularity with the people by giving into their demands and continuing to favour reforms, it was idle to hope that the people would rise against him. The remoteness of Versailles from the centre of agitation added greatly to the glamour that surrounded the person of the King; shut in behind the gilded barriers and the dim red walls of the great château of the Roi Soleil, Louis XVI. still retained to some degree the character of a sacred being, whose infrequent appearance in public inspired the great mass of the people with wondering awe. But if Louis XVI. could be brought to Paris to become the object of everyday contemplation by the multitude, the halo might be expected to fall from his head. At the palace of the Tuileries, close to the Palais Royal, the revolutionary leaders would have him in their power,³ and the populace they held at their command could be trained to degrade the Royal Family in the eyes of the still loyal people.

Accordingly it was announced at the Palais Royal that in order to save the country from the horrors of the Veto, and to ensure the safety of Mirabeau, a deputation must be sent to the Assembly to insist that the King and the Dauphin should be brought to Paris. Camille Desmoulins shrieked that the Queen must be imprisoned at St. Cyr and that the deputation should consist of 15,000 armed men. At the same time threatening messages were despatched to the President of the Assembly, the bishop of Langres; one signed by St. Huruge ran thus: "The Patriotic Assembly of the Palais Royal have the honour to inform you that if that portion of the aristocracy, composed of a party in the clergy, a party in the noblesse, and 120 members of the Commons, ignorant and corrupt, continue to disturb harmony and to demand the 'absolute sanction,' 15,000 men are ready to light up their houses and châteaux, and yours in

¹ Ferrières, i. 220; *Deux Amis*, ii. 360.

² *Mémoires de Bailly*, ii. 327.

³ *Appel au Tribunal de l'Opinion publique*, by Mounier, p. 65.

particular, Monsieur, and to inflict on the deputies who betray their country the fate of Foullon and of Berthier.”¹

The authorship of these two murders was thus clearly revealed.

But the number of insurgents promised by the leaders was not forthcoming, and at ten o'clock in the evening St. Huruge, armed with the petition, set forth at the head of only 1500 unarmed men for Versailles. The aspect of their leader was terrible enough to inspire his followers with courage—a massive figure surmounted by a huge red face, eyes of extraordinary audacity flaming forth from under a thick black wig, St. Huruge appeared the very incarnation of the revolutionary spirit.²

But the daring of St. Huruge, like the daring of Danton, was more apparent than real; the first sight of danger reduced him to the utmost meekness.³ On this occasion danger of a very formidable kind confronted him—Lafayette, the great opponent of the Orléaniste conspiracy, was ready for him. The procession having marched boldly down the Rue Saint-Honoré found their passage blocked by the National Guard, of which Lafayette was the commander, and being turned back they proceeded to march to the Hôtel de Ville, where Bailly and Lafayette himself were waiting to receive them. The popular general had little difficulty in reducing St. Huruge to submission; perfectly docile and even “contented” he consented to retire from the scene, but for greater safety Lafayette imprisoned him in the Châtelet.

So ended this first attempt to march on Versailles. But the project was not abandoned. On the contrary, from this moment it was perpetually discussed, and a fresh pretext was sought for stirring up the people.

EVENTS AT VERSAILLES

When on the 18th of September the King made his reply to the demands of the Assembly requesting him to sanction the reforms of the 4th of August, it became evident that no opposition could be hoped for from the royal authority. The King's reply was both reasonable and sympathetic; in a long and detailed analysis he discussed each reform in turn, pointing out that certain articles were only the text for laws that the Assembly must frame. He ended with the words: “Therefore I approve

¹ *Mémoires de Bailly*, iii. 392.

² *Esquisses historiques de la Révolution Française*, by Dulaure, p. 286.

³ A contemporary records that St. Huruge having been once reproached for allowing himself to be flogged without retaliating, he replied, “I never interfere with what goes on behind my back” (*L'Ami des Lois*, 17 pluviôse, An VIII). See article on St. Huruge in the *Revue de la Révolution* edited by Gustave Bord, vol. vi.

the greater number of these articles, and I will sanction them when they have been drawn up into laws."

This conciliatory reply left the revolutionary leaders no further ground for agitation, and they contented themselves with insolently remarking that the King had not been asked to "sanction" the decrees of the Assembly but only to "promulgate" them. Floods of rhetoric were then expended on the precise significance of the two words. But as the King sensibly observed, how was it possible to "promulgate" laws that had not yet been framed? However, in order to pacify the contentious deputies, he finally yielded to their demands, and two days later, on August 28, accorded his "acceptation pure and simple" to the decrees of August 4.¹

The Assembly then proceeded to discuss the embarrassment in the finances. But here again the King showed his desire to relieve the situation by coming forward to offer all his silver plate to the nation, whilst at the same time the Queen sent 60,000 livres' worth to the Mint. The proposition met with immediate remonstrance from the Assembly, but the King persisted in his resolution.²

This was the moment chosen by Mirabeau for a tirade against "the rich"—"the frightful gulf of bankruptcy must be filled," he declared to the Assembly. "Well, then, here is the list of French proprietors. Choose amongst the richest so as to sacrifice the fewest citizens. . . . Strike! Immolate without pity those wretched victims; precipitate them into the abyss; it will close again! . . . You shrink with horror? Inconsistent men! Pusillanimous men!"³

The speech was received with "almost convulsive applause" by the Assembly.

Yet how was Mirabeau himself carrying out the principle of austere self-sacrifice? Camille Desmoulins will tell us. On the 29th of September—exactly three days after Mirabeau's tirade—Camille wrote these words: "I have been for a week at Versailles with Mirabeau. We have become great friends; at least he calls me his dear friend. At every moment he takes me by the hands, he thumps me, then he goes off to the Assembly, resumes

¹ The King is frequently stated to have refused this sanction until October 5, but contemporaries of all parties are explicit on this point. See *Deux Amis*, iii. 29; *Mémoires de Bailly*, ii. 379; Marmontel, iv. 238; *Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante*, by Alexandre de Lameth, i. 142.

² *Moniteur*, i. 496; Bailly, ii. 389. On the question of the King's "rigid economy" with regard to his personal expenses see the address from the National Assembly on January 5, 1790 (*Moniteur*, iii. 52).

³ *Moniteur*, i. 519. Molé, the actor, who was present on this occasion, delighted Mirabeau by telling him he had missed his vocation—he should have gone on the stage! (*Souvenirs d'Étienne Dumont*, p. 133).

his dignity as he enters the hall and works wonders, after which he comes back to dine with excellent company and sometimes with his mistress, and we drink excellent wine. I feel that his too delicate fare and overloaded table corrupt me. His claret and his maraschino have a virtue that I vainly seek to ignore, and I have all the difficulty in the world in resuming my republican¹ austerity and in detesting the aristocrats whose crime is to give these excellent dinners. I prepare motions, and Mirabeau calls that initiating me into great affairs. It seems to me that I ought to think myself happy when I remember my position at Guise. . . ." Oh, people, these are your defenders!

It is said that only a few weeks before, Mirabeau, looking out of the window and seeing a crowd of poor people fighting at a baker's shop for bread, uttered the cynical remark, "That *canaille* there well deserves to have us for legislators!" Like Danton he at least was frank, and no one would have been more amused than Mirabeau himself at the efforts of his biographers to represent him as a lofty idealist and lover of the people.

What was the truth about Mirabeau at this juncture when the march on Versailles was being planned in the councils of the Orléaniste leaders? Was he amongst them? His panegyrists have vainly endeavoured to absolve him from complicity, but contemporaries, even those who were his friends, are obliged to admit that he knew what was to take place even if he did not help to prepare the movement.

"I am inclined to think," says Dumont, "that Mirabeau was in the secret of the events of the 5th and 6th of October. . . . What I believe is, taking everything into consideration, supposing that the insurrection of Versailles was led by the agents of the Duc d'Orléans, that Laclos was too clever to confide everything to the indiscretion of Mirabeau, but that he had made sure of him conditionally. . . . It is impossible not to believe in some *liaison* between them."² This from the *intime* of Mirabeau is conclusive. Camille Desmoulins, who at this date "idolized" Mirabeau, also gave away his friend later on: "Will any one make me believe that when I stayed at Versailles with Mirabeau immediately before the 6th of October . . . I saw nothing of

¹ The use of the word "republican" by Desmoulins at this date may seem to contradict the statement that he was an Orléaniste, but the word was frequently used during the earlier stages of the Revolution to signify simply "public-spirited" (see, for example, the remark of Mounier to Mirabeau on p. 140). On the other hand, Montjoie may be right in saying that at this moment Camille Desmoulins had temporarily gone over to Lafayette and Republicanism (*Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 153). This would explain the disagreement that seems to have taken place between Desmoulins and Mirabeau at the end of this visit to Versailles.

² *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, p. 121.

the precursory movements of the 5th and 6th? Will any one make me believe that when I went to Mirabeau at the moment that he heard the Duc d'Orléans had started for London, his anger at seeing himself abandoned, his imprecations . . . made me conjecture nothing?"¹

The plan of the conspirators was undoubtedly either to persuade the mob to march on Versailles and murder the King and Queen, or more probably to murder the Queen only and bring the King to Paris. Of all this Mirabeau was evidently well aware—even if he was not one of the authors of the scheme—and it would seem that at moments the dreadful secret preyed on his mind. Perhaps amidst the mire of his life some hereditary traditions of honour, some instincts of chivalry, had survived which made him shrink from the brutal crime of which a noble and beautiful woman was to be the chief victim, and at these moments he was almost tempted to abandon the sordid intrigue into which he had been drawn and throw himself into the worthier cause of defending his King against the designs of a usurper. Yet if he did so, what reception would he meet with from the Court? The King and Queen, he well knew, regarded him with aversion. Was it not possible, therefore, that by deserting the conspiracy he might simply become the enemy of Orléans and gain no favour with the King? Thus haunted with the horror of the thing he wished the King would find out for himself the tragedy that was impending. Often at this time Mirabeau, in speaking of the Court to his friend La Marck, would ask uncontrollably, "What are these people thinking of? Do they not see the abyss that is opening under their feet?" Once in a violent outbreak of exasperation he cried out, "All is lost; the King and Queen will perish—you will see it—and the populace will batter their corpses." And then, seeing the horror on the face of La Marck, he repeated, "Yes, yes, their corpses will be battered—you do not understand sufficiently the danger of their position; it ought to be made known to them."

But it *had* been made known to them, and by Lafayette himself in a letter to the Comte de St. Priest dated September 17. On the 23rd, therefore, the King warned the Assembly of "the threats of ill-disposed persons to march out of Paris with arms," and of the measures he had taken for the protection of the deputies. The Assembly, however, was already aware of the intention. "I repeat without fear of contradiction," says Mounier, "that every day the ministers received the most alarming information on this subject, and the King's Guards were several times obliged to spend the night in readiness to mount their horses."²

¹ *Fragment de l'Histoire secrète de la Révolution*, 1793.

² *Appel au Tribunal de l'Opinion publique*, p. 67.

If under these circumstances a plan was formed by certain Royalists to convey the Royal Family to Metz or to some other place of safety, is it altogether surprising? That any such project existed has never yet been proved—the only evidence brought forward by the revolutionary writers being the rough copy of a letter from the Comte d'Estaing to the Queen¹ which fell into the hands of the conspirators—but even if the supposition were correct, what perfidy would this imply on the part of the Royalists? Why, if the lives of the King and Queen were daily threatened, should not their loyal supporters attempt to rescue them from their assassins? The scheme involved no design on the liberties of the nation, and the flight of the Royal Family to Metz would have been undertaken, like the flight to Varennes two years later, simply in self-defence. At any rate, one undeniable fact remains—the plan was not attempted, the King and Queen of their own free will decided to stay at Versailles and face the danger.

THE BANQUET OF THE BODYGUARD

The municipality of Versailles, alarmed no less for the safety of the town than of the Royal Family, now decided, on the advice of the Comte d'Estaing, commander of the National Guard of Versailles, to request the King to summon another regiment as a reinforcement of the bodyguard, the Swiss dragoons and *milice bourgeoise* that at present constituted the garrison, and were held to be inadequate "to resist the attack of 2000 armed men."² Accordingly the "Régiment de Flandre" was ordered to Versailles and arrived on September 23. Immediately the conspirators set to work to corrupt the newly arrived troops, and women of the town were sent to distribute money, food, and wine amongst the soldiers,³ and to exact from them the promise not to defend the King in case of insurrection. "One would not have supposed," writes a revolutionary chronicler of the day, "that it is to the vilest class of our prostitutes that we owe the happy event that brought the King to Paris and the consolation that the day of October the 5th was not more murderous. . . . The leaders of the people . . . sent to Versailles . . . in bands and by different routes three hundred of the prettiest street-walkers of the Palais Royal with money, instructions, and the promise of being disembowelled by the people if they did not carry out

¹ *Deux Amis*, iii. 101; Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 167.

² *Deux Amis*, iii. 112; Bailly, ii. 281; Rivarol, p. 256.

³ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 172; Ferrières, ii. 273; evidence of Elizabeth Pannier, wife of a restaurant keeper at Versailles, witness xx. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

their mission faithfully. It was these female deputies who, amidst the pleasures of love, obtained from the soldiers the patriotic oath which rendered their arms powerless before their fellow-citizens." ¹

By the same means which had been employed to seduce the Gardes Françaises before the siege of the Bastille, the men of the Regiment de Flandre were now turned from their allegiance to the King, and *as a sign of defection* adopted the tricolour cockade.²

The loyal troops of the King saw all this with growing alarm, and resolved to bring the Flemish regiment back to its allegiance. Now it was a time-honoured custom for the King's bodyguard to entertain at supper any newly arrived regiment; accordingly the officers of the Regiment de Flandre were invited to a banquet at which a number of the Swiss Guards, the *milice bourgeoise*, and others were also present. The theatre of the Château, lent by the King for the occasion, was brilliantly decorated, and lit by hundreds of candles; around a huge horse-shoe table the officers of the bodyguard and the officers of the Flemish regiment were seated alternately, and the bands of the two regiments played throughout the feast. Were the faithful soldiers of the King to blame if they took this opportunity to revive the waning loyalty of their comrades? Were they to be reproached with treachery to the nation if under their influence the men of the Flemish regiment broke out into cries of "Vive le Roi!"

When at this juncture the Royal Family entered the hall, the Queen leading Madame Royale by the hand, an officer of the bodyguard carrying the Dauphin in his arms, enthusiasm knew no bounds, and a storm of acclamation burst forth unrestrained.

To the minds of Frenchmen there was something intensely tragic in the sudden apparition of the little group over whose heads so terrible a storm was gathering, and at the sight of the Queen—a beautiful woman, a wife, a mother, whose life they knew was daily threatened—all the ancient chivalry of France awoke in them, and to a man they resolved to defend her. The last touch of pathos was given by the band of the Regiment de Flandre with the air from "Richard Cœur de Lion":

O! Richard! o mon Roi! l'univers t'abandonne!

The selection was painfully apt; all the world was deserting the unhappy King, and with the passionate loyalty of their race the gallant bodyguard at this supreme moment mustered around him. Men of both regiments sprang on to their chairs, waved

¹ *Correspondance secrète*, i. 414.

² *Faits relatifs à la dernière insurrection*, by Mounier.

their glasses aloft, and shouted themselves hoarse with cries of "Vive le Roi ! Vive la Reine ! Vive le Dauphin !"

The scene was afterwards described by the revolutionaries as a "drunken orgy"; it is possible that both wine and music had gone to the heads of the revellers—is the fact altogether unprecedented in the annals of regimental dinners?—but the fact implies no criminal intention towards the nation.

The occasion provided, however, the pretext for which the conspirators were waiting, and the story was immediately circulated in Versailles and carried to the Palais Royal—it is said by the Duc d'Orléans himself¹—that the officers of the bodyguard had refused to drink the health of the nation and had trampled under foot the "national cockade." The accusation, emphatically denied by eye-witnesses of the scene,² rested on the evidence of one man alone, a certain Laurent Lecointre, cloth-seller and officer in the *milice bourgeoise* of Versailles, who was filled with rancour against the bodyguard because he had not been invited to the banquet,³ and who was therefore not present.

The exact truth about the "toast of the nation" is impossible to discover, but from the evidence of the most reliable witnesses it appears that the health of the nation was not drunk because the toast was not a customary one, and so was not proposed on this or any former occasion.⁴ It was, therefore, not refused.

As to the incidents of the cockades, the officers of the bodyguard could not have torn off the national cockades and trampled on them, for the simple reason that they had not adopted them but were still wearing the white cockade.⁵ At the same time it seems that white cockades were distributed by the ladies of the Court to the Régiment de Flandre, and that voices were heard to exclaim, "Long live the white cockade, it is the right one!"

But when we remember that the tricolour represented the colours of the Duc d'Orléans, that it had become in reality not the "national" but the "revolutionary cockade," and was regarded amongst soldiers as the badge of desertion,⁶ was it unnatural that those who desired the King's cause to triumph over the designs of a usurper should have attempted to replace it by the royal emblem? If so, as Mounier points out, "Where was the

¹ Evidence of De Pelletier and of De Grandmaison in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

² *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 248; speech of the Marquis de Bonnay to the Assembly on October 1, 1790, in *Moniteur* for this date; evidence of La Brousse de Belleville, witness xxii. in *Procédure du Châtelet*, etc.

³ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 173; *Appel au Tribunal*, by Mounier, p. 111.

⁴ Ferrières, i. 275.

⁵ *Ibid.* i. 260; *Deux Amis*, iii. 128.

⁶ *Faits relatifs à la dernière Insurrection*, by Mounier, p. 9.

crime? What law obliged one at Versailles to wear the cockade of Paris? Why should one not have been allowed to prefer the colour that from all time had been that of our flag? Why, on a day that the Royal Family was threatened, should not all courageous men have rallied round this sign of fidelity?"¹

A strange incident followed the banquet. A chasseur of the Trois Évéchés was found by Miomandre, an officer of the Royal Turenne, sunk in despair, with his forehead resting on the hilt of his sword. When asked what was his trouble he broke out into sobs and disjointed sentences in which the following words alone were audible: "That fine household of the King . . . I am a great fool . . . The monsters, what do they demand? . . . those rascals of a commander and D'Orléans!" Then falling on his sword he attempted to take his life. At this moment several of his comrades appeared on the scene, and hearing what had occurred one of them exclaimed, "He is a good-for-nothing—we must get rid of him!" Thereupon they kicked the wretched man to death "as one would crush an insect."²

It will be seen, then, how frightful were the consequences to any one who attempted to betray the designs of the conspirators, how potent was the Orléaniste "terror" that during the first stages of the Revolution held sway over the minds of men and sealed the lips of those who would have revealed the truth concerning the preparations for the insurrection of October 5.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE MARCH ON VERSAILLES

The story of the Guards' "orgy" had served the purpose of rendering this loyal regiment odious to the people, but a further obstacle must be removed from their path if the conspirators were to succeed in their scheme of bringing the King to Paris. "It was necessary," says Mounier, "in order to execute their plan, to get rid of the King's guards and of all those who would have defended his liberty. *They feared the courage of the Queen*, and so she must be given over to the fury of the people."³ Louis XVI., surrounded by his feeble and purblind ministers, was not to be feared; they had but to assure him that the people wished him to go to Paris and to Paris he would go. But the Queen would see the plot and offer resistance. "The King," said Mirabeau a year later, "has only one man with him—that is his wife."⁴

So by every species of calumny, by the circulation of the

¹ *Appel au Tribunal*, by Mounier, p. 91.

² *Deux Amis*, iii. 134; Ferrières, i. 279.

³ *Appel au Tribunal*, p. 65.

⁴ *Correspondance entre Mirabeau et La Marck*, p. 107.

foulest libels, by every method the "infernal genius" of Laclos could devise,¹ popular rage was stirred up against the Queen at the Palais Royal and in the Faubourgs of Paris. "The Queen was at the head of a counter-revolution—the Queen was the sole cause of the disorder in the finances—the Queen had said that the happiest day of her life would be when she could wash her hands in the blood of the French," that she "would not mind being shut up in Paris, provided the walls of her prison were made of the bones of Frenchmen."² But the accusation that stirred most deeply the passions of the people was that the Queen was responsible for the scarcity of bread. For, in spite of a magnificent harvest only six weeks earlier, the supplies of grain were again declared to be insufficient, the bakers' shops were besieged, working-men waited all day to obtain a 4 lb. loaf and returned empty-handed to their starving families.

Hunger is apt to render one light-headed; under its dizzying spell many things seem possible that with a well-nourished brain one would recognize as absurd, and so the half-famished dwellers in the Faubourgs readily accepted the assurance that the King, the Queen, and the "aristocrats" were at the bottom of the trouble. Gouverneur Morris thus describes an orator haranguing the people: "The substance of his discourse was: 'Messieurs, we are in want of bread, and this is the reason—it is only three days since the King has had the suspensive Veto, and already the aristocrats have bought suspensions and sent the grain out of the kingdom.' To this sensible and profound discourse his audience gave a hearty assent. 'Ma foi! he is right. It is only that!' Oh, rare! These are the modern Athenians!"

But were these poor people altogether to blame for their credulity? Many of them could neither read nor write. How were they to know that neither Court nor aristocrats had anything whatever to do with the circulation of grain at this crisis, since the whole question had been placed under the control of the "Committee of Subsistences," headed by the popular mayor, Bailly, who, helpless as ever before the manœuvres of the Orléanistes, vainly endeavoured to thwart the monopolizers?³

The truth is that this famine, like the one that had threatened earlier in the year, was *fictitious*; the want of bread, as contemporaries of all parties agree, did not really exist, but was artificially produced in order to inflame the minds of the people

¹ "I know that several of the libels published then (before the 5th of October) were paid for by the agents of the Duc d'Orléans" (*Mémoires de Malouet*, i. 344). Others were undoubtedly paid for by Von der Goltz.

² *Lettre d'un Français sur les moyens qui ont opéré la Révolution*, pp. 11, 12, and 31.

³ *La Conspiration révolutionnaire de 1789*, by Gustave Bord, p. 211.

against the Court and Government.¹ This point, habitually overlooked by historians, gives the key to the whole movement of October 5.

Moreover, that this artificial famine was again the work of the Orléaniste conspiracy there can be no doubt whatever, for apart from the statements of Montjoie, Rivarol, the Comte d'Hézecques, and Mounier, which all exactly agree, we have that of Bailly himself, and no one was in a better position than the mayor to judge of the real state of affairs, nor was any man less likely to defend the Court against the accusation of a plot if any such had existed. Who were the authors of the plot Bailly, however, indicates very clearly: "The parties who sought to bring about an insurrection, well realizing that there was no finer opportunity than the want of supplies, made every effort to make an unequal division either by pillaging our convoys without (the city) or taking them by force from the bakers within, or else by cornering the bread so that one should have too much and the other go without, or in purposely placing amongst the crowd assembled at the bakers' doors strong men who could ill-treat and injure the weak so as to make the people complain. When I passed in front of one of these shops and saw this crowd, my heart was torn, and I can still hardly see a baker's shop without emotion."² A further method employed by the agitators was to tell the people that the flour was bad, and as much of that which was now on the markets came from abroad, and differed in colour and flavour from the home-grown variety, this story was readily believed, and the people were persuaded to rip up the sacks, dispersing the contents. No less than 2000 sackfuls were thrown into the Seine.³ These diabolical methods had the desired effect of denuding the markets and driving the poor of Paris to desperation.

¹ See, amongst the assertions of innumerable contemporaries, that of Mounier, *Appel au Tribunal*, p. 74: "At the time of October the 5th, means were adopted that had been tried several times before, that of creating a famine and then accusing those who were called aristocrats so as to give the impression that abundance was at the disposal of a prince without power, and thus to associate the feeling of vengeance with the feeling of want." Mounier goes on to point out that Brissot himself was obliged to admit that before the insurrection of October 5 "there had existed for some days that apparent famine of which we spoke before. *This famine did not really exist.*" Brissot then proceeded to accuse "the aristocrats," but as Mounier observed: "We will not seek to show how absurd it was to accuse of these manœuvres those who were to be the victims of them, whilst it would have been much more correct to conclude that since the aristocrats of Versailles were the objects of the people's hatred, that hatred was excited by the partisans of the democracy. It is at any rate true that M. Brissot admitted the famine was *fictitious* and consequently that a plot existed."

² Bailly, ii. 406.

³ *Ibid.* ii. 359.

Meanwhile the agitators were hard at work. In the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, Santerre and the orator Gonchon, whose red and blotchy countenance rivalled in hideosity that of Danton or of St. Huruge, stirred up insurrection.¹ At the Palais Royal, on Sunday, October 4, "Danton roared his denunciations," and "Marat made as much noise as the four trumpets on the Day of Judgment." It was now that the morrow's march on Versailles was publicly announced on the pretext of "the scarcity of bread, the desire of avenging the national cockade, and of bringing the King to Paris."²

By these means the movement, like the one that had preceded the siege of the Bastille, was made to appear spontaneous—an uncontrollable rising of the people that the leaders were powerless to subdue. But at the Duc d'Orléans' house in Passy³ the march had already been planned, and the elements of which the mob was to be composed arranged by the conspirators.

"If an insurrection were possible," Mirabeau had said, "it would only be in the event of women mingling in the movement and taking the lead."⁴ Did the idea of a "hunger march of women" originate with Mirabeau? Or had he merely in one of his frequent moments of indiscretion given away the secret of his party? The truth will never be known, yet one thing is certain—the plan did not originate with the women, but was adopted for an excellent reason by the organizers of the expedition.

Now, the leaders of the revolutionary mobs were never fond of facing artillery or troops of whose defection they had not previously assured themselves, and at Versailles they well knew that not only the King's faithful bodyguard awaited them, but also certain cannons which pointed threateningly at the Avenue de Paris, by which the procession must approach the Château. If, however, a contingent of women could be induced to march first and form a screen between them and the troops, the rest of the army could safely advance with their artillery.⁵ The plan was well thought out, and the conspirators entertained no doubt that the women of Paris could be incited by the pangs of hunger to co-operate. Accordingly supplies were now entirely cut off,

¹ Gonchon received the sum of 30,000 to 40,000 francs for each insurrection he succeeded in exciting (*Memoirs of the Comtesse de Bohm*, p. 196, edited by De Lescure).

² *Appel au Tribunal*, by Mounier, p. 123.

³ *Histoire de la Révolution de France*, by Fantin Désodoards, i. 340.

⁴ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iii. 161.

⁵ *Appel au Tribunal*, p. 123: "Those who directed it (the insurrection) had judged it expedient to make it begin with women, so that the soldiers would be less likely to use force."

and when the wet and windy morning of Monday the 5th of October dawned, the Faubourgs of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau found themselves absolutely without bread.

THE 5TH OF OCTOBER

This was the signal for the insurrection to begin, and as early as six o'clock bands of rioters, led by harridans of ferocious aspect, started out to collect recruits. Now, according to the history books that enlightened our youth, the women thus assembled and induced to march on Versailles were principally fishwives, ragged and dishevelled furies, endowed, like their counterparts in our own old Billingsgate, with a peculiar talent for invective. Rivarol, however, in a passage which we shall find later on confirmed by unquestionable evidence, shatters this time-honoured legend. "The women who went from Paris to Versailles are always designated by the name of *poissardes*. This is unfortunate for those who sell fish and fruit in the streets and markets; truth compels one to say that, far from joining forces with the *sham poissardes* who came to recruit them, they asked at the guard-house at the point of Saint-Eustache for help in driving them back."¹ Why, indeed, should the *poissardes* wish to march on Versailles? In the past the King and Queen had no more loyal subjects than the women whom the Old Régime courteously designated "the Ladies of the Market." Was it not their privilege to present themselves before their Majesties and express in prose or verse their congratulations or condolences on every event of importance? Moreover, the gala dress of black silk and diamonds they wore on these occasions² proclaimed them to be no wretched victims of want and misery, such as we have seen depicted riding on the cannons to Versailles, but prosperous "citizenesses" who took a truly Parisian pride in their appearance. What wonder, then, that the "Ladies of the Market" indignantly refused to join the motley crowd that had collected on the Place de Grève for the purposes of insurrection?

Indeed, it was obvious to all onlookers that this crowd was not what it pretended to be—a gathering of hungry women driven by desperation to revolt. "The first women who presented themselves at the Hôtel de Ville were powdered, *coiffées*, and dressed in white, with an air of gaiety, and gave evidence of no evil intentions; gradually their numbers increased; some rang the tocsin, others laughed, sang, and danced in the court-

¹ *Mémoires de Rivarol*, p. 263.

² *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 167.

yard,"¹ which proves, as Mounier says, "that amongst these women a large number were not suffering from want, but were only sent to stir up the others."²

Moreover, the aspect of certain of the harridans and so-called *poissardes* who led the movement struck observers as peculiar, for it was noticed that beneath ragged skirts there peeped forth trousers, that shaven chins appeared above muslin fichus, and that large heavily-shod feet presented an odd contrast to rouged and powdered faces. In a word, it became apparent that a number of these "hungry women" were not women at all but *men in women's clothes*,³ and it was said that amongst them were recognized several of the Orléaniste leaders—Laclos, Chamfort, Latouche, Sillery, Barnave, and one of the Lameths⁴—whilst one "monstrously fat" *poissarde* was declared by the people to be the Duc d'Aiguillon.⁵ According to certain contemporaries these gentlemen—notably Laclos and Chamfort—were accompanied by their mistresses, and Taine adds that their number was swelled by a quantity of deserters from the Gardes Françaises with the women of the Palais Royal, to whom they acted as *souteneurs*, and from whom they may have borrowed their disguises.⁶

These, then, were the elements that formed the nucleus of the expedition, and it will therefore be understood why the first contingent of women presented so gay and prosperous an appearance. But in order to give a popular air to the rising it was necessary to secure the co-operation of as many "women of the people" as could be induced to join the procession, accordingly shops, workrooms, and private houses were entered, and cooks, seamstresses, mothers of families were bribed or forced to follow—threatened with violence if they refused. A washerwoman on the Seine described to the Chevalier d'Estrées the efforts made to enlist working-women in the movement. "What!" the Chevalier had said ironically to this woman on the 5th of October, "you are not at Versailles?" to which the washerwoman indignantly replied, "Monsieur le Chevalier, you are mistaken, like every one else, in imagining that it is laundresses

¹ Evidence of M. de Blois, member of the Commune, witness xxxv. in the *Procédure du Châtelet*.

² *Appel au Tribunal*, p. 124.

³ On the men in women's clothes see *Appel au Tribunal*, by Mounier, p. 124, and the testimony of eye-witnesses vii., ix., x., xxxiii., xxxiv., xxxv., xliv., lix., xcvi., cx., cxlvi., clxv., ccxxxvii., cccxvi., and many others in the *Procédure du Châtelet*.

⁴ *Mémoires concernant Marie Antoinette*, by Joseph Weber, ii. 210; Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 245; evidence of the Chevalier de La Serre, witness ccxxvi. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

⁵ Evidence of La Serre and St. Martin (officer in the Régiment de Flandre), witness xcvi. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

⁶ Taine, *La Révolution*, i. 153.

and other women of the same kind who have gone to Versailles. Some one certainly came to my boat and made the proposal to myself and my companions, and it was a woman who offered us six and twelve francs, but that woman is no more a woman than you are; I recognized her distinctly as a seigneur living at the Palais Royal or near it, whose valet I wash for." ¹

But if the honest and industrious women of the people showed themselves unwilling, there lurked nevertheless a terrible element of violence in the underworld of Paris that even another century of civilization has never robbed of its ferocity, and that once its passions are aroused knows neither reason nor pity. From this underworld there now poured forth bands of wastrels and degenerates, drink-sodden women clutching broomsticks, above all, street-walkers inflamed with the easily-roused passions of their kind, reckless, abandoned, shrieking foul invectives—all these assembled on the Place de Grève and proceeded to attack the Hôtel de Ville. With a hail of stones they drove back the mounted guards defending the entrance, and battering down the doors swarmed into the building, pillaged the armoury, carried off two cannons, eight hundred guns, as well as munitions and silver, attempted to hang a luckless priest they discovered in the belfry, shouting the while, "The men have no courage, they dare not take revenge! We will act for them! The representatives of the Commune are traitors and bad citizens, they deserve death, M. Bailly and Lafayette first of all—they must be hanged to the lantern."

These imprecations again show very clearly the influences at work amongst the crowd, for both Bailly and Lafayette were the idols of the people, but had rendered themselves odious to the agitators—Bailly by his indefatigable efforts to provide the capital with bread, and Lafayette by his steady opposition to the Orléaniste conspiracy. So once again we see the power of the mob turned against the people.

Meanwhile the men who had carried out the attack on the Bastille—known as the *volontaires de la Bastille*—were summoned and now arrived on the Place de Grève led by Maillard, who seized a drum, beat a roll-call, and invited the women to follow him to Versailles. This heterogeneous army of women, of men in women's clothes, and brigands from the Faubourgs, armed with pistols, scythes, pikes, and muskets, mustered in the Champs Élysées, and at one o'clock set forth for Versailles with Maillard at their head. As usual, the organizers of the movement had been careful to expose themselves to no danger, those who joined in the procession prudently sheltering themselves behind

¹ Evidence of St. Firmin, bourgeois de Paris, witness XLV. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

petticoats from the possible fire of the King's troops, whilst the men whose eloquence had stirred up popular agitation—Danton, Marat, Santerre, Camille Desmoulins, Gonchon—took no part in the day's proceedings, but kept away altogether from the scene of action.¹ The only prominent Orléanistes who ventured forth on this occasion without the safeguard of an *incognito* were Maillard, the "Generalissimo of the Brigands," and Théroigne de Méricourt, who now appeared on a black horse, dressed in a scarlet riding-habit and black hat, and escorted by a jockey in the same colours, which were the racing colours of the Duc d'Orléans.²

Again, as at the siege of the Bastille, it was mainly on a few obscure ruffians that the conspirators depended for the execution of their designs—Desnot, the "cook out of place," who had joined in the murder of De Launay and of Foulon, and Mathieu Jourdan, *alias* Jouve, in turn butcher, blacksmith, smuggler, and artist's model—"the man with the long beard" of whom eye-witnesses speak shudderingly, and who on this famous day was to earn the name of "Coupe-Tête."

So in the wind and rain the ten-mile march to Versailles began, and if in this setting out we can detect no element of heroism as in the start for the Bastille, there is yet a poignant note of pathos to be found amongst the working-women dragged from their peaceful labours and forced to embark on the hazardous enterprise of which they could not dimly understand the purpose. Several of these women—poor patient tools of the conspirators—afterwards described the methods employed to goad them onwards as, shivering in the cold drizzle, they started on the weary journey. The imprecations of the *sham poissardes* against the Royal Family increased their disenchantment. "Yes, yes!" cried one of the furies, a notorious *demi-mondaine*, armed with a sword, "we are going to Versailles to bring back the Queen's head on the point of a sword." *But the other women silenced her.*³

Many of the crowd were bribed; barefooted women drew from their pockets six-écu pieces wrapped in paper, ragged men tossed gold and silver coins in the air, and the hope of further gain still drove them onwards.⁴ Others trudged patiently, lured

¹ St. Huruge was still safely lodged in the Châtelet, so his courage could not be put to the test.

² Evidence of Jeanne Martin, a sick-nurse forced to march "with threats of violence," witness LXXXII., and De Villelongue, witness LXXIX. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

³ Evidence of Jeanne Martin and of Madeleine Glain, charwoman, witness LXXXIII. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

⁴ Evidence of witnesses X., LVI., LXXXII., CXCIX., CCLXXII., and CCCLXXXVII. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

by the promise of bread which the good King was to give them, and, indeed, amongst the marching multitude food was sorely needed. By the time they reached Sèvres the pangs of hunger had become acute, and the terrified inhabitants having closed their shops and barricaded themselves behind doors and windows, the women flung themselves upon the restaurants, battered down the shutters, and after feasting on all the food and wine that lay at hand proceeded to Versailles, which they entered about four o'clock in the afternoon, shouting "Vive le Roi!" tumultuously as they marched.¹

Whilst these scenes had been taking place in Paris the calm of Versailles continued undisturbed. Every one knows that the King went hunting, for no historian has forgotten to mention the fact, but few, if any, have remembered to add that he knew nothing whatever about the tumult in Paris.² It was certainly known to many deputies of the Assembly, but no one seems to have thought it necessary to inform the King, and he was allowed to start for Meudon serenely unconscious of the coming danger. Moreover, such was the detachment of "the representatives of the people" from the troubles of the capital that, whilst the revolutionary mob was mustering, they continued tranquilly discussing the new criminal code.

Mirabeau afterwards admitted that he was warned in the morning of "the increasing agitation of the people," and "the nature of things" told him that Paris was marching on Versailles, yet he had spent the afternoon with La Marck studying maps of Brabant.³ This confession, intended to prove his non-complicity with the movement, certainly testified to the amount of sympathy he entertained for the people. The King's apparent unconcern is therefore less singular than it has been made to appear. But though the Assembly had omitted to tell the King of the disturbances in Paris, they had not forgotten to reiterate their demand for his sanction to the first principles of the Constitution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man. Before starting for the hunt Louis XVI. sent his reply to this request.⁴

The principles of the Constitution he frankly admitted did not "present indiscriminately to his mind the idea of perfection," and could only be judged on their completion. "If, however," he added, "they will fulfil the wishes of my people and assure the tranquillity of the kingdom, I accord, in conformity to your wishes, my consent to these articles, but on the express condition,

¹ Evidence of Maillard, witness LXXXI. in *Procédure du Châtelet*; *Deux Amis*, iii. 178.

² No messengers were able to reach the King, as they were all stopped by the mob of women on the road from Paris (*Deux Amis*, iii. 177).

³ *Moniteur*, vi. 31.

⁴ *Ibid.* ii. 8.

from which I shall never depart, that *in accordance with the result of your deliberations* the executive power shall reside wholly with the monarch (*ait son entier effet entre les mains du monarque*).” In other words, the King stipulated *that he should not be called upon to renounce the power accorded him by the Constitution itself*.¹

The Declaration of the Rights of Man he confessed that he found difficult to understand—doubtless it contained excellent maxims, but could only be “justly appreciated when its real meaning had been defined by the laws to which it must serve as the basis.”

Louis XVI. was a disciple not of Rousseau but of Fénelon; the tangible needs of the people he could comprehend, but vague theorizing on equality and universal happiness simply bewildered him.

The King’s reply provoked a fresh outburst of fury from the revolutionary factions in the Assembly. Robespierre declared it to be destructive of the Constitution, “contrary to the rights of the nation”; Pétion, taking advantage of the ensuing tumult, arose to denounce the banquet of the bodyguard. Cries broke out on all sides—“Orgies—threats—the patriotic cockade trampled underfoot.”² The Orléanistes, Sillery, Mirabeau, the Lameths, called out in furious tones, “The nation must have victims!”³ The Comte de Barbantane, seated in a tribune with Madame de Genlis and the two sons of the Duc d’Orléans—the Duc de Chartres and the Duc de Montpensier—cried threateningly, “It is evident that these gentlemen want more lanterns; well, they shall have them!” and the voice of the Duc de Chartres was heard to add, “Yes, yes, messieurs, we must have more lanterns!”

At this the Marquis de Raigecourt and the Marquis de Beauharnais rose indignantly exclaiming, “It is abominable that any one should dare to express such sentiments here!”⁴

Monsieur de Monspey demanded that Pétion should substantiate his charges against the bodyguard, but Mirabeau interposed. “Let the Assembly declare that in France every one except the King is inviolable, and I will make the denunciation myself!” and turning to the deputies around him he added

¹ Principles of the Constitution, article iii. : “The supreme executive power resides exclusively with the King (*réside exclusivement dans les mains du roi*)” (*Moniteur*, i. 390).

² Ferrières, i. 295.

³ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d’Orléans*, ii. 204.

⁴ This scene is, of course, not recorded in the *Moniteur*. It was related by the Marquis de Digoine du Palais, witness CLXVIII., and the Marquis de Raigecourt, witness CCIV., in the *Procédure du Châtelet*, and confirmed by other witnesses present, including Mounier, president of the Assembly, in his *Appel au Tribunal*, p. 233.

these terrible words : " I will denounce the Queen and the Duc de Guiche ! "

Again a voice was heard from the tribune occupied by Madame de Genlis and the sons of the Duc d'Orléans : " What ! the Queen ? " And another voice in the same tribune replied, " The Queen as much as any one else if she is guilty ! " ¹

Whether Mounier heard these words or not it is evident that, like all other witnesses of the scene, he realized that Mirabeau's declaration to the Assembly was directed against the Queen,² and might prove the signal for her assassination by the occupants of the gallery if the denunciation were proceeded with ; accordingly he closed the discussion.

Mounier at this crisis had no further doubts as to Mirabeau's complicity with the criminal plot against the Royal Family. During the scene that had just taken place Mirabeau had left his seat, and going round to the President's chair had whispered to Mounier under cover of the tumult :

" Monsieur le Président, 40,000 men are arriving from Paris ; hurry the discussion, close the sitting—be taken ill—say you are going to the King ! "

" And why, Monsieur ? "

" Here is a letter, M. le Président, announcing the arrival of 40,000 men from Paris." ³

" All the more reason," answered Mounier, " for the Assembly to remain at its post."

" But, Monsieur le Président, you will be killed ! "

" So much the better," Mounier said with bitter irony, " if they kill us all, but *all*, you understand, without exception ; public affairs will go the better (*les affaires de la république en iront mieux*)." ⁴

" Monsieur le Président, the phrase is neat (*le mot est joli*) ! "

But whilst this dialogue was taking place the advance guard of " women " from Paris had marched down the Avenue de Paris that faces the Château of Versailles, and were now collected at the door of the Assembly clamouring for admittance. Maillard,

¹ Evidence of the Marquis de Digoine du Palais in *Procédure du Châtelet* ; Ferrières, i. 299.

² *Faits relatifs à la dernière Insurrection*, by Mounier.

³ Note that Mirabeau afterwards stated that he only guessed " by the nature of things " that Paris was marching on Versailles. See *Moniteur*.

⁴ *Appel au Tribunal*, p. 302. Mirabeau, in recounting this scene (*Moniteur*, vi. 31), described Mounier as saying, " So much the better, we shall be all the sooner a republic ! " This was probably intended to discredit Mounier in the eyes of the Royalists, but it is obvious that Mounier, who never concealed his allegiance to the monarchy, could not have said this, and that he used the word *république* in the sense of *res-publica*—the public good—in which it was frequently employed at this period by Royalists as well as revolutionaries.

in a shabby black coat with a naked sword in his hand, at the head of twenty women, was permitted to enter, and at once began in furious tones to denounce the "monopolizers of grain": "The aristocrats wish to make us die of hunger; to-day they have sent a miller a note of two hundred livres telling him not to grind."

"Name them! Name them!" cried the Royalists of the Assembly.

But before this direct appeal both revolutionary deputies and delegates of the people were dumb. At last Maillard, or according to other accounts the women, answered, "It is the Archbishop of Paris!"¹

At this monstrous calumny even the Assembly rose indignantly, and with one voice declared, "The Archbishop of Paris is incapable of such an atrocity!"²

Maillard, once more urged by Mounier to substantiate his charges, could only murmur with an air of embarrassment that "a lady he had met in a carriage on the road to Versailles" had assured him of the fact.

To this, then, were the accusations of the revolutionary leaders against the "aristocrats" of monopolizing grain reduced!

In order to satisfy the demands of the women, the Assembly finally decided to send several of their number as a deputation to the King, who had now returned from the hunt.

Not until several bands of women and brigands (who had marched ahead of the revolutionary mob) were actually in Versailles had Louis XVI. been informed of the insurrection. De Cubières, an equerry, rode out to Meudon with a note from the Comte de St. Priest; the King read it, and turning to his gentlemen said, "Messieurs, Monsieur de St. Priest writes that the women of Paris are coming to ask me for bread." His eyes filled with tears. "Alas! if I had any I should not wait for them to come and ask me for it. Let us go and speak to them."

Nothing was further from his mind than the idea of a hostile demonstration; it was to him, the father of his people, these "hungry women" had turned in their distress, and his only concern was to help them.

A stranger present, M. de la Devèze, seeing his emotion, mistook it for fear. "Sire, I beg your Majesty not to be afraid."

"Afraid, Monsieur?" the King answered proudly. "I have never been afraid in my life!" and mounting his horse he rode off to the Château at a gallop. The Comte de Luxembourg

¹ De Juigné, to whose benevolence I have already referred.]

² *Deux Amis*, iii. 183.

was waiting for him and asked for orders to be given to the bodyguard.

"Orders?" said the King with a laugh. "Orders of war against women? You must be joking, Monsieur de Luxembourg!"

The ruse of the Orléanistes had succeeded, and by the advance guard of so-called women the King's defenders were disarmed.

From the windows of the *Chambre de Conseil* Louis XVI. looked out on the armed mob advancing through the wind and rain along the *Avenue de Paris* towards the *Château*; before long the *Place des Armes* had become a sea of pikes and muskets. Amidst this raging multitude Mounier, at the head of his deputation, was advancing on foot through the mud, and during the quarter of an hour of waiting for admittance at the grille of the *Château* was obliged to endure the insults of the mob, who cried out that "the deputies of the Assembly with their 18 francs a day enjoyed good cheer, whilst they allowed the poor to die of hunger"; that "when they had only one King they had bread, but since they had 1200 they perished in misery."¹

The deputation, consisting of six deputies with six women clinging to their arms, was increased by six more women before their admission to the *Salle de Conseil*. Louis XVI. received them with his customary benevolence.

"Sire," said Louison Chabry, a pretty flower-seller of seventeen from the *Palais Royal*, "we want bread."

"You know my heart," answered the King; "I will order all the bread in *Versailles* to be collected and given to you."

Whereat Louison, overcome by the King's goodness, fell fainting to the ground. Smelling salts were brought; Louison revived and begged to be allowed to kiss the King's hand.

"She deserves better than that!" said Louis XVI., embracing her.

Louison departed with the other women, enchanted by their visit, crying out, "Long live the King! Long live our good King! Now we shall have bread!"

But one of their number still displayed resentment. The *Chevalier de la Serre* attempted to reason with her, pointing

¹ These words, uttered by the people themselves and heard by a member of the deputation, Alexandre de Lameth (see his *Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante*, i. 150), were afterwards attributed by Mirabeau to St. Priest in the Assembly (*Moniteur*, ii. 36), evidently as a revenge on St. Priest for having explained to the women that the Commune of Paris and not the King was responsible for the provisioning of the capital (see St. Priest's letter to the National Assembly in *Mémoires de Bailly*, iii. 422). But if, as several contemporaries state, Mirabeau himself was amongst the crowd outside the grille of the *Château* when these words were uttered, it is evident where he really heard them.

out that they had to do with a good King, a good father, that their condition greatly distressed him ; but the woman replied, " Our father is the Duc d'Orléans ! "

Her companions interrupted her by repeating, " Vive le Roi ! "

" Non, f. . . , " she retorted, " it is ' Vive le Duc d'Orléans ! ' " ¹

It is evident, therefore, that certain of the women had been primed by the Orléanistes, but the greater proportion were, as Ferrières says, " acting in all good faith : they did not know the plans of the conspirators. Dragged by force to Versailles, hearing it incessantly repeated that the people were dying of hunger, and that the only way to stop the famine was by appealing to the King and the National Assembly, they thought they had achieved the object of their journey by obtaining a decree of the Assembly and getting it sanctioned by the King." ² What, then, was their dismay when they returned triumphantly to the waiting multitude with the King's promise to find themselves received by howls of execration : " They are cheats, they have been given money ! They have received no written order, they must be hanged ! " A fury in the crowd, tearing off her garter, dragged one of the women towards a lamp-post, and would have hanged her there had not an officer of the body-guard rushed to her rescue and brought her with the rest of the deputation into safety, inside the Cour Royale. These women then begged to be allowed to return to the King and ask for his order in writing, and the request having been granted they reappeared once more waving the royal signature aloft. Their accounts of the King's goodness had the effect of temporarily calming the excitement of the crowd ; cries of " Vive le Roi ! " went up on all sides ; for the moment the King's defenders thought the situation saved.

The women who had formed the deputation, now realizing that they had been the dupes of the conspirators, insisted on returning to Paris in order to tell the Commune of their reception at Versailles, and Louis XVI., informed of their intention, ordered royal carriages to be provided for the journey. Lest, however, too glowing an account of the King's benevolence should be conveyed to Paris, Maillard was deputed by the leaders of the insurrection to accompany the women and counteract their influence.

In all probability, if the tumult had been, as it is habitually represented, the spontaneous rising of a hungry multitude driven by want to beg the King for bread, the matter would

¹ Evidence of the Chevalier de la Serre, witness ccxxvi. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

² Ferrières, i. 308.

have ended there, and the people having accomplished their purpose would have returned peacefully to their homes. But the conspirators had determined otherwise.

Immediately on the arrival of the armed mob every effort had been made to provoke a quarrel with the bodyguard, but these gallant men, true to their orders not to use force against the people, endured insults and threats without replying. When at last a man of the Paris militia attempted, sword in hand, to break through the regiment, the Marquis de Savonnières, followed by three other officers, pursued the insurgent and struck him with the flat of his sword, but a shot fired by Charpentier of the Versailles militia broke the arm of Savonnières and inflicted injuries from which he died some weeks later.

This affray provided the signal for battle; on all sides the cry went up that the Guards were charging the people; the militia hastily advanced their cannons in the Avenue de Paris towards the grille of the Château, and the mob, closing around the bodyguard, attacked them with pikes and stones and fired into their ranks, fortunately with so little certainty of aim that the men escaped with slight injuries. Still the bodyguard refrained from retaliation, and Lecointre—he who had denounced their “orgy” four days earlier—seeing this, and fearing that no pretext would be provided for further violence, rushed forward and overwhelmed them with reproaches.¹ It was at this crisis that the King, informed of the cries of “Vive le Roi!” and the momentary cessation of hostilities produced by the deputation of women, and concluding that peace was now restored, sent his fatal message to the bodyguard to retire. The militia of Versailles, taking advantage of the movement, immediately opened a volley of musketry fire on the retreating troops, whilst brigands armed with guns and pikes pursued them with shots and blows. It was said afterwards by the Orléanistes that the bodyguard now returned the fire of the insurgents and treated the people with harshness, thrusting them aside with their sabres, but of these acts only two eye-witnesses could be produced, the Orléaniste, De Liancourt,² and again Lecointre,³ the inveterate enemy of the bodyguard who was brought forward at every turn by the conspirators to prove their charges against the King’s defenders. On the other hand, reliable contemporaries speak only of the patience and forbearance of these gallant men who, in obedience to orders, refrained from using the weapons at their

¹ *Appel au Tribunal*, by Mounier, p. 145. Evidence of La Brosse de Belville, witness xxii. in *Procédure du Châtelet*. Miomandre de Sainte Marie, garde du corps, witness xviii., also stated that it was Lecointre who stirred up the crowd against the bodyguard.

² *Appel au Tribunal*, by Mounier, p. 155.

³ *Ibid.* p. 148.

command.¹ So once again the arm of law and order was paralysed, and the people who should have been protected were left to become the victims of the conspirators.

Whilst these scenes were taking place in the Place d'Armes, Mounier, imagining that reforms in the government would satisfy the multitude who were calling out for bread, continued to importune the King for his sanction to the principles of the Constitution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man. Louis XVI., whose sound common sense showed him the absurdity of according the royal sanction to philosophical axioms, repeated his opinion that at this stage his acceptance would be premature, but, on the assurance of Mounier that nothing else would allay the tumult, finally appended his signature to the words: "I accept purely and simply the articles of the Constitution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man." Then, confident that he had done all that lay within his power to restore public tranquillity, he awaited events with calmness. In response to the entreaties of the Comte d'Estaing that measures should be taken for the defence of the Château, he wrote at seven o'clock on this terrible evening, after the departure of Mounier and his fellow-deputies, these astounding words:

"You wish, my cousin, that I should express my opinion on the critical circumstances in which I find myself, and that I should take a violent course, that I should make use of legitimate means of defence, or that I should leave Versailles. Whatever may be the audacity of my enemies they will not succeed; the Frenchman is incapable of regicide. . . . I dare to believe that this danger is not as urgent as my friends are persuaded. Flight would be my total undoing and civil war the disastrous result. . . . Let us act with prudence. . . . If I succumb at least I shall have no cause to reproach myself. I have just seen several members of the Assembly and I am satisfied. . . . God grant that public tranquillity may be restored—but no aggression, no action that could let it be believed that I think of avenging or even of defending myself."

Meanwhile Mounier, returning triumphantly to the Assembly with the royal sanction, found the wildest scene of confusion taking place. A mob of women,² of brigands, and of men in

¹ *Appel au Tribunal*, p. 148. Alexis Chauchard, captain of infantry, witness ci. in *Procédure du Châtelet*, stated that "the King's guards behaved in this affair with the greatest circumspection; that he saw the people throw mud and stones at them and vomit imprecations against them without their making any attempt to repulse this attack."

² It should be noted that eye-witnesses, unlike historians, do not describe the women who created this uproar in the Assembly as *poissardes* but as "light women," some even of a class too superior to be regarded as "kept women" (see evidence of the Vicomte de Mirabeau,

women's clothes, had invaded the hall and taken possession of the seats of the deputies, where they regaled themselves with ham sandwiches, pies, and wine brought in from a neighbouring restaurant. The brigands, ragged and of ferocious aspect, adopted a threatening attitude, but the *filles de joie* were enjoying themselves immensely. It was a situation that appealed irresistibly to their mocking humour; true *gamines* of Paris, they found it exquisitely funny to chaff these solemn legislators and dance on the platform of the President, to overwhelm the unhappy bishop of Langres—occupying the President's chair in the absence of Mounier—with obscene pleasantries. "Now you must kiss us, *calotin*!" And the bishop, amidst screams of laughter, was obliged, sighing deeply, to submit to their vinous embraces.

Mounier, arriving in the midst of this pandemonium with his precious document, fondly imagined that the announcement of the "royal sanction" would act as oil upon the troubled waters, and profiting by a lull in the tumult read the King's message aloud. But to the women of Paris, as to the King himself, these vague formulas conveyed but little meaning, and Mounier's announcement was greeted by the hungry elements amongst them with the cry, "Will that give bread to the poor people of Paris?"

The President, realizing the impossibility of continuing the debate—most of the deputies indeed had already left the hall—broke up the Assembly. But the women had no intention of being done out of their evening's entertainment, and imperiously demanded the return of the deputies. The President's bell was rung, members were fetched from their beds, the Assembly resumed its sitting. Once again the message containing the royal sanction was read aloud, only to be met with the same cry of "Bread! Give us bread!"

Nothing is more amazing in the history of the Revolution than the total inability of the "representatives of the people" to understand the people's mind. The King, appealed to by the hungry women, could readily enter into their sufferings, but the Assembly, in response to their cries for bread, offered them—the foundation-stone of the Constitution. For at this supreme moment these so-called democrats, actually surrounded by the

witness CXLVI. in *Procédure du Châtelet*), whilst nearly all state that a great many men disguised as women were seen amongst them. No doubt there were a certain number of "women of the people" who had been forced to march to Versailles amongst those calling out for bread, but the "indecent scenes" described were evidently produced by the Orléaniste conspirators and the women they had brought with them. It was mainly the leaders of the expedition who crowded into the Assembly; most of the poor creatures from the Faubourgs were left outside in the rain.

clamouring multitude, calmly resumed their discussion on the criminal code.

It is hardly surprising that at this the indignation of the women broke out afresh, and the Assembly was peremptorily ordered to discuss the question of food-supply. The voice of a deputy addressing the House was drowned by shouts of "Bread ! bread ! not so many long speeches !" and "Shut up that babblers. It doesn't matter about all that—it is bread that matters !" Some of the women clamoured for Mirabeau, whose grotesque appearance amused them : "Where is our Comte de Mirabeau—our little mother Mirabeau ?" A man in the tribune next to the President exclaimed loudly that the deputies should concern themselves with the people.

At this Mirabeau, who had no intention of allowing the *canaille* to command, arose and thundered, "I should like to know by what right any one should dictate to us the course of our debates ? Let the tribunes remember the respect they owe to the National Assembly !"

The women, enchanted at this display of authority, noisily clapped their hands and cried "Bravo !"

Whilst this tumult raged in the Assembly scenes far more terrible were taking place outside on the Place d'Armes. The wild autumn day had faded into a wet and cheerless night, and the immense multitude, unable to find shelter, gathered round huge fires they had lit at intervals about the square, and at one of which a horse of the bodyguard, massacred in the fray, was being cooked and eaten. On such a scene of misery and squalor did the great Château of the Roi Soleil look down that dreadful evening ! The women, wet to the skin, caked with mud after the long march from Paris, wandered round the courtyards sobbing pitifully, crying out that "they had been forced to march and did not know what they had come for" ;¹ others, savage with hunger and fatigue, danced round the bonfires shrieking furious imprecations against the Queen, Lafayette, Mounier, the Abbé Maury, the Archbishop of Paris. "Marie Antoinette has danced for her pleasure, now she shall dance for ours !" "Yes, let the jade skip, we will throw her head from the windows ! We will have the drunkard for our king no longer, it is the Duc d'Orléans that we must have for king !"

Thus the furies of the under-world, revolting enough in truth, but surely less revolting than the Duc d'Orléans, skulking through the crowd in the Avenue de Paris, "endeavouring to escape detection but unable to flee from his conscience,"² less revolting

¹ *Mémoires de Madame de la Tour du Pin*, i. 222.

² Ferrières, i. 313 ; evidence of De Boisse of the King's bodyguard, witness CCXIV. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

far than the petticoated roués of the Palais Royal, stirring up a poor and hungry populace to commit crimes they dared not undertake themselves. It was said by many witnesses, and never disproved by any conclusive *alibi*, that all through that fearful night, and again the following morning, the members of the conspiracy were at work distributing money and inciting the people to violence; that Mirabeau, brandishing a naked sword, was seen in the ranks of the Régiment de Flandre exhorting them to defection;¹ that Théroigne in her scarlet habit went from group to group giving the names of deputies to be massacred, and distributing money done up in paper packets;² that fine gentlemen in embroidered waistcoats "slipped coins concealed in cockades into the hands of the women";³ that Laclos, Sillery, Barnave, the Duc d'Aiguillon, dressed as women, were again recognized mingling with the crowd, fanning up the flame of popular fury in preparation for the massacres of the morrow.⁴

Suddenly at midnight, when the frenzy of the populace had reached its height, the roll of drums and the red glare of torches announced the arrival of Lafayette at the head of the Gardes Françaises in the Avenue de Paris.

How did Lafayette come to be leading this second army of insurgents to Versailles? The fact has provided Orléaniste writers with the pretext for shifting the blame of the insurrection on to their opponent, and it was precisely in order to be able to do this that they had contrived to implicate Lafayette in the movement. As a matter of fact Lafayette had held out for hours against the entreaties of his men, who, prompted by the

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 90; Weber, ii. 207; Fantin Désodoards, i. 213; *Procédure du Châtelet*, witnesses xxxvi., clvii., clxi., ccxxvi.; Ferrières, i. 307.

² *Procédure du Châtelet*, witnesses xci. and clvi.

³ Evidence of an eye-witness, Anne Marguerite Andelle, ccxxxvi. in *Procédure du Châtelet*, a linen-worker dragged by force to Versailles. On the money distributed amongst the soldiers of the Régiment de Flandre and amongst the people see also witnesses xlix., lvi., lxxi., lxxxii., cx. and cxxvi.

⁴ "All the roués of the Palais Royal, the accomplices, or rather the instigators of the Duc d'Orléans, Laclos, Sillery, Latouche, d'Aiguillon, d'Oraison, Mirabeau, and several other minor personages, were on foot all night in the midst of this rabble, whom they intoxicated in every manner. Public evidence subsequently showed some of them as having adopted the most ignoble disguises so as not to be recognized" (Weber, ii. 210). See also Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 245, and evidence of the Chevalier de Lasserre, witness ccxxvi. in *Procédure du Châtelet*. Jean Diot, curé and deputy of the National Assembly, witness cx., described a conversation he heard during this night in which a man dressed as a woman, "tall and of great corpulence," offered two of the people fifty louis on behalf of the Duc d'Orléans to murder the Queen on the following morning.

Orléanistes, insisted on his leading them to Versailles. At the Hôtel de Ville that morning, whilst Lafayette was occupied in sending off despatches to warn Versailles of the approaching invasion, six grenadiers had entered and accosted him with these words: "General, we are deputed by six companies of grenadiers: we do not think you are a traitor, but we think that the Government is betraying us. It is time all this ended. . . . The people are wretched; the source of the evil is at Versailles; we must go to fetch the King and bring him to Paris; we must exterminate the Régiment de Flandre and the bodyguard who dare to trample on the national cockade. If the King is too weak to wear his crown, let him renounce it. We will crown his son, a council of regency will be nominated, and all will go well."

As this was precisely the plan of the Orléaniste conspiracy Lafayette immediately realized that the men were merely repeating their lesson, and, recognizing the trap laid for him, he attempted to dissuade them from marching on Versailles.

"What!" he said, "you mean then to make war on the King and force him to abandon us?" The use of the final pronoun is significant; even the Republican Lafayette was obliged in his more honest moments to admit that Louis XVI. was on the side of the people, and the soldiers, thus appealed to, momentarily forgot their lesson and readily concurred:

"General, indeed we should be very sorry, for we love him well, but if he left us we have Monsieur le Dauphin."

In vain Lafayette continued to remonstrate; the men once more took up the refrain: "The source of the evil is at Versailles; we must go and fetch the King and bring him to Paris; all the people wish it." Finally Lafayette went out on to the Place de Grève and, with Bailly, attempted to address the crowd collected there. But the people, he had begun to discover, were easier to rouse than to pacify, and the spirit of insubordination he had openly encouraged at the beginning of the Revolution was now turning against himself. In vain he strove to make himself heard; an angry uproar arose; one voice was heard above the others crying, "It is strange that M. de Lafayette should wish to command the people when it is for the people to command him!"

Then Lafayette, reluctantly mounting his white charger, placed himself at the head of the troops, whose numbers were now being rapidly increased by the lowest rabble of the Faubourgs, which, armed with pikes and pitchforks, with cutlasses and hatchets, poured into the Place de Grève crying out, "Bread! bread! To Versailles!"

At the sight of this terrible army Lafayette once again

hesitated, and, seeing this, the crowd broke into fury; howls of rage, threats of death rose from a thousand throats; for the first time Lafayette, idol of the people, heard the voice of the people raised against himself. At that he grew first red, then pale, made a movement as if he would dismount, but a dozen hands gripped his bridle: "No, General, you shall not escape us!" While he temporized a message from the Commune was slipped into his hand ordering him to march. Lafayette glanced at the paper, grew paler still, then gathered up his reins, and with a set countenance gave the word of command to march. "He rode at the head of his troops," says Montjoie, "like a criminal led to execution"; and that in all probability he was going to his death Lafayette well knew, but, bitterer thought still, this was to be death with dishonour!

So it came to pass that at midnight, after an eight hours' march, Lafayette entered Versailles. Calling a halt at the turning of the road leading to the National Assembly he demanded of his army to take the oath of fidelity to the nation, the law, and the King; then entering the Assembly filled with the drunken crowd he made his way through the turmoil to the President's chair and assured Mounier that he could answer for the loyalty of his troops.

Although so exhausted that he was hardly able to drag himself up the staircase, Lafayette afterwards presented himself at the Château and administered the same soothing assurances. "I was without apprehension," he wrote later; "the people had promised me to remain quiet."

But the Queen, who had no confidence in the benevolence of revolutionary mobs or in generals who marched at their heads, received Lafayette coldly. She realized, as he with his foolish optimism could not, the frightful danger that confronted them that night. "I know," she said, "that they have come to demand my head, but I learnt from my mother not to fear death, and I can await it with calmness."

All around her in the Château terror and confusion prevailed; women ran hither and thither, peeping forth fearfully from the windows at the dull glare beyond the railings, where by fire and torchlight that raging sea of humanity tossed tumultuously, listening with beating hearts to the hoarse murmurs, broken now and again with savage howls and fiendish laughter; others, helpless and distracted, paced the great Galerie des Glaces, the scene of so much splendour, and in all minds one question arose—was this night to be their last?

Amidst these scenes Marie Antoinette alone was calm, and with undisturbed serenity continued to rouse the fainting spirits of those around her. When a number of her gentlemen came to

her door to beg for permission to order out the horses from the royal stables and mount them in defence of the Royal Family, the Queen returned only this reply : " I consent to give you the order for which you wish on the condition that if the life of the King is in danger you should make immediate use of it, but if I alone am imperilled you will not use it."

Her women, realizing that she was the chief victim designated by the conspirators, threw themselves at her feet and begged her to escape. " No," she answered, " never, never will I abandon the King or my children ; whatever fate awaits them, I will share it."

Then dismissing her attendants she remained alone, waiting for death. At this moment a note was brought to her ; she opened it, and read these terrible words : " I warn her Majesty that she will be murdered to-morrow morning at six o'clock." She knew then that she had still six hours of life, and, placing the note in her pocket, quietly announced her intention of retiring to bed. In vain her gentlemen begged to be allowed to remain and protect her. " No, Messieurs," she answered without a trace of emotion, " take your leave, I beg you ; to-morrow will prove to you that you had need of rest to-night."

With these words she left them and slept an untroubled sleep until the frightful dawn of the morrow.

THE 6TH OF OCTOBER

Lafayette, according to current report at this crisis, retired and slept also. " Il dormit contre son roi," wrote Rivarol bitterly. But did he really sleep ? The truth will probably never be known. Montjoie says no ; Lafayette himself said that, worn out with fatigue, he went to the Hôtel de Noailles and was about to snatch a few hours of slumber when the tumult of the morrow recalled him to the Château. But if he did sleep the fact must surely be attributed not to treachery but uncontrollable physical exhaustion, combined with the conviction that the Gardes Françaises were completely under his control and that further disturbance was impossible.

But the bodyguard, more alive to the danger, had refused on the assurances of Lafayette to leave the Château unprotected, and remained therefore throughout the night as sentries before the doors of the Royal Family. For greater safety the Queen's waiting-women, Madame Thibault and Madame Augué, seated themselves against the doors of her bedchamber, and by this devotion saved her life.

For nearly three hours all was calm : the Queen slept in her great bedroom looking out on to the quiet Orangerie ; the King

slept in his facing the courtyards and the now deserted Place d'Armes ; the crowd slept likewise, anywhere and everywhere—in sheds and stables, on the floors of outhouses and kitchens ; eight or nine hundred spent the night on the benches of the Assembly.

But all night Luillier of the bodyguard, commander of the Scotch company, kept his watch, wandering around the Château and assuring himself that if the tumult began again the great gilded barriers would avail to keep out the raging populace. Then towards dawn an unseen hand unlocked a gate in the railing, and immediately a band of women and armed men streamed through to the courtyards and the garden that lay beneath the Queen's windows on the other side of the Château.

Luillier in consternation sought the Marquis d'Aguesseau, major of the bodyguard, and, encountering him at the foot of the great marble staircase leading to the Queen's apartments, said, "Monsieur, the King and Royal Family are lost if the brigands now passing through the courtyards to the terrace penetrate into the Château. I implore you to give positive orders."

"Place two sentinels at each of the gates," answered D'Aguesseau ; and turning to the bodyguard he said, "Messieurs, the King orders and begs you not to fire, to hit no one—in a word, not to defend yourselves."

"Monsieur," said Luillier, "assure our unhappy master that his orders will be carried out, but we shall all be assassinated."

For sublime devotion to duty, for heroic obedience to insane commands, the conduct of the King's bodyguard on this 6th of October can show no parallel in history except, perhaps, in the charge of Balaclava. Of all historians Montjoie alone has paid these gallant men their due, and it is from his pages that we must borrow the glorious story of their stand against odds so terrible and overwhelming. Do not their very names bring with them a breath of chivalry ? Guérout de Berville, Guérout de Valmet, Miomandre de Sainte Marie, De Charmand, and De Varicourt—we seem to be reading in some gold-emblazoned scroll that tells of knightly deeds done by followers of Saint Louis around the walls of Antioch. It has been said that the Old Order was effete, and this might well be so if it were judged by the faithless courtiers who at the first hint of danger deserted King and country ; but amongst these soldiers of the King there was yet stern stuff that, had it been allowed full play, must have saved the monarchy. For the last time we see them, these warriors of old France, rallying in a final expiring effort around the tottering throne. Henceforth the King must look elsewhere for his defenders—Swiss Guards will bleed and die for him, super-

annuated gentlemen will draw ineffectual swords in his service, women will throw their fragile bodies between the King and his assassins, but the heroic bodyguard will appear no more on the scene—the long romance of French chivalry is ended.

It was a quarter to six in the grey dawn of the autumn morning when the raging mob burst through the side gate into the Cour Royale. The sentinels of the Paris militia, vouched for by Lafayette, offered no resistance, and seeing this the brigands, who at first had trembled at finding themselves within the royal precincts, realized that they incurred no danger, and “flung themselves like tigers on all the members of the bodyguard that they encountered.”¹ The brave Deshuttes fell pierced with a hundred wounds; his body was dragged into the Cour des Ministres, where Jourdan “Coupe-Tête” cut off his head, and in a sudden access of homicidal fury smeared his face, his arms, his long and ragged beard with the blood of his victim. And at this horrible spectacle the mob went mad likewise and, bespattering themselves in the same manner, danced around the mutilated corpse. Then the cry went up, “We must have the heart of the Queen!” But already a large portion of the mob had poured through the archway by the Chapel and the Cour des Princes and burst into the Château.

The scene that followed was horrible; even at this distance of time one’s heart stands still as one reads the descriptions of contemporaries who, with awful realism, bring before one’s eyes the mad rush of the crowd up the great marble staircase of the Roi Soleil towards the Queen’s apartments; we can see, hear, even smell them, those tattered brigands of the Faubourgs, those dishevelled haridans and blaspheming women of the town, mud-stained and haggard with fatigue after the long march from Paris and the few brief hours of sleep snatched on floors and benches, and all mad for blood, all clutching cruel weapons of their own devising—knives tied to broomsticks, scythes and pikes and billhooks—and howling as they tear upwards like a pack of wild beasts rushing on their prey. “Where is that *f. . . coquine*? We will cut off her head; we will tear out her heart; we will make cockades of her entrails, and it will not end there!” And amidst these hideous imprecations again the same refrain: “Long live Orléans! Long live our father, our king Orléans!”

Was the Duc d’Orléans himself amongst the cannibal horde on the marble staircase? Did his hand point the way to the door of the Queen’s apartments? Many contemporaries believed it, but to this point we shall return later and leave it to the

¹ Evidence of M. de Sainte-Aulaire, lieutenant-commander in the bodyguard, witness CLVIII. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

reader to form his own opinion of the evidence brought forward. One thing is certain, the crowd never paused, never hesitated for a moment, as people unfamiliar with the interior of the Château might be expected to do, but made straight for the hall of the Queen's bodyguard "*as if led by some one who knew the way.*"¹

There on the threshold twelve of the guards were waiting to receive them. Miomandre de Sainte-Marie stepped boldly forward and attempted to check the wild onrush of the mob by one despairing appeal to their vanished loyalty :

"My friends, you love your King, yet you come to disquiet him in his very palace !"

For answer the crowd rushed upon Miomandre and nearly felled him to the ground, and the guards, forbidden to defend themselves, were driven back into the hall where, with a quick movement, they succeeded in closing the doors in the face of their assailants. Only three rooms now between the Queen and her assassins—four folding doors to be beaten down before the savage horde could close around her bed and thrust their terrible weapons into her heart ! The guards, to gain time, barricaded the doors of their hall, but the fragile panels quickly yielded to the blows of pikes and muskets ; the crowd rushed forward into the hall. Already De Varicourt was killed and his head gone to join Deshuttés' on a pike outside in the courtyard. The guards were driven back step by step over the parquet into the Grande Salle ; Du Repaire was left alone to guard the door of the Queen's bodyguard. The next moment Du Repaire was overthrown and dragged to the head of the staircase ; a man with a pike and another in woman's clothes² seized him—Miomandre rushed to the rescue and saved the life of Du Repaire who, wresting a pike from his assailants, continued to defend himself. Then Miomandre, his face streaming with blood, realizing that nothing now could keep back the raging mob, dashed to the door of the Queen's antechamber, opened it, and cried out to Madame Augué, one of the Queen's women, "Madame, save the Queen, they have come to kill her ! I am here alone against two thousand tigers ; my comrades have been forced to leave their hall !"

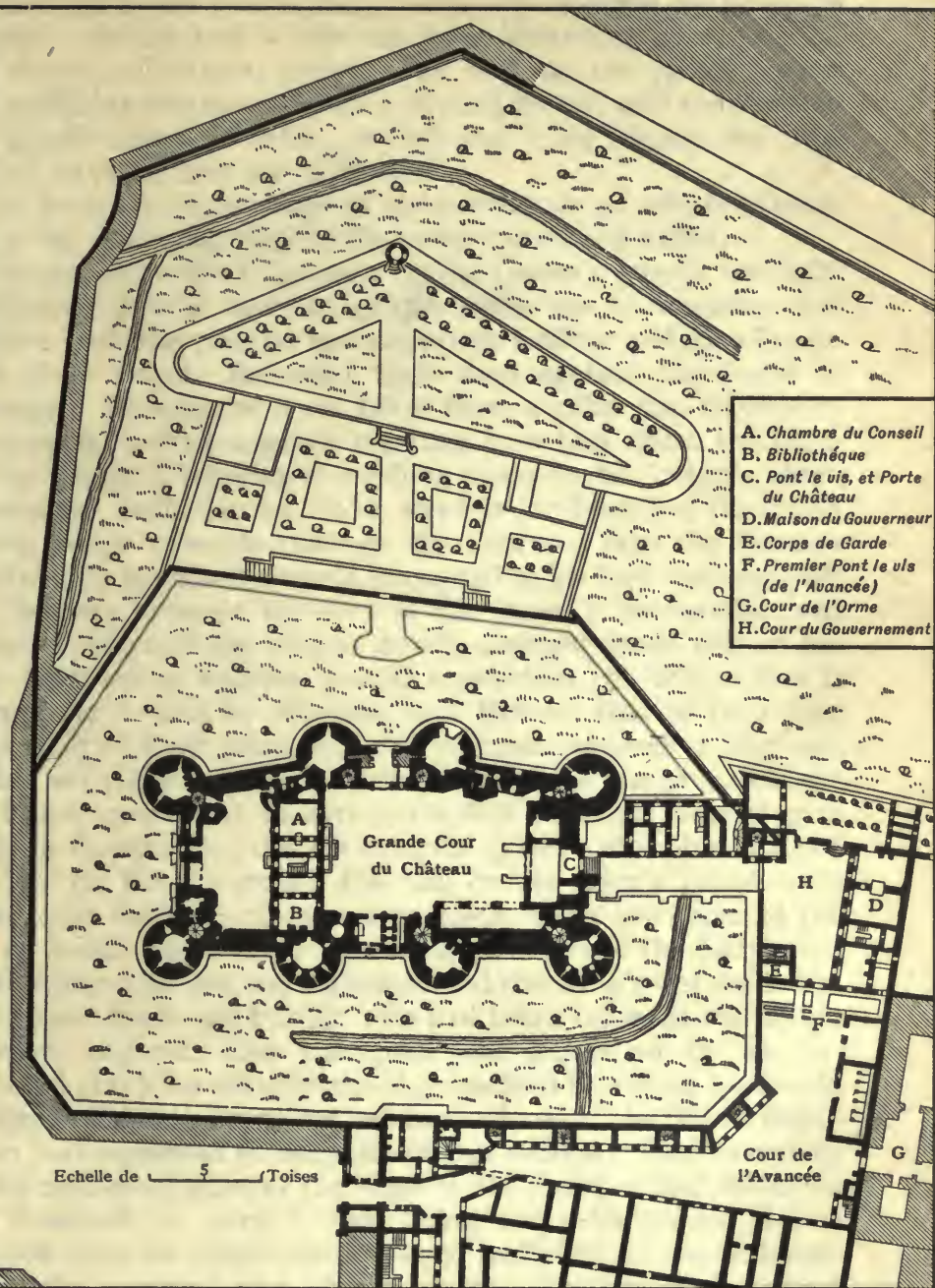
There was nothing for it but to leave the brave Miomandre to his fate. Madame Augué quickly shut the door, pushed in the great bolt, and flew to the Queen's bedside : "Madame, get out of bed ! Do not dress ; escape to the King !"

The Queen sprang out of bed ; her ladies threw a mantle

¹ *Mémoires de Madame de la Tour du Pin*, i. 227.

² "At the moment that he was thrown down he saw a coloured trouser beneath the skirt of one of those who attacked him" (evidence of Du Repaire, witness ix. in *Procédure du Châtelet*).

Rue St. Antoine



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Architectural drawing of the building complex, showing the main building, subordinate buildings, gates, walls, roads, gardens, ponds, wells, towers, bastions, ramparts, ditches, fences, hedges, trees, flowers, fruit, vegetables, animals, and humans.

The drawing is a detailed architectural plan of a large, irregularly shaped building complex, possibly a military installation or government compound. The plan shows multiple courtyards, internal courtyards, and various buildings. A legend on the left side lists building types and their corresponding symbols. The plan is oriented with North at the top.

around her shoulders, a petticoat over her head, and hurried her through a side door leading to the *Œil de Bœuf* by a narrow passage. At the end of this the door, invariably open, was, on this day of all others, *locked*. She beat on the panels; after five agonizing minutes a servant opened to her, and she reached the King's rooms in safety, crying out, "My friends, my dear friends, save me and my children!"

So, owing to the courage of the two heroic guards, the Queen still lived—the great *coup* of the conspirators had failed.

Meanwhile around the door of the Queen's guards the fight continued; now at last the guards made use of weapons—Du Repaire with the pike he had captured, Luillier and Miomandre with their swords, defended their lives against the horde of assassins. Miomandre by a blow from a pike was thrown to the ground, and an assassin standing over him raised the butt-end of his gun, bringing it crashing down on his victim's skull. Miomandre, bathed in his blood, was left for dead, but the crowd having swept onwards through the doorway into the Queen's apartments, he raised himself, staggered to his feet, and escaped.

The next moment the door of the Queen's bedchamber was beaten down, and the furious horde, amongst them two of the men disguised as women, rushed forward to the bed to find it empty. It is said by Montjoie and Rivarol that in their rage they plunged their pikes into the mattress, slashed at the bed-clothes with their sabres, and then by way of the great *Galerie des Glaces* proceeded to attack the *Œil de Bœuf*; according to Madame Campan they did not enter the Queen's room, but reached the *Œil de Bœuf* through the hall of the King's guards. In either case their intention was to break down the doors of the *Œil de Bœuf*, where a few remaining members of the bodyguard were entrenched, and having massacred the King's last defenders to fall upon the Royal Family, who had taken refuge in the King's bedroom beyond. But this plan was frustrated by an unexpected check—a detachment of grenadiers belonging to the old *Gardes Françaises* drawn up before the doors of the *Œil de Bœuf*. What had happened to bring about this sudden return to loyalty in the mutineers who, at the siege of the Bastille, had rallied to the standard of revolt? One thing only—Lafayette, at last aroused from his optimistic lethargy, had risen to the occasion. From the moment the attack on the Château began—that attack which he had persisted in believing would never take place—his conduct was admirable, and it is unquestionably to Lafayette that must be accorded the eternal honour of saving the lives of the Royal Family on this 6th of October. At the first sound of the tumult he had sprung up, mounted his horse, and summoned his grenadiers to the rescue of the King and the

bodyguard. "Grenadiers," he cried, "will you suffer brave men to be basely assassinated? . . . Swear to me on your honour as grenadiers that no harm shall be done to them!"

The grenadiers took the oath, and rallying around their still adored commander hastened to rescue the guards who had fallen into the clutches of the assassins. They were joined immediately by the men of the Parisian militia, and these, clasping in their arms the white-haired brigadiers of the bodyguard, cried out, "No, we will not murder brave men like you!"

So again, as after the siege of the Bastille, the mutinous soldiers were turned by a word from revolutionary fury to sentiments of humanity, and it was these men who but yesterday had marched against their King that were drawn up in his defence outside the *Œil de Bœuf*.

Inside the room the officers of the bodyguard, who had been driven back from the door of the Queen's apartments, were waiting to prevent the insurgents from reaching the Royal Family collected in the King's bedroom beyond, and the grenadiers, wishing now to effect a coalition with their former enemies, rattled at the door-handle to attract their attention, whilst at the same time keeping the mob at bay.

Chevannes, Vaulabelle, and Mondollot of the bodyguard cried through the door, "Who knocks?"

"Grenadiers!"

Then Chevannes, opening the door, courageously confronted the men he took to be his enemies. "Messieurs," he said, "is it a victim you seek? Here is one. I offer myself. I am one of the commanders of the post; it is to me that belongs the honour of dying the first in defence of my King, but, by God, learn to respect that good King!"

But Gondran, commander of the grenadiers, held out his hand: "Far from wishing to take your life, we have come to defend you against your assassins."

In an instant grenadiers and guards fell into one another's arms, mingling tears of joy, calling each other friends and comrades; the guards consented to wear the tricolour cockade, and finally the men of the two regiments joining forces drove the rabble from the Château.

The tide had now turned irresistibly against the conspirators. Down below in the *Cour de Marbre* the grenadiers were still fighting bravely for the lives of the guards, and the King, seeing the fray from the windows, rushed out on to the balcony of the great bedroom of Louis XIV. and cried out to the people for mercy to be shown to his faithful defenders. Several of the guards in attendance followed after him, and waving their hats, adorned with the tricolour cockade, cried out, "Vive la nation!"

The situation was saved ; in a moment that strange Parisian crowd had forgotten their fury, and to the shouts of " Vive la nation ! " responded with cries of " Vive le Roi ! "

Then the conspirators determined on one final effort to achieve their purpose, and voices were raised calling for the Queen to appear likewise on the balcony.

All this time Marie Antoinette had remained in the King's bedroom with her children, surrounded by her weeping women and distracted courtiers ; the ministers Luzerne and Montmorin appeared incapable of action, whilst in a corner Necker, the people's idol, sat sobbing helplessly. Marie Antoinette alone was calm, rousing the courage of those around her, quieting the little Dauphin who repeated plaintively, " Maman, I am hungry." Only at one moment her serenity failed her, as, looking down from the windows, she perceived suddenly amongst the raging multitude the figure of Philippe d'Orléans walking gaily arm-in-arm with Adrien Duport,¹ and at the sinister vision the Queen caught the Dauphin to her heart and, half rising from her seat, cried out in an agony of terror, " They are coming to kill my son ! " Marie Antoinette well knew that it was not " the people " who were most to be feared.

The cries of " Vive le Roi ! " that had broken out when the King appeared on the balcony showed that he at least had not lost his place in their hearts, and when at this moment word was brought that the Queen too must show herself to the crowd, she advanced confidently towards the balcony holding the Dauphin and Madame Royale by the hand.

" She took her children with her for safety," says a revolutionary writer—she who would have died a hundred deaths to save them ! No more cruel calumny has ever been uttered against Marie Antoinette. It is easy to understand the idea that inspired her action. What mother worthy of the name does not believe that the sight of her offspring must melt the fiercest heart ? And surely no stronger appeal could be made to the women she believed to be the same *poissardes* who, but a few short years earlier, had presented themselves at this very spot to hail the birth of the Dauphin than to show his younger brother to them now ! Were not the *poissardes* mothers too ? Undoubtedly, if the *poissardes* had composed the crowd, the result would have been just as the Queen anticipated, but the conspirators shrewdly

¹ Ferrières, i. 327. See also the evidence of the Marquis de Digoine du Palais, witness CLXVIII. in *Procédure du Châtelet* : " In the same place (the Cour de Marbre) was M. le Duc d'Orléans walking with M. Duport whom he held under the arm, and with whom he was talking in a very gay and easy manner." The duke was also seen at this hour by witnesses CXXVII., CXXXII., CXXXIII., CXXXVI., CXC., who described him playing with a light switch he carried in his hand and " laughing incessantly."

foresaw this also, and a man's voice in the crowd cried out threateningly, "No children!" At that Marie Antoinette, comprehending that the rage of the multitude had not abated, handed the children to Madame de Tourzel and came forward alone.

As she stood there on the balcony in the pale light of the October morning, her hair disordered, a little yellow-striped wrapper hastily thrown over her night attire,¹ her face, of which the dazzling tints had once defied the painter's art, now changed to a stricken pallor, Marie Antoinette had never seemed so much a Queen. Folding her hands on her breast she raised her eyes above the angry sea of pikes and muskets, filling the courtyards of the Château and stretching right away across the Place d'Armes to the Avenue de Versailles, and looked to heaven, "like a victim offering herself up to death."

And at this sight a hush fell over the tumultuous crowd, a breathless and tremendous silence during which the Queen's life hung in the balance. But amongst all that vast multitude only one man was found ready to carry out the design of the conspirators. This brigand raised his gun to his shoulder, took aim at the Queen, but, according to Ferrières, dared not pull the trigger; according to Weber, the weapon was angrily dashed from his hand by his companions. The next moment the silence was broken by a wild outburst of applause; cries of "Vive la Reine!" resounded on every side. Lafayette, coming forward into the balcony, raised the Queen's hand to his lips and kissed it. The storm of acclamation redoubled; the situation was saved.

So once again the designs of the Orléanistes were frustrated; only one hope remained to them—if the King and Queen were to be brought to Paris the people might yet be worked up to the pitch of fury necessary to their assassination. Accordingly a voice in the crowd² was heard calling out, "The King to Paris! The King to Paris!" and instantly the cry was taken up by the multitude. Hearing this the King decided to consult the Assembly, and a message was sent to the hall requesting that the deputies should come to the Château to discuss the situation. "We must not hesitate," replied Mounier; "let us fly to the King." But Mirabeau had no mind to expose his person to the tender mercies of the revolutionary crowds whose benevolence he was never tired of praising,³ and immediately opposed the

¹ Evidence of the Comte de Saint-Aulaire, witness CLVIII. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

² Ferrières says "a few voices"; Bertrand de Molleville, "one voice only."

³ "M. le Comte de Mirabeau represents the danger of leaving the accustomed place for sittings" (*Moniteur*, ii. 12).

suggestion. "It is inconsistent with the dignity of the Assembly to go to the King; we cannot deliberate in a King's palace."

"Our dignity," retorted Mounier, "consists in doing our duty, and at this moment of danger our sacred duty is to be with the King; we shall reproach ourselves eternally if we neglect it."

Then the King, with the courage which the deputies lacked, announced his intention of going to the Assembly since the Assembly would not go to him, and thereupon the Assembly, "with the sound of musketry fire all around," settled down to a long discussion on the manner of receiving him.¹

Whilst these inconceivable delays were taking place the crowd was becoming more and more excited, and at last the King, despairing of the Assembly's co-operation, resolved to take the matter into his own hands and accede to the demands of the people. Going out once more on to the balcony he accordingly addressed them in these words:

"My children, you wish that I should follow you to Paris. I consent, but on the understanding that I shall not be separated from my wife and children, and I ask for the safety of my bodyguard."

The crowd replied with cries of "Vive le Roi! Vive les gardes du corps!" Guns were fired as a sign of rejoicing. But once again the agitators succeeded in turning the tide of popular feeling, and it was in the midst of a raging herd that the Royal Family set forth on the terrible seven hours' drive to Paris. Around the carriage the vilest of the rabble had collected, pressing against it so closely that it seemed to be borne upon their shoulders; sitting astride on cannons were the sham fishwives, carrying branches of poplar adorned with ribbons, and women of the streets, still drunk with blood and wine, singing foul songs of the gutter, and insulting the Queen by their gestures and grimaces.

In order to give colour to the story that the Court had been monopolizing the grain, the Orléanistes now released supplies and brought up wagon-loads of grain to join in the procession.² The people, completely duped by this manœuvre, surrounded the wagons, crying out repeatedly, "We are bringing you the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy (*Nous vous amenons le boulanger, la boulangère et le petit mitron*)."

In the rear were the tragic remnants of the bodyguard—forty to fifty shattered men, disarmed, bareheaded, worn with hunger and fatigue, their garments torn and blood-stained, led prisoner by brigands armed with pikes and sabres, to meet, for all they knew, with a fate as hideous as their comrades Deshuttés and

¹ *Moniteur*, ii. 12.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 272.

Varicourt, whose heads had been carried two hours earlier to Paris, and brought in triumph to the Palais Royal.¹

As the procession passed through Passy the Duc d'Orléans, who had hurried on ahead, was seen on the terrace of his house surrounded by his children, and with them Madame de Genlis, frantically impatient to witness the humiliation of the Queen, to whose Court she had never been able to gain admittance. At the sight of their vanquished rivals joy unrestrained broke out on the countenances of this ignoble family. Mademoiselle d'Orléans gave way to hysterical laughter. Some of the brigands in the crowd, recognizing the duke, in spite of his efforts to conceal himself behind the rest of the group, cried out, "Vive le Duc d'Orléans! Vive notre père d'Orléans!" nor could ducal frowns and gestures silence these incriminating acclamations.²

It was seven o'clock in the evening when the Royal Family reached the Hôtel de Ville to be complimented by Bailly on "the beautiful day" that had brought the King to Paris. Louis XVI., in a voice faint with hunger and exhaustion, replied that he came "with joy and with confidence into the good city of Paris." Bailly, in repeating the King's words to the people, omitted to say "with confidence," but the Queen, whose presence of mind even at this crisis had not deserted her, interposed in clear tones: "You forget, Monsieur, that the King said 'and with confidence.'" Whereat Bailly, turning to the people, added, "You hear, Messieurs? You are more fortunate than if I had said it myself." At half-past nine, by the glare of torches, the Royal Family entered the palace of the Tuileries that for nearly three years was to be their prison. It is said that the King was radiant, his confidence in his people once more restored, for at this, as at every other crisis of the Revolution, he never lost sight of the fact that the people were misled and to be pitied rather than blamed.

"There are evil men," he said next day to the little Dauphin, "who have stirred up the people, and the excesses committed are their work; *we must not bear a grudge against the people.*" In this conviction, which to the last day of his life Louis XVI. never relinquished, is to be found the secret of that amazing spirit of forbearance which has been attributed to his weakness.

¹ Many contemporaries, including Madame de Campan, say that these heads were carried in the procession, but Weber, the *Deux Amis*, Bertrand de Molleville, and Gouverneur Morris distinctly state that they were carried on ahead and arrived in Paris at twelve o'clock, before the procession had started from Versailles. The Chancellor Pasquier saw them carried into the Palais Royal (*Mémoires*, p. 72).

² Montjoie, ii. 273; *Histoire de la Révolution de France*, by the Vicomte F. de Conny; evidence of the Vicomte de Mirabeau, witness CXLVI. in *Procédure du Châtelet*.

THE RÔLE OF THE PEOPLE

The point that Louis XVI. failed to realize was that the revolutionary mob which marched on Versailles was not the people at all, but an assemblage composed of impostors both male and female, and of hired rabble from the Faubourgs ; the only element that could be described as representing the people being those poor women forced against their will to march.

So indignant were the true women of the people at the masquerade conducted in their name that, on the morning after the arrival of the Royal Family in Paris, a deputation of the " Ladies of the Market " presented themselves at the Commune of Paris to repudiate all complicity with the movement by means of the following petition :

" Messieurs, we come to represent to you that we at the corn market took no part in what happened yesterday ; we disapprove of it . . . ; we devote to public justice women who have no other qualification than that of light women (*femmes du monde*) and prostituted to those who, like themselves, only wish to disturb the peace and tranquillity of good citizens." ¹

The deputation proceeded to declare that " they disapproved of the indecent way in which the women had presented themselves to the King and Queen, and that, far from having spoken against Messieurs Bailly and Lafayette, they would defend them to the last drop of their blood." They requested that the National Guard should be ordered to bring these women back to order. This little petition was deposited on the table and signed by the members of the deputation, but amongst these only three were able to write their names.²

According to Rivarol the *poissardes* also went to the Tuileries on the same morning and " presented a petition to the King and Queen to demand justice for the horrible calumny which rendered them accomplices of the violence committed the day before towards their Majesties." ³

¹ A confirmation of the statement made by certain contemporaries that Lacroix, Chamfort, and other leading Orléanistes took their mistresses with them.

² " Extrait du procès verbal des représentants de la Commune de Paris," published in the *Histoire Parlementaire* of Buchez et Roux, iii. 137.

³ *Mémoires de Rivarol*, p. 263. Madame Campan in her *Mémoires* also refers to this visit of the *poissardes* to the Tuileries, but, contrary to Rivarol, describes them as identical with the women who marched on Versailles, and declares that they opened the interview with reproaches against the Queen, though they ended by crying " Vive Marie Antoinette ! Vive notre bonne reine ! " But Madame Campan's account of the 6th of October is incorrect in several points ; moreover, we know that her loyalty to the Queen

In the light of the deputation to the Commune this statement of Rivarol's seems credible enough; if the women protested to the electors of Paris, why should they not have protested to the King and Queen? It may be suggested that it was the women of the *corn* market only who went to the Commune, but if so, why did they not say that it was from the women of the *fish* market that they wished to disassociate themselves, instead of stating distinctly that the women who marched on Versailles were of a totally different class—the class of “light women” that the “respectable poor” usually hold in abhorrence?

The whole of this incident has been very carefully kept dark by the conspiracy of history, for, of course, it effectually disposes of the cherished revolutionary legend that the march on Versailles was conducted by women of the people. Even if we doubt the veracity of Rivarol, the petition to the Commune is an absolutely unanswerable refutation of this theory, and therefore no mention has been made of it by any revolutionary writer, either amongst contemporaries or amongst posterity.

From the point of view of the people the march on Versailles proved naturally disastrous; the cause of liberty had been disgraced in the eyes of the world and the work of reform arrested in full swing. Several of the democratic deputies realizing this left the country in despair, and amongst this number were two of the most ardent defenders of the people—Mounier¹ and

is more than doubtful, and since she refrained from any reference to the deputation to the Commune which testified so strongly in the Queen's favour, she is quite as likely to have misrepresented the truth about the deputation to the Tuileries. On the loyalty of the “Dames de la Halle” at this moment see also *Lettres d'un Attaché de Légation*, date of October 16; *Documents pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution Française*, by Charles d'Héricault and Gustave Bord, 2nd series, p. 260.

¹ Mounier's denunciation of the 6th of October in his *Appel au Tribunal de l'Opinion publique* contains one of the most eloquent testimonies to the democracy of Louis XVI.: “Without doubt the nation had been long oppressed by a crowd of abuses; the rights of citizens were not sufficiently protected against arbitrary power. But had these abuses begun under the reign of Louis XVI.? Had he done nothing to merit our gratitude? What prince ever lent a more attentive ear to all those who spoke to him in favour of his people? . . . Did he dishonour his reign by sanguinary orders, by proscriptions? Did he steal property? And what an atrocious exaggeration to describe the mistakes of his Ministers as excesses which wore out the patience of the people, and to consider them as sufficient reasons for dethroning the King! I will not speak here of all the advantages we owe to his benevolence—the abolition of servitude in his domains, the abolition of *corvées* and of torture, the establishment of provincial administration, the civil state of the Protestants recognized, the liberty of the seas. *Would he have lost all his authority if he had had less confidence in the love of his people?*” Note that all these reforms mentioned by Mounier dated from before the Revolution.

Lally Tollendal. Clermont Tonnerre remained to be massacred at his post, Virieu to perish on the scaffold; Malouet alone of the Royalist Democrats survived the succeeding storms of the Revolution.

THE RÔLE OF THE ORLÉANISTES

Even the eyes of Lafayette were now at last opened to the truth about the Orléaniste conspiracy. Hitherto his Republican fervour had prevented him from offering a too determined opposition to the revolutionary movement, but if the 14th of July had moderated his revolutionary ardour, the 6th of October, he declared to the Comte d'Estaing, had made him a Royalist.¹ It was all over with liberty, he now saw, if the Orléanistes were to prevail, and with a courage he too seldom displayed he resolved to tell the King the whole truth, and to insist on the exile or conviction of the duke. At the same time Lafayette sought an interview with the duke himself, of which the following account is given in the *Correspondence of Lord Auckland*:

"The duke was at the head of a formidable party, the purpose of which was to send the King away, if not worse, and to make himself to be named Regent, etc. M. de Lafayette has worked out this plot in wonderful silence, and once master of every proof he waited on the duke last Saturday (Oct. 10) for the first time, and told him these words on which you may depend:

" 'Monseigneur, I fear there will soon be on the scaffold the head of some one of your name.'

"The duke looked surprised.

" 'You intend, Monseigneur, to have me assassinated, but be sure that you will be yourself an hour later.'

"The duke swore on his word of honour that he was not guilty.

"The other continued, saying:

" 'Monseigneur, I must accept your word of honour, but as I have under my hand the strongest proof of your whole conduct, your Highness must leave France or else I shall bring you before a tribunal within twenty-four hours. The King has descended several steps of his throne, but I have placed myself on the last; he will descend no further, and in order to reach him you will have to pass over my body. You have cause for complaint against the Queen, and so have I, but this is the moment to forget all grievances.'

¹ "M. de Lafayette swore to me on the road (from Versailles to Paris on Oct. 6) that the atrocities had made a Royalist of him" (Letter from the Comte d'Estaing to the Queen, October 7, 1789).

"The duke consented to depart. The day after they were with the King, before whom the marquis repeated to the duke all he had said."¹

But Louis XVI., always magnanimous, refrained from humiliating his cousin by a public exposure of his conduct, and contented himself with sending him on a pretended mission to England. According to Montjoie he hoped by this indulgence to dissuade the duke from continuing to monopolize the grain. "In the situation where so many misfortunes and crimes have placed me," he said to Orléans, "I see only the needs of the people. My sole desire and likewise my first duty is to give them back their subsistence." Accordingly he agreed to forgive everything that had taken place on the condition that the duke would open his granaries, of which a number were in England, and restore the corn he had concealed. A mission to the English Court was to be the pretext for his departure.²

Whether Montjoie is right on the real object of the duke's journey—and his statement is confirmed by the revolutionary Désodoards³—it is certain that the mission of the Duc d'Orléans to England was not, as his supporters would have us believe, an official one, but a pretext either to cover his restoration of the grain or simply to get him out of the country. The correspondence of English contemporaries on this point is conclusive, and shows that in England likewise the Duc d'Orléans was universally regarded as the author of the atrocities committed on the 6th of October.⁴

The Royalist Democrats, amongst whom we may now count Lafayette, refused, however, to be satisfied with the mere exile

¹ Letter from Mr. Huber in Paris to Lord Auckland, dated October 15, 1789. The above conversation is given by Mr. Huber in French. His account of the incident is confirmed in the *Memoirs of Lafayette*.

² *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 318.

³ *Histoire Philosophique*, by Fantin Désodoards, i. 222.

⁴ See besides the foregoing letter to Lord Auckland those from Lord Henry Fitzgerald in Paris to the Duke of Leeds, published in *Dispatches from Paris*, edited by Oscar Browning. On October 29 Fitzgerald writes: "In short, my Lord, the general impression is that the Prince was chief promoter of all the disturbances here, of the expedition on Monday the 5th of this month to Versailles, that his designs against the King were of a very criminal nature, that he aimed at the Regency of the kingdom for himself and proposed to bring his own party into power. It is supposed also that M. de Lafayette is the person who discovered the conspiracy forming, and that, having made it known to the King, his Majesty in goodness of heart employed him on a pretended commission to England, as a pretext only, and to shield him by honourable exile from further pursuit."

Again on November 6: "I must assure your Grace that I have every reason to believe that his commission to England was a pretended one," etc.

See also Playfair's *History of Jacobinism*, p. 220, note; *Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution*, by John Adolphus, ii. 249 and following.

of the duke, and resolved to expose the whole design of the Orléaniste conspiracy. Mounier was the chief instigator of this movement.¹

Accordingly in November the Châtelet of Paris opened an immense inquiry into the events of October 5 and 6. In spite of the threats of the Orléanistes a great number of witnesses came forward to testify against the infamous manœuvres of the duke and his supporters, and these witnesses were not taken only from amongst aristocrats or Royalists, but from amongst men and women of all classes—soldiers, hairdressers, deputies of the Assembly, washerwomen, ladies-in-waiting, tradesmen, and domestic servants jostle each other in the 570 pages published by the Châtelet, and no one should attempt to write a line on October 5 and 6 without consulting the graphic descriptions given by these eye-witnesses of the manner in which the march on Versailles was engineered.² In the light of this great mass of evidence no impartial mind can possibly doubt that the whole insurrection was the work of the Orléaniste conspiracy—the forcing of the women to march, the men in women's clothes, the money distributed amongst the crowd, the presence of the duke himself and of his supporters in the thick of the tumult always followed by cries of "Vive le bon duc d'Orléans! Vive notre roi d'Orléans!" All these facts were proved beyond dispute.

That the duke was indeed actually amongst the crowd on the marble staircase showing them the way to the Queen's apartments can hardly be doubted, but on this point the reader must be left to form his own opinion from the evidence given in the Appendix of this book.³

The Châtelet having thus accumulated information from every quarter, finally sought the testimony of the victim against

¹ Avant-propos to the *Tableau des Témoins . . . dans la Procédure du Châtelet*, 1790.

² The whole of the inquiry is to be found at the British Museum under the heading *Procédure criminelle instruite au Châtelet de Paris sur la dénonciation des faits arrivés à Versailles dans la journée du 6 octobre 1789. Imprimée par ordre de l'Assemblée Nationale*. Museum press mark, 491.1.2. Readers should beware of consulting the Orléaniste publication, *Abrégé de la Procédure criminelle instruite au Châtelet*, etc., in which the most important evidence is suppressed, but the brochure entitled *Tableau des Témoins et recueil des faits les plus intéressants*, etc., an answer to the aforesaid *Abrégé*, is a genuine résumé of the inquiry.

³ Von Sybel, the German historian, considers that "the strongest evidence against the Duc d'Orléans was furnished several years later by the discovery of a letter bearing the date of October 6 in which he directs his banker not to pay the sums agreed upon: 'Run quickly, my friend, to the banker . . . and tell him not to deliver the sum; the money has not been gained, the brat still lives!' (*le marmot vit encore*)."

whom all the worst outrages of October 6 had been directed—the Queen of France. But to the inquiries of the commissioners who presented themselves at the Tuileries for the purpose, Marie Antoinette made only the reply: “I saw everything, I heard everything, I have forgotten everything (*J’ai tout vu, j’ai tout entendu, j’ai tout oublié*).”¹

The supreme opportunity had been given her to bring her arch-enemy to justice—a course that might have saved the lives of the Royal Family and put an end to the whole Revolution, but with sublime magnanimity she chose to reject it. Yet there are still historians capable of saying that Marie Antoinette “knew not to forgive”!

But the evidence collected by the Châtelet was already more than sufficient to prove that the events of October 5 and 6 were the work of a conspiracy. Even the “Comité des Recherches” of the municipality of Paris, to whom the Châtelet applied for information, though in collusion with the Orléanistes—Brissot was, in fact, one of its leading members—admitted in its report that “the execrable crime which defiled the Château of Versailles in the morning of Tuesday the 6th of October had for instruments bandits set in motion by clandestine manœuvres who mingled with the citizens,” but in order to avert investigation as to the authors of these manœuvres the Comité refused to extend its inquiries to anything that took place before the morning of the 6th. By this means, as Mounier points out, all the preparations that led up to the march on Versailles, and even the organization of the march itself, were to be kept dark, so as to throw the entire blame on a “few obscure ruffians” whom the conspirators were quite ready to deliver over to justice.²

In spite of these obstacles the Châtelet had no difficulty, however, in deciding who were the true authors of the insurrection, and on the 5th of August 1790 the magistrates unanimously convicted the Duc d’Orléans and Mirabeau as deserving of arrest.

The following day a deputation from the Châtelet presented themselves at the Assembly and placed all the documentary evidence they had collected on the table.

seem to indicate that some one had been bribed to murder the Dauphin, but the incident rests only on the authority of Réal, minister of police under the Empire, who declared that he had held the note in his hands. See *Philippe d’Orléans Égalité*, by Auguste Ducoin, p. 72.

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d’Orléans*, ii. 71; *Dispatches from Paris*, iii. 311.

² *Appel au Tribunal*, p. 76. See also Fantin Désodoards, p. 283: “The Orléanistes had no doubt that the Châtelet would regard this affair from the point of view indicated by themselves, and would throw all the odium on a few obscure ruffians who could easily be represented as secret agents of the Royalists.”

Boucher d'Argis then opened the debate with these dramatic words :

"At last we have torn aside the veil from the deplorable event now all too celebrated. They will be known—those secrets full of horror ; they will be revealed—those crimes that stained the palace of our kings in the morning of October the 6th !"

But the Orléanistes had still far too much power over the Assembly to be brought to justice. Chabroud, the hireling of the duke,¹ was deputed to draw up a report exonerating both the delinquents, and this was followed by tirades from Mirabeau and the Duc de Biron, which had the usual effect of cowing the Assembly. To any impartial mind these speeches for the defence are hardly less convincing proof of the conspirators' guilt than the report of the Châtelet. Not a single charge against the defendants is effectually refuted ; the feebleness of the arguments employed is equalled only by their audacity. The "people" whom these demagogues did not hesitate to stigmatize as "ruffians" or as "tigers"² were alone to blame ; the only conspiracy was that of the "enemies of the Revolution" ! In other words, it was the "aristocrats" who had organized the march on Versailles !

Mirabeau, adopting his usual device of drowning his lack of reason or logic in floods of meaningless verbiage, thundered against the Châtelet : "This history is profoundly odious. The annals of crime offer few examples of infamy at the same time so shameless and unskilful." Several of the most incriminating accusations he boldly admitted,³ but endeavoured to explain them away by sophistries so futile that even the Assembly would have been forced to reject them had not Mirabeau, with superb cunning, hit on an argument that terrified the Assembly into acquiescence. "It is not the 6th of October," he cried, "that is being brought to trial—it is the Revolution !" And at this

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 84. Fantin Désodoards (*Histoire Philosophique*, etc. i. 286) says Chabroud received 60,000 francs from the Duc d'Orléans for this report.

² "Perhaps ruffians had mingled with the multitude and it had become their mobile instrument. . . . A homicidal band advances, in its frenzy it respects nothing. Soon there is nothing between the tigers and Louis XVI." (Speech of Chabroud).

³ For example, Dr. la Fisse, witness LV. in the *Procédure du Châtelet*, had stated that Mirabeau, on receiving a note from the Duc d'Orléans after the 6th of October saying that he was leaving for England, had exclaimed furiously to those around him, "See here—read ! He is as craven as a lackey, he is a blackguard (*jean foutre*) who does not deserve all the trouble taken for him !" (Compare this with Camille Desmoulins' description of Mirabeau's "anger at seeing himself abandoned," quoted on p. 126 of this book.) Mirabeau admitted having made this remark, but explained he only meant it was "a mistake" for the duke to go to England !

the Assembly, dominated by the two revolutionary factions, who well knew that if the Revolution ended it was all over with them, hastily reversed the judgement of the Châtelet and declared both Orléans and Mirabeau innocent. At this monstrous decision of the Assembly a cry of indignation went up from all those who loved justice, and who from the beginning of the Revolution had striven for the cause of true liberty.¹

Amongst these was Mounier, who wrote from Switzerland his *Appeal to the Tribunal of Public Opinion* denouncing the report of Chabroud: "I can conceive nothing so revolting as the efforts of M. Chabroud to justify the most frightful crimes, his indulgence towards the assassins, his hatred for the victims, his outrages against the witnesses and against the judges (of the Châtelet), the threatening tone of the Duc d'Orléans and the Comte de Mirabeau, the eagerness with which the conclusions of the reporter (Chabroud) were hastily admitted, without examination and without discussion. Nothing of all this should surprise me, yet it provoked in me indignation almost equal to that which I felt on October 5 and 6, 1789. Perhaps the apology of crime should inspire more horror than crime itself."

Yet it is this apology of the crimes of October 5 and 6 that for more than a hundred years has triumphed over truth and justice; by nearly all historians the *Procédure du Châtelet* and the great denunciation of Mounier—whom up to this point they have quoted unceasingly in support of revolutionary doctrines—have been persistently ignored, and the character of the French people has been blackened for the better white-washing of an ignoble prince and his boon companions. Such is the "democratic" method of writing history!

The truth is that the march on Versailles was nothing but an Orléaniste rising; not only must the people be exonerated from blame, but so must also the other revolutionary intrigues. In all the preparations that took place beforehand, in all the sidelights thrown by the Châtelet on the crimes committed, we can find no trace of either Anarchist, English, or Prussian co-

¹ For the opinions of English contemporaries on the absolution of the Assembly at the instigation of "the whitewasher Chabroud," see, for example, Playfair's *History of Jacobinism*, p. 220; Robison's *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, p. 392; and the statement of Helen Maria Williams, a bitter enemy of the King, in her *Correspondence of Louis XVI.* i. 235. Even Dumont, the friend—and evidently, for a time, the accomplice—of Mirabeau, admitted the doubtful honesty of the Assembly in exonerating him. "The events of October 5 and 6," wrote Dumont, "have been imputed to the Duc d'Orléans, and the Châtelet implicated Mirabeau in the conspiracy. The National Assembly declared that there was no case for conviction against one or the other. But the absolution of the Assembly is not the absolution of history, and many veils yet remain to be raised before these events can be pronounced on" (*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, p. 117).

operation ; the leaders were men known to be devoted solely to the interests of the Duc d'Orléans, the instruments were in his pay.

But if these other intrigues took no actual part in the movement, they accorded it their heartiest sympathy. The outrages of the 6th of October had furthered the cause of anarchy. Robespierre could still afford to lie low, biding his time, whilst the Orléanistes proceeded with the work of demolition.

By the revolutionaries of England the events of October 5 and 6 were hailed with fresh rejoicings. At the meeting-house of the Old Jewry on November 4, Dr. Price delivered his famous political sermon in praise of the French Revolution. "What an eventful period is this ! I am thankful that I have lived to see it ; I could almost say ' Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation '—I have lived to see a diffusion of knowledge which has undermined superstition and error. . . . I have lived to see thirty millions of people indignant and resolute, spurning at slavery and demanding liberty with an irresistible voice. Their king led in triumph, and an arbitrary monarch surrendering himself to his subjects."

After this discourse the members of the Revolutionary Society of Great Britain adjourned to the London Tavern and passed an address of congratulation on the "glorious example of France," which was transmitted by Lord Stanhope to the National Assembly.

But there was one man in England whose passionate love of liberty inspired him with the eloquence that alone could counteract these monstrous libels on a noble cause. Burning with indignation Edmund Burke arose and in his immortal *Reflections* opened the eyes of his fellow-countrymen to the true character of the French Revolution and the outrages of October 6. "Is this a triumph to be consecrated at altars ? to be commemorated with grateful thanksgiving ? to be offered to the divine humanity with fervent prayer and enthusiastic ejaculation ? . . . I shall never think that a prince, the acts of whose whole reign were a series of concessions to his subjects, who was willing to relax his authority, to remit his prerogatives, to call his people to a share of freedom not known, perhaps not desired, by their ancestors . . . I shall be led with great difficulty to think that he deserves the cruel and insulting triumph of Paris and of Dr. Price. *I tremble for the cause of liberty, from such an example to kings. I tremble for the cause of humanity in the unpunished outrages of the most wicked of mankind.*"

Burke's stirring appeal met with a prodigious success and carried all the sane portion of the people with him. Hitherto they had retained a certain sympathy with the Revolution ; the national "sporting" instinct had responded, as we have seen,

to the enterprise of attacking the Bastille, but this same instinct recoiled at the cowardly attempt to massacre the defenceless Royal Family in their beds. "After the 6th of October," says the Republican Dumont, "many sensible men (in England) began to think that the French treated infamously a king who had done so much for them."¹

The effect of Burke's speech was undoubtedly to save England from revolution; Dumont even goes so far as to question whether he was not "the saviour of Europe." In vain the English revolutionaries retorted with a storm of seditious pamphlets; their efforts were speedily transformed into waste paper, whilst Burke's denunciation will live as long as the English tongue is spoken.

"Its merit," wrote the contemporary John Adolphus, "can only be appreciated by the never-dying rancour it excited in the minds of his opponents, a rancour which age, affliction, sickness, and even death could not assuage."² It is not assuaged yet! Still, after more than a hundred years, the Radical press does not weary of reviling the author of the great *Reflections*, and owing to its unremitting efforts England has never been allowed to know the debt she owes to Edmund Burke.³

But if England began henceforth to regard the French Revolution with aversion, Prussia continued to express unfeigned admiration for the principles of French liberty. The decrees of August 4, which deprived the German princes of their estates in Alsace and Lorraine, had already embittered feeling between Austria and France, and paved the way for the dissolution of the hated Franco-Austrian alliance; and, although perhaps Prussia hardly realized it at the time, the first step had been taken towards the incorporation of these provinces with the future German Empire. Well might Hertzberg and Von der Goltz rejoice at each succeeding stage of the Revolution! "A King without authority," wrote the Minister of Saxony to Berlin, whilst the march on Versailles was preparing, "a state without money or military power; in a word, a vessel caught in a storm and of which Mirabeau is the only pilot—what importance can France have henceforth in Europe?"⁴

¹ *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, p. 96.

² *History of the French Revolution*, by John Adolphus, ii. 298.

³ So thoroughly has this propaganda been carried out that in the popular edition of the *Reflections*, which the good taste of the British public made it necessary to publish, a preface has been inserted explaining that Burke was ill-informed on the subject and urging the reader to consult Mr. Arthur Young's *Travels in France*. But the writer carefully refrains from mentioning Arthur Young's later work, *The Example of France*, which confirms every word uttered by Burke in rather stronger language!

⁴ *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, by A. Sorel, ii. 26.

Prussia had indeed every reason to be grateful to the Revolution. Was it a recognition of this debt that inspired the Prussians to enter Versailles eighty-two years later to the strains of the "Marseillaise"? The 6th of October 1789 had proved but the prelude to the 8th of January 1871, and in the great gallery of the palace, stained with the blood of the King's bodyguard, William I. of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor amidst the acclamations of his conquering hordes.

THE INVASION OF THE TUILERIES

THE INVASION OF THE TUILERIES

COURSE OF THE INTRIGUES IN 1790 AND 1791

A PERIOD of nearly three years elapsed between the second and third great outbreaks of the Revolution. During this interval changes so fundamental took place among the factions that the outbreaks of 1792 must be regarded as an entirely different movement—in fact as a new and distinct revolution.

In order to understand the causes that produced this second revolution it is necessary therefore to form some idea of the course taken by the revolutionary intrigues since the march on Versailles.

With the exile of the Duc d'Orléans and his mentor Choderlos de Laclos the Orléaniste conspiracy was temporarily arrested, and by the desertion of Mirabeau in the following spring lost its principal dynamic force. Mirabeau, it was said, had been "bought" by the Court; true, Mirabeau received payment, but this time only for the expression of his real opinions. He had always despised the Duc d'Orléans, and once the King's bounty had freed him from this ignoble servitude he devoted all his immense energy to building up the royal authority he had spent the previous years in overthrowing.

Louis XVI., who, as M. Sorel well expresses it, "saw only in the Revolution a misunderstanding between himself and his people, exploited and stirred up by a band of sedition-mongers," hoped by the capture of the chief agitator to put an end to hostilities.

On the 13th of July 1790, before taking his oath to maintain the Constitution on the following day at the Fête de la Fédération, Louis XVI. appeared at the Assembly, and delivered himself of this strangely human message to his people:

"Tell your fellow-citizens that I wish I could speak to them all as I speak to you here; tell them again that their King is their father, their brother, their friend; that he can be happy only in their happiness, great with their glory, mighty through their liberty, rich through their prosperity, that he can suffer only in their griefs. Make the words or rather the feelings of my

heart to be heard in the humblest cottages and in the dwellings of the unfortunate; tell them that if I cannot go with you into their abodes, I desire to be there by my affection and by means of laws that will protect the weak, to watch with them, to live for them, to die if necessary for them. . . ."

But the return of the Duc d'Orléans two days earlier—which Lafayette was either too foolish or too cowardly to oppose—gave a fresh impetus to the conspirators, and insurrection broke out with redoubled fury at the Palais Royal. The professional agitators of 1789—St. Huruge, Grammont, Fournier l'Américain—were now reinforced by a gang of hired brigands, known as the company of the "Sabbat," raised by the De Lameths and consisting mainly of Italians—notably Rotondo, Malga, and Cavallanti—whom we now find mingling in all the revolutionary mobs, and committing every form of sanguinary violence.¹ In the summer of 1790, soon after the Fête de la Fédération, Rotondo was despatched to St. Cloud to murder the Queen whilst she was walking in the garden, and failed only because the rain kept her indoors on the day appointed;² again in the following November Rotondo and Cavallanti led a mob to pillage the house of the Duc de Castries, who had wounded one of the De Lameths in a duel. At the same time the Duc d'Orléans entered into relations with another intriguer—Madame de la Motte, famous in the affair of the necklace, who now returned to Paris, and occupied a magnificent hotel in the Place Vendôme provided for her by the duke in return for fresh libels on the Queen.³

Meanwhile, in spite of the fact that he had sworn to maintain the Constitution and had placed no obstacles whatever in the way of the Assembly, the King was still kept a prisoner by Lafayette at the Tuileries in direct violation of the principles laid down by the people.⁴

It was under these circumstances that Louis XVI. decided in desperation to appeal for intervention by foreign powers. At the end of October an envoy was despatched to the Marquis de Bouillé, in command on the frontier, to inform him that "the King's position under the gaolership of Lafayette had become so intolerable that he contemplated flight to the frontier to one

¹ *La Conspiration révolutionnaire de 1789*, by Gustave Bord, p. 20; *Le Marquis de St. Huruge*, by Henri Furgeot, pp. 192, 225; *Crimes et Forfaits de L. P. J. d'Orléans découverts par un citoyen*.

² *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 276.

³ *Mémoires de Lafayette*, iii. 157; *Correspondance secrète*, p. 481.

⁴ See the *Résumé of the Cahiers*, p. 7, Article II. "The person of the King is inviolable and sacred," Article XI. "Individual liberty is sacred." Therefore either as King or subject Louis XVI. could not legally be kept a prisoner, not only without the formality of a trial but without even any reason being given for his detention.

of the places under Bouillé's command, in order to muster around him all the troops and also those of his subjects who had remained faithful to him, to endeavour to win back the rest of his people who had been misled by sedition-mongers, and to seek support in the help of his allies if all other means to re-establish order and peace proved unavailing."¹

Now since the suggestion contained in this letter of an appeal to the King's allies, the Austrians, has been made the chief ground of accusation against both Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, it is important to understand their real intentions on this question of the "Appel à l'Étranger." No one has explained the matter more clearly than M. Louis Madelin, the historian who best represents modern French opinion :

"Marie Antoinette . . . appears to have thought of this appeal to Europe towards the summer of 1790. The idea she entertained concerning it—a woman's idea, perfectly childish—is still little known in general. She dreamt in no way of a counter-revolution brought to Paris in the baggage-wagons of the foreigner, but of a *simple manifestation on the frontiers*, by means of which the Court would show that they 'disapproved of the way the King was treated.' The Emperor would mass his troops, make a feint of advancing, Louis XVI. would place himself at the head of the French army, and Leopold would then retire before his brother-in-law, who, aureoled by this victory, would re-enter Paris surrounded by the love of an expectant people."

The plan was futile, however, for the reason that the "friendly" sentiments of the European sovereigns to whom this appeal was made were outweighed by their political ambitions. "The cause of kings! The cause of dynasties!" cries M. Madelin; "that will be said hypocritically in 1792, but the Revolution neither alarms nor scandalizes Europe in 1789 and 1790, it is rather a cause for rejoicing." All the splendour of old France that had evoked the envy and admiration of foreign monarchs was centred not only in the Court but in the Capetian dynasty, consequently the sight of France, their eternal rival, bleeding in the dust from self-inflicted wounds, seemed to these lesser powers no occasion for knight-errantry. As to the ties of blood which have been represented as binding together the royal families of Europe in a confraternity dangerous to the interests of their subjects, their feebleness was never better exemplified than in the French Revolution, for of all the European sovereigns Leopold II., Emperor of Austria, brother to the Queen of France, was perhaps the least eager to defend his sister's interests or even to ensure her safety, whilst Gustavus III. of Sweden, bound by no ties of kinship, alone displayed activity in responding to her appeal.

¹ *Mémoires de Bouillé*, p. 181.

In the case of Frederick William II. of Prussia, it was not merely a matter of passive acquiescence in the disorders of France, but, as we have already seen, of active co-operation. The intrigue of Von der Goltz—which we must follow in the pages of Sorel—had prospered marvellously since the march on Versailles, for he had succeeded in carrying out his Prussian Majesty's injunctions by forming a coalition with several of the most influential revolutionary leaders, notably the Orléaniste Pétion. In May of 1790 Frederick William had written to Von der Goltz ordering him "to keep this Pétion on the alert, to express the satisfaction he (the King) feels at his conduct, and to let them know in Berlin whether it would not be expedient to give him a pension."¹

This letter was followed five months later by the despatch of a fresh emissary to France, a certain Jew agitator named Ephraïm, who arrived in Paris on September 14, 1790, armed with a letter from the King of Prussia to Von der Goltz instructing him to put Ephraïm in touch with the revolutionary leaders and pave his way for him:

"Goltz had been preparing it for a long time. He arranged for the admission of the royal go-between with Lafayette, with Barnave, with Lameth; he put him in touch with Pétion, Brissot; Gensonné, and their friends (*i.e.* with the future Girondins). Ephraïm found them full of animosity against Austria and *full of cordiality towards Prussia*. He showed himself still more anti-Austrian than any one amongst them, and the cynicism of his language with regard to the Queen seemed a certain guarantee of the sincerity of his sympathy for France."

Ephraïm then tried to worm his way into the confidence of the King's minister, Montmorin, but without success. "'The object he put forward,' said Montmorin, 'is a commercial treaty, but I have occasion to believe that his mission extends further and that he has been instructed to sound us on a political understanding.' . . . Montmorin had good reasons for distrusting all these Prussian manœuvres; Ephraïm was playing a very perfidious part in Paris. He frequented the clubs and made himself noticed by his democratic violence. 'His object,' wrote Montmorin, 'is to embroil us with the Emperor of Austria, and he thinks that in stirring up the public against the Queen he will succeed in this more easily. He goes in for underhand dealings and tries to work upon the journalists. I am almost certain that he distributes money, and I know that he draws large sums from the banker.'"²

¹ All the following quotations are taken from *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, by Albert Sorel, vol. ii. pp. 69, 157.

² It was his refusal to form an alliance with Prussia at this crisis that

Montmorin's suspicions were perfectly correct, for on this point we have the evidence of contemporaries belonging to absolutely opposite parties. Thus the Comte de Fersen, writing to Gustavus III. of Sweden on March 8, 1791, states that Ephraïm has been supplying money to the agents of revolutionary propaganda—"not long ago he again received 600,000 louis."¹ And Camille Desmoulins threw further light on the matter in 1793 by this significant phrase: "Is it not a fact aptly brought forward by Philippeaux that the treasurer of the King of Prussia, in giving him an account of the expenses for last year, produces an item of *six million écus for corruptions in France?*"² In all the sordid annals of the Hohenzollerns no greater perfidy has ever been brought to light; already they had embarked on the programme which in our own day they have pursued with un-failing success—the *engineering of revolution* in all those countries they wish to subdue. Well might the English Jacobin Miles exclaim: "Of all the sceptred miscreants who have dishonoured royalty since you and I have perambulated this earth, I know of none so base, so mean, so infamous as the present King of Prussia. He has authorized his agents throughout Europe to commit a kind of general pillage—to cajole and rob all nations."

For Miles, revolutionary though he was, displayed no small perspicacity in seeing through the intrigues of certain so-called democrats, and he was not deceived, as are our visionaries of to-day, by protestations of sympathy with the cause of liberty emanating from the willing slaves of Prussian despotism. "Some of the German courts," he wrote on March 12, 1791, "have emissaries here—all apostles of liberty—preaching equal

formed the principal charge against Montmorin when he was brought to trial by the Girondins two years later. The words in which this accusation is conveyed afford clear evidence that the Girondins were acting in the interests of Prussia, and throw a curious light on their political morality: "It had been assumed," runs the official report read aloud by the Girondin, Lasource, that M. de Montmorin "had not believed in the sincerity of the advances made by the Court of Berlin. It was not possible that this Court should not have been of good faith, since it (the Court of Berlin!) has been so from all time, and that it can only be the natural enemy of that of Vienna. . . . M. de Montmorin . . . knew that jealousy and rivalry was fomenting more than ever between these two Courts, since he knew and admitted himself that *it was the King of Prussia who had excited and fomented by his agents the insurrection of the Belgians and the Liégeois* (against Austria). He therefore knew perfectly the attitude of the King of Prussia, and if he refused to adopt his views it was not because he doubted his sincerity, but because he did not wish for an alliance with that Court. What reproaches, Messieurs, has not France to make against this ex-minister?" (*Moniteur*, xiii. 591). Montmorin was therefore to be condemned as a traitor to France because he had refused to form an alliance with a Court that he knew to be fomenting sedition in a rival State!

¹ *Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France*, i. 87.

² *Fragment de l'Histoire secrète de la Révolution*, p. 44.

rights and *assuring the giddy multitude that their example will be followed by the whole world.* Prussia for intrigue takes the lead. She pays court to each party as appearances may seem to favour. The Tuileries she disregards. All her agents vociferate against the house of Austria as plotting with the Queen for the purpose of destroying the Revolution."¹

The skill with which this intrigue was conducted shows that the teachings of Frederick the Great had been laid to heart by his disciples. "Frederick had always believed in the dissemination of democratic doctrines abroad whilst remaining a past master in the art of counteracting their influence at home. The rulers of the various German states had now more than ever need to exercise this talent, for the people of Germany displayed alarming symptoms of revolutionary fever. The doctrines of the German Illuminés that had contributed so powerfully to the revolution in France were now making themselves felt in the country that gave them birth. Burke, writing in this very year of 1791, remarks: "A great revolution is preparing in Germany; and a revolution, in my opinion, likely to be more decisive upon the general fate of nations than that of France itself. . . ."

This revolution, which might have proved the salvation of the civilized world by overthrowing the despotism of the Hohenzollerns, was averted by the revolution in France.

The death of Mirabeau in April 1791 removed a formidable obstacle from the path of Prussia. The author of *The Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, who had declared that "war is the national industry of Prussia," was not the man to be deceived by the pacific protestations of Frederick William's emissaries. Mirabeau knew far more than was convenient about the intrigues of the Hohenzollerns, and he detested Hertzberg. "That old fox," he declared exultingly to Dumouriez, "had only a short time to live."²

Four days later Mirabeau himself was dead. The truth of the verdict, "Death from natural causes," was never proved conclusively, and the Orléanistes were strongly suspected of avenging themselves by poison for the defection of their most valuable ally. But is it altogether impossible that Ephraïm may have been concerned in the matter? The Jew agitator, at any rate, played an active part in the tumult that took place a fortnight later when the Orléanistes, once more hoping to achieve the King's death at the hands of the people,³ drove a

¹ *The Correspondence of William Augustus Miles on the French Revolution*, i. 256.

² *Mémoires de Dumouriez*.

³ "The object of the plot was the assassination of the King" (*Choderlos de Laclos*, by Émile Dard, p. 286).

mob to the Tuileries under the pretext of preventing the Royal Family from going to St. Cloud for Easter. The same thing had been attempted the year before when women were sent to incite the crowd to violence, but their efforts had proved unavailing, and the King had set forth upon his journey amidst the acclamations of the Parisians and cries of "Bon voyage au bon Papa!"¹ The revolutionary leaders realized that more potent instruments must be employed if they were to bring off their coup. Danton, the principal organizer of the movement,² remained as usual in the background, but Laclos disguised as a jockey and Sillery as a lackey were recognized amongst the crowd. Again the professional agitators had been summoned—St. Huruge and the bloodthirsty members of the *Sabbat*; "Malga gorged with gold and wine" mingled with the troops, inciting them to murder; Rotondo led the rabble.³ But it was said to be Ephraïm who had financed the movement with the funds confided to him by his royal master.⁴

This outrage finally decided Louis XVI. to carry out his plan of flight to the frontier, and on the 20th of June the Royal Family set forth on the fatal journey to Montmédy that ended in their arrest at Varennes. The Orléanistes immediately seized the opportunity to fan up popular fury against the King; the gutter press in their pay poured forth pamphlets describing Louis XVI. as *le gros cochon*,⁵ a besotted drunkard, "a monopolizer, a swindler, a false-coiner, a devourer of men."⁶ At the Jacobin Club, Réal, amidst furious abuse of the King, proposed that the Duc d'Orléans should be urged to accept the regency.⁷ The duke, who at the first news of the King's flight had driven round Paris with a smile on his lips congratulating himself on his victory, now became struck with panic, and exasperated his supporters by publishing a letter composed for him by Madame de Genlis declining the regency.⁸ But Laclos, energetic as ever in the cause of his royal "protégé," drew up a petition in collaboration with Brissot, demanding the deposition of the King and, in spite of the protests of Brissot,⁹ "his replacement by constitutional

¹ *Correspondance secrète*, p. 450.

² Danton boasted of this at his trial: "It was I who prevented the journey to St. Cloud." See *Notes de Topino Lebrun*; also *Bulletin du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, No. 21822, "Défense de Danton."

³ Émile Dard, *op. cit.*; *Correspondance secrète*, 523; *Lettres d'Aristocrates*, by Pierre de Vaissière, p. 291.

⁴ Émile Dard, *op. cit.*

⁵ *Le Nouveau Paris*, by Mercier, i. 192.

⁶ *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*, by Camille Desmoulins.

⁷ *Séances des Jacobins* for July 3, 1791.

⁸ *Mémoires de Mme. de Genlis*, iv. 92.

⁹ *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, ii. 285; *Mémoires de Brissot*, iv. 342.

means"—in other words, the substitution of the Duc d'Orléans for Louis XVI.

The Orléanistes, however, had over-reached themselves; in degrading the King they had succeeded in degrading the monarchy, and now *for the first time* the cry of "No more kings!" made itself heard, and the proposal was made that the phrase composed by Laclos should be replaced by one demanding the abolition of the monarchy.¹

This suggestion of a Republic, emanating from the Club of the Cordeliers and a section of Paris entirely under their control known as the Théâtre Français,² met with the support of only a few isolated revolutionaries, including Brissot and Condorcet, whose Republican convictions were more than doubtful, and was violently opposed by the Jacobins, who were mainly Orléanistes. Already at a sitting of the Club, immediately after the flight to Varennes, a member who ventured to propose a Republic had been indignantly shouted down,³ and the amendment suggested by the so-called "Republicans" was therefore rejected by the Jacobins, and the original proposal of Laclos retained in the petition which was to be presented at "the altar of the country" erected on the Champ de Mars.

By means of cajolery, threats, and the dissemination of panic news,⁴ some thousands of signatures were obtained in the Faubourgs—principally those of women and children⁵—and early in the morning of the day appointed, July 17, 1791, a disorderly crowd assembled on the Champ de Mars, and after inaugurating the ceremony by the murder of two unoffending citizens—an old soldier and a wig-maker, who had taken refuge from the rays of the sun beneath the steps of the altar in order to enjoy a frugal breakfast⁶—proceeded to the usual revolutionary pastime of pelting the troops assembled by Lafayette with stones. Whereupon Lafayette and Bailly, the mayor, with unwonted firmness, hoisted the red flag and proclaimed martial law, but the soldiers, exasperated by the pistol shots that now succeeded to the hail of stones, without waiting for further orders fired on the rioters and killed a number of them.⁷

¹ Aulard's *Séances des Jacobins*, iii. 43.

² Buchez et Roux, x. 145.

³ See *Journal des Débats de la Société des Amis de la Constitution*, etc., *Séance* of July 1, 1791. M. Varennes asks whether the throne shall be set up again, and whether a monarchic or republican government would be best: "Grand bruit, brouhahas"; the President calls the member to order. Also *Séance* of July 8, 1791, M. Goupil in a speech refers to "the opinions that prevail in this society in favour of Republicanism." The greatest tumult arises at this sentence, and a member reminds the speaker that "all this uproar is caused by your attributing to the society sentiments it has never entertained. (Universal applause.)"

⁴ Beaulieu, ii. 540.

⁵ *Ibid.* ii. 538.

⁶ *Ibid.* ii. 541.

⁷ Lafayette was ever after blamed for this so-called "massacre" by

As in all popular tumults, the display of force brought the mob to its senses; in an instant the whole Champ de Mars was swept clear of insurgents, but, what was more important, the fusillade had the effect of terrifying the revolutionary leaders. The Jacobins, assembled in their Club, hastily escaped by doors and windows, and ran for their lives amidst the jeers of the populace.¹ Brissot, Camille Desmoulins, and Fréron "disappeared";² Marat betook himself once more to a cellar;³ Robespierre, trembling in every limb, hurriedly changed his lodgings;⁴ Danton fled to the country, and thence to England;⁵ whilst Hébert, the terrible Père Duchesne, who for once had ventured out into a popular tumult and heard the bullets of the soldiery whistling past his ears, never recovered from his fright: "It seems," says his biographer, M. d'Estrée, "that every time his pamphlets mention this fusillade . . . they sweat anguish; and this terror doubles his ferocity."⁶ At the same time the Jew Ephraïm, openly accused by Royalist writers of financing seditious libels and plotting the death of the Queen, was arrested and imprisoned for two days in the Abbaye, after which he was sent back to Prussia and we hear of him no more.⁷

The tumult, described henceforth by revolutionary writers as "the massacre of the Champ de Mars," was, moreover, not the only check received by the Orléaniste faction at this crisis; a more serious reverse was the defection of several of the most influential Orléaniste leaders. Barnave, who with Pétion had been sent to escort the Royal Family on the terrible return journey from Varennes, had been won over by the sight of the Queen's

the revolutionary leaders; Bailly paid for it with his life. Yet it is certain that Lafayette did everything in his power to restrain the indignation of the troops. See Beaulieu, ii. 543, and the evidence of Gouverneur Morris, who was an eye-witness of the scene: "To be paraded through the streets through the scorching sun, and then stand like holiday turkeys to be knocked down by brickbats, was a little more than they (the troops) had the patience to bear; so that *without waiting for orders* they fired and killed a dozen or two of the ragged regiment. The rest ran off like lusty fellows," etc. (*Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris*, i. 434).

¹ Beaulieu, ii. 545.

² *Histoire des Girondins*, by Granier de Cassagnac, i. 330; *La Tribune des Patriotes*, by Prudhomme; *Révolutions de France*, by Camille Desmoulins, No. 86; *Camille Desmoulins*, by Édouard Fleury, i. 230.

³ *Camille Desmoulins*, by Édouard Fleury, i. 227: "The terror of Marat seems to have begun the day after the flight (to Varennes), when he was overcome by panic lest Louis XVI. should return at the head of an army and put him 'in a hot oven.'" See *L'Ami du Peuple*, No. 497.

⁴ *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 65, 209, 210 and note. Robespierre's terror also began at the flight to Varennes (*ibid.* p. 204).

⁵ *Danton Émigré*, by Dr. Robinet, p. 24.

⁶ *Le Père Duchesne*, by Paul d'Estrée, p. 61.

⁷ *Le Marquis de St. Huruge*, by Henry Furgeot, p. 233.

courage and suffering, and henceforth this most truculent of revolutionaries had no thought but to devote himself to the cause of the woman he admired and pitied so profoundly. On his arrival in Paris he succeeded in detaching a number of other members from the Orléaniste conspiracy; amongst these were Le Chapelier, Adrien Duport, Alexandre de Lameth, the Vicomte de Noailles, Muguet de Nantou, and the Duc de Liancourt. This party now joined itself to Bailly and Lafayette in support of the King and the Constitution.¹

The most dangerous agitators having thus been either intimidated or won over, the Revolution was once more brought to a standstill—most contemporaries indeed believed that it had finally ended.²

The truth is that by this time the people were heartily sick of the Revolution, which had not only brought them perpetual unrest and alarms, but had created the serious problem of unemployment. "The ill effects of the Revolution," wrote Arthur Young in 1792, "have been felt more severely by the manufacturers of the kingdom than by any other class of the people. . . . This effect, which was absolute death by starving many thousands of families, was a result that, in my opinion, might have been avoided. It flowed only from carrying things to extremities—from driving the nobility out of the kingdom and seizing, instead of regulating, the whole regal authority."

For the revolutionaries of 1789, like certain Socialists of to-day, whose one idea is to clear the ground of all existing conditions, had never paused to consider what manner of social edifice could be constructed on the ruins, and the result of destroying, impoverishing, or putting to flight the wealthy and leisured classes had been simply to dislocate the whole industrial system and to ruin agriculture. For this reason the democrats of 1789 had become the aristocrats of 1792, and it was no longer only the nobles who cursed the Revolution but the farmers, the manufacturers, and the industrious bourgeois who three years earlier had hailed "the dawn of liberty," and now found them-

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 139; Beaulieu, ii. 530; *Mémoires de Mme. de Campan*, p. 294. Fersen thought that this party only went over to the King out of self-interest, and neither he nor the Queen trusted them (*Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France*, ii. 7, 213). Marie Antoinette has been bitterly reproached for this, but when we remember their former record—Barnave's attitude to the murder of Foulon, the raising of the "Compagnie du Sabbat" by the De Lameths, and the infamous part they had all played in the former insurrections—it is not altogether surprising.

² It should be noticed that this reaction set in before the King's final acceptance of the Constitution on September 13, 1791. M. Louis Madelin (*La Révolution*, p. 187) says that from August 1 to October 1 it was the general opinion that the Revolution was over.

selves sharing the fate of the class they had been so eager to dethrone.¹

With the employers of labour the workers suffered to an even greater degree. All the hands that had ministered to the needs or caprices of the rich were now idle—embroiderers, fan-makers, upholsterers, gilders, carriage-builders, bookbinders, engravers, wandered aimlessly through the streets of Paris; 3000 tailors' apprentices, the same number of shoemakers and barbers, 4000 domestic servants collected in crowds to deliberate on the misery of their condition.²

To add to their hardships the insurrection, encouraged by the revolutionaries in San Domingo, had checked the import of colonial supplies, consequently "the carpenter, the locksmith, the mason, and the market porter no longer have their morning coffee and milk, and every morning they grumble at the thought that the reward of their patriotism is an increase of privations."³

But whilst in the great upheaval many of the people had been brought down to the depths of misery, a few had risen to the height of prosperity and had become the oppressors of the poor. When in June 1791 bands of working-men appealed to Marat for protection against their employers, it was against the masters who had been working-men themselves that their complaints were chiefly directed,⁴ and against whom they could obtain no redress, for the Assembly with all its professed respect for the "sovereignty of the people" habitually displayed complete indifference to practical schemes of social reform.⁵ In the

¹ "Doubtless there were French farmers who rejoiced at the spectacle of all the great properties of the kingdom being levelled by the nation; they did not, however, foresee that it would be their own turn next; that the principle of equality being once abroad, would infallibly level ALL property" (Arthur Young, *The Example of France*, p. 33).

² Taine, *La Révolution*, iii. 136.

³ *Ibid.* v. 236.

⁴ See this petition in Buchez et Roux, x. 196, where the worst offenders are specified by the workmen in such terms as "day-labourer now enriched with 50,000 livres of income," or "who arrived in Paris in sabots and now possess four fine houses."

⁵ See, for example, the laws passed on June 14, 1791, suppressing "coalitions of workmen"—i.e. trades unions—in the following terms: "Article 1st. The annihilation of all kinds of corporations of citizens belonging to the same state or profession being one of the fundamental bases of the French constitution, it is forbidden to re-establish them on any pretext or under any form whatsoever." The workmen were further forbidden to "name presidents, keep registers, make resolutions, deliberate or draw up regulations on their pretended common interests," or to agree on any fixed scale of wages. These resolutions were passed almost without discussion and without a word of protest from Robespierre or any of the other so-called democrats of the Assembly (Buchez et Roux, x. 196); in fact, they were enforced with still greater severity later on under the reign of Robespierre. See the edicts passed by the Comité de Salut Public on

matter of the administration of justice throughout the country the revolutionary government had shown itself equally incapable, and the little lawyers now in power, "proud of finding themselves invested with the authority of the old police, exercised the most vexatious tyranny, pronounced arbitrary verdicts, and ordered citizens to be arrested and imprisoned on the feeblest pretext. Men and women were torn from their beds on the erratic order of a president of the district. . . ." ¹

In a word, the condition of the country had become perfectly chaotic; no one could feel any security either for their persons or their property, and the universal desire was now for a return to law and order. The revolutionary leaders were clever enough to turn this popular unrest to their own advantage; all their troubles, they told the people, would end when the King had finally accepted the Constitution, which was now approaching completion, but they were careful to insinuate that the King was entirely opposed to the principles it contained. This was, of course, absolutely untrue; Louis XVI. had throughout concurred with every true reform, and had already accepted the principles of the Constitution *as expressed by the cahiers*, but he had made no secret of the fact that he did not approve of the superstructure erected by the Assembly, which not only deprived him of the authority accorded to him by the unanimous will of the people, but which he held to be directly opposed to the interests of the people themselves. As a matter of fact the Constitution, in its finished form, was a mass of contradictions; it was neither democratic nor autocratic, neither republican nor monarchic, and consequently satisfied neither Royalists nor revolutionaries. "To tell the truth," Camille Desmoulins openly declared at the Jacobin Club, "there has been such a confusion of plans, and so many people have worked at it in contrary directions, that it is a veritable Tower of Babel." ²

It was this Tower of Babel that Louis XVI. has been bitterly reproached for criticizing. But by September 1791 the time had gone by for criticism; every remonstrance, however reasonable, made by the King met only with insolence from the revolutionary factions in the Assembly, and Louis XVI. now realized that he must either accept the Constitution in its entirety or provoke another revolution. He decided, therefore, to accept it unconditionally, leaving it to the people to find out its imperfections for themselves. It is this that revolutionary historians

the 22nd of Frimaire, An II., quoted by Aulard, *Études et Leçons sur la Révolution Française*, iv. 51.

¹ *Mémoires de Ferrières*, iii. 204.

² "Discours sur la Situation politique de la Nation du 21 Octobre 1791," Aulard's *Séances des Jacobins*, iii. 208.

describe as the King's "duplicity in the matter of the Constitution"—"he was not sincere," they write, "in his acceptance." Now the precise attitude of the King towards the Constitution, and also towards the question of the appeal to foreign powers, is explained in a long and confidential letter that he wrote to his brothers at this date, of which the most important passages must be quoted verbatim :

"You have no doubt been informed," Louis XVI. wrote to the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois, "that I have accepted the Constitution, and you know the reasons that I gave to the Assembly, but these must not suffice for you ; I wish to make known to you all my motives. The state of France is such that she is on the verge of complete dissolution, which will only be hastened if one wishes to bring violent remedies to bear on the ills that overwhelm her. The party spirit that divides her and the destruction of all authority are the causes of her trouble. Divisions must be made to cease and authority re-established, but for this purpose only two means are possible—union or force. Force can only be employed by foreign armies, and this means having recourse to war. Can a King allow himself to carry war into his own States ? Is not the remedy worse than the disease ? . . . I have therefore concluded that this idea must be abandoned, and that I must try the only other means left me—the union of my will with the principles of the Constitution. I feel all the difficulties of governing so great a nation. I might say I feel its impossibility, but any obstacle I had placed in the way would have caused the war I was anxious to avoid, and would have prevented the people from judging of the Constitution, because they would have seen nothing but my constant opposition. By adopting their ideas and following them in all good faith they will learn the cause of their troubles ; public opinion will change ; and since without this change one can hope for nothing but fresh convulsions, I shall bring about a better order of things by my acceptance than by my refusal. . . . I wished to let you know the motives for my acceptance, so that your conduct should be in accord with mine. Your attachment to me and your wisdom should make you renounce dangerous ideas that I do not adopt. . . . I was just finishing this letter when I received the one you sent me . . . [the two princes had written refusing to recognize the King's acceptance of the Constitution]. You cannot believe how much this action has pained me. I was already much grieved at the Comte d'Artois going to the Conference of Pilnitz without my consent, but I will not reproach you, my heart cannot bring itself to do so. I will only point out to you that in acting independently of me, he thwarts my plans as I disconcert his. . . . I have already told you that the people endured all their

privations because they have always been assured that these would end with the Constitution. It is only two days since it was finished, and you expect that already their mind is changed. I have the courage to accept it, so as to give the nation time to experience that happiness with which it has been deluded, and you wish me to renounce this useful experience! Sedition-mongers have always prevented it from judging of their work by talking to it incessantly of the obstacles I placed in the way of its execution; instead of taking from them this last resource, would you serve their fury by having me accused of carrying war into my kingdom? You flatter yourselves to outwit them by declaring that you are marching in spite of me, but how can one persuade them of this when the declaration of the Emperor and the King of Prussia was occasioned at your request? Will it ever be believed that my brothers do not carry out my orders? Thus you will show me to the nation as accepting (the Constitution) with the one hand and soliciting foreign powers with the other. What upright man could respect such conduct, and do you think to help me by depriving me of the esteem of all right-thinking people?"

It is precisely this tortuous conduct, so strongly deprecated by the King, which has been attributed to him by the conspiracy of history, and represented to posterity as the cause of the second Revolution. "Louis XVI.," we are told, "accepted the Constitution without any intention of maintaining it, and whilst at the same time soliciting foreign intervention by force of arms." The truth—which no revolutionary writer has ever been able to disprove—is that, in the words of Bertrand de Molleville, from the moment of his acceptance of the Constitution "the King never varied a single instant from the resolution of faithfully executing the Constitution by every means in his power"; that far from inviting foreign aggression he wrote at the same moment to the Emperor of Austria begging him to refrain from further intervention, and Leopold, only too thankful to abandon the campaign, formally undertook to interfere no further in the affairs of France.¹

All was now peace, and the King's acceptance of the Constitution provoked a wild burst of popular enthusiasm.

Writers who represent the flight to Varennes as having finally lost the King the affection of his people entirely disregard the unanimous evidence of contemporaries that two or three

¹ "Leopold had no intention of entering upon hostilities, and found a loophole by which to escape from declaring war in the acceptance by Louis XVI. of the completed Constitution on 21st September 1791. He then solemnly withdrew his pretensions to interfere in the internal affairs of France" (*Revolutionary Europe*, by H. Morse-Stephens, p. 103).

months after that fateful journey not only the King but the Queen were more popular than ever.¹ When they appeared in public the people pursued them with "Bravos!" At the opera the Queen was greeted, particularly by the women, with frantic enthusiasm and cries of "Vive la Reine!" In the streets a new popular refrain was heard:

Not' bon Roi
A tout fait
Et not' bonne Reine
Qu'elle eut de la peine!
Enfin les v'là
Hors d'embarras!

The attempt of the deputies at the new Legislative Assembly to insult the King by keeping on their hats when he entered the hall, and by depriving him of his titles of honour, met with violent remonstrance from the people. "On Saturday at the comedy," writes a contemporary, "the people in the crowds around the door cried out, 'Long live the King and Queen! Give us back our *noblesse* who provided us with a living, our clergy and our courts!' And in the theatre they cried, 'Vive Sire,' and 'Sa Majesté,' and a patriot who called out 'Vive la Nation' was roughly handled, dragged outside, and ducked in the gutter. At the Assembly the deputies were grievously insulted and called ragamuffins (*va-nu-pieds*), and this because, by a decree which they were forced to revoke the next day, they had deprived the King of the name of Sire and the title of 'Majesté,' of the chair of honour at the Assembly, and finally of precedence to the President."²

The King, overjoyed at the renewed understanding between himself and his people, wrote thankfully: "The end of the Revolution has arrived; may the nation resume its happy character!"

What need was there for further agitations? The fear of foreign aggression had been finally removed, all the demands of the nation had been satisfied, and the only cause for popular discontent was not that the Revolution had not gone far enough, but that it had gone too far.

¹ Prudhomme, *Révolutions de Paris*, ix. 570; *Journal d'un Étudiant*, by Gaston Maugras, p. 166; Madelin, p. 186; *The Journal of Mary Frampton*, letter from James Frampton dated October 2, 1791: "You cannot conceive how ridiculous it is to hear the amazing popularity of the King at present." Also letter in same volume from C. B. Wollaston on October 12, 1791.

² Letter from M. Fougeret to M. Lecoy de la Marche, October 10, 1791, in *Lettres d'Aristocrates*, by Pierre de Vaissière, p. 413; *Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris*, i. 462.

Why, then, did a second Revolution occur? For one reason only—that the factions were resolved to overthrow the King and Constitution. Far more than at the beginning of the first Revolution were the aims of the revolutionaries opposed to those of the people. *Then* the nation had unanimously demanded a change in the government, and for a time the work of revolution and of reformation had run concurrently; *now* the two were diametrically opposed, for the people had no further grievance, the existing order of things had been framed according to their will, and therefore the attempt to overthrow it was a deliberate and criminal conspiracy against the will and the liberties of the nation.

In order to understand the manner in which this conspiracy was carried on, it is necessary to form some idea of the elements that composed the National Assembly at the beginning of 1792.

Now when, on the completion of the Constitution in September 1791, the Constituent Assembly was dissolved, all its members—that is to say all the men who had framed the great reforms in the government—were, on the proposal of Robespierre, precluded from sitting in the Legislative Assembly that followed. This measure, which excluded Robespierre himself, was less of a self-denying ordinance than might at first appear, for by 1791 it was no longer the Assembly that governed France but the Jacobin Club, of which Robespierre was a leading member. This association, which started as the Club Breton at Versailles in 1789, where, as we have seen, the partisans of the Duc d'Orléans forgathered, had moved to Paris after the 6th of October, and installed itself in the Dominican convent in the Rue Saint-Honoré, commonly known as the Jacobins, because the principal convent of the order was in the Rue Saint-Jacques. It was here that under the name of "Friends of the Constitution" a revolutionary centre was inaugurated, and before long the Jacobins, as they were popularly known, had started branches of the club in the towns and villages all over France. By this means, at a signal from headquarters, insurrections could be organized, or addresses purporting to come from the inhabitants of country districts could be drawn up and sent to Paris by the agents of the society.

Nothing in the history of the Revolution is more surprising than the skill with which this system was carried out. The French as a nation are notoriously unmethodical, and the fall of the Old Régime may be largely attributed to its lack of organization. Whence, then, this talent for organization displayed by the revolutionary leaders alone? Robison, in his *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, supplies the key to the problem. The earlier revolutionary leaders were, as we have seen, the disciples of the German Illuminés, and it was they who initiated them into the

art of forming political committees "to carry through the great plan of a general overturning of religion and government. . . . These committees arose from the Illuminati in Bavaria . . . and these committees produced the Jacobin Club." "The chief lesson," Robison goes on to observe, that the revolutionary leaders took from Germany, "was the method of doing business, of managing their own correspondence, and of procuring and training pupils." These propaganda were very systematically carried out amongst the people, and in the confidential memoranda sent out from headquarters was an "earnest exhortation to establish in every quarter secret schools of political education, and schools for the public education of the children of the people, under the direction of well-principled masters," of masters, that is to say, who would inculcate in their pupils a contempt for all religion and all government.

The Germans, as we to-day have reason to know, are past masters in the art of disseminating lying propaganda and of duping the uneducated classes, and the fact that the Jacobins of France were their disciples explains the extraordinary resemblance between the methods of the French revolutionary leaders and those of the German leaders in the recent war. Thus the plan of committing atrocities and then attributing them to one's enemies, of justifying aggression by the plea that one was acting merely in self-defence, of announcing sinister designs on the part of one's own intended victim, is a form of Jesuitry peculiar to the German mind, and this was throughout the plan of the French revolutionaries. Whenever they contemplated an attack upon the King, an alarm was circulated that the King was meditating a massacre of the people; the unarmed citizens, the unoffending priests, the women and children who perished, were invariably "conspirators" harbouring dark designs, and with such skill were these propaganda carried out as to deceive not only ignorant contemporaries but educated posterity.

By means of this German system of propaganda the Assembly ceased to be democratic—that is to say, it ceased to be the expression of the people's will. In 1789 the people had chosen their own representatives at the Constituent Assembly; in 1791 the deputies of the Legislative Assembly were the choice of the Jacobin Club. "This society," says Dumouriez, "extending everywhere its numerous affiliations, made use of the provincial clubs to make itself master of the elections. All the cranks, all the seditious scribblers, all the agitators were chosen to go and represent the nation, 'to defend its interests,' it was said, 'against a perfidious court.' Very few wise or enlightened men, still fewer nobles, were chosen, and the National Assembly, thus

composed, assembled armed with prejudices and hostile views against the unfortunate Louis and his court. It began by 'adoring' the Constitution so as to establish itself securely. . . ."¹

Prudhomme, a more consistent democrat than most revolutionary writers, endorses this description: "This new body did not include the three castes that existed in the Constituent Assembly, it was almost half composed of lawyers who had thrown themselves into the Revolution, as we shall see, rather for personal interests than for love of their country or of Liberty."² "These men showed very little attachment to the Constitution they had sworn to defend"; amongst them all Prudhomme could only mention two "who having received powers from their constituents for the maintenance of the royal charter . . . had the courage"—and we might add the honesty—"to carry out their instructions."³

Under these circumstances the King's situation was hopeless from the outset. What could avail his resolution to maintain the Constitution when all the leaders of the new Assembly, with the Jacobins at their back, were secretly conspiring to overthrow both it and him? A further complication lay in the fact that these leaders were all divided in their aims, and the Jacobin Club itself was rent by the disputes of opposing factions.

THE FACTIONS IN 1792

In order to understand the causes that led up to the Revolution of 1792, it is important to form some idea of the policy that inspired each of these factions, yet nothing is more difficult, since their avowed opinions not only varied perpetually, but in no way coincided with their secret aims. Afterwards, when the Republic had become an established fact, all the leading revolutionaries declared they had been Republicans from the beginning, but until that date they not only refrained from admitting to such opinions but indignantly disavowed them.

If these men were not Republicans, what, then, were they? As far as it is possible to form any conclusion from their ambiguous and conflicting statements, the policy of these factions may be broadly indicated as follows:

I. The *Cordeliers*, who took their name from the church of the Cordelier monks where they first held their sittings, were led by Danton, and included Marat, Camille Desmoulins, Hébert—the Père Duchesne—and the Prussian Cloutz. According to Beaulieu their sympathies were divided between Orléanism and anarchy.⁴ Several of these men, as we have seen, had begun their revolu-

¹ *Mémoires de Dumouriez*, ii. 117.

³ *Ibid.* iv. 213.

² *Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 1.

⁴ Beaulieu, iii. 192.

tionary career as minor instruments of the Orléaniste conspiracy, and now, owing to the defection of the duke's aristocratic allies, they had risen from the position of mere mob-orators to that of influential politicians. Yet their allegiance to the Duc d'Orléans was evidently spasmodic; thus in 1791 we find Marat "blessing Heaven for the gift of Louis XVI.," a little later clamouring for a "military dictator," then in the following year publicly demanding 15,000 francs from the Duc d'Orléans for the printing of his pamphlets, and all the while crying out for "heads" and yet "more heads" with dreary reiteration. Desmoulins, after the temporary lapse, when, according to Bouillé, he was bought over to the Court by Lafayette,¹ had returned to the Orléanistes, and showed himself indefatigable in writing furious abuse now of Louis XVI., now of his enemies the Brissotins. Danton, less sanguinary than Marat and less vitriolic than Desmoulins, was, however, more venal than either. Essentially a man of pleasure, he displayed all the *bonhomie* of the spendthrift and voluptuary when his desires were satisfied, all the fury of thwarted passion when lack of funds necessitated self-denial. And at first the Revolution had proved disappointing. Reduced to living on a lous a week, allowed him by his father-in-law—a prosperous *limonadier*—at the beginning of 1789, his activities as an Orléaniste agitator had brought him only a comfortable competence by the end of the year.² But a comfortable competence was of no use to Danton, and 1791 found him once more deeply in debt.

At this juncture Louis XVI. allowed himself to be persuaded by his minister, Montmorin, to negotiate with Danton, in the hope of "moderating his anarchic fury and his guilty intrigues."³ Danton accepted the King's money, invested part of it in a large property at Arcis-sur-Aube,⁴ carried a few useless motions in the King's favour at the Cordeliers, and then returned to his true affinity, the Duc d'Orléans. Danton was probably the most sincere Orléaniste of all; henceforth we shall find him constantly

¹ *Mémoires de Bouillé*, i. 185. See also Mirabeau's note (*Correspondance entre Mirabeau et le Comte de la March*, ii. 68), in which he says of Desmoulins, "this man is very accessible to money." Barbaroux declared that Desmoulins "received indiscriminately from aristocrats and patriots alike" for the opinions he expressed in his journal (*Mémoires de Barbaroux*, p. 9).

² *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 333.

³ *Mémoires de Lafayette*, iii. 85. On the venality of Danton and his payment by the Court contemporary evidence is overwhelming. See, for example, Beaulieu, iii. 10; Bertrand de Molleville, i. 354; *Mémoires de Brissot*, iv. 193; *Correspondance entre Mirabeau et le Comte de la March*, iii. 82; also summing up by Taine, *La Révolution*, v. 317, and by Louis Blanc, *Histoire de la Révolution*, x. 409.

⁴ Danton, aware that the acquisition of this property had excited suspicions of his integrity, explained to the Commune that it was only an obscure farmhouse bought with the sum paid him in compensation for his

attached to the interests of the duke, possibly for little or no remuneration; but since, in the influential posts he occupied successively, his hand was in every till, he could afford to dispense with this tangible recognition of his services.

As for the Republicanism professed by the Cordeliers on the one occasion of the petition at the Champ de Mars, we can discover no further trace of it in their speeches and writings during the year that followed. On the contrary, three months later we find Camille Desmoulins indignantly protesting against the imputation of Republicanism. "Let no one slander me again; let no one say that I preach the Republic, and that kings should be done away with. Those who recently called us Republicans and the enemies of kings, so as to defame us in the opinion of imbeciles, were not acting in good faith; *they well knew that we are not ignorant enough to make out liberty to consist in having no King.*"¹

Later we find Danton declaring to Lafayette: "General, I am more a monarchist than you are!" and Marat, at the very moment that the Republic is inaugurated, passionately warning his fellow-countrymen of the disasters that must attend it: "Fifty years of anarchy await you, and you will only come out of it with a dictator!"

II. The *Brissotins*, later to be known as the *Girondins*—by which name, to avoid confusion, it is simpler to refer to them—were, like the Cordeliers, led by a member of the Orléaniste conspiracy. It was with Brissot, as we have seen earlier in this book, that the idea of a "second Fronde," with the Duc d'Orléans at its head, had first originated, whilst Buzot, Pétion, Servan, and Clavière had all taken an active part in the Revolution of 1789. But with the advent of the deputies of the Gironde—Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Ducos, and Fonfrède—at the Legislative Assembly, a new element was introduced into the faction, and a variety of aims arose which all consisted not in a change of government but only in a change of king. Amongst the candidates proposed was still the Duc d'Orléans, but other members of the faction—notably Dumouriez—preferred his son

post as solicitor to the King's Council which was now abolished (Beaulieu, iii. 198). But M. Lenôtre reveals that the "farmhouse" was "almost a château" in a park of approximately 27 acres (see *Paris révolutionnaire*, p. 260), and the *Mémoires de Lafayette* explain the transaction to which Danton referred in these words: "Danton had sold himself on condition that he should be paid 100,000 livres for his post of solicitor to the council which since its suppression was worth only 10,000 livres. The King's present was therefore of 90,000 livres. . . . Danton was ready to sell himself to all parties" (*Mémoires de Lafayette*, iii. 85).

¹ "Discours sur la Situation politique de la Nation du 21 Octobre 1791," Aulard's *Séances des Jacobins*, iii. 206.

the Duc de Chartres; others, again, suggested deposing Louis XVI. and placing the Dauphin on the throne, with members of their own party to exercise the power of regency. But the most outrageous scheme of all was one on which the conspiracy of history has remained discreetly silent, for nothing is more discreditable to the Revolution. It will be remembered that amongst the revolutionary leaders approached by Frederick William's emissary, the Jew Ephraïm, were the principal members of this faction—Brissot, Pétion, Gensonné, and their friends—and so successful were the efforts of Ephraïm that a definitely pro-German party was formed amongst them, of which the policy was to consist not merely in breaking the alliance between France and Austria, but in *placing a prince of German origin on the throne of France*.

This prince was to be either the Duke of York, son of George III. of England, or the celebrated Duke of Brunswick, the future signatory of the famous *Manifesto*, who had long been revered by the exponents of "democracy" in France.

That this plan was seriously entertained by certain of the Girondins, and played an important part in the Revolution of 1792, cannot be doubted, from the evidence of authorities so divergent in their political bias as Montjoie, Prudhomme, Camille Desmoulins, and St. Just;¹ we shall, in fact, find reference to it in the works of nearly all contemporaries—several of the Girondins actually admitted it themselves.²

The Duke of York seems to have been the candidate first entertained by this party, and, as it was further suggested to marry him to Mlle. d'Orléans, the scheme appealed particularly to those Girondins who had retained a sympathy for the Orléaniste cause. Brissot, who had married one of Mlle. d'Orléans' maids, was no doubt influenced by this connection in favour of the project. It was apparently for the purpose of effecting this change of dynasty that Pétion was sent to London in the autumn of 1791 with Mlle. d'Orléans and her governess, Madame de Sillery

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 204; Prudhomme, *Révolutions de Paris*, xiii. 526. See also *Deux Amis*, viii. 93; *Mémoires de Barère*, ii. 45. The statements of Camille Desmoulins and St. Just will be given later in this book.

² Beaulieu records that early in 1793, when the Brissotins began to find themselves falling under the power of Robespierre, General Wimpfen came upon Pétion and Buzot, who were engaged in conversation. "Well," he said to them, "so this Republic that you wish to establish in the Constituent Assembly is now putting you in a great fix." "I," replied Buzot, "never wished for a Republic in France; its size and the character of its inhabitants are opposed to the establishment of such a form of government." "What do you want, then?" "A change of dynasty." "But whom would you choose?" "A prince of the royal house of England." (*Essais de Beaulieu*, v. 192.)

(*alias* Madame de Genlis), who had throughout played an insidious part in the Orléaniste conspiracy. In the *Correspondance secrète*, under the date of November 26, 1791, we find a significant reference to this journey :

"... a new plan hovers over Republicanism, and has taken birth in the midst of the Jacobins. It consists, in the event of the deposition of Louis XVI., in calling to the throne a son of the King of England, on the condition that he upholds the Revolution against those who wish to destroy it. It seems that this project was the reason for the journey that M. Pétion made to England, where he concerted with the 'Society of Friends of the Revolution of 1688.'¹ It has, we are assured, been warmly taken up by the Protestants and Republicans of our southern provinces."

It will be seen, therefore, that in England it was not, as in Prussia, with the Government that the revolutionary intrigues were conducted, but with the opponents of the Government—the English Jacobins. The Duke of York himself does not appear to have been consulted in the matter, and, as we shall see later, the plot was indignantly denounced by George III. when it came to his ears. By the beginning of 1792 this plan for a change of dynasty had matured sufficiently for a member of the conspiracy to propose it publicly at a Séance of the Jacobins. The member who acted as the mouthpiece of the party was a certain Jean Louis Carra, who had undergone two years' imprisonment for robbing a widow. One of the most furious enemies of Louis XVI., Carra had long been an ardent admirer of German royal personages, and in 1783 had received from Frederick the Great the present of a gold and enamelled snuff-box set with pearls, in recognition of "the reiterated proofs" he had given his Prussian Majesty "of his attachment."² The idea of a German King, even of the anglicized variety, was therefore naturally pleasing to Carra, and on the 4th of January he ascended the tribune of the Jacobin Club and definitely suggested dethroning Louis XVI. in favour of the Duke of York.³ The speech met with a remon-

¹ See the description given by Pétion in his discourse to the Jacobin Club on November 18, 1791, of the "flattering reception" given him by the "Friends of the Revolution" in England. Several members of the Society wore the tricolour badge, a tricolour flag decorated the ceiling of the hall, and the band played the "Ça ira !"

² *Précis de la Défense de Carra*, p. 17.

³ This proposal is so discreditable to the Jacobins that it is suppressed in the report of their debates. The *Journal des Débats* records the incident in the following words : "M. Carra ascends the tribune where he delivers a discourse on the object of the war. . . . Certain propositions which do not seem in accord with the principles of the Constitution arouse the attention of M. Danton, and at his motion the orator is called to

strance from Danton, and Carra was called to order, but in a manner that did not deter him from repeating his proposal five days later in print.¹ Moreover, in Danton's rebuke we can distinguish none of that thunderous eloquence with which he is popularly supposed to have denounced the enemies of his country. "Audacity and yet more audacity" might be necessary in order to subdue the supporters of the French throne, but the mildest tones of remonstrance sufficed him when it was merely a matter of handing that throne over bodily to the foreigner. Possibly in Carra's suggestion Danton saw more an indiscretion than a flagrant betrayal of his country, for the truth is that Danton himself did not hesitate to make use of foreign intervention when it could serve his interests, and he was just now engaged in an intrigue with precisely the same party in England as that approached by Pétion and supported by Carra. "Danton," says his panegyrist, Dr. Robinet, "at first had hopes of Germany, where he counted on the influence of the adversaries of the Austro-Prussian alliance, but it was the English Opposition that formed his most serious support."²

When, after the riot of the Champ de Mars, Danton fled to England, he had taken the opportunity to carry out a political mission. The main object of this mission was to obtain the neutrality of England in the war that the French revolutionaries hoped to bring about with Austria, and Danton, who knew England well, was instructed to enlist the sympathies of the Whigs. With the help of his old friend Thomas Paine, and of Christie, another English revolutionary, Danton obtained interviews with Fox, Sheridan, and Lord Stanhope, with whom he succeeded in establishing cordial relations.³ Danton having

order in the name of the Constitution and of the Society." M. Aulard supplies the missing clue in his *Séances des Jacobins*, iii. 311. Moreover Carra admitted it later at his trial. See *Précis de la Défense de Carra*, p. 13.

¹ *Annales Patriotiques* for January 9, 1792. This journal of Carra's, one of the most violent of all the revolutionary publications, exerted an immense influence over the provinces of France. Wordsworth, in Paris at this date, thus described the important part played by Carra in the Revolution of 1792:

The land all swarmed with passion, like a plain
Devoured by locusts,—Carra, Gorsas,—add
A hundred other names, forgotten now,
Nor to be heard of more; yet, they were powers,
Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by day,
And felt through every nook of town and field.

The Prelude, "Residence in France."

² *Danton Émigré*, by Dr. Robinet, p. 4.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 5, 24.

thus paved the way, Talleyrand—who, according to Dr. Robinet, was Danton's political ally—went to London in the following spring and offered to hand over the Isles of France, of Bourbon, and of Tabago to England, and also to demolish the fortifications of Cherbourg—the triumph of the reign of Louis XVI.—if England would form an alliance with France and go to war with Austria.¹ Brissot went further, and suggested ceding Calais and Dunkirk to England.² And these were the men who accused Louis XVI. of intriguing with foreign powers to betray the interests of France!

The missions, both of Danton and of Talleyrand, met with very tangible success, for by the summer of 1792 a brisk correspondence had been started between the French and English Jacobins; a number of the latter came over to Paris—some, indeed, actually became members of the Club in the Rue Saint-Honoré—and, what is more important, English guineas were sent to finance sedition. On April 26 the author of the *Correspondance secrète* writes complacently: "A collection has been opened in England in aid of our Revolution; one private person alone has written himself down for 1500 louis."

What further proof is needed as to the origin of the "gold of Pitt"? For again with superb cunning it was to Pitt these corruptions were attributed by the revolutionary factions—to Pitt, who had resolutely refused to associate with the Duc d'Orléans, who detested Danton,³ and who received the revolutionary deputation under Talleyrand with such undisguised aversion that Chauvelin was reduced to the dignified expedient of stamping on Pitt's toe in revenge.⁴

The policy of both the Cordeliers and the Girondins was therefore to dethrone Louis XVI. in favour of an Orléaniste or a foreign monarch. There was no question of a Republic. This even the revolutionaries themselves admit; Brissot afterwards declared there were only three genuine Republicans at this date—Buzot, Pétion, and himself,⁵ and we have already seen in what Pétion and Buzot's "Republicanism" consisted. Pétion put

¹ *Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris*, i. 510, 516. Talleyrand "received for answer that England could not take any engagement whatever respecting the affairs of France."

² *Ibid.* p. 511.

³ *Danton Émigré*, p. 90.

⁴ *Souvenirs d'Étienne Dumont*, p. 302. "As for Talleyrand," Mr. Burges writes from London to Lord Auckland on May 29, 1792, "he is intimate with Paine, Horne Tooke, Lord Lansdowne, and a few more of that stamp, and generally scouted by every one else" (*Journal and Correspondence of Lord Auckland*, ii. 410).

⁵ Pamphlet by Brissot, *A tous les Républicains*.

the number at five immediately before the 10th of August.¹ Perhaps M. Biré is nearest the truth in saying there were exactly two—the Englishman Thomas Paine and the Prussian Baron Cloutz.²

III. And what of *Robespierre*? The rôle of Robespierre at this moment is of so much importance that, although he had not yet formed a definite party of his own, he must be regarded as a party in himself. For it was Robespierre who from the end of 1791 proved the great opponent to all plans of usurpation. Although at the beginning of the Revolution he had worked with the Orléanistes, it is probable that he had never entered into their design of placing the Duc d'Orléans on the throne; his plan was simply to make use of the revolutionary machinery they had constructed in order to annihilate the Old Régime.³ The orgies of Philippe and his boon companions held no attractions for the austere Maximilien. "The wine of Champagne," he said, "is the poison of liberty." It was not without reason that he earned the title of "Incorruptible"; for money he had no use; his abnormal nervous system precluded him from all forms of excess. No longer the aimless Subversive he had been in 1789, he now above all things desired power—a power that was to be accorded to him by the people. For this reason Orléanistes and Girondins were alike abhorrent to him; with Philippe or a German prince on the throne the people would have no voice whatever—even the present monarch was preferable to such a government. Since, therefore, he shrewdly realized that at this stage of the Revolution any attempt to dethrone Louis XVI. would inevitably lead to a government far less democratic than that of the Old Régime, he loudly proclaimed himself in favour of the existing monarchy. His speech at the Jacobins four days before the riot of the Champ de Mars was really admirable in its common sense and logic:

"I have been accused, in the midst of the Assembly, of being a Republican; they do me too much honour, I am not one. If I had been accused of being a monarchist they would have dishonoured me; I am not that either. I would first observe that

¹ *Discours de Jérôme Pétion sur l'accusation intentée contre Maximilien Robespierre*, November 1792.

² *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, i. 95.

³ On this point contemporaries are divided; Montjoie and Pagès both represent Robespierre as an Orléaniste, whilst Beaulieu (*Essais*, ii. 159) and the Marquis de Bouillé (*Mémoires*, p. 100) assert that he merely pretended sympathy with the Orléanistes in order to further his own designs. I have adopted the latter theory because it seems to me the most convincing and alone explains Robespierre's conduct at certain crises of the Revolution. For it will be noticed that whenever he could deal a blow at the Orléanistes without injuring his own cause he never failed to do so.

for many people the words 'republic' and 'monarchy' are entirely void of meaning. The word republic signifies no form of government in particular; it applies to every government of free men who own a country. Thus one can be just as free with a monarch as with a senate. What is the present French constitution? It is a republic with a monarch. It is therefore neither a monarchy nor a republic—it is both."¹

Eight months later, when the Jacobin Club had fallen under the dominion of the Girondins, Robespierre indicated his policy still more clearly, disassociating himself from their schemes of usurpation:

"As for me, I declare, and I do so in the name of the Society, which will not refute me, that I prefer the individual which chance, birth, and circumstances have given us for a king to *all the kings that they would give us.*"²

This veiled reference was characteristic of Robespierre. It is not without reason that so many of those who knew him describe Robespierre as a "tiger-cat"—feline was his nature and feline were his methods. His plan was always to make use of one faction to destroy another, and he still had need of the Girondins and the Orléanistes to destroy Lafayette, whom he suspected, not without reason, of aspiring to the rôle of Cromwell. When, therefore, a courageous deputy of the Assembly, Raimond Ribes, denounced the attempts of the Orléanistes to effect a change of dynasty, and the intrigues of Talleyrand and Brissot to betray the interests of France by ceding ports and colonies to England,³ Robespierre, who was later on, by the pen of Camille Desmoulins and the mouth of St. Just, to confirm all these accusations, joined with his fellow-Jacobins at the Club in declaring them to be founded on a fable. So with superb cunning the tiger-cat lay crouching, watching with cold green eyes the manœuvres of the rival factions. The time had not yet come to spring.

Such, then, was the complicated situation that faced the unfortunate Louis XVI. in the autumn of 1791. As with every other concession he had made to the cause of liberty his acceptance of the Constitution was followed by a fresh outbreak of revolutionary fury, and a month later the terrible affair of the Glacière d'Avignon took place. On this occasion it seems that the people of Avignon, hungry peasants, women, labourers out of work, indignant at the plundering of the churches by a horde of brigands—mostly foreigners, led by Jourdan Coupe-Tête—rose spontaneously against the revolutionary leaders and put one of them to death. In retaliation Jourdan and his troop, gorged

¹ Aulard's *Séances des Jacobins*, iii. 12, Séance du 13 Juillet 1791.

² *Ibid.* iii. 420, Séance du 2 Mars 1792.

³ *Moniteur*, xii. 583.

with fiery liquors, turned on the people, and a three days' massacre began in which, amidst atrocities too horrible to record—rape and cannibalism and drunken fury¹—the unhappy victims, old men, women, children, mothers with babies at their breasts, were flung, some dead and some alive, into a deep ditch known as the "Glacière" and covered over with quicklime.²

The Girondins secured an amnesty for the perpetrators of these deeds!

The massacre of Avignon was followed by further bloodshed in the provinces, and by the end of the year it was evident that no hope remained of restoring order to the kingdom unless by help from the outside.

Marie Antoinette at this juncture no doubt believed that nothing else than open warfare could save the situation, but Louis XVI. still shrank from violent measures and now reverted to his former idea of intervention by foreign powers. Accordingly he wrote to the principal sovereigns of Europe proposing that they should form "a congress supported by an armed force as the best method for arresting the factions and establishing a more desirable order of things in France."³ There was no question of armed aggression, of hostile legions marching against the French people, but of invoking moral support to suppress disorders, and if this failed, of summoning friendly allies to the rescue not only of the monarchy but of *the people themselves*. If the King, then, appealed for support from abroad, it was not against the people but against their betrayers, the men by whom they were being starved, oppressed, imprisoned, and massacred. Could even hostile armies have produced worse horrors than those that were already taking place? The King did not wish for war; on the contrary, he did everything in his power to prevent it by providing a peaceful solution to the crisis.⁴

¹ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 21.

² *Ibid.* iv. 2.

³ It should be noted that the date of this letter is uncertain; D'Allonville and Bertrand de Molleville state emphatically that it was written on December 3, 1790, before the King's final acceptance of the Constitution, but the *Correspondence of the Comte de Fersen* tends to prove that the date was December 3, 1791, that is to say, nearly two months after his final acceptance, during which interval the Glacière d'Avignon and other atrocities in the provinces had occurred. Beaulieu, who also takes this view, explains the King's motives in writing it (*Essais*, iii. 133).

⁴ See the evidence of the King's minister, Bigot de Sainte-Croix: "From the spring of 1791 onwards the King prevented the execution of a secret plan framed at Mantua for two months later attacking France whose armies were incomplete and whose frontiers were undefended; in the summer of the same year he hindered the effects of the Convention of Pilnitz; the following autumn he concerted with the Emperor to restrain beyond the Rhine the designs and hostile preparations formed there. Let

When, in March 1792, the Brissotins succeeded in driving his ministers from office, the King, wishing to give his enemies no further *cause de guerre*, resolved on the desperate measure of forming a new ministry from among the Jacobins themselves. "I had chosen for my first agents," he wrote to the Assembly, "men known for their principles and invested with the confidence of the public; they have left the ministry; I have therefore thought it my duty to replace them by men who have obtained credit for their *popular* opinions. You have often told me it was the only method to make the government work; I thought it my duty to employ it so as to leave to malevolence no pretext for doubting my desire to co-operate with all my might in the welfare of our country."

Accordingly the King decided to nominate the six Girondin ministers designated for him by Brissot—the feeble and irascible Roland, the dour and atrabilious Servan, the stock-jobbing banker Clavière, Dumouriez, an Orléaniste adventurer, and—by an error of Brissot's—two honest men, Lacoste and Duranton.

Unfortunately the King's choice was not as "popular" as he imagined, for the Girondins were precisely the faction least in touch with "the people." It was the middle classes—not the law-abiding *bourgeoisie* but the visionaries of the literary world, the little lawyers, the adorers of Rousseau—amongst whom the Girondins found their following; for "the people" they had nothing but contempt.¹

No more merciless light has ever been shed on the "democracy" of the Girondins than by an habituée of Madame Roland's salon, Sophie Grandchamp. After describing the political discussions that took place amongst the Rolands and their friends, Madame Grandchamp goes on to remark:

"I was an interested witness of these debates, yet amidst all this fine zeal I thought I perceived that very few would have shown it if public welfare had been the sole recompense. The

them give us back our correspondence that it may be published; it will all testify to the efforts of the King to avert this war which was provoked and begun by those who to-day dare to impute it to him" (*Histoire de la Conspiration du 10 Août*, p. 152). See also Fantin Désodoards, *op. cit.* iv. 48.

¹ For example, Buzot (*Mémoires*, pp. 32, 35, 43, 195): "One must have the vices of the people of Paris to please them. . . . The stupid people of France. . . . Souls of mud! . . . What a people is that of Paris! What frivolity, what inconstancy, how contemptible it is!" Barbaroux (*Mémoires*, p. 84): "The people do not deserve that one should attach oneself to them, for they are essentially ungrateful; the more one defends their rights the more they take advantage of one." Madame Roland (*Mémoires*, i. 300): "Cowardice characterized by selfishness and corruption of a degraded people whom we hoped to be able to regenerate . . . but which was too brutalized by its vices."

austere dress that they adopted as the livery of their party seemed to me a petty ostentation for men truly enamoured of liberty, besides which it contrasted in a ridiculous way with the frivolous tone and morals they displayed. I asked Roland what good could be expected of a people who had no respect for the most sacred social ties. . . . 'They will help to overthrow despotism,' replied my friends; 'their private actions do not affect the truths they spread.' It was, however, these private actions which propagated corruption and destroyed our hopes. Never was the love of pleasure, of the table, of women, and of gaming greater than at the moment when they wished to improve us. They left the precincts where the destinies of the Empire were being weighed in the balance to fly into the arms of lust and debauchery. A few pompous phrases on liberty and the sovereignty of the people sufficed to sanction or at least to excuse the most irregular conduct. . . ."

Phrases! Always phrases! "La phrase les enivre!" remarks M. Louis Madelin, and nothing could better describe the much-vaunted eloquence of the Girondins. They belonged to that eternal class which proves disastrous to all sane government, "Political Intellectuals," adepts in *word-weaving*, who care nothing for the consequences to which their theories may lead, if only those theories sound plausible in speech and print. Thus Brissot had devoted his literary talents to writing philosophical treatises in which he justified theft¹ and advocated cannibalism,² whilst the virtuous Roland, famous for his systems on the subject of commerce and manufacture, had drawn up a scheme in 1787 which he presented to the Academy of Lyons for utilizing the bodies of the dead by converting the fat into lamp-oil and the bones into phosphoric acid³—a proposal which Lyons, unenlightened by "Kultur," rejected.

If, as Madame Roland indignantly records, Louis XVI. did not take his new ministers seriously, is it altogether surprising? Their manners bewildered him no less than their mentalities. Men of the people he could have understood, but these philo-

¹ "Our social institutions," wrote Brissot, "punish theft—a virtuous action commanded by Nature herself" (*Recherches philosophiques sur le Droit de Propriété*, etc.). As Brissot himself had been imprisoned for theft this point of view is not surprising.

² "Should men nourish themselves on their kind? A single word decides this question, and this word is dictated by Nature herself. All beings have the right to nourish themselves in any manner that will satisfy their needs" (*Bibliothèque philosophique*, by Brissot de Warville, vi. 313).

³ *Histoire particulière des Événements qui ont eu lieu en France pendant les Mois de Juin, Juillet, d'Août, et de Septembre 1792*, by Maton de la Varenne; *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Ville de Lyon pendant la Révolution*, by l'Abbé Guillon de Montléon, i. 58, 59.

sophers, "dressed like Quakers in their Sunday best," who talked him down, interrupted him in the middle of a sentence, quarrelled amongst themselves and nearly came to blows in his presence,¹ were like nothing he had ever come across before. But Louis XVI., for all his heaviness, was not without a certain slow sense of humour, and we detect a hint of this in Madame Roland's assertion that he treated his new ministers with the greatest good-nature (*la plus grande bonhomie*), and led the conversation away from all questions of political importance. "The council was soon nothing but a café where they amused themselves with chatting."²

During these interviews the new ministers discovered that the King was in no way the imbecile he had been represented by his enemies, that he "had a fine memory and showed much activity, that he was never idle and read often. He kept in mind the various treaties made by France with neighbouring powers; he knew his history well; he was the best geographer in his kingdom. . . . One could not present any subject to him on which he could not express an opinion founded on certain facts."³

By degrees in this genial atmosphere the ministers lost some of their austerity: Roland began to boast of the royal favour shown him; Clavière, encouraged by the King's graciousness, presented a request for 95,000 livres to furnish his own apartments.⁴ For a time it seemed that the King had succeeded in disarming his opponents. But he had counted without Madame Roland—and, except perhaps for the Duc d'Orléans, the King, and more particularly the Queen, had no bitterer enemy.

Madame Roland's malevolence was of long standing. Eighteen years earlier, as Manon Phlipon, the daughter of a Paris engraver, she had gone to Versailles with her mother on the invitation of an old lady in the service of the Court. During a whole week she had looked on at the dinners of the Royal Family, the Mass, the card-playing, the presentations. But Manon was unimpressed by these glittering functions, and when, after a few days, Madame Phlipon inquired whether her daughter was pleased with her visit, Manon bitterly replied, "Yes, provided that it soon comes to an end; a few more days and I shall detest all these people so heartily that I shall not know what to do with my hatred."

She had never known what to do with her hatred; all through the years that followed it had remained pent up in her heart, poisoning her youth, turning the joy of life to gall. The remembrance of those exalted beings, whose graciousness towards her-

¹ *Deux Amis*, vii. 235.

² *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 238.

³ *Ibid.* p. 233.

⁴ *Révolutions de Paris*, by Prudhomme, xii. 485.

self she had interpreted as patronage, became an obsession ; further encounters with their kind only increased her resentment. Yet she despised the *petite bourgeoisie* amongst which Fate had placed her as heartily as she hated the class above it ; the overtures of obscure lovers who presented themselves in crowds merely humiliated her. By her marriage to dull old Roland de la Platière she saw some hope of " rising to the rank that became her." Yet this too led to nothing ; her attempt to secure for him " a title of nobility " met with no success ; country life bored her to exasperation. When at last the revolutionary storm burst over France, Manon Roland hailed it with rapture, ostensibly as the dawn of liberty, in reality as a retribution on the social system which accorded her a place of no importance. In the terrible letter she wrote to Bosc immediately after the massacre of Foullon and Berthier all the old hatred flamed out, and under its influence this woman who had fed on the classics descended to the language of a bargee :

" You are occupying yourself," she wrote on July 26, 1789, " with a municipality, and you allow heads to escape that will plot fresh horrors. You are but children ; your enthusiasm is a blaze of straw ; and if the National Assembly does not formally bring to trial two illustrious heads, or some generous Decius does not strike them off, you are all f. . . ." ¹ The sentence ends with the usual revolutionary obscenity.

When at last in March 1792 Roland was elected to the Ministry, Manon knew a moment of exaltation ; the transition to the gorgeous Hôtel de Calonne, which had been given over to the Ministry of the Interior, restored her from a state of " consuming languor " to sudden exuberant vitality. But once again disillusionment awaited her. Of what avail were gilded salons, painted ceilings, giant lackeys standing at each side of the great folding doors, to open one or both according to the rank of the arriving guest ²—observe the equality practised by our austere exponents of democracy !—if the Tuileries ignored her ? Over there in that remote mysterious Château, standing aloof from the noisy Paris world amidst its stately gardens, there dwelt the woman on whom Manon had resolved to wreak her vengeance. She knew what to do with her hatred now, and from this moment she pursued her victim with a malevolence that even at the foot of the scaffold knew no relenting.

The failing of great historians is to overlook the existence of apparently unimportant details, yet many a world-shaking event can be traced to trifling causes. The 20th of June 1792 was largely the result of a woman's desire for revenge.

¹ *Lettres de Mme. Roland aux demoiselles Cannel, ii. 573.*

² *Souvenirs de Sophie Grandchamp.*

It was not that Madame Roland created the elements of revolution—these lay already to hand—but that she provided the pretexts for stirring up agitation. As Laclos had been “the soul of the Orléaniste conspiracy,” galvanizing into activity the idle roués of the Palais Royal, Manon Roland, with untiring ingenuity, goaded on the vain and foolish Girondins, who, but for influence, might have rested content with their accession to the Ministry. When Roland and his colleagues returned from the councils at the Tuileries, and declared that the King was evidently sincere in his determination to maintain the Constitution, Manon Roland laughed them to scorn. “During three weeks,” she writes, “I saw Roland and Clavière enchanted with the King’s attitude, dreaming only of a better order of things, and flattering themselves that the Revolution was ended. ‘Good God!’ I said to them, ‘every time I see you start for the council full of this fine confidence, it always seems to me that you are ready to commit some folly.’ ‘I assure you,’ Clavière answered me, ‘that the King feels perfectly that his interest is bound up with the maintenance of the laws which have just been established; he reasons about them too pertinently for one not to be convinced of this truth.’ ‘Ma foi,’ added Roland, ‘if he is not an honest man he is the greatest rogue in the kingdom; no one could dissemble in that way.’ And as for me *I* replied that *I* could not believe in love of the Constitution on the part of a man nourished on the prejudices of despotism and accustomed to enjoy it, and whose conduct recently proved the absence of genius and of virtue. The flight to Varennes was my great argument.”¹

Because, therefore, *she*, Manon Roland, could not conceive it possible that any one possessing power or privileges should be willing to renounce them, the King was to be accused, *without any proof whatever*, of wishing to violate the Constitution. From this moment Mme. Roland devoted all her energies to the one purpose of shaking the people’s confidence in the King.

But this, at the beginning of 1792, was no easy matter, for the public was still convinced of the King’s sincerity, as the following significant passage from the journal of a young student then in Paris—an ardent admirer of the Girondins—reveals:

“Oh! fatal error! traitors have succeeded in persuading this too credulous and confiding people that a King who from his tenderest infancy has sucked the venomous juice of despotism has all of a sudden been converted to patriotism. . . . By degrees he is making numerous partisans, above all he is attaching public opinion to himself . . . he will succeed in invading national liberty. The Parisians themselves appear to wish to hasten this disastrous moment. Listen to them in the groups at the Palais Royal and

¹ *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 236

in the Tuileries; they are hurrying towards inevitable slavery. . . . Who would have thought that this people would mistake its true friends so far as to distrust the inestimable Pétion, and would lavish its confidence and its applause on those perfidious beings who, profiting by its blindness and its torpor, abuse the sacred words of law and constitution in so execrable a way as to lead it to the feet of a king, to the feet of a traitor, of a perjurer, *a true tiger disguised as a pig*. The National Guards, above all, have degenerated extraordinarily. . . . They are real *sbirri* animated by that *esprit de corps* so fatal to liberty. . . . This is the sad state of affairs in Paris, and I see only two great ills capable of saving liberty—war or the flight of the King. I will even say that I ardently desire one of these terrible afflictions, because, as Mirabeau foretold us, our liberty can only be ensured in so far as she has for her bed mattresses of corpses, and because, in order to ensure this liberty, I consent, if necessary, to become one of these corpses.”¹

Madame Roland and her friends saw this pacific disposition of the people with growing alarm, and thereupon devised a scheme characteristic of their political morality. Large placards attacking the royal authority were to be posted up all over Paris, and in order to defray the expenses necessary for this purpose they applied to their ally, Pétion, the Mayor of Paris, for a sum of money to be taken from the fund he held at the disposal of the Paris police. Pétion proved only too willing to co-operate; unfortunately the police fund happened at this moment to be exhausted. Accordingly Dumouriez, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was deputed to ask the King to supply Pétion with a large sum for the police, which was then to be handed over to the Rolands. Louis XVI., approached on the matter, displayed a certain perspicacity, but decided to give Pétion a chance of proving his good faith.

“Pétion is my enemy,” he said to Dumouriez; “you will see that he will spend this money on writings against me, but if you think it will be any use, give it to him.”²

The sum was made over and, of course, employed as the King suspected. “*The expedient*,” remarks Madame Roland, “*was simple*, and it was adopted.”³

We marvel as we read these words, not so much at the base treachery of securing money on false pretences and, as the King himself expressed it, of “asking him to supply rods with which

¹ *Journal d'un Étudiant pendant la Révolution*, edited by M. Gaston Maugras, p. 203.

² *Mémoires de Dumouriez*, ii. 152, 153; *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 142.

³ *Ibid.* i. 83.

to scourge himself," but at the complete lack of all sense of honour which made it possible for Madame Roland, quite unblushingly, to admit the scheme in her memoirs. She does not see that the manœuvre was in any way discreditable; to her mind it was "quite simple."

But defamatory placards alone would not avail to bring about a revolution; some definite *cause de guerre* must be provided. If only the King could be represented as violating the Constitution or of plotting with the enemies of France, it would be easier to arouse popular indignation. But the King displayed an irritating fidelity to the Constitution—indeed his habit of producing a copy of the charter from his pocket and quoting it on every possible occasion was beginning to get on the nerves of his ministers—whilst any correspondence he had been carrying on with Austria could not be described as treasonable, since Austria still remained the ally of France.

In order, therefore, to prove the King a traitor, not only must the alliance of 1756 be broken, but war must be brought about between France and Austria. It was necessary, in the words of Brissot himself, "to find an opportunity for *setting traps for the King*, in order to demonstrate his bad faith and his collusion with the princes who had emigrated."¹ It is well to remember this admission when reading the diatribes directed against Louis XVI. for inviting foreign invasion. The war, which for twenty-three years was to impoverish France and decimate her population, was not declared by Austria, but was brought about by the Girondins largely in the interests of Prussia at a moment when Austria appeared reluctant to enter France.² At the Jacobins both Danton and Robespierre opposed it, for they shrewdly perceived that if the foreign powers needed an incentive to march to the rescue of the Royal Family, the declaration of war was a direct invitation to them to advance. But the pro-Prussian party carried the day, and the scheme of Frederick the Great was finally realized.

If further evidence were needed of the manœuvres of Prussia it is to be found in the debates that took place in the Assembly, for we shall notice that, although on February 7 Prussia formed an alliance with Austria, and on March 7 the Duke of Brunswick was placed at the head of the allied armies, it was against Austria alone that the Girondins desired war to be declared; in all their speeches it was against Austria, never against Prussia, that their invectives were directed; it was the Hapsburgs, not the Hohenzollerns, who inspired their fury.

¹ *Mémoires de Lafayette*, iii. 299; Beaulieu, iv. 187.

² *Moniteur*, xii. 183, 184; *Deux Amis*, vii. 156.

The Girondins well knew they had nothing to fear from Prussia or from Brunswick.

"The Duke Ferdinand," writes Sorel, "had always loved France and professed to detest Austria. . . . The revolutionary party professed a singular esteem for his person. Far from seeing in him 'an abettor of tyrants' many revolutionaries held him to be a friend of enlightened doctrines and a natural ally of France. The Girondins respected him, Dumouriez admired him. . . ." ¹ So great was this admiration that at the very moment when the duke was given the supreme command the Girondins embarked on their further scheme of placing him on the throne of France.

"I read on March the 18th," writes Mallet du Pan, "a writing, supported by good authority, in which it is affirmed that the plan of the leaders of the Jacobins is not exactly a republic but a change of dynasty, because they consider that the King will always be attached to the *noblesse* and little to the Constitution. Consequently *they have offered the crown to the Duke of Brunswick*. . . . By making the duke and England adopt this project they flatter themselves to be able to detach Prussia from the House of Austria, *they even offer him other advantages*. The method devised for dethroning the King is to make the National Assembly declare that he has lost the confidence of the nation. Messieurs Condorcet, Brissot, and others are only the instruments, the agents of the enterprise, of which the principal chief and author is the Abbé Sieyès. . . ." ² But Sorel is probably right in considering Mallet du Pan had been misinformed on this last point; no other evidence convicts Sieyès of complicity with this plot, of which the chief author was undoubtedly Carra.

In all the debates that took place in the Assembly on the subject of the "Austrian Committee," which the King and Queen were accused of holding at the Tuileries, and of which the Girondins attempted in vain to prove the existence, it was always Carra who inveighed most loudly against the perfidy of Marie Antoinette and her Austrian allies. But it was not until Brunswick was actually marching against France that Carra showed his hand by publicly proposing to give him the crown.

All through the year of 1792 the French revolutionary leaders admirably served the cause of Prussia—whether as dupes or as accomplices it is impossible to say with certainty. Even the cause of the Orléanistes was now subordinated to the purpose of carrying out the great scheme of Frederick the Great—the rupture of that alliance which barred the way to Prussian

¹ *La Mission de Custine à Brunswick*, by Albert Sorel; *Revue Historique*, i. 157.

² *Mémoires de Mallet du Pan*, i. 259.

aggrandizement. This, then, was the policy of the faction that led all the attacks on Louis XVI. for intriguing with foreign powers, and that later on had the audacity to accuse him of precipitating France into war. Yet there were tears in his eyes when on the 20th of April he formally announced the declaration of war against Austria.¹

The Queen, however, breathed a sigh of relief. Anything, she felt, would be better than the present situation. The state of Paris was growing daily more alarming. This spring of 1792 a new and terrible element had made its appearance in the city—the band of ruffians who, from the tattered garments they wore that did duty as breeches, became known as the Sans-Culottes. The members of this ragged legion, mostly young boys, were of a class not peculiar to revolutionary France, but corresponded to the “hooligans” of modern London, the Apaches of modern Paris, or the Bowery toughs of New York, and it is easy to imagine the terror they inspired amongst the peaceable citizens when formed into a corps and protected, not restrained, by the police. Montjoie relates that at the mere sight of two Sans-Culottes armed with pikes, wearing the red caps of galley-slaves that this spring of 1792 became the badge of revolution, the inhabitants of a Paris street would fly trembling into their houses and barricade their doors.²

Every day two to three hundred of these Sans-Culottes invaded the gardens of the Tuileries and stirred up popular feeling against the Queen.³

“You see me in despair,” she said one day to the King in the presence of Dumouriez. “I dare not stand at the window on the side of the gardens. Yesterday evening to breathe the air I showed myself at the window on the side of the Court; a canonier apostrophized me with a coarse insult, adding, ‘How pleased I shall be to see your head on the point of my bayonet.’ . . . If I cast my eyes on that dreadful garden there is a man standing on a chair reading aloud horrors against us, there is a soldier or an abbé being dragged to the fountain and overwhelmed with blows and insults. . . . What an abode! What people!”

“The Queen,” says Ferrières, “was not exaggerating: the Orléanistes and Girondins never ceased exciting the populace against the King and Queen. . . . A crowd of hired orators daily declaimed the libels composed by the faction. . . . Louis XVI. was represented as a Nero, a sanguinary monster breathing only murder and carnage, wishing to bring foreign troops into France and use them to support him in the execution of his plans. . . .

¹ *Deux Amis*, vii. 166; *Mémoires tirés des Papiers d'un Homme d'État*, i. 333.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 171.

³ *Correspondance secrète*, p. 600.

The Queen was painted either under the degrading colours of a Messalina given up to the most shameful licentiousness, or as a fury seeking only to bathe herself in the blood of the French. These slanderous horrors were cried aloud in all the streets, were repeated at the tribune of the Jacobins, at the bar of the Assembly."

What wonder that Marie Antoinette longed for her own people to come and deliver her? What wonder if she despaired of the French nation when this was the portion of it daily presented to her sight?

Louis XVI. was even more affected by the horror of the situation, and at last, Madame Campan relates, "fell into a state of depression which reached the point of physical collapse. He was ten days in succession without uttering a word even in the midst of his family . . . the Queen drew him out of this disastrous condition . . . by throwing herself at his feet, now conjuring up visions calculated to alarm him, now expressing her love for him."¹ It was a clear case of mental break-down, and must be taken into consideration in judging the King's conduct at this crisis. Undoubtedly he vacillated, at one moment lending an ear to the men who would persuade him that salvation lay in this or that revolutionary faction, the next convinced by Fersen or the Queen that nothing but foreign intervention could avail to restore law and order. So the months of spring went by and June arrived—the last June of the monarchy.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE 20TH OF JUNE

The plan of raising a mob to march on the Tuileries, one of the leaders afterwards admitted, was "conceived and planned in the salon of Madame Roland." It is certain at any rate that, as Mortimer Ternaux pointed out, "the day of June the 20th had been prepared long beforehand by the agitators of the Faubourgs; the date had been settled—it was that of the Oath of the Tennis Court²—the rôles were distributed, complicity agreed on and

¹ *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 328. See also *Correspondance secrète*, p. 600, and the *Journal d'un Étudiant*, edited by M. Gaston Maugras, p. 248.

² Note the hypocrisy of this pretext, since the men who had proposed the Oath of the Tennis Court were now regarded by the revolutionary leaders as their bitterest enemies—Mounier had been driven from the country, and Bailly, the object of their perpetual execrations, was to perish at their hands under circumstances of revolting brutality. The truth is, as Bigot de Sainte-Croix points out, that the 20th of June was chosen as the anniversary of the flight to Varennes in the hope of reviving the unpopularity which the Orleanistes had succeeded in arousing against the King on this day.

accepted, the issue alone was uncertain; it depended on the degree of excitement and exasperation to which the masses could be brought." The reasons given by revolutionary writers for the invasion of the Tuileries are, therefore, only the pretexts that were given to the people in order to induce them to carry out the designs of the leaders. But, as we have already seen, the people at this moment were in no mood to rise. Even the Faubourgs of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau showed little tendency to revolt, although perpetually stirred up by Santerre and by Gonchon.

Théroigne de Méricourt, no longer the light-hearted *fille de joie* who had ridden with the mob to Versailles, but a haggard and embittered virago, was also hard at work in Saint-Antoine, where she had organized revolutionary clubs for women on the model of the Société Fraternelle that formed an annexe to the Jacobins and served as a training school for the future *tricoteuses*. But Théroigne's efforts met with violent remonstrance from the working-men of Saint-Antoine, who complained to Santerre that the sweetness of their wives' tempers was not increased by attendance at these assemblies, and the Jacobins were obliged to request Mlle. Théroigne "to moderate her activities."¹

Nothing, indeed, is more surprising than the resistance shown by the inhabitants of the Faubourgs to the seductions of the Jacobins—a fact of which historians give no idea, but which is only revealed by a study of contemporary literature, especially of the ultra-revolutionary variety. It is in the pages of Prudhomme, in the reports of the Séances des Jacobins, that we discover the immense efforts made by the revolutionaries and their repeated failures to enlist the sympathies of the people. For when we consider the wretchedness of the people at this crisis, and realize that the arms of the Jacobins were always open to receive them; when we remember that any deserter from the army who appealed to the Society for sympathy stood an excellent chance of receiving a civic crown, that any man or woman who entered the hall and uttered revolutionary sentiments received an ovation, and in many instances a sum of money, that any schoolboy who recited a revolutionary poem was invited to the honours of the Séance and overwhelmed with compliments, we can only wonder that the Faubourgs did not crowd *en masse*

¹ See Santerre's admission at a Séance of the Jacobins on April 13, 1792: "The men of this Faubourg (Saint-Antoine) would like better, on coming in from their work, to find their homes in order than to see their wives return from an assembly where they do not always gain a spirit of sweetness, and therefore they have regarded with disfavour these assemblies that are repeated three times in the week."

to the club in the Rue Saint-Honoré. But no, only here and there does a stray dweller of the Faubourgs find his way there, and then with what triumph and at what length is the incident recorded in the journal of the Society!

True, we shall read often of deputations from the "sections of Paris" arriving, both at the Assembly and at the Jacobins, but we do not need the explanations of Montjoie, of Beaulieu, or the *Deux Amis de la Liberté* to realize that the speeches crammed with classical allusions delivered on these occasions were not the work of the poor and unlettered inhabitants of the Faubourgs, but of the revolutionary agents who distributed them to orators so unlearned that they were hardly able to read the words aloud.¹ As to any spontaneous expressions of the people's sentiments these were seldom accorded a hearing, and at any rate were not recorded in the press, which at this date was almost entirely in the pay of the revolutionary leaders. Thus we read of an imposing deputation from Saint-Marceau to the National Assembly consisting of 6000 men armed with pikes and forks, and women with their arms held threateningly aloft, and children carrying naked swords, led by "an orator in rags who spoke like Cicero" in praise of the Revolution, but a petition signed by 30,000 citizens which was presented a few days later to protest against the tyranny of the Jacobins is not even mentioned in the reports of the debates.²

Adolphe Schmidt, in his studies of revolutionary Paris, has worked out by statistics that out of all the 600,000 to 800,000 inhabitants of the capital there were, in 1792, not more than 5000 to 6000 real revolutionaries—a number that diminished in the following year to nearly half—and that during the whole

¹ *Deux Amis de la Liberté*, vii. 242, viii. 24. See also Montjoie, *Conjururation de d'Orléans*, iii. 189; *Essais de Beaulieu*, iii. 104. "Nothing was more usual than this kind of fraud," writes the contemporary Senac de Meillan; "the sections and the Faubourgs were made to speak; they were set in motion even without their knowledge. . . . We saw one day the Faubourg Saint-Antoine arriving, to the number of eight to nine thousand men. Well, this Faubourg Saint-Antoine was composed of about fifty bandits hardly known in the district, who had collected on their route every one they could see in the shops or workshops, so as to form an imposing mass. These good people were on the Place Vendôme, very much bored, not knowing what they had come for, and waiting impatiently for the leaders to give them permission to retire."

² This petition is recorded in the journal of Mme. Jullien, *Journal d'une Bourgeoise*, p. 89: "There is a petition signed by 30,000 idlers (*badauds*) which is to appear on Sunday at the National Assembly against the Jacobins." We must not forget that in revolutionary language the terms "*badauds*," "*brigands*," or "*canaille*" signify the law-abiding members of the people. Thus Prudhomme, *Révolutions de Paris*, xii. 526: "The horde of fanatics and counter-revolutionaries who, to the number of more than 60,000, have taken refuge . . . in the capital."

revolutionary period the anti-revolutionaries constituted nine-tenths of the population. In this June of 1792 the departmental administration placed in this category of "honest folk" and "young folk" "those useful and hard-working men attached to the State at every point of their existence and by all the objects of their affections—proprietors, cultivators, tradesmen, artisans, workmen, and all those estimable citizens whose activity and economy contribute to the public treasury, and animate all the resources of national prosperity. All these men profess a boundless devotion to the Constitution, and principally to the sovereignty of the nation, to political equality and to constitutional monarchy." "The Jacobin Club," the same report declares, "is alone responsible for any disturbances in the city."¹

In order, therefore, to persuade the people of Paris to march on the Tuileries some very powerful incentive must be provided. For some months the Girondins, Brissot, Gensonné, and above all Carra, had endeavoured to inflame the popular mind by continual declamations against the so-called "Austrian Committee," by means of which Marie Antoinette was declared to be betraying France to the Emperor of Austria, but their efforts to prove the existence of this committee had ended in ignominious failure. To the request for a written statement of their accusations they replied: "What do you wish us to prove? Conspiracies cannot be written down (*Les conspirations ne s'écrivent pas*)."² Later on at their trial, when they asked Fouquier Tinville for proofs of their guilt, Fouquier quoted these words to them and sent them to the guillotine.²

The scare of the "Austrian Committee" having failed to rouse the people, the Girondins set about devising further "traps" for the King. If only Louis XVI. were to refuse his sanction to any decrees passed by the Assembly the old cry against the "Veto" could be raised, and an insurrection might be expected to result. Accordingly three iniquitous decrees were placed before the Assembly. The first enacted that all the non-juring priests—that is to say, those who had not subscribed to the civil constitution of the clergy—should be deported; the second that the King should be deprived of his bodyguard of

¹ *Paris pendant la Révolution*, by Adolphe Schmidt, p. 21. This report of the Paris administration is quoted by Prudhomme, *Révolutions de Paris*, xii. 523, as an insulting "libel."

² *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 119. See Camille Desmoulins' reference to this incident in his *Fragment de l'Histoire secrète*, etc., p. 5: "Moreover I will establish against Brissot and Gensonné the existence of an Anglo-Prussian committee by means of a number of proofs a hundred times stronger than those by which they, Brissot and Gensonné, proved the existence of an Austrian committee."

1800 men accorded to him by the Constitution, but suspected by the revolutionaries of loyalty to his person, and the third that a camp of 20,000 men should be formed outside Paris. Louis gave his sanction to the second decree, but withheld it from the first and third. Now, since the first decree was mainly instigated by Roland, and the third was proposed by Servan—Madame Roland's particular ally in the ministry—it is impossible not to recognize the hand of Madame Roland in all this. The three decrees were, of course, directly unconstitutional, the last because, according to the terms of the Constitution, the King alone had the authority to propose any addition to the standing army, and the camp of 20,000 men was proposed by Servan entirely on his own authority, without reference to the King or even to the other ministers. Moreover, as the 20,000 men were to consist of "confederates" from the provinces, that is to say, they were to be chosen by the Jacobin Clubs all over France, the plan met with immediate remonstrance, not only from the King but from sane men of every party. Lafayette wrote to the King from his camp at Maubeuge urging him to persist in his refusal to sanction the decree; even Robespierre expressed his disapproval.

The ministers themselves were violently divided on the subject, Roland, Servan, and Clavière supporting the plan, Dumouriez, Lacoste, and Duranton protesting—Dumouriez, indeed, nearly came to blows with Servan in the King's presence.¹

But most of all was the proposal resented by the National Guard of Paris—a corps essentially representative of the people—who sent a deputation to the Assembly to protest against the imputation that they were incompetent to defend the capital. "Servan," said the orator of this deputation, "had violated the Constitution, had shown himself 'the vile instrument of a faction that rends the kingdom.' We citizens of Paris, we who were the first to conquer liberty, we shall know how to defend it at all times against every kind of tyrant; we have still the force and courage of the men of the 14th of July." At this Vergniaud, rising in wrath, declared that the petitioners were guilty of "inconceivable audacity," and should be refused "the honours of the sitting"—in other words, that they should be driven from the hall. A further deputation of the National Guard, armed with a petition bearing 8000 signatures, met with a like reception, and the Assembly thereupon closed the debate.²

To this, then, had the "sovereignty of the people" been reduced. All through the Revolution we shall find the same method employed; the only deputations recognized as representative of the people are those organized by the revolutionary leaders and marching to the word of command; spontaneous

¹ Madelin, p. 219.

² Buchez et Roux, xv. 19-30.

demonstrations are invariably silenced and declared to be "seditious."

The Jacobin Club, dominated by the Girondins, whose violence during the early part of 1792 surpassed even that of the future Terrorists, had succeeded in establishing a tyranny which roused the indignation of all true lovers of liberty. At his camp in Maubeuge, Lafayette received from the administrative and municipal bodies all over the country further complaints of their excesses, and now once again he resolved to come to the rescue of the monarchy. His letter to the Assembly on June 16 is one of the few admirable incidents in his vacillating career.

"Can you deny," he wrote indignantly, "that a faction—and to avoid vague denominations, the Jacobin faction—has caused all the disorders? It is this faction that I loudly accuse. Organized like an empire apart in its metropolis and its affiliations, blindly directed by a few ambitious leaders, this sect forms a distinct corporation in the midst of the French people, of which it usurps the powers by subjugating its representatives and its agents. It is there that at public meetings attachment to the law is called 'aristocracy' and its infringement 'patriotism'; there the assassins of Desilles triumph, the crimes of Jourdan find panegyrists. . . . It is I who denounce this sect to you . . . and how should I delay any longer in fulfilling this duty when each day weakens constituted authority, *substitutes the spirit of party for the will of the people*, when the audacity of agitators imposes silence on peaceful citizens and casts aside men who could be useful. . . . May the royal power remain intact, for it is guaranteed by the Constitution; may it be independent, for that independence is one of the mainsprings of our liberty; may the King be revered, for he is invested with the majesty of the nation; may he choose a ministry that wears the chains of no party, and if there are conspirators may they perish beneath the power of the sword.

"In a word, may the reign of the Clubs be destroyed by you and give place to the reign of law . . . their disorganizing maxims (give place) to the true principles of liberty, their delirious fury to the calm and settled courage of a nation that knows its rights and defends them, may party considerations yield to the real interests of the country, which at this moment of danger should unite all those to whom its subjugation and ruin are not a matter of atrocious profit and infamous speculation."

These courageous words of Lafayette were received with a howl of execration by the Girondins. Vergniaud rose angrily to declare that "it was all over with liberty if a general were allowed to dictate laws" to the Assembly.

No less than sixty-five departments of France and several

large towns hastened to endorse the sentiments of Lafayette.¹ But it was useless indeed for any one to oppose the Girondins at this crisis; the power was all in their hands, and Dumouriez, realizing this, dared not stand against them, so, although he had declared that "those who demanded the formation of a camp of 20,000 men near Paris were as much the enemies of the country as the enemies of the King," he ended by advising Louis XVI. to sanction the decree.

It was the crowning misfortune of the unhappy King at every crisis of the Revolution to lack disinterested advisers. Before the siege of the Bastille Necker had not dared to stand by him; at the march on Versailles all his ministers had distinguished themselves by their ineptitude; and now, before the invasion of the Tuileries, Dumouriez failed him ignominiously.

Long afterwards in his *Mémoires* Dumouriez completely justified the King's conduct in refusing his sanction to the two decrees, but his tribute to the integrity of Louis XVI. only places his own perfidy in a blacker light. One day, Dumouriez relates, the King, taking him by the hand, said, "in accents that neither art nor dissimulation could have imitated, 'God is my witness that I wish for nothing but the happiness of France,' and Dumouriez, with tears in his eyes, replied, 'Sire, I do not doubt it . . . if all France knew you as I do all our misfortunes would be ended!'" Yet, after this, Dumouriez betrayed him. For Louis XVI. having refused to sanction the two decrees, Dumouriez only waited for the inevitable explosion in order to resign his post in the ministry and return to the army—and the Duc de Chartres.

Meanwhile Madame Roland had seen her opportunity to bring about the crisis for which she had so long been waiting, and before the King could announce his final decision she had devised a further trap which this time was to prove effectual.

The dismissal of Necker had served as a pretext for the Revolution of July 1789; the dismissal of the three "patriot ministers," Roland, Servan, and Clavière, might be expected to bring about the Revolution of June 1792. Accordingly she composed a letter² which Roland was to hand to the King in the council as his own composition, but of which the authorship was only too plainly visible. Who but Madame Roland, with her insatiable greed for power, could have basely taunted Louis XVI. with the loss of those prerogatives that he had voluntarily renounced? "Your Majesty has enjoyed the great prerogatives that he believed to belong to royalty. Brought up with the idea of retaining them he could not feel any pleasure at seeing them

¹ *Mémoires de Lafayette*, iii. 332.

² "Je fis la fameuse lettre," *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 241.

taken from him ; the desire to have them given back is as natural as the regret at seeing them done away with." Then, dropping the tone of contemptuous condolence, she proceeds to threaten him, and all the old ferocity flashes out anew : " Two important decrees have been drawn up, both of essential interest to the public tranquillity and the salvation of the State. The delay to sanction them inspires distrust ; if prolonged it will cause discontent ; and I am forced to say that in the present agitation of all minds, discontent may lead to anything. There is no time to draw back, it is no longer even possible to temporize—the revolution is made in the minds of the people, it will be finished at the price of blood, and will be cemented with blood, if wisdom does not prevent misfortune it is possible to avoid. . . .

" I know that the austere language of truth is rarely welcomed near the throne ; I know also that it is because it cannot make itself heard there that revolutions become necessary . . . and I know nothing that can prevent me from fulfilling my conscious duty," etc.

Not content with handing this precious document to the King, Roland, obedient to Manon's instructions, insisted on reading it aloud to him, after which he delivered himself of a violent tirade containing " the bitterest and most insulting details " on the conduct of the King, representing him as a " perjurer," reproaching him on the subject of his confessor and of his bodyguard, on the imprudences of the Queen, and the intrigues of the Court with Austria.¹ There was a limit to the patience even of Louis XVI. ; and this attack of Roland's had the effect of bringing things to a crisis. On the 12th of June the King dismissed Roland, Servan, and Clavière ; on the 19th he finally placed his " Veto " on the two decrees.

Nothing could have suited Madame Roland better. For once we may believe her to be sincere when she assures us that she was enchanted at the dismissal of the three ministers, for, if the King's action added fuel to her fury, it had provided the final pretext for insurrection.²

The plan concerted in Madame Roland's salon of collecting a mob to march on the Tuileries was matured in the councils of the Orléanistes. At Charenton, Danton, Marat, Santerre,

¹ *Mémoires de Dumouriez*, ii. 274.

² That the rising of the 20th of June had been planned long before the dismissal of the three ministers on the 12th and the King's final refusal to sanction the two decrees on the 19th, and that these circumstances were therefore only the pretexts given to the people for marching on the Tuileries, is further evident from the fact that the plan of insurrection was known in London at least ten days before it took place. On June 13 a member of the Jacobin Club read aloud a letter he had received from London announcing a movement that was to take place between the 13th and the

Camille Desmoulins¹ met by night, as the Orléanistes of 1789 had met at Montrouge or Passy, for it was they alone who could control the workings of the great revolutionary machine; it was they who chose and paid the mob leaders, they who distributed the rôles, prompted the orators, and lavished gold and strong drink on the obedient multitude they held at their command. The Girondins could only suggest and perorate; the Orléanistes knew how to lead from words to action. Then the conspirators set to work to inflame the minds of the people: Carra, Gorsas, Brissot, and Condorcet distributed seditious pamphlets, Pétion and Manuel placarded the walls of the city with fresh calumnies against the Royal Family.² A caricature was hawked on the quays representing Louis XVI. with his crown slipping from his head, seated at picquet with the Duc d'Orléans, and exclaiming, "J'ai écarté les cœurs, il a pour lui les *piques*, j'ai perdu la partie."³ The pikes were literally those of Orléans, for Pétion had ordered 30,000 to be forged for arming the populace, and by a refinement of brutality the points were so constructed as not only to wound but to lacerate horribly the flesh of the victims.⁴ These, together with 50,000 red caps of liberty, were distributed in the Faubourgs. Meanwhile Gorsas paraded the streets crying out, "My friends, we must go to-morrow to plant under the windows of fat Louis not the oak of liberty but an aspen!"⁵

As usual, the people were not admitted to the secrets of the leaders, whose ingenious method was invariably to propose some apparently harmless demonstration, and then to stir the people up to commit excesses. By this means it was always possible to avoid responsibility, and to attribute the blame for any violence that took place to the uncontrollable passions of the populace.

20th, and in the *Correspondance secrète* for June 16 we find an entry to the same effect: "Letters from London announce a great movement in Paris for the 20th of this month. *It has been noticed that the great events of the Revolution have always been foretold us by the English.*" The co-operation of the English revolutionaries is here clearly evident.

¹ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 43. Montjoie asserts that Robespierre was also present at the meetings, but this seems improbable, since the movement was conducted by his enemies the Brissotins and Orléanistes. Moreover, at the Jacobin Club he had strongly opposed the plan of insurrection. If he was present the fact is only to be explained by his natural timidity—he may have been afraid to stay away lest he should be accused of sympathy with the Court. But it seems unlikely that he took any active part in the proceedings.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 174; Ferrières, iii. 105.

³ A play on the word *pique*, which signifies both spades at cards and pikes.

⁴ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 174; *Histoire particulière*, etc. by Maton de la Varenne.

⁵ *Ibid.*

As on the 14th of July the people had only been told to march on the Bastille in order to procure arms for their defence, and on the 5th of October to go to Versailles and ask the King for bread, so before the 20th of June the programme officially put before the inhabitants of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau was to form a procession in order to present a petition to the King and Legislative Assembly, asking for the sanction of the two decrees and the recall of the dismissed ministers.¹ After this they were to proceed to the terrace of the Tuileries and plant a "tree of liberty," to commemorate the anniversary of the Oath of the Tennis Court. Nothing more innocent could be imagined, and by way of inducement to the more peaceable amongst the people it was suggested how pleasant it would be to visit the inside of the Tuileries, and see Monsieur and Madame Veto at home.² But in order to ensure the co-operation of the populace more potent methods were employed, and amongst these, as in every outbreak of the Revolution, alcohol played the principal part. So in the Faubourgs throughout the 19th of June champagne, distributed by Santerre, flowed freely,³ whilst the professional instigators of crime who had figured in all the former tumults—Gonchon, St. Huruge, Fournier l'Americain, and Rotondo—stirred up insurrection. In the Champs Élysées a feast was spread to which the inhabitants of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau were bidden; in the surrounding cabarets half-naked Sans-Culottes collected, incendiary speeches were made, the Prussian Cloutz as toast-master proposed the deposition of Louis XVI.; and although the more prudent of the leaders affected to support this proposition, the comedian Dugazon was permitted to sing verses provoking the people to murder the King.⁴

Louis XVI. well knew what was taking place in the city. That day he wrote to his confessor, asking him to come to him: "I have never had so great need of your consolations; I have done with men, it is towards Heaven that I turn my eyes. Great disasters are announced for to-morrow; I shall have courage." And as he looked out that summer evening across the great gardens of the Tuileries to the sun sinking behind the Champs Élysées, he said to good old Malesherbes standing by him, "Who knows whether I shall see the sun set to-morrow?" Then with an untroubled conscience he went to rest, ready to welcome death that would deliver him from the hideous nightmare of life. And in hundreds of little French homes that night

¹ Roederer, *Chronique des Cinquante Jours* (edition de Lescure), p. 18.

² Mortimer Ternaux, *Histoire de la Terreur*, i. 141.

³ *Deux Amis*, viii. 25.

⁴ Maton de la Varenne, *op. cit.*; Ferrières, iii. 105; Montjoie, *Conjuraction de d'Orléans*, iii. 175.

the people, who still loved their King, lay down likewise to rest, little dreaming of the terrible scenes of the morrow that in the lying pages of history were to be set down to their account.

THE 20TH OF JUNE

But whilst the people slept the conspirators were all awake ; at the house of Santerre the final touches were added to the plan of insurrection ; Chabot, Bazire, Merlin, Lasource continued to harangue the inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, three of whom, outraged by the incendiary speeches of the agitators, denounced them later on to the Assembly, declaring that Chabot had collected the people in a church of the district and had actually proposed the assassination of the King.¹

So the match was set to the mine, and the conspirators eagerly awaited the explosion. But, contrary to their expectations, Saint-Antoine showed no irresistible desire to rise. At five in the morning of the 20th Santerre had only succeeded in raising a mob of 1500 people ;² according to one account of the day, this number had not been exceeded by eleven o'clock, including those who had collected from curiosity, and " it was not until the sieur Santerre had placed himself at the head of a detachment of *invalides* . . . , and had incited during their march all onlookers to join them, that the multitude considerably increased." ³ Meanwhile in Saint-Marceau a motley crowd of men, women, and children had assembled, armed with the pikes provided by Pétion, who now with consummate hypocrisy sent out commissioners to make a feint of dissuading them from bearing arms and forming a procession. The people, well under the control of the agitators, of course refused to go back to their homes whence they had been summoned ; some indeed answered in all good faith that they had no evil intentions, and were resolved to march. Finally the Faubourgs, to which a number of deserters from the National Guard had joined themselves, set forth, divided into three bands led by Santerre, St. Huruge, and Théroigne de Méricourt, and now at last, as they passed through the streets, recruits began to pour in from all sides—coal-heavers, porters, chimney-sweeps—ready for the price of a day's work⁴ and the promise of free drinks to throw themselves into any

¹ Buchez et Roux, xv. 196. Chabot denied the accusation, but even if he did not make this definite proposition it is certain that he was in Saint-Antoine during the night stirring up the people against the King. See Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 175 ; Roederer, p. 19 ; Ferrières, iii. 106 ; Prudhomme, *Crimes*, iv. 38.

² Roederer, p. 22.

³ Buchez et Roux, xv. 117.

⁴ See statement of Santerre on these payments to working-men quoted in the *Memoirs of the Comtesse de Bohm* (edition de Lescure), p. 196.

tumult; but besides these, terrible freaks of humanity, half naked, half in rags, dregs not only of the Paris underworld but of foreign cities, Italians, negroes and negresses, brigands of the South, bearing as well as the usual revolutionary weapons—pikes, scythes, pick-axes, knotted sticks, and rusty swords—horrible emblems of their own devising—filthy trousers held aloft on poles, the badge of the Sans-Culottes, the bleeding heart of a calf labelled “Aristocrat’s heart,” toy gibbets, hangmen’s ropes. Eye-witnesses speak shudderingly of this procession; nothing so revolting had ever yet been seen in Paris.

The organizers of the movement—who as usual remained prudently in the background—had every reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their efforts; never before in the whole course of the Revolution had so formidable a mob been collected: barely 1000 people had marched on the Bastille, 8000 on Versailles, but now on the 20th of June certain contemporaries declare that no less than 20,000 men, women, and children took part in the movement.¹ Arithmetically they constituted only about one-thirtieth of the population of the city; still this number was sufficient to give some semblance of truth to the assertion that “the whole people” had risen in the cause of liberty.

It was more than sufficient to alarm the Assembly, who, hearing that the vanguard of the army consisting of 8000 people were at the door of the Assembly demanding admittance, were called upon instantly to decide whether the procession should be allowed to march through the hall with their arms. “Since they are 8000, and we are only 745,” cried one deputy overcome with panic, “this is the moment to close the sitting and depart!” Hua, more courageous, declared that the Assembly should stand its ground and refuse the mob admittance. “Who are these men calling themselves the people who bring us a petition with cannons and pikes? Close the doors; they may break them down if they wish, but at least the Assembly will not have received them and will have maintained its dignity!”

But the Girondins—Vergniaud, Guadet, Lasource—whose collusion with the mob leaders was a guarantee for their personal safety, arose indignantly to demand that “the people” should be allowed to enter and place their “sufferings and anxieties” before the Assembly. At this Jaucourt aptly exclaimed, “It is evident that those who brought them here cannot send them away again!”

¹ On this point contemporaries are entirely disagreed. Napoleon, an eye-witness of the scene, put the crowd at only 6000; Beaulieu says 8000, but Roederer says 20,000. Mr. Croker believed this to be an intentional exaggeration in order “to make the mob pass for the people” and to excuse the terror of the Assembly.

Other members rose to speak, when suddenly the waiting crowd, whose angry murmur had been growing louder, broke down the barriers and burst into the hall. A scene of indescribable confusion followed; cries of protest and alarm arose from all parts of the Assembly; members sprang on to the benches and vainly strove to make their voices heard above the tumult. The President hastily put on his hat to signify that the sitting was ended. Finally the advance-guard of the mob was driven out again, and after further discussion the Assembly decided to admit a deputation of "the people." The orator of the deputation, a man named Sylvestre Huguenin, formerly a deserter from the army, now an agent of brothels, was certainly not calculated to inspire confidence in the pacific disposition of his followers. Tall and gaunt, with a bald forehead, bloodshot eyes, a dry and withered skin, his aspect was no less frightful than the tirade he now delivered to the Assembly, of which every word was a veiled provocation to assassinate the King. "A single man shall not influence the will of 20,000 men. If out of consideration we maintain him in his post, it is on condition that he fills it constitutionally; if he fails to do this he counts for nothing to the French nation *and deserves the extreme penalty.*"¹ As an address supposed to have been framed by the inhabitants of Saint-Antoine the thing was the clumsiest of frauds, for in this, as in every other bogus petition presented to the Assembly, the phraseology of the Jacobin Club was clearly recognizable. Thus the working-men of Saint-Antoine were represented as saying: "Imitate Cicero and Demosthenes and unveil before the whole Senate the perfidious machinations of Catilina!" or again in a wild medley of metaphor: "The people will it so, and their head is of as much value as that of crowned despots. That head is the genealogical tree of the nation, and beneath that sturdy oak the feeble reed must bend."

At each sanguinary threat the galleries broke out into tumultuous applause, and it was then decided to allow the Faubourgs to march through the Assembly. Immediately the wild horde, of which a great number were now reeling under the influence of drink, entered the hall led by Santerre and St. Huruge; first came seven or eight musicians playing the "Ça ira!" and behind them women armed with sabres singing and dancing to the strains, the men brandishing their ragged banners and ghastly trophies on the end of poles, and all shrieking incoherently, "Long live the Sans-Culottes! Long live the nation! Down with the Veto!"

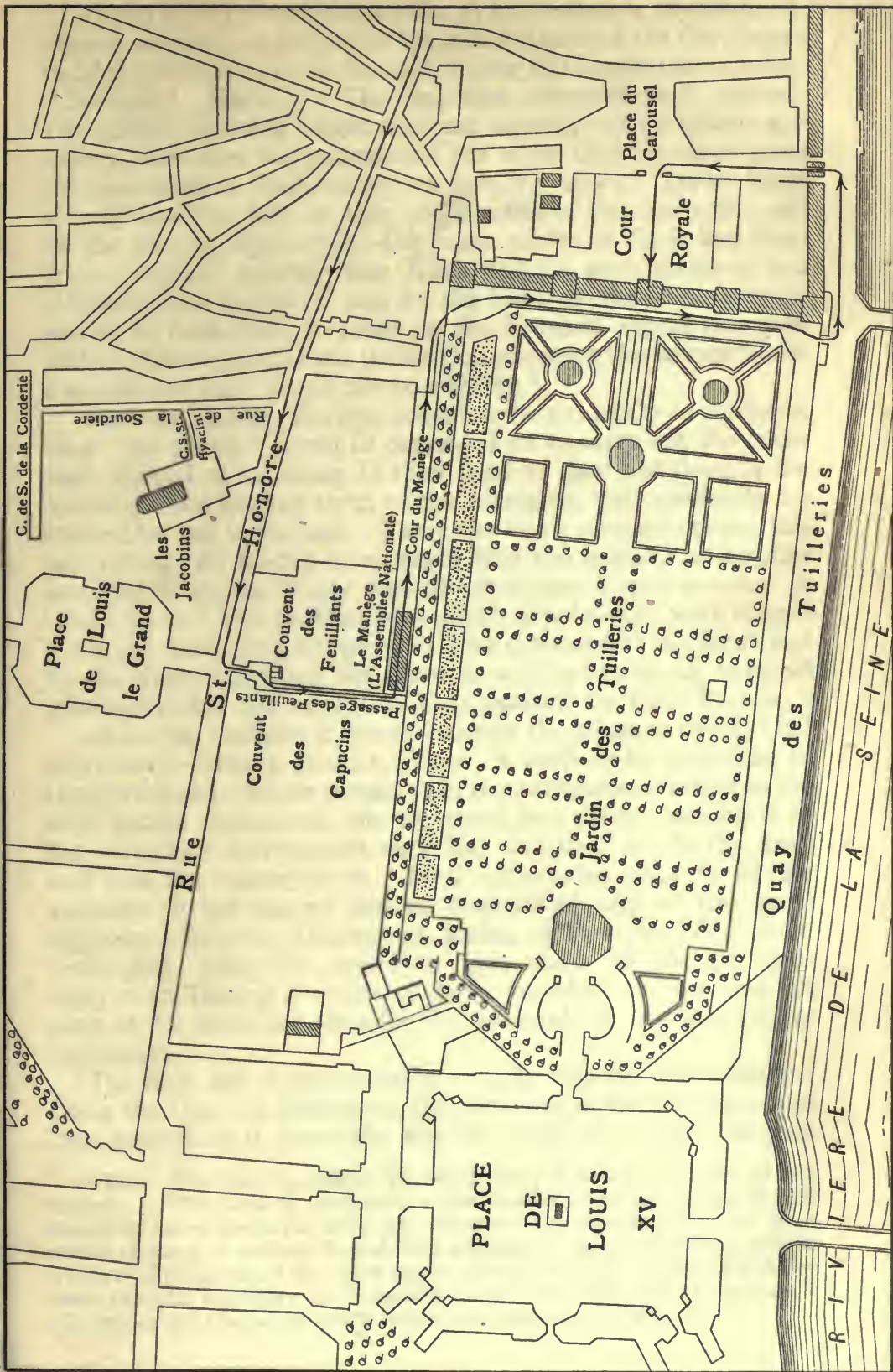
"The procession," says the deputy Hua, "lasted for three

¹ These words in italics given by Maton de la Varenne are suppressed by the *Moniteur* and Buchez et Roux.

hours ; hideous countenances were there ; I can still see that moving forest of pikes, those handkerchiefs, those rags that served as standards. . . ." Meanwhile outside the hall an immense congestion had taken place. In order to understand this we must realize the situation of the hall occupied by the Assembly. This hall was the royal Manège, that is to say, the riding-school of the Tuileries, and stood on the spot where at the present day the Rue Castiglione joins the Rue de Rivoli. At the time of the Revolution neither of these streets existed, for the great gardens of the convents and private houses of the Rue Saint-Honoré stretched right up to the line now occupied by the Rue de Rivoli, and were separated from the Tuileries only by a long and narrow courtyard known as the Cour du Manège, whilst a still narrower passage—the Passage des Feuillants—took the place of the Rue Castiglione leading from the Rue Saint-Honoré to the Porte des Feuillants opening into the Tuileries gardens. The hall of the Assembly was entered by two doors, one in the Cour du Manège, the other in the Passage des Feuillants, and it was at this latter entrance that the mob had drawn up demanding admittance. During the delay that ensued the rearguard of the procession continued to pour into the passage which, since the Porte des Feuillants was locked, formed a blind alley, and soon became packed to suffocation. Thereupon the crowd, stifling for want of air and wearied with inaction, began to seek an outlet, and whilst one party proceeded to break open the Porte des Feuillants and swarm into the gardens of the Tuileries, another bethought themselves of the poplar tree they had brought with them on a cart to represent the " tree of liberty."

Now the planting of this tree was to have formed the principal ceremony of the day, and the people, finding that their leaders had failed to carry out their programme, took the law into their own hands and, bursting into the garden of the Capucin convent next to the Assembly, amused themselves by planting there the tree of liberty. This diversion ended, the crowd began to grow bored, and were on the point of dispersing when the roll of drums and the strains of the " Ça ira ! " sounding from the hall of the Assembly rallied them once more, and the whole mass moved forward through the doorway.

This long delay was undoubtedly an error on the part of the conspirators, for it had taken the first edge off the people's frenzy, who, if they had been marched straight on the Tuileries, might have shown themselves capable of greater violence. As it was, by the time they had finished parading through the hall, not only had they worked off a great part of their excitement, but also, no doubt, the effects of the wine that had inspired their hilarious entry to the Assembly.





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It was nearly four o'clock when at last Santerre, comprehending the necessity of getting to the real business of the day, began to herd his flock towards the exit, crying out in stentorian tones, "Forward! March!" The supreme moment had arrived. The terrible crowd of ragged men and women, victims of vice and misery, were now to consummate the crime that for three years the conspirators had vainly striven to effect. Three times already—on the 17th of July and the 6th of October 1789, and on the 18th of April 1791—this same rabble of Paris had been driven forward against their King, and on each occasion had refrained from violence; now for the last time the great attempt was to be made, and, to judge by the ferocious aspect they presented, there seemed little doubt that amongst this savage horde a murderous hand would not be wanting.¹

Santerre and St. Huruge, indeed, were evidently so confident that "the people" could be depended on to carry out the crime that, instead of marching at their head as they had done in the morning when leading them to the Assembly, they prudently remained behind in the hall. There was every reason to prefer this safe retreat, for to-day it appeared that the military authorities intended to oppose a very vigorous resistance to any invasion of the Château. Ten battalions of the National Guard were ranged along the west terrace, two more were stationed at the south end by the river, four other battalions as well as five or six hundred mounted police and twenty cannons guarded the Cour Royale.

So on this occasion it was not merely the prime authors of the movement—Brissot, Danton, Pétion, Manuel—who according to their invariable custom remained in the background, but even the mob leaders themselves who retreated into safety, leaving it to the wretched instruments they had collected to do the deed and face the consequences. It is remarkable that in all the accounts of the day we find no mention of any of the usual agitators—Rotondo, Grammont, Malga, or Fournier l'Américain—mingling with the crowd at this stage of the proceedings; even Théroigne seems to have vanished, for we hear no more of her after her start for the Assembly at the head of her contingent.

The mob, left therefore entirely to its own devices, streamed along the Cour du Manège in the direction of the Château, and then paused as if uncertain whether to go on to the Place du

¹ Even Roederer is obliged to admit that this was the idea of the leaders: "The lack of concerted action between the people assembled seems to leave room for only one opinion—that the boldest and most subtle plotters of violence hoped that amongst so many disorderly people a fanatical hand would be raised against the monarch for whom it had not been thought necessary to designate or even to seek out an assassin." (*Chronique des Cinquante Jours* (edition de Lescure), p. 38).

Carrousel or whether to break into the garden of the Tuileries by the gate on their right known as the "Porte du Dauphin." It was, apparently, Mouchet, a little bandy-legged municipal officer stationed at this gateway, who persuaded them to adopt the latter course, and thereupon the whole crowd poured into the garden.¹

But still the uncomprehending herd failed to enter into the designs of the conspirators, for they made no attempt to invade the Château—which was most accessible from this side—but proceeded along the terrace to the gate leading out on to the quay, and during this march past the troops their behaviour was so peaceable that the King with his family and *entourage* looking down on the procession from the windows, and watching it file through the gateway with immense relief, concluded the movement to have ended: for a moment it appeared that the 6th of October was not to be repeated.

Once outside the garden the crowd turned to the left, but instead of continuing its way along the quay drew up outside the gateway leading into the Carrousel, where they were met by the extraordinary notice, here posted up, that only "people armed, no matter in what way," were to be admitted. In response to this invitation—issued evidently by municipal officers in collusion with the leaders—the whole mob, armed and unarmed, poured into the square. Yet even now the people showed no intention of invading the Château, but streamed onwards to the Rue Saint-Nicaise, apparently with the intention of returning whence they came. The fact is that the day was very hot, and the people having been on their feet since dawn were growing tired of the whole performance. The tree of liberty had been planted, the petition read aloud to the Assembly, and now they were ready to go home.²

But Santerre and St. Huruge had been informed of the hitch in the proceedings, and, realizing that if the invasion of the Tuileries was to be accomplished they must place themselves once more at the head of the movement, they now appeared on the scene. Santerre, addressing his contingent from Saint-Antoine, shouted peremptorily, "Why have you not got into the Château? We *must* get in! it was for that we came here!"³ And turning to his gunners he ordered them to follow him with their cannons,

¹ It was at this moment that Napoleon Bonaparte, coming out of a restaurant near the Palais Royal with Bourrienne, made his memorable exclamation: "What imbeciles, how could they allow that rabble (*canaille*) to enter? They should have swept away four or five hundred of them with cannons and the rest would still be running!" (*Mémoires de Bourrienne*, i. 49).

² Mortimer Ternaux, i. 184; Buchez et Roux, xv. 118.

³ Buchez et Roux, xv. 118.

declaring that if the doors were closed to them they must be broken down with cannon-balls. Then the mob, rallying at the word of command, surged *en masse* towards the gateway of the Cour Royale.

As we have already seen, the troops ranged round the gateway were far more than enough to resist the incursion of the crowd, and although the hundred mounted police in the Carrousel showed a disinclination to use force, the National Guard at the first onslaught offered a spirited resistance. "We will die rather than let them enter!" cried some; and others answered, "But we have no orders and no officers to command us!" And this was true, for Ramainvilliers, their commander, remained absolutely inert, afterwards giving as his reason that having received no orders from the mayor he could not take upon himself to proclaim martial law; but since the mayor was Pétion, the principal organizer of the movement, this omission is hardly surprising.

The truth is evidently that, as on the 12th and 14th of July and on the 5th of October 1789, the military leaders were paralysed by their knowledge of what Mr. Croker well describes as "the King's unfortunate monomania that no blow should ever be struck in his defence." This being so they dared not offer resistance, uncertain as to the consequences if any injury were done to the people. Maintaining, therefore, their attitude of strict neutrality, they allowed the mob to advance their cannons and point them against the great gateway of the Cour Royale.

By what perfidy was this gateway at last opened? It is impossible to say with certainty, for just as at the siege of the Bastille an unseen hand had let down the last drawbridge, and at the invasion of Versailles another unseen hand unlocked the gate into the Cour de Marbre, so by the same mysterious agency the courtyard of the Tuileries was thrown open to the invaders. Santerre, says Roederer, had made sure beforehand of two municipal officers, and these men, rightly calculating on the authority inspired by their scarves of office, now came forward and in imperious tones demanded that the gates should be opened. Whoever then obeyed this order,¹ the fact remains that the great bar fastening the gates was raised from within and instantly the crowd poured into the Cour Royale.

Then at last four officers, more courageous than their comrades—Mandat, Pinon, Vanotte, and Acloque, a brewer of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, rushed forward to close the doorway leading to the great staircase of the palace,

¹ Boucher René, a municipal officer, in his evidence to the police says "a gunner"; La Reynie, who declared Boucher René to be one of the officers to give the order, says "men of the National Guard." Roederer and Mortimer Ternaux accept the latter statement.

summoning National Guards, gunners, and policemen to their aid. But it was too late now to command obedience; the gunners, urged on by Santerre, were already in open rebellion and thrust aside the officers in command.

Santerre was still reluctantly compelled to remain at the head of the mob and conduct operations. For even at this crisis the great mass of the people continued to display indifference, and seemed, says Roederer, "to be only misled or carried away, or brought there by curiosity, and not to understand that it was an outrage on the King to violate his palace. Several were yawning with fatigue and boredom. It would have been easy to count the men led by violent passions and ferocious designs."¹

Seeing this, a group of law-abiding citizens, who had collected at the foot of the staircase, came forward and angrily apostrophized Santerre, threatening to make him responsible for all the harm that might come from this fatal day, "because," they said to him, "you alone are the author of this unconstitutional assemblage, you alone have misled these good people, and amongst them all you alone are a scoundrel!" At this Santerre turned pale, and exchanging a glance with his ally, the butcher Legendre, he turned to his troops and uttered these hypocritical words: "Messieurs, draw up an official report of my refusal to march at your head into the King's apartments!"² Then the ruffians that composed the cowardly brewer's following, understanding his intention, threw the honest citizens to the ground, and like a great tidal wave the mob, once more lashed to fury, burst into the Château. So tremendous was the impetus of that mighty onrush that a cannon, carried by the invaders, was borne upon their shoulders right up the splendid staircase, wreathed with the emblems of Louis XIV. and the arms of Colbert, into the huge Salle des Cent Suisses, and there jammed in the doorway, momentarily stemming the tide. But the obstacle was quickly removed with hatchet blows upon the woodwork, and the crowd swept onwards to the *Œil de Bœuf*.

Now at last they were on the threshold of that abode of mystery—the King's apartments. Undoubtedly, amongst the great proportion of the people, the predominating emotion at this tremendous moment was curiosity, tinged with superstitious awe, for, in the minds of many of the poor denizens of the Faubourgs, royalty had not yet lost its glamour, in spite of all the agitators' efforts to ridicule and degrade it. But that tumultuous sea nevertheless held dangerous elements, brains that throbbed wildly to the tune of the "*Ça ira!*" hands that closed around murderous weapons in feverish anticipation of coming violence,

¹ Roederer, p. 46.

² *Déposition de La Reynie*, Buchez et Roux, xv. 118.

and in these disordered imaginations superstition assumed a terrible form—it was not Louis XVI., the descendant of St. Louis, they were now to meet face to face, but that sinister personage “Monsieur Veto”—Nero, Machiavelli, and Charles IX. in one—the sanguinary monster, and his still more guilty consort, who with diabolical cunning had lulled a confiding people into security whilst planning a second massacre of St. Barthélemy—perhaps on that same Quai du Louvre their feet had traversed to the Château. Goaded to frenzy by these visions, the leaders of the mob continued to beat on the closed doors, clamouring loudly for admittance; then, meeting with no response, they proceeded to attack them with their weapons; beneath their savage blows the lower panels yielded and fell inwards—instantly a cluster of pikes was thrust menacingly through the opening.

Suddenly from the inside a voice cried out, “Open! I have nothing to fear from Frenchmen!” A Swiss guard threw wide the doors. The crowd surged forward, then, like an angry wave drawing back with a roar of foam, halted in confusion, for before them stood—the King. The sensation produced on the crowd by this sudden apparition, all contemporaries record, was one of *stupor*—they were utterly disconcerted, for here they saw before them no sanguinary monster but a homely personage, none the more imposing for all his powdered hair and embroidered coat, who stood regarding them with an expression of extreme benevolence obviously unmingled with fear. Louis XVI. was not afraid at that frightful moment. When the faithful Acloque had rushed into his room, where all the Royal Family had collected, to announce the incursion of the mob, the King had instantly decided to go forward to meet them, only insisting that the Queen, against whom the people’s hatred had been principally directed, should remain in safety; and whilst Marie Antoinette, finally prevented by force from following him, was hurried into the bedroom of the Dauphin, the King passed calmly to the *Œil de Bœuf*, with Madame Elizabeth clinging to his arm, and followed by those of his loyal defenders who had remained at his side. Two hours earlier the King, foreseeing the invasion of the Château, had sent away nearly all his retainers lest their presence should serve to irritate the populace, but several—amongst them the old Maréchal de Mouchy, that bizarre personage the Chevalier de Rougeville, and brave young Canolles, a boy of eighteen who had belonged to the King’s old bodyguard—had refused to leave him; others, borrowing pikes and ragged garments from some of the insurgents, mingled with the mob, and thus disguised hovered around the King for his protection.¹ Arrived in the *Œil de Bœuf*, Louis XVI. called four grenadiers of the National Guard to his side,

¹ *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 136.

and one of these, De la Chesnaye, seeing that the doors were about to be broken down, said to the King, "Sire, do not be afraid." "I am not afraid," answered the King; "put your hand on my heart, it is calm and tranquil," and taking the hand of the grenadier he pressed it to his heart, which in truth beat no faster in the face of the appalling danger.

What was the secret of the King's intrepidity? Revolutionaries, obliged to admit his amazing sangfroid at this crisis, have tried to explain it by the natural phlegm of his character, but in reality his courage throughout the Revolution can always be traced to the same cause—the fact that, as Bertrand de Molleville observed, *he was never afraid when he was face to face with the people*. It was this conviction that from the people themselves he had nothing to fear which had nerved him to take that perilous journey to Paris on the 17th of July 1789, which had enabled him to confront the raging mob on the 6th of October, and which now again on the 20th of June inspired him with the serenity that amazed all beholders. So, by the calm and undaunted aspect of the King, the ragged horde was momentarily brought to bay on the threshold of the *Œil de Bœuf*. But certain of the brigands, having recovered from the first shock of surprise, thrust their way into the room, brandishing pikes and sabres as they called aloud for the death of the King. The Swiss Guards drew their swords, but Louis XVI. interposed: "Put back your swords in their scabbards, I command you." Then a man, armed with a stick to which a spear had been affixed, sprang forward crying out, "Where is Veto that I may kill him?" Whereat young Canolles threw himself on the assassin, and forcing him to his knees at the King's feet obliged him to call out, "Vive le Roi!"¹

This act of courage had the effect of once more stupefying the crowd, and the King's defenders, profiting by the pause that ensued, succeeded in leading him to a seat in the recess of a window, forming there a rampart round him with their bodies. The heroic band included the four grenadiers of the National Guard, the Maréchal de Mouchy, aged seventy-seven, the intrepid brewer Acloque, and Stéphanie de Bourbon-Conti, the natural daughter of the Prince de Conti, who had armed herself with a sword and sabre, and throughout the day never ceased defending the King from the onslaughts of his assassins.²

Meanwhile Madame Elizabeth showed herself no less heroic; hearing the mob crying out for the head of the Queen she came forward and, offering her breast to their daggers, said, "Here

¹ *Histoire particulière*, etc., by Maton de la Varenne. Canolles was guillotined for this action on May 23, 1794.

² *Ibid.*

is the Queen ! ” Several of her retainers cried out, “ No, no, she is not the Queen, she is Madame Elizabeth ! ”

“ Ah, messieurs,” she answered, “ why undeceive them ? Were it not better that they shed my blood than that of my sister ? ” The murderous weapons were lowered, and Madame Elizabeth was placed by her defenders in the embrasure of the window next to the one occupied by the King.

For four terrible hours Louis XVI. and Madame Elizabeth endured the threats and insults of the crowd. All through the hot June afternoon they breathed the fetid atmosphere exhaled by the densely packed mass of rags and nakedness that pressed around them ; they saw before their eyes all that was basest and most degraded in human nature, the dregs of foreign countries, above all brigands from the South, vomiting imprecations, dangling before their eyes those horrible emblems—the bleeding heart labelled “ Cœur d’aristocrate,” a miniature gallows to which a female figure was attached with the words “ For Antoinette,” a guillotine bearing the inscription “ For the tyrant.”

Close to the King’s side a group of men had thrown themselves into the gilded armchairs of the palace, and gathered around a table covered with bottles of wine sat smoking and drinking amidst the tumult.¹ Some one passed a bottle to the King, ordering him to drink the health of the nation ; at the same time a cap of liberty was thrust upon his head.² Louis XVI. raised the bottle to his lips, exclaiming, “ People of Paris, I drink to your health and to the health of the French nation ! ” This courageous action, derided by the revolutionaries, went straight to the hearts of the people,³ who broke out into applause, crying, “ Vive la nation ! Vive la liberté ! ” and even “ Vive le Roi ! ” If only Louis XVI. had known how to make the most of this moment, it is possible that the invasion of his palace would have turned into an ovation in his favour ; unhappily his slow-moving mind could never devise those happy phrases that exercised so great a power over the emotional Parisians. To this drama-loving people a King who on occasion could “ strike an attitude,” show himself commanding and heroic, must have proved irresistible. Louis XVI. was hopelessly undramatic ; his speech proceeded always directly from his heart, never from his imagination ; he

¹ *Mémoires de Hua.*

² According to Maton de la Varenne it was Santerre who thrust the cap of liberty on to the King’s head ; according to Beaulieu it was Clément, but other contemporaries relate that the King put it on of his own accord. This seems improbable, and is contradicted by the King’s statement to Bertrand de Molleville.

³ “ What saved Louis XVI. was his presence of mind in putting on the *bonnet rouge* and in drinking from a bottle offered him by a real *Sans-Culotte* ” (*Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 43).

could not calculate effects, declaim to order, play upon the emotions of the mobile crowd as the revolutionary leaders knew so well how to do, and thus at this supreme moment he remained inarticulate, leaving it to his enemies to wrest his victory from him. Legendre pressed forward and addressed him brutally :

" Monsieur, you are there to listen to us. You are a traitor, you have always deceived us, you are deceiving us still. But have a care, the measure is overflowing, and the people are tired of being your plaything." And he read aloud a petition filled with threats and insults, " expressing the wishes of the people, whose orator he declared himself to be." The King answered calmly :

" I shall do that which the law and the Constitution order me to do."

Whilst these scenes were taking place the mayor, Pétion, arrived, and making his way through the crowd addressed the King in these hypocritical words :

" Sire, I have only this instant heard of the situation in which you have been placed."

" That is very surprising," Louis XVI. interrupted brusquely, " since this has been going on for two hours."

" The zeal of the mayor of Paris," Condorcet afterwards had the effrontery to declare, " the ascendant that his virtues and his patriotism exercised over the people, prevented all disorders " ; as a matter of fact his presence served as a direct encouragement to disorder, for, since not a word of protest escaped him during the whole course of the afternoon, the brigands quickly recognized in him an ally and, protected by the support his official position afforded, proceeded to greater violence. Forcing their way to the front of the crowd they lunged at the King with their weapons, which were deflected only by the bayonets of the four courageous grenadiers. Two young men, Clément and Bourgoing, wearing long caps on which the words " La Mort " were inscribed in large letters, called out loudly for the death of the King and all the Royal Family. Clément, taking up his stand beside the mayor, continued to repeat incessantly the parrot phrases composed by the authors of the agitation : " Sire ! Sire ! I demand in the name of the 100,000 souls around me the recall of the patriot ministers you have dismissed ! I demand the sanction of the decree on the priests and on the 20,000 men and the fulfilment of the law, or you will perish ! " Throughout this tirade, accompanied by furious gestures, Pétion uttered no remonstrance, and, not content with complimenting the people on their behaviour, afterwards declared to the Assembly that " no one had been insulted, that no excess or offence had been committed, and the King himself had no cause of complaint."

On this day, at any rate, Louis XVI. showed himself not only heroic but capable of really amazing resolution. To the reiterated demand for the sanction of the two decrees and the recall of the ministers he replied immovably, "This is neither the moment for you to ask nor for me to accord," and in the matter of the decree on the priests he added, "I would rather renounce my crown than submit to such a tyranny of consciences."

It was at this crisis that a deputation arrived from the Assembly. The scene that met their eyes was indescribable; the splendid Salle de l'Œil de Bœuf presented the appearance of a tavern—through the suffocating atmosphere, thick with the fumes of foul tobacco, Louis XVI. was seen seated in the embrasure of the window, the red cap of liberty still perched upon his powdered head, contemplating his strange guests with perfect tranquillity.

When the deputies came forward to inform him that "the Assembly would neglect no means for ensuring his liberty," the King, indicating by a gesture the carousing brigands, the wine-bottles, the guns, the pikes, and sanguinary emblems by which he was surrounded, answered briefly, "So you see!" Then turning to a member of the deputation he added with a sudden rare flash of humour, "You who have travelled much, what do you think they would say of us in foreign countries?"¹

Certain of the deputies venturing to repeat to the King that they had come to ensure his safety, Louis XVI. replied that he was in the midst of the French people and had nothing to fear.² Again turning to one of the grenadiers he placed the man's hand on his heart, saying, "See whether this is the movement of a heart agitated by fear!"³

The intrepid attitude of the King was not without its effect on his assailants, and by eight o'clock in the evening it became evident that little hope remained of his assassination. Pétion, therefore realizing that nothing was now to be gained by further agitation, decided that the moment had come to pose as the restorer of law and order. Accordingly, mounting an armchair, he addressed the crowd of pikes and rags, the bearers of toy guillotines and gibbets, the drunken and half-naked brigands from the South, in the following words:

"People, you have shown yourselves worthy of yourselves! You have preserved all your dignity amidst acute alarms. No excess has sullied your sublime movements. Hope and believe

¹ *Mémoires de Ferrières*, iii. 115.

² Evidence of the deputies Brunck and Lejosne, *Moniteur*, xii. 719.

³ Evidence of the deputy Alos, *ibid.* The grenadier, a tailor by profession named Lalanne, was guillotined later "for having boasted that Capet had taken his hand and held it to his heart" (Granier de Cassagnac, *Causes de la Revolution*, iii. 217).

that your voice will at last be heard. But night approaches, and its shadows might favour the attempts of ill-disposed persons to glide into your bosom. People, withdraw yourselves !”¹

The mob, comprehending that this was really an order to disperse, showed themselves only too eager to comply and surged towards the doors. But the leaders had resolved to make a further venture and, instead of herding the people towards the staircase, led them to the Council Chamber where the Queen and her children had taken refuge. Santerre had already preceded them thither. On the arrival of the deputies, realizing the failure of the movement, he had been heard to mutter angrily, “*Le coup est manqué !*”² But if the King had succeeded in overawing “that foolish herd, the people,” the Queen might still serve to rouse their fury, so collecting a horde of brigands around him, and followed by a large portion of the mob, he had set forth in search of this further victim.

Now on the first incursion of the crowd into the Château, whilst the main army attacked the *Œil de Bœuf*, a band of furies had broken into the Queen’s apartments on the ground floor and ransacked every corner in the hunt for their prey. Meanwhile Marie Antoinette, upstairs in the Dauphin’s bedroom, vainly endeavoured to follow Louis XVI. into the *Œil de Bœuf*. “Let me pass,” she cried to the gentlemen who barred her way, “my place is with the King. I will join him, or perish if necessary in defending him.” But convinced at last that any attempt to penetrate the sea of pikes that separated her from Louis XVI. must prove the signal for bloodshed, she allowed herself to be drawn into the embrasure of the window in the *Salle de Conseil*. It was here that Santerre and his horde discovered her. Behind the great council-table Marie Antoinette sat surrounded by her ladies—Madame de Tourzel, Madame de la Roche-Aymon, Madame de Maillé, and the heroic Princesse de Tarente, ready to shed the last drop of her blood in defence of the Queen. By the side of Marie Antoinette stood little Madame Royale; the Dauphin was seated on the table with his mother’s arms around him. In front several rows of grenadiers—belonging to the loyal battalion of the “*Filles-Saint-Thomas*” were drawn up. Santerre roughly ordered this bodyguard to stand aside: “Make way that the people may see the Queen !” Instantly the crowd rushed forward pouring forth imprecations, but at the sight of the grenadiers paused uncertainly. One woman, bolder than the rest, flung a red cap of liberty down on the table, and in foul language ordered the Queen to place it on the head of the Dauphin.

¹ *Mémoires de Hua*. The *Moniteur* tones down this discourse.

² *Dernières années . . . de Louis XVI*, by François Hue, p. 239; Fantin Désodoards, *op. cit.* ii. 300.

The hideous badge of the galley-slave was drawn over the boy's fair curls.

The Queen and the brave women around her endured their terrible ordeal without a sign of weakness. When the main body of the ragged army, after evacuating the *Œil de Bœuf*, were driven through the *Chambre de Conseil* past the council-table, Marie Antoinette looked still unmoved at the ghastly emblems thrust before her eyes—the gibbet from which her effigy was suspended, the banners bearing obscene legends; she heard without a tremor the furious imprecations mouthed at her by the dishevelled furies, and, as on the 6th of October, ended by disarming her assailants. The strange power that had touched even the corrupt heart of Mirabeau, that had changed Barnave from a sanguinary demagogue into a royalist ready to die in her defence, that later was to win reluctant admiration from her gaolers and wring pity from the *tricoteuses* at the Revolutionary Tribunal, gradually made itself felt amongst the women crazed with drink and revolutionary frenzy who gazed at her across the council-table at the Tuileries. Some of the furies in the crowd, melted to tenderness by the sight of the Queen—after all a woman and a mother like themselves, sheltering with her arm her little son who looked with wondering eyes at the strange spectacle before him—cried out that they would shed the last drop of their blood for the Queen and the Dauphin. Another, better remembering her lesson, began to pour forth fresh invectives, whereat the Queen asked gently, “Have I done you any injury?” “No,” said the woman, “but it is you who cause the unhappiness of the nation.” “So they have told you,” answered Marie Antoinette, “but you have been deceived. I am the wife of the King of France, the mother of the Dauphin. I am French; never again shall I see my own country. I can only be happy or unhappy in France. I was happy when you loved me.”

Then the fury, bursting into tears, besought the Queen's pardon, sobbing out, “It was that I did not know. I see now how good you are.”¹

At this Santerre, stupefied at the turn affairs had taken, exclaimed, “What is the matter with this woman that she weeps thus? She must be drunk with wine.”²

But a moment later Santerre, pushing his way through the crowd, found himself face to face with the Queen and suddenly fell likewise beneath her spell.³ Planting his two fists on the table he roughly ordered the bystanders to take the red cap off the head of the Dauphin, who was stifling beneath its heat; then turning to the Queen he said, “Ah, Madame, have no fear, I

¹ *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 331.

² *Vie de Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie, p. 323.

³ *Ibid.*

do not wish to harm you, I would rather defend you ! ” but quickly repenting of his weakness he added brutally, “ Remember that it is dangerous to deceive the people ! ”

At these words Marie Antoinette raised her head and, looking Santerre imperiously in the eye, exclaimed with indignation, “ It is not by *you*, monsieur, that I judge the people ! ”¹

Santerre, utterly cowed by this reply, had no thought but to beat as hasty a retreat as possible. Turning to his brigand horde he gave the order to march, and pushing the rest of the crowd brutally before him he drove them like trembling sheep from the room.²

So in the growing twilight the mighty human tide ebbed from the Château of the Tuileries, leaving the great rooms “ in solitude and stupor.”

The Royal Family, once more united, fell weeping into one another’s arms. The terrible ordeal was at last ended. A few moments later several deputies arrived from the Assembly ; one turning to the Queen, standing amidst the wreckage left by the invaders—the broken furniture, the shattered panels, the doors torn from their hinges—observed with unconscious irony, “ Without excusing everything, you must admit, Madame, that the people have shown themselves to be kind-hearted ? ”

“ The King and I, monsieur,” answered Marie Antoinette, “ are persuaded of the natural kindness of the people ; they are unkind only when they are misled.”³

That the King could have been assassinated on this 20th of June if the people had felt any unanimous desire for his death, there can be no doubt whatever. What could his handful of defenders have availed against the determined onslaught of a mob numbering many thousand armed men ? If “ the people ” had wished to kill him, he must have perished then. But on this point all contemporaries are agreed. The great majority of the crowd seemed throughout struck with stupor, and showed no inclination to join in the insults and bloodthirsty threats of the leaders.⁴

Santerre, driving his herd down the staircase of the Château,

¹ *Vie de Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie, p. 323 ; Maton de la Varenne, *op. cit.*

² Ferrières, iii. 119 ; Maton de la Varenne, *op. cit.* ; *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, by Montjoie, iii. 184.

³ *Dernières années . . . de Louis XVI*, by François Hue, p. 244.

⁴ “ Nothing of all this could move the crowd. Divided between the King and his sister it remained motionless. One read in all eyes astonishment, stupidity, or apprehension ” (Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 181).

“ In truth, and we are glad to say it, amongst all the people who introduced themselves to the apartments very few shared this atrocious attitude. It appears, according to various reports, that the greater number only

was heard to exclaim angrily, "The King was difficult to move to-day, but we will return to-morrow and make him evacuate!"¹ But some poor creatures, all in rags, murmured to each other, "It would be a pity, somehow, he looks like a good sort of fellow!"²

The day after the invasion of the Tuileries a witness, who appeared before a magistrate of Paris, related that he had traversed the whole Faubourg Saint-Antoine to discover the disposition of the people, that in an inn close to the Barrière du Trône he had listened to several men talking, and overheard these words: "Yes, we might have been able . . . but when we saw . . . it is so imposing . . . and then we are Frenchmen . . . Sacredieu! if it had been any one else we could have wrung his neck like a child's . . . but he comes and he says, 'Here I am! Here I am!'" The witness added that he had seen several of these men who had been led away by Santerre, and they assured him that the majority of the citizens of the Faubourg were distressed at the action taken towards the King, that it had not been their intention, and that one could be sure it would never happen again, and that there was something behind all this.³

The authors of the movement, however, knew no relenting. Madame Roland, hearing of the Queen's sufferings on that dreadful afternoon, cried out uncontrollably, "Ah! how I should have loved to look on at her long humiliation!"⁴

But Manon's triumph was mingled with bitter disappointment. From the point of view of both Girondins and Orléanistes the day had proved a failure; it was not merely to *humiliate* the Royal Family they had planned the invasion of the Tuileries, the great coup of the day, as Santerre said, had failed. The people, like Balaam's ass, had been driven forward for the fourth time against the King, and, seeing the angel with the flaming sword before them in the pathway, had refused to move in spite of blows and curses. So the crime from which the lowest rabble of the Faubourgs

showed the desire to see the King and Royal Family" (*Rapport fait au Conseil du Département par MM. Garnier, Leveillard et Demautort, Commissaires, au Sujet des Événements du 20 Juin*).

"The people, ashamed of finding themselves all at once in the presence of their King and in the midst of his apartments, seemed frightened by their own temerity, at the sight of the ancient majesty of the throne that fourteen centuries of respect had in some way rendered sacred" (Ferrières, iii. 113).

¹ Evidence, of soldiers and commissioners, *Revue retrospective*, 2^{ème} série, tome i. pp. 213, 254.

² *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 43.

³ *Déclarations de la Reynie et Fayel reçues par le Juge de Paix de la Section du Roi de Sicile*.

⁴ Lamartine, *Histoire des Girondins*, iii. 3.

had shrunk was left to men of education, to philosophers, and "intellectuals" to execute.

EFFECTS OF THE 20TH OF JUNE

The "true people," the great mass of the citizens of Paris, had, of course, taken no part in the 20th of June. "For the honour of our country," cries Poujoulat, "and for the sake of historical truth, it must be known that the crimes and ignominies of the French Revolution were not the work of the French nation. . . . The people of Paris were not beneath the filthy banners of Santerre, St. Huruge, and Théroigne, they were around the Tuileries on the 21st of June, raging against these criminal attempts, pitying the King and Queen, cursing Pétion, the Gironde, and the Jacobins, and signing their protestations."

All over France a great storm of indignation arose; addresses poured in from the provinces, denouncing in vehement language the efforts of the factions to overthrow the King and Constitution. The department of the Pas de Calais "has learnt with horror what took place in the King's palace on the 20th of the month"; Rouen declares the country to be in danger, and demands justice of the Assembly: "Punish the authors of the offences committed on the 20th of this month at the Château of the Tuileries. It is a public outrage, it is an attempt on the rights of the French people who will not accept laws from a few brigands in the capital; we ask you for vengeance." The department of the Aisne urges the Assembly to suppress the Jacobins and cease from dissensions: "Put an end to the scandal of your divisions . . . put an end to the intolerable oppression, the revolting tyranny of the tribunes (the galleries occupied by the *clagues* of the factions). The factions of the capital have not the right to dictate public opinion. The opinion of Paris is only the opinion of the 83rd part of the Empire. We demand vengeance for the execrable day of June the 20th, day of imperishable shame for Paris, of mourning for all France."¹

"The 20th of June," Hua records, "produced a salutary commotion in all minds. . . . The National Guards, more than ever roused, offered to the King their services and their entire devotion. The inhabitants of Paris, who were particularly answerable to France for the King's safety since he left Versailles . . . ashamed of the excesses that had just been committed in their name, demanded reparation and vengeance. A petition addressed to the Assembly bore 20,000 signatures; it was called 'the petition of the 20,000.' . . . Nearly all the departments of France set themselves to deliberate, and forwarded unanimous

¹ *Moniteur*, xiii. 5.

demands for the punishment of the outrage. They offered to send all the forces that might be needed. It was a universal competition; it seemed as if all France had raised her arm to annihilate the factions." ¹

Needless to say, every effort was made by the Jacobins to suppress the reporting of these addresses, to silence the orators who were sent to read them aloud at the Assembly, to discredit the authors, to prove the signatures fraudulent, and also to provide counterblasts in the form of bogus addresses approving the events of June 20, and purporting to come from the provinces and from the sections of Paris. Thus, for example, on June 25, a deputation from Saint-Antoine, calling itself "the men of the 14th of July," presented itself at the Assembly, led by the professional orator, Gonchon, who proceeded to deliver a furious revolutionary harangue beginning with these words: "Legislators, it is we fathers of families, it is we, the conquerors of the Bastille, it is we who are persecuted, outraged, and calumniated," etc.

But where amongst this band of petitioners were the conquerors of the Bastille to be found? Where were "the men of the 14th of July"—Élie, Hullin, Tournay, Bonnemère—the real heroes of that day? We may look for them in vain amongst the ruffianly followers of Gonchon, but if we go into the gardens of the Tuileries we shall discover Hullin at that very moment otherwise employed. At half-past twelve of this same day, a *gendarme national* reported to the Jacobin Club, he had met the King in the Tuileries followed by a crowd of "brigands," at the head of which was M. Hullin following the King, and calling out with all his might, "Vive le Roi!" A sub-lieutenant answered with the cry of "Vive la Nation," whereat "the brave Hullin" dealt him a heavy blow on the head, and but for the interposition of the gendarme would have marched him off to prison. ²

This, then, was the attitude of the real "men of the 14th of July" to the second Revolution; not *one* of their names occurs in the accounts of the outrages committed at the Tuileries or in the revolutionary deputations, and the only men of the first Revolution whose services the leaders were able to enlist were a couple of cut-throats, one of which named Soudin had distinguished himself by washing the heads of Foullon and Berthier and delivering them as trophies to the mob. ³

As for Gonchon himself, who had now passed from the Orleanistes into the pay of the Girondins, Camille Desmoulins

¹ *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 138; *Deux Amis*, viii. 19; Dumont, *Souvenirs de Mirabeau*: "The whole mass of France was weary of the excesses of the Jacobins, and the outrage of June the 20th had excited a general indignation." See also Taine, *La Révolution*, v. 259.

² Aulard's *Séances des Jacobins*, iv. 48.

³ Buchez et Roux, xv. 165, 237.

afterwards revealed that he had received over 2000 francs from Roland merely for reading the bogus petition to the Assembly.¹

By methods such as these the voice of the true people was stifled, and the character of the French nation misrepresented to the whole civilized world. Nowhere were the outrages of June 20 more bitterly resented than in the armies on the frontier. Lafayette at last, overwhelmed with protests from his men, decided to leave Lückner in command and hastened to Paris. Presenting himself at the bar of the Assembly he denounced, in burning words, the efforts of the conspirators to overthrow the monarchy and Constitution: "The violence committed at the Château on the 20th of this month has excited the alarm of all good citizens; I have received addresses from the different corps of my army. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men are one, and herein express their patriotic hatred of the factions . . . already *many of them wonder whether it is really the cause of liberty they are defending*. . . . I implore, in my own name and in that of all honest men, that the Assembly should take efficacious measures to make constituted authority respected, and to give the army the assurance that no attacks will be made on the Constitution from the inside, whilst they are shedding their blood to protect it from outside enemies."

In spite of the insults with which the Girondins greeted these words, Lafayette succeeded in maintaining his popularity, and he was followed through the streets by crowds shouting, "Down with the Jacobins!" But once again "the hero of the two worlds" showed his lamentable weakness. If at this crisis he had used his power and finally closed down the Jacobin Club, the whole situation might have been saved. The plan was proposed to him by a deputation of National Guards, who declared that if he would place himself at their head and march with two cannons to the Rue Saint-Honoré, they would undertake to clear the building. But Lafayette, always halting between two opinions—detestation of sedition-mongers on one hand and fear of the ultra-Royalists on the other—refused to accede to the proposal of his grenadiers.²

If, under these circumstances, the Queen declined to avail herself of his services, is it altogether surprising? "It would be better to perish than to be saved by Lafayette," she cried, when at this juncture he came forward as champion of the monarchy. What reason, indeed, had she to trust him? Lafayette, who before the siege of the Bastille had declared that "insurrection was the most sacred of duties," and had then

¹ *Fragment d'Histoire secrète de la Révolution*, by Camille Desmoulins, p. 55.

² *Essais de Beaulieu*, iii. 396.

denounced the tumults of July; who had convicted the Duc d'Orléans of conspiring to usurp the throne, and had then facilitated his return to France; who had subjected the King and Queen to the humiliations of his intolerable gaolership, and then talked of the respect due to the person of the monarch; who at one moment declared himself the opponent of disorders, and the next joined in singing "Ça ira!"—what dependence was to be placed on such a weathercock? Throughout the whole course of the Revolution it was rather as the enemy of the Duc d'Orléans than as the supporter of Louis XVI. that he had defended the throne; towards the Royal Family he had displayed neither sympathy nor allegiance, only when Orléanist raised its head Lafayette's hand went to his sword and he became the champion of Royalty. In this second Revolution he saw undoubtedly a revival of the hated conspiracy, but what guarantee was there that, once he had again succeeded in crushing it, he would not use his power to tyrannize over the King?

So Lafayette, chilled by his reception at the Court, left Paris and returned to the frontier, whilst the Orléanistes triumphantly burnt his effigy in the Palais Royal.

Yet the 20th of June had disappointed the hopes of the conspirators, as indeed of all the revolutionary intrigues—Orléanistes, Girondins, Subversives, Prussians, English Jacobins alike had met with a severe reverse. For not only had the invasion of the Tuileries shown the King in his true character to the nation, but in arousing public indignation all over France had revealed the true desires of the nation to the world. So the day had ended not only in a victory for the King but for *the people*.

THE SIEGE OF THE TUILERIES

THE SIEGE OF THE TUILERIES

LA PATRIE EN DANGER

THE fiasco of June 20 and the energetic protests of the nation convinced the revolutionary leaders that such flimsy pretexts as "the dismissal of the three patriot ministers" and the King's Veto on the two decrees would not avail to bring about the deposition of Louis XVI., and that consequently some more potent means must be employed to rouse the people. Calumny and corruption had failed, but *terror* might yet prove effectual. The fear of foreign invasion was one that they well knew could always be depended on to rouse the patriotism of the nation, so when at the beginning of July Prussian troops arrived on the frontier, an admirable pretext was provided for creating a panic throughout the country by the proclamation of "La Patrie en danger."

The country certainly was now in danger of invasion, for the outrages endured by the Royal Family on the 20th of June had not only incensed the King's brothers and the *émigrés*, but had alarmed the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. Frederick William at last realized that the revolutionary propaganda he had helped to disseminate had gone too far and was endangering the cause of monarchy, consequently some feint must be made of marching to the rescue of the Royal Family of France; but that he was never disinterested in this intention cannot be doubted in the light of after events.¹ True, the famous "Manifesto of

¹ Albert Sorel has thus admirably explained the policy of the King of Prussia in marching to the rescue of Louis XVI. "Conquests having escaped him," Frederick William "perceived that he had great duties to fulfil towards the world, towards kings, towards Germany. He forgot the Hungarians he had stirred up; the Belgians to whom he had promised independence; the Turks, the Swedes, and the Poles he had goaded into war. . . . Goltz provided the arguments necessary to convince . . . Frederick William. This perfect Prussian who had been employing himself in Paris . . . in shaking the throne, recognized that it would be at the same time more praiseworthy, more expedient, and more profitable to raise it up again." Goltz further calculated that France would have to compensate Austria by giving up to her Alsace or Flanders, and Austria should then, in order to maintain the balance of power, give up to Prussia equivalent territory in Bohemia and Moldavia (*L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, ii, 72).

Brunswick," which was proclaimed in Paris on the 3rd of August, expressed the deepest concern for the safety of the King and Queen of France, but merely had the effect of greatly aggravating the danger of their position. According to the terms of this proclamation, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia announce that the great interest nearest to their hearts is "that of ending the domestic anarchy of France, of arresting the attacks which are directed against the altar and the throne, of re-establishing the legitimate power, of giving back to the King the freedom and safety of which he is deprived," etc. At this point the Manifesto strikes a more diplomatic note, for it goes on to say: "Convinced as they are that the healthy portion of the French people abhors the excesses of a party that enslaves them, and that the majority of the inhabitants are impatiently awaiting the advent of a relief that will permit them to declare themselves openly against the odious schemes of their oppressors, his Majesty the Emperor, and his Majesty the King of Prussia summon them to return at once to the call of reason and justice, of order and of peace." The first part of this passage was undoubtedly true; the vast majority of the nation was impatiently awaiting deliverance from the intolerable oppression of the Jacobins, but to follow up this conciliatory overture with commands and threats was to alienate even that loyal portion of the people who would have rallied around the standard of the King. Thus although their Majesties are represented as declaring that they have "no intention of interfering with the internal government of France," and that "their combined armies will protect all towns and villages which submit to the King of France," nevertheless those inhabitants who fire on the troops "will be punished with all the rigour of the laws of war"; further, that if the Tuileries are again invaded, or the least assault perpetrated against the Royal Family, "their Imperial and Royal Majesties will take an exemplary and never-to-be-forgotten vengeance by giving up the town of Paris to military execution and to total subversion, and the guilty rebels to the death they have deserved."

This amazingly injudicious document, which is frequently regarded as a monument of Prussian or of royal arrogance, was in reality not the work of a foreigner or of a royal prince at all, but of a French *émigré*, the Marquis de Limon, formerly financial adviser to the Duc d'Orléans,¹ and though approved by the Emperor and the King of Prussia, it met with violent remonstrance from the democratic Duke of Brunswick, who at first refused to append his signature to it, and only complied at last in obedience to the commands of the aforesaid monarchs.

¹ *Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France*, ii. 25.

According to Beaulieu, De Limon consulted in the matter a certain Heymann, who had served in a regiment of the Duc d'Orléans; both these men had formerly played an active part in the Orléaniste conspiracy.¹

It is not, therefore, impossible that the famous Manifesto was inspired by Orléaniste influence, and that the misguided Comte de Fersen, and through his influence Marie Antoinette, in according it their approval played into the hands of their enemies. Fersen, always illusioned as to the good faith of the King of Prussia, undoubtedly imagined that the armies of Prussia could be counted on to save the Royal Family, and, realizing the cowardice of the revolutionary leaders, he believed that the threat of reprisals might be used with advantage to intimidate them. But the revolutionary leaders, better acquainted with the real policy of Frederick William, were not intimidated, and in their turn made use of the Manifesto to alarm the French people.

The people of France, though less alarmed than revolutionary writers would have us suppose, were, nevertheless, indignant at the truculent tone of the Manifesto. "No country," writes Dr. Moore, who arrived in Paris this August, "ever displayed a nobler or more patriotic enthusiasm than pervades France at this moment, and which glows with increasing ardour since the publication of the Duke of Brunswick's Manifesto and the entrance of the Prussians into the country."

The revolutionary leaders were clever enough to exploit this spirit of patriotism to the utmost, but, as we have seen, the attitude of certain men amongst them towards Brunswick was far from antagonistic. On the 21st of July, just a week before the publication of the Manifesto, the author of the *Correspondance secrète* writes: "It is said that it still enters into the plans of the Jacobins to come to an understanding with the Duke of Brunswick by offering him the crown of France." Four days later this rumour was confirmed in the press, for on July 25, that is to say the *very day* that Brunswick signed the Manifesto prepared for him, Carra published the following passage in his *Annales Patriotiques*:

"Nothing is so foolish as to believe, or to wish to make us believe, that the Prussians desire to destroy the Jacobins. . . . These same Jacobins ever since the Revolution have never ceased to cry aloud for the rupture of the treaty of 1756, and for the formation of alliances with the House of Brandenburg (*i.e.* Hohenzollern) and of Hanover, whilst the gazetteers, directed by the Austrian Committee of the Tuileries, have never ceased praising Austria and insulting the Courts of Berlin and La Haye. No, these courts are not so clumsy as to wish to destroy those

¹ Beaulieu, iv. 172.

Jacobins who have *such fortunate ideas for changes of dynasties*, and which, in case of need, can serve considerably the interests of the Houses of Brandenburg and Hanover against Austria. Do you think the celebrated Duke of Brunswick does not know on what to rely in all this . . . ? He is the greatest warrior and the greatest politician in Europe, the Duke of Brunswick ; he is very well educated, and very amiable ; *he needs perhaps only a crown* to be, I will not say the greatest king in the world, but the true restorer of liberty in Europe. If he arrives in Paris, I wager that his first step will be to come to the Jacobins and put on the ' *bonnet rouge*.' ”

It will be urged that these sentiments were those of only an individual, or of one faction in the Jacobin Club, but how are we to explain the fact that *no protest was raised* by any of the other revolutionary leaders, and that all these so-called patriots remained on the best of terms with the man who would have handed over the country to foreign despotism ? Moreover, when later on a delegate was needed to send to the frontier in order to parley with the Prussians, Carra was one of the emissaries chosen by the leaders. Not till long after were his treasonable proposals brought up against him by the Robespierristes, and then only as the means for destroying a rival faction. What conclusion can we draw from all this but that the Jacobins had an understanding with Brunswick, and that although the plan of offering him the throne was not entertained by all of them, they were all nevertheless interested in remaining on good terms with him until they had overthrown the monarchy and finally usurped the reins of power ?

The Manifesto of Brunswick, which reached Paris three days after the publication of Carra's panegyric on its supposed author, merely served to moderate the ardour of the pro-German party for Brunswick and revive their enthusiasm for a Hanoverian monarch. On August 10 the author of the *Correspondance secrète* writes again :

“ The Duke of Brunswick has fallen in the estimation of the Jacobins since his Manifesto ; *they think less of offering him the throne*. Their present system is for a Republic. However, they are waiting to see what form public opinion will take in this respect during the interregnum. They talk again of the Duke of York.”

According to the *Mémoires de Barère*, the supporters of this change of dynasty were now Brissot, Pétion, Guadet, Gensonné, and Rabaud de St. Etienne. “ On the 17th of July,” a deputy of the Legislative Assembly wrote to Barère, “ on the staircase of the Commission des Onze, at the Assembly, Brissot said to his associates of the moment : ‘ I will show you this evening, in my

correspondence with the Cabinet of St. James's, that it depends on us to amalgamate our Constitution with that of England by making the Duke of York a constitutional monarch in the place of Louis XVI.' " ¹

As usual, of course, the English Government was used as a cover to the design concerted with the English revolutionaries. Brissot's lie is definitely refuted by the author of the *Correspondance secrète*, who records that the King of England, hearing of this intrigue, wrote to Louis XVI. "to warn him that the Duc d'Orléans was scheming to give the crown of France to the Duke of York with the hand of Mlle. d'Orléans." ²

These, then, were the intrigues at work amongst the Jacobins, whilst the Prussians and Austrians were assembling on the frontier. Of all the revolutionary legends, the legend of the "patriotic fervour" displayed by the leaders is the most absurd of all; the menace of foreign invasion served as a pretext for stirring up the people, not against the invaders, but against the King of France. Whilst on the 11th of July the citizens of Paris, in response to the proclamation of "La Patrie en danger," were pouring into the recruiting tents to offer themselves for the defence of the country, revolutionary orators, posted at the street corners, endeavoured to check their ardour. "Unhappy ones! where are you flying to? Think of the chiefs under which you must march against the enemy! Your principal officers are nearly all nobles; a Lafayette will lead you to butchery! Ah! do you not see that beneath the blinds at the Tuileries they are smiling ferociously at your generous but blind enthusiasm?" ³

"It is only necessary," says M. Mortimer Ternaux, "to glance through the *Journal de la Société des Amis de la Constitution* (i.e. of the Society of Jacobins) to see that at the moment when the National Assembly is devoting all its energies to national defence, the Jacobins only speak of our armies in order to denounce the treachery of the generals, and to excite the soldiers against their officers. *They are much less occupied with the means of defending the frontiers from invasion than in overwhelming the monarchy.*" ⁴

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MARSEILLAIS

Amongst the mob orators the supporters of the Duc d'Orléans were the most active. "His creditors," writes Barbaroux, "his

¹ *Mémoires de Barère*, ii. 45.

² *Correspondance secrète*, p. 614, date of August 10, 1792.

³ *Révolutions de Paris*, by Prudhomme, xiii. 139.

⁴ *Histoire de la Terreur*, by Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 104.

hirelings, his boon companions, Marat and his Cordeliers, all the swindlers, all the men sunk in debt and dishonour, were seen at work in public places, urging the deposition (of the King), greedy of gold and honours, under a regent who would have been their accomplice and their tool." ¹

In order to give a popular air to this clamour for the overthrow of Louis XVI. the usual method of deputations was adopted, and, by way of swelling their numbers, men known as "confederates," from the camp at Soissons, were enlisted in the service of the Jacobins. "These petitions," says Beaulieu, "these incendiary addresses which demanded the head of Lafayette and the extermination of the King, were not the work of these confederates, all these were concocted at the private committee of the Jacobins; they (the confederates) only read them aloud so that the deluded people should believe that the overthrow of the throne was desired by the departments." ²

At the same time a council, known as the "Committee of Insurrection," was formed, which held most of its sittings at a tavern in Charenton known as "Le Cadran Bleu," and included amongst its leading members Carra, Santerre, the German Westermann, Fournier l'Américain, and the Pole Lazowski.

On the evening of the 26th of July this committee met at the tavern of the "Soleil d'Or," at the entrance of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, for the purpose of organizing a second march on the Tuileries. Every effort was made to excite the people; placards were displayed ordering them to join the march, and panic news was circulated to the effect that Chabot and Merlin had been assassinated by the *chevaliers du poignard*, and that the Château was arming itself against the citizens. But, although the agitators worked hard all night, the Faubourg on this occasion absolutely declined to rise. In vain, at four o'clock in the morning, the 400 or 500 confederates, whom the leaders had succeeded in collecting, sounded the tocsin and beat the *générale* in Saint-Antoine; only a few inhabitants armed with pikes and guns responded to the summons, whilst Carra, despatched to Saint-Marceau to find out what had happened to prevent the Faubourg arriving on the scene, found the whole quarter wrapped "in the most perfect tranquillity"—that is to say, in slumber. ³

Throughout the whole of this month the people displayed the same apathy towards the revolutionary movement. "I am convinced," writes a contemporary on the 7th of July, "that our

¹ *Mémoires de Barbaroux*, p. 44.

² Beaulieu, iii. 409. Note the wording of one of these petitions where the *fédérés* describe themselves as Scaevolus! (Buche et Roux, xvi. 205).

³ *Pièces importantes pour l'Histoire*, quoted by Buche et Roux, xvi. 189-192; Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 129.

sedition-mongers and *enragés* are beginning to be afraid, and all that they do denotes this. They would like to stir up the people to commit excesses, but I doubt whether they will succeed. They will work up the scoundrels under their orders whom they pay, but in general, what can be described as 'the people,' the workmen and *bourgeoisie*, do not think like these gentlemen. They are tired, wearied, and worn out with this wretched revolution, which produces nothing but evils, crimes, disorders, anarchy, and can do no good. . . . I walk about and observe impartially the groups that assemble, and I can assure you that, except for a few fanatics who preach murder and regicide, I can see no general inclination to insurrection."¹

To the revolutionary leaders likewise it was now clearly evident that the people would never be persuaded to co-operate in the dethronement of Louis XVI. Marat, indeed, had long despaired of them altogether; the Parisians, he said to Barbaroux, were but "pitiable revolutionaries (*de mesquins révolutionnaires*)"—"give me 200 Neapolitans armed with daggers, and with them I will overrun France and make a revolution."² It was a perception of the same truth that in the early days of the Revolution had led the Orléaniste conspirators to send for brigands from the South, and later to enlist Italians in the company of the *Sabbat*. Marat's advice was not lost on Barbaroux. This young lawyer from Marseilles had been discovered by Roland, and introduced to the deputies of the Gironde. It was thus that Barbaroux came to play an active part in the preparations for the 10th of August, and that, acting on the suggestion of Marat, he discussed with Monsieur and Madame Roland the advisability of appealing to the South for aid. The result of these deliberations, Barbaroux relates, was a message to Marseilles asking for "600 men who knew how to die"—that is to say, 600 men who knew how to kill.

It is evident, however, that the celebrated contingent of 500 who arrived in Paris on the 30th of July, were only a small proportion of the number summoned by the Girondins, for thousands had already arrived in the course of the month. An honest deputy of Marseilles named Blanc-Gilli, seeing these bloodthirsty legions arriving in the capital, thereupon published a letter "to the good citizens of Paris" revealing the identity of the so-called Marseillais:

"The town of Marseilles, situated on the Mediterranean . . .," wrote Blanc-Gilli on the 5th of July, "must be considered on

¹ Letter from M. Lefebvre d'Arcy to M. Vanlerberghe in *Lettres d'Aristocrates*, by Pierre de Vaissière, p. 469. See also Ferrières, iii. 153: "The people of Paris, tired of being continually tossed about, . . . remained in apathetic repose."

² *Mémoires de Barbaroux*, p. 57.

account of its port as the sink of vice for a great portion of the globe, where all the impurities of human nature forgather. It is there that we constantly see in fermentation the scum of crime, vomited by the prisons of Genoa, of Piedmont, of Sicily, in fact of all Italy, of Spain, of the Archipelago and of Barbary—deplorable fatality of our geographical position and of our commercial relations. This is the scourge of Marseilles, and the first cause of the frenzy attributed to all its citizens. . . . Every time that the National Guards of Marseilles have set forth on the march outside its walls, the horde of brigands without a country of their own has never failed to throw itself in their wake, and to carry devastation everywhere on their path. . . . Several thousands of these brigands have *for more than a month* been arriving in Paris; a very large number is still on the road. I have sent numerous warnings to the administration.”¹

Such, then, were the foreign legions that the men who accused Louis XVI. of appealing for aid from abroad saw fit to summon to their own aid for the massacring of their fellow-citizens. The final contingent of 500 that arrived in Paris on the 30th of July, —romantically described by historians as “the brave band of Marseillais,” “children of the South and liberty,” “singing their national hymn, ‘the Marseillaise,’” —included the same men who had carried out the horrible massacre of the Glacière d’Avignon,² and were to repeat like atrocities in Paris this September. As to the magnificent melody they had appropriated, it had nothing whatever to do with Marseilles, but had been composed three months earlier at Strasbourg, at the request of the mayor Dietrich, by Rouget de l’Isle, who little dreamt that his “trumpet call to arms against foreign cohorts” would become the war-cry of an alien cohort far more terrible than any gathered on the frontier.³ It seems, indeed, that the Girondins themselves,

¹ See also *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, vi. 115, and *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 153, note: “This horde of bandits . . . was a collection of foreign adventurers: Genoese, Maltese, Piedmontais, Corsicans, Greeks, vagabonds, having for their principal leaders one named Fournier dit l’Américain and the Pole Lazowski.” “Fifty Genoese,” says Beaulieu, “were lodged together in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Many others could be cited; the most furious revolutionaries, those who committed murders, were to a great extent foreigners, and the famous battalion from Marseilles included a great number of them; I heard their accent, their bad jargon, and can certify this.”

² Taine, *La Révolution*, v. 272; *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 96; Adolphus, ii. 346.

³ The mother of Rouget de l’Isle wrote to him at this moment the following words: “What is this revolutionary hymn which is sung by a horde of brigands on their way across France and with which your name is associated?” Rouget de l’Isle was imprisoned later under the Terror and the mayor Dietrich was guillotined. Thus did the Revolution reward the authors of the “Marseillaise.”

seeing the instruments they had summoned to their aid, were overcome with panic, for it was not by Roland or his colleagues that the Marseillais were received, but by Santerre, Danton, and the other leaders of the Orléaniste faction.

"It was the 30th of July," writes Thiébault, "that these hideous confederates, vomited by Marseilles, arrived in Paris. . . . I do not think it would be possible to imagine anything more frightful than these 500 madmen, three-quarters of them drunk, nearly all of them in red caps with bare arms, followed by the dregs of the people, ceaselessly reinforced by the overflow of the Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau, and fraternizing in tavern after tavern with bands as fearful as the one they formed. It was in this manner that they processed in 'farandoles' through the principal streets . . . and boulevards . . . to the Champs Élysées, where the orgy to which they had been bidden by Santerre was preceded by satanic dances."¹

This orgy was held—evidently with intention—close to a restaurant where about 100 grenadiers of the Filles-Saint-Thomas—the most loyal of all the King's Guards—were holding a regimental dinner. The Marseillais, collecting a crowd of women and children, proceeded to pelt the soldiers with mud and stones, and ended by killing one and wounding several others. The Grenadiers thereupon took refuge in the Tuileries, where the Queen dressed their wounds, and this action was immediately interpreted by the revolutionaries as a plot concerted between the Court and the regiment.²

THE DEPOSITION OF THE KING PROPOSED

In vain Louis XVI. implored the factions to unite in face of the peril with which the Manifesto of Brunswick threatened France, to assure them that he was one with his people at this moment of national crisis. "Personal dangers," he wrote to the Assembly, "are nothing compared with public misfortunes. Ah! what are personal dangers for a king from whom it is desired to take away the love of his people? That is the sore that rankles in my heart. (*C'est là qu'est la véritable plaie de mon cœur.*) One day perhaps the people will know how dear their welfare is to me, how it has always been my only interest and my greatest need. What grief might be dispelled by the least sign of their returning to me!"

The response to this appeal was a deputation, headed by Pétion, from the Commune de Paris reiterating the demand for

¹ *Mémoires de Thiébault*, i. 296.

² Beaulieu, iii. 428.

the dethronement of the King, in which, for want of any better grounds of accusation, Louis XVI. was denounced for "his sanguinary projects against the town of Paris," "the aversion he displayed towards the people," even for his action in the matter of closing the hall of the Assembly on the day of the "Oath of the Tennis Court" three years earlier! But Pétion showed his hand in one significant sentence: "As it is very doubtful that the nation can have confidence *in the existing dynasty*, a provisional government must be established." The words were universally interpreted to signify a change from the Bourbons to the House of Orléans, but they might equally well apply to the proposal for replacing Louis XVI. by a German monarch.

Pétion's speech was followed next day by a resolution forwarded from the revolutionary section of Paris, known as "Mauconseil," likewise demanding the deposition of the King. Forty-seven out of the forty-eight sections of Paris, revolutionary historians assure us, supported this resolution, and in confirmation of their statement they quote the journal of *Carra*!¹ As a matter of fact, an examination of the registers of the sections made by M. Mortimer Ternaux reveals the fact that the proposition of Mauconseil was seconded by only fourteen sections of Paris, rejected by sixteen, passed over in silence by ten, whilst the reply of the remaining eight sections is unrecorded.² Several sections, indeed, entered very energetic protests at the Assembly, denouncing the efforts made "to divide the citizens of the Empire, to alight civil war, and to substitute the most horrible anarchy for the Constitution. . . ."³ The astonishing fact is that the petition of Mauconseil was finally annulled as unconstitutional by the Assembly at the proposal of Vergniaud,⁴ who only a month earlier had delivered himself of the most violent diatribe against the King.⁵ Brissot likewise at this moment

¹ This statement was made by Carra in the *Annales Patriotiques* on the 28th of July before the appeal to the sections had been made, and was therefore a pure invention.

² Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 441.

³ Address from the section of the Arsenal (Buche et Roux, xvi. 330). See also the protests of the sections of the "Thermes de Jullien" and "Henri IV." (Buche et Roux, xvi. 374).

Even the fourteen sections who nominally voted their support were far from representative of the wishes of the districts in question, for, as usual, every kind of trickery was employed. A citizen of the section of Mauconseil appeared at the Assembly and declared that "the address of this section for the dethronement of the King had been secured by intrigue and that many of the signatures were forged; he was able even to give names and addresses that had been fraudulently introduced into the petition." (Buche et Roux, xvi. 344).

⁴ Buche et Roux, xvi. 323.

⁵ Séance du 3 Juillet, *Moniteur*, xiii. 32.

displayed a sudden attachment to the monarchy and Constitution, for although on the 9th of July he had formally asked for the deposition of the King, declaring that "to strike down the court of Tuileries was to strike down all traitors at a blow,"¹ he came forward on the 25th of July to denounce "that faction of regicides who would create a dictator and establish a Republic." "If that pact of regicides exists," he exclaimed, "if men exist who now seek to establish the Republic on the ruins of the Constitution, the sword of the law should strike at them . . . as at the counter-revolutionaries of Coblenz."²

Again, on the following day, Brissot represented to the Assembly that, as the King's collusion with the enemies of France had not been clearly proved, it would be premature to depose him. Moreover, might not the nation have something to say in the matter?

Brissot only voiced the fear that lurked in the minds of all the revolutionary leaders when he described the possible consequences of overthrowing the monarchy and Constitution. "Do you not see from that moment the gates of the kingdom opened by the French themselves to foreigners? Do you not see these Frenchmen shaking the hands of these foreigners, and inviting them to join with them in re-establishing their Constitution and maintaining the King on the throne in spite of the efforts of the factions?"³ Thus, in the opinion of one of the most prominent revolutionary leaders, *it was not only the Queen and her party who sighed for Brunswick, but many of the French people, who, before the arrival of the Manifesto, would have welcomed even foreign intervention in order to be saved from the intolerable tyranny of the Jacobins.*

What was the explanation of the Girondins' sudden change of front at this crisis? Simply that they had perceived the revolutionary movement to be passing out of their hands into those of the Cordeliers and Robespierristes, and were ready to accept any measures that would bring their own party back to power.

It would, indeed, be idle to seek a more exalted policy amongst any of the revolutionary factions at this crisis, for none adhered consistently to any definite scheme of government.

"Amidst all this chaos, this general confusion," say the Two Friends of Liberty, "some wanted the deposition of the monarch, others his suspension; these, that he should let himself be ruled by them, those, that he should give up the crown to his son; that one of them should be regent, and that all the offices in the State should be reserved for them. A great number called

¹ *Moniteur*, xiii. 86.

² *Ibid.* xiii. 242.

³ *Ibid.* xiii. 279.

the Duc d'Orléans to the throne, some thought of a foreign prince, and seven or eight people of a republic."¹

This wild medley of plans explains the fact that members of each faction in turn became alarmed, and at the last moment, before the monarchy was overthrown, secretly offered their services to the King. In the whirlpool that threatened to engulf them all none knew who would sink and who would swim, and so, struck with panic, they turned and clung to the ark of the Constitution that contained the King and that, as they all knew, was borne on that mighty tide—the *will of the people*.

It was thus that, at the eleventh hour, Brissot, Vergniaud, and Gensonné, through an intermediary, the painter Boze, warned the King of the impending insurrection, and undertook to quell it if the Girondin ministers were recalled and the decrees they had proposed sanctioned by the King.² Louis XVI. rejected this proposal, and so his "deposition was irrevocably decreed by those who had just declared that the salvation of France lay in the Constitution."³

Robespierre also at this juncture continued to defend the Constitution; his colleague, the retired comedian, Collot d'Herbois, repeated incessantly: "Ah! if the King were really a patriot he would choose his ministers and his agents among the Jacobins." But Louis XVI. distrusted this faction likewise, and so "these men obtaining nothing in one direction turned to the other and proclaimed themselves Republicans whilst becoming Anarchists."⁴

Meanwhile the Cordeliers, the principal instigators of the insurrection, were prepared to go to far greater extremities to save the King, provided they were sufficiently compensated for the enterprise. "Marat," says Barbaroux, "sent me, towards the end of July, a document of several pages, which he asked me to have printed and distributed to the Marseillais at the moment of their arrival. . . . The work seemed to me abominable, it was a provocation to the Marseillais to fall upon the Legislative Assembly. *The Royal Family*, it said, *must be safeguarded*, but the Assembly, evidently anti-revolutionary, exterminated."⁵

This statement of Barbaroux' is confirmed by Michaud, who relates that only a few days later—at the beginning of August—another Cordelier, Fabre d'Églantine, the friend and confidant of Danton, made precisely the same proposal to M. Dubouchage, the Minister of the Navy, with whom he had obtained an interview

¹ *Deux Amis*, viii. 94.

² *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 213; *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 141. Boze was arrested for this by order of Tallien on January 3, 1793 (*La Demagogie à Paris en 1793*, by C. A. Dauban, p. 8).

³ Beaulieu, iii. 408.

⁴ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 212.

⁵ *Mémoires de Barbaroux*, p. 60.

by writing several times to the King. Fabre d'Églantine presented himself at the rendezvous, and "after great protestations of interest and zeal for the King, of esteem and admiration for the true Royalists, entered into great details on the plots that were being formed against the Château of the Tuileries and on the dangers that surrounded the Royal Family. In consequence he proposed a plan which, he said, would be infallible, and would restore to Louis XVI. his former authority. This plan was to bribe the gunners and the leaders of sedition of whom he was sure, and then to fall on the Jacobins and the Assembly in force, and thus deliver France from its greatest enemies. For the execution of this plan he asked for the sum of three millions. M. Dubouchage rendered an account of this conference to the King, who was horrified by the violent measures proposed. . . ." Beaulieu adds : " Other propositions of this kind were made to Louis XVI. and the Queen, at the moment when they both knew for certain that the insurrection was about to break forth, and by people in whom they could have confidence ; they rejected them with horror, unable to endure the thought of seeing the innocent sacrificed with the guilty, and these men whom they had spared when they could have annihilated them described them as ' monsters, tigers, and cannibals.' " ¹

But, whilst unwilling to accede to the sanguinary suggestions of the Cordeliers, Louis XVI., realizing that greed for gold was at the bottom of most of their revolutionary frenzy, resolved once again to conciliate them with gifts of money. A week before the 10th of August Danton received the sum of 50,000 écus, and the Court, convinced that this time the great demagogue would be true to his bargain, felt no further apprehension. " Our minds are at rest," said Madame Elizabeth, " we can count on Danton." But the Court had miscalculated on the sum required. Danton pocketed the money and betrayed the King.²

The fact is that the Court was now too poor to buy partisans amongst the factions, who saw in the impending upheaval far greater opportunities of enrichment. " Alas ! " even the revolutionary Prudhomme is obliged to admit, " how many pretended Republicans would have been furious Royalists if the Court had been inclined to win them over, and had had enough money to pay them ! But it had not enough for all who asked, all who aspired. The Legislative Assembly was full of men of this kind, Royalists or Republicans, according to the way the wind blew, and it must be said, although to the shame of the Revolution, that these were the elements of the 10th of

¹ Beaulieu, iv. 17.

² *Mémoires de Lafayette*, iii. 85 ; *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 149.

August, during which *the people alone were disinterested and of good faith.*"¹

That Danton was the principal organizer of the 10th of August cannot be doubted. Towards the end of July Prudhomme relates that he received a visit from Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and Fabre d'Églantine. Danton said, "in the trivial language habitual to him":

"We have come, *petit jean-foutre*, to consult you as an old patriot, although you are no longer up to the mark; but as you have often foreseen events and their results, we want your opinion on a plan of insurrection."

Prudhomme inquired in what this plan consisted.

"We wish to overthrow the tyrant," answered Danton.

"Which one?"

"The one at the Tuileries. This b—— of a Revolution has brought nothing to patriots."

"That is to say, messieurs, that you wish to make your fortunes in the name of liberty and equality. How do you think of overthrowing the monarchy?"

"By assault."

Prudhomme urged the temerity of the proposal. "Your plan," he said, "is the work of a coterie of Jacobins and Cordeliers. You do not know the intentions of the inhabitants of Paris, or of the majority of those in the departments."

Fabre d'Églantine said, "We have the promise of a hundred deputies, Girondins and Brissotins and agents in all the popular societies of France."

"You wish to overthrow the monarch," Prudhomme answered. "Whom will you put in his place?"

"The Duc d'Orléans," blurted out that *enfant terrible*, Camille Desmoulins.

But Danton hastily interposed:

"We will see afterwards what we will do. In revolutions as on the field of battle one must never look forward to the morrow. I undertake to stir up the *canaille* of the Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau. The Marseillais will be at their head—they have not come to Paris for plums."²

But even the *canaille* needed some incentive to rise, and just now none was forthcoming. It was in a mood of desperation inspired by these reflections that the deputy Chabot one day cried out uncontrollably, "If only the Court would try to murder somebody!" An attempt on the life of a "patriotic" deputy,

¹ *Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 216.

² *Histoire des Causes de la Révolution Française*, by Granier de Cassagnac, iii. 456; *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, by Edmond Bire, i. 290.

he declared to Grangeneuve, would prove an invaluable pretext for stirring up the people. Unfortunately the Court displayed no intention of carrying out this scheme, but Chabot and Grangeneuve were not to be baffled by so trifling an obstacle. In a fit of "patriotic" fervour these two Tartarins thereupon decided *to have themselves murdered*, in order to provide an accusation against the Court. Chabot undertook to engage assassins who were to waylay and shoot them at the street corner. But on the night appointed Chabot seems to have thought better of the scheme, for neither he nor the assassins were forthcoming, and Grangeneuve, having made his will and waited about a long while to be murdered, returned home indignant to find himself alive.¹

Thus deprived of any shadow of a pretext for marching a second time on the Tuileries, the leaders were obliged to invent one, and in order to persuade the people to attack the Château it was loudly proclaimed that the Château was about to attack the people—"15,000 aristocrats are ready to massacre all the patriots."² But in spite of these alarms Paris remained sunk in lethargy. Still, on the evening of the 9th of August, all means had failed to rouse the great mass of the population. So the revolutionary leaders took the law into their own hands, and on this fateful night the terrible council of the "Commune," known as the "Conseil Général Révolutionnaire du 10 Août," came into being.

THE NIGHT OF THE 9TH OF AUGUST

The agitators of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine had at first met at the section of the Quinze Vingts in their own district, but finding their efforts to make this the centre of agitation abortive, they issued an appeal at eleven o'clock in the evening to the other forty-seven sections of Paris, asking them each to send their representatives to co-operate in the proposed insurrection with the Commune at the Town Hall.

A great number of sections failed to respond to this appeal; some indeed protested energetically against the attempt to disturb the peace, whereupon the leaders had recourse to their usual methods of fraud and violence. "As soon as night draws on," says Beaulieu, "the revolutionaries, whose rôles had been prepared beforehand, go out into all the sections (*i.e.* the halls of the districts) which the peaceful bourgeois had abandoned, either in order to present themselves at the guard-house, or to return to their homes and give themselves up to rest. The revolutionaries, having thus made themselves masters of the debates, declare

¹ *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 157; *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, p. 81.

² Ferrières, iii. 204; Robespierre, *Défenseur de la Constitution*, No. 12.

themselves the sovereign people, usurp their rights, and decree that all constituted authority is in abeyance. This resolution being taken and communicated to each other, the revolutionary sections ring the tocsin in all the churches of Paris ; this alarm heard in the middle of the night strikes terror into all hearts. . . .”¹

By methods such as these even sections that had protested against the plan of insurrection were represented as sending delegates to co-operate with the movement,² and so, although twenty sections still remained unrepresented,³ it was possible to declare that the majority of the sections had responded to the appeal.

In this way the insurrectional Commune was formed. Prudhomme, at that date in the secret of the leaders, afterwards described the process in these illuminating words :

“ On the eve of the famous day (the 10th of August) the confederates, towards ten o’clock in the evening, assemble to the number of twenty or thirty, and at once on their own initiative name new members without even collecting the wishes of the majority of the sections. This choice being made, the nominees, or rather the conspirators, arrange to meet at the Commune. They present themselves armed with the power to replace the magistrates then sitting. These hesitate a moment and are secretly threatened ; they give up their seats and all go out with the exception of Pétion and Manuel, who are retained. All this was arranged in the secret meetings (*conciliabules*) which had been held at the Palais Royal or the Rapée, where D’Orléans, Danton, Marat, Pétion, Robespierre, and others were to be found. . . . Paris changed magistrates without knowing it, and the insurrection took place . . . without any obstacle ; one would have supposed that every one was in accord.”⁴

But with these secret confabulations the rôle of the leaders ended. As usual, when the hour of danger struck, those bold

¹ Beaulieu, iii. 448. This manœuvre is described in almost the same words by Montjoie, *Conjuration de d’Orléans*, iii. 189. See also the *Histoire de la Conspiration du 10 Août*, by Bigot de Sainte-Croix, p. 21, and the *Révolution du 10 Août*, by Peltier, i. 73 : “ The fatal hour strikes, the tocsin makes itself heard, the *générale* is sounded, 300 rebels assemble the sham sections. All the citizens were with their battalions. At the section of the Lombards only eight people are to be found to name five commissioners.” The researches of Mortimer Ternaux confirm these statements : “ At the Arsenal six people who happen to be in the hall of the committee name three amongst them to represent 1400 ‘ active citizens ’ (i.e. citizens who had the right to vote). Things happen much in the same way at the Louvre, the Observatoire, and the Roi de Sicile ” (*Histoire de la Terreur*, ii. 234).

² For example, the sections of Montreuil, the Roi de Sicile, the Invalides and Sainte-Geneviève (Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 427, 431, 434, 437).

³ Buchez et Roux, xvi. 423 ; Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 240, 444.

⁴ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 73.

patriots, Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and Camille Desmoulins, retired into hiding. On the eve of this second attack on the Tuileries, Marat, overcome with panic, had implored Barbaroux to smuggle him out of Paris disguised as a jockey,¹ and on Barbaroux's refusal betook himself once more to his cellar,² a course likewise adopted by Robespierre.³ As to Camille Desmoulins and Danton, the journal of Madame Desmoulins reveals that they spent most of this night, whilst the insurrection was preparing, asleep at Danton's house. Just as the tocsin was about to ring, Danton, always prone to slumber, retreated into his bed, from which snug ambush the emissaries of the Commune had some difficulty in dislodging him, and even then he was soon back again, and still sleeping peacefully whilst the mob was marching on the Tuileries.

It was therefore again on this occasion the professional agitators who were left to carry out the plans of the leaders, and for a time it seemed that their efforts were to be rewarded with no success, for the Faubourgs still showed themselves recalcitrant, and as late as 2.30 in the morning of the 10th news was brought to Roederer at the Château that the insurrection would not take place. But at last, towards dawn, the revolutionary army began to muster. Santerre gathered round him the brigands of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine; Lazowski and Alexandre enlisted a following in Saint-Marceau, and Barbaroux and Fournier led forth the Marseillais.

Meanwhile the Tuileries was preparing its plans of defence. The Marquis de Mandat, commander of the National Guard, warned of the impending insurrection, had sounded the call to arms, and all night his battalions streamed to the Château, where they took up their stand in the courtyards on the Carrousel and the terraces bordering the river and the garden. These battalions, sixteen in all, made up a total of 2400 men, whilst in the Château itself were 950 Swiss and 200 nobles armed with swords and pistols.

As on the 20th of June, the Château was therefore well defended; moreover, the troops were this time commanded by no feeble Romainvilliers, but by a leader who could be depended on to offer a vigorous resistance. Mandat, the revolutionary leaders well knew, was loyal to the King and, as Pétion, combining the rôle of spy with that of mayor of Paris, discovered on

¹ Marat wrote three times to Barbaroux on this subject. "On the evening of the 9th," says Barbaroux, "he informed me that nothing was more urgent, and again proposed to me that he should disguise himself as a jockey" (*Mémoires de Barbaroux*, pp. 61, 62).

² Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 241. See also Marat's placard issued from his "subterranean retreat" (*Marat*, by A. Bougeart, ii. 36).

³ Ferrières, iii. 201; Barbaroux, p. 82; Maton de la Varenne, p. 228.

his wanderings round the Château, really had a plan of campaign. Therefore Mandat must be disposed of.

Accordingly, at seven o'clock in the morning, Mandat was summoned to the Hôtel de Ville, and ordered to give an account of his conduct in organizing the defences of the Château. Mandat replied that he had acted on the order of Pétion to resist attack by force. But all explanations were useless; Mandat had been sent for to be murdered, not to be judged. Huguenin, the "orator" of June 20, now President of the Commune, with a horizontal gesture across his throat, said, "Let him be led away." Mandat was taken out, and half an hour later, on his way down the steps of the Hôtel de Ville to the prison of the Abbaye, a young man named Rossignol, employed by Danton,¹ approached and shot him through the head. Needless to say, this foul deed was ascribed by Pétion to the people.² Pétion himself had a personal reason for desiring the death of Mandat, and undoubtedly acted in collusion with Danton, for the order to resist attack by force had really been given by him to Mandat three days earlier in writing, and it was apparently in order to abstract this compromising document from his pocket that Mandat was assassinated.³ Pétion's precise object in writing it is not clearly evident; possibly, as Montjoie suggests, it was for the sake of giving a pretext to the Marseillais for firing at the troops, but it may also be accounted for by the fact that Pétion had received a large sum of money from the King just before the 10th of August to maintain order,⁴ and for a moment he may have intended to earn his payment honestly. But when he saw that the insurrection was assuming formidable proportions, he was overcome with panic, and resolved to destroy the written evidence of his momentary defection from the revolutionary cause. At any rate, he now did everything in his power to assist the movement. So although, as head of the municipality, he refused during this night to supply the forces at the Tuileries with ammunition for the defence of the Château, he contrived that 5000 ball cartridges should be issued to the Marseillais. Pétion had also arranged with Carra that if the insurrection broke out he should be forcibly prevented from opposing it by a summons to the Town Hall, where he was to be detained during the attack on the Château. Carra omitted to do this, and Pétion

¹ Danton admitted this in his trial: "I drew up the death-warrant of Mandat who had been ordered to fire on the people." See *Notes de Topino Lebrun sur le procès de Danton*.

² *Récit du 10 Août par Pétion, maire de Paris*.

³ Peltier, *Révolution du 10 Août*, i. 83, 84; Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 197; *Journal of Dr. John Moore*, i. 151.

⁴ *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 342; *Mémoires de Malouet*, ii. 141.

spent a very uncomfortable hour or two waiting about in the garden of the Tuileries, shadowed by several loyal grenadiers who shrewdly suspected his perfidy. When the expected summons still failed to arrive he finally adopted the ingenious expedient of sending repeated orders to himself, and in response to these he left his post at 2.30, and after presenting himself at the Assembly placed himself under restraint in his own quarters at the Town Hall with a guard of 400 men to prevent him returning to duty.¹

So through the basest treachery the Château was disarmed before its assailants. By the death of Mandat, as the conspirators had anticipated, all the plans for defence were disorganized, and the forces assembled at the Tuileries left without a leader.

THE 10TH OF AUGUST

The King and Queen well knew the fate that in all probability awaited them. Twice already since the 20th of June the Queen had narrowly escaped assassination—once at the Champ de Mars on the 14th of July, once at midnight when the murderer was arrested on the threshold of her apartment—and all through these weeks, says Montjoie, Louis XVI. had slept in his clothes ready to rise at the first alarm.

Now, as the sinister knell of the tocsin rang out over the city, the Queen sat weeping silently; the King paced the great rooms of the Château striving to decide on the course of action to pursue. The troops, he knew, could offer a vigorous resistance to assault, but this meant bloodshed, and again the old question that at every crisis of the Revolution had tortured him arose in his mind: "Was a king justified in shedding the blood of his people in his own defence?" Royalists said yes; believers in the "sovereignty of the people" said no; moreover the King's own conscience said no likewise.

This dilemma produced in Louis XVI. an agony of irresolution that could never have afflicted any of his predecessors. Henry IV., for all his benevolence, would have buckled on his sword, mounted his charger, and shown himself to his troops as their sovereign chief, and undoubtedly, if Louis XVI. had done

¹ See Pétion's own naïve account of this manœuvre in reply to Robespierre's accusation later on that he had not contributed to the 10th of August: "To reconcile my official position as mayor with my fixed resolution to forward the movement, it had been arranged that I should be arrested, so as not to be able to oppose any legal authority to it; but in the hurry and agitation of the moment this was forgotten . . . Who do you think sent several times to urge the execution of this plan? It was I, yes, I myself; because as soon as I knew that the movement was general, far from thinking of arresting it I was resolved to facilitate it" (*Observations de J. Pétion sur la Lettre de Robespierre*).

this, even Barbaroux admits the day would have been won, for "the great majority of the battalions had declared themselves for him."

It seems that in the end the King, yielding to the entreaties of the Royalists, decided that the Château should be defended by force of arms, but this, to him a terrible decision, was reached only by hours of mental conflict. When at half-past five on the morning of the 10th he came forth from his apartments to inspect the troops, his defenders saw with dismay that the sang-froid which had saved him on the 20th of June was no longer at his command—*his nerve was gone*.

This was not the result of cowardice; the hardest rider, the boldest airman, may find himself suddenly, as the result of continuous exposure to danger, the victim of nerve failure, and Louis XVI., as we know, was subject to such attacks under the influence of acute mental strain. From the accounts of all eye-witnesses it is evident that at this supreme moment the King was suffering from a return of the malady that had afflicted him three months earlier, and that now deprived him of all the energy he needed wherewith to meet the crisis. Above the violet of his coat his face showed white as death, his eyes were wet with tears, his powdered hair disordered—"he looked," says Madame Campan, "as if he had ceased to exist."

The effect on the troops was, of course, deplorable. Up to this moment their enthusiasm had remained at boiling-point, and as the King passed on his way "all the vaulted ceilings of the palace rang to the cries of 'Vive le Roi!' 'No, Sire,' cried the troops, 'do not fear a recurrence of the 20th of June, we will wipe out that stain; the last drop of our blood belongs to your Majesty!'"¹ When the King came down into the courtyards loud cheers burst from every company of the National Guards: "Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVI.! Long live the King of the Constitution! We wish for him! We wish for no other! Let him put himself at our head and we will defend him to death!"²

If only he had put himself at their head! If only he could have found ringing tones in which to respond to these acclamations, have summoned smiles to his lips, and so won all hearts finally to his cause! But it seems that Louis XVI., more than ever inarticulate under the stress of great emotion, cast a chill over the spirits of the men, and as the cries of "Vive le Roi!" died down voices were heard to answer with "Vive la nation!"

On the other side of the Château the situation assumed a more threatening aspect, for at the moment that the King entered the garden the advance-guard of the revolutionary army,

¹ *Histoire de la Conspiration du 10 Août*, by Bigot de Sainte-Croix, p. 40.

² *Procès verbal de J. J. Leroux, officier municipal*.

armed with pikes, arrived on the scene from the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, and as they filed past overwhelmed him with insults. By some strange mismanagement this revolutionary battalion was allowed to take up its stand amongst the other troops; inevitably the spirit of insurrection spread, and when the King returned to the Château along the terrace bordering the river, angry cries were raised: "Down with the King! Long live the Sans-Culottes!" and other invectives of a grosser kind—only a dozen voices in all, yet loud enough to be heard in the Château.¹

The sinister murmurs reached the ears of the Queen. M. Dubouchage rushing to the window cried out in horror, "Good God! It is the King they are hooting! What the devil is he doing there? Let us go down and find him." The Queen burst into tears. "All is lost," she said, when a moment later the King returned pale and breathless, "this review has done more harm than good."

All indeed was lost. News had now arrived that Mandat had been either killed or arrested, that "all Paris" was on foot, and that the Faubourgs had assembled and were marching on the Château with their cannons. Then the Royalists who had collected in the palace knew that the moment had come to rally round the King, and M. d'Hervilly, a drawn sword in his hand, ordered the usher to open the doors to "the French nobility!"

But where were the "15,000 aristocrats" the revolutionaries declared to be concealed in the Château? Where were the blood-thirsty *chevaliers du poignard* who were to execute a new massacre of St. Barthélemy at the bidding of Antoinette Médicis? Nothing further from this description could be imagined than the strange procession that now streamed into the room led by the old Maréchal de Mailly, aged eighty-six, and composed of two to three hundred men and boys, many with no pretensions to "nobility," but "ennobled by their devotion" to a lost cause.² Few had been able to procure guns, and the greater number were armed only with swords or pistols, or with hastily improvised weapons they had seized on their passage—a squire and page had divided a pair of fire-tongs between them. Always, throughout the whole Revolution, the same unpreparedness, the same hopeless lack of design on the part of the Old Order, and on the other side foresight, method, superb organization! Surely a warning to all ages that courage and devotion may prove unavailing before calculating cowardice and organized malevolence? If bravery could have won the day on this 10th of August the Château must have triumphed. The Queen, now that the danger was actually at the gates, dried her tears, and resolved that,

¹ *Procès verbal de J. J. Leroux, officier municipal.*

² *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 348.

since the King could inspire no enthusiasm in his defenders, she herself would take up his rôle. When some of the National Guards murmured at the intrusion of the "nobility," which they regarded as a slur on their own ability to defend the Royal Family, Marie Antoinette begged them to be reconciled. "They are our best friends," she said; "they will share the dangers of the National Guards, they will obey you," and turning to some grenadiers standing near she added: "Messieurs, remember that all you hold most dear, your wives, your children, your property, depends on our existence; our interest is one; you must not have the least distrust of these brave people, who will defend you to their last breath."

According to Beaulieu, these words had the result of promoting a complete understanding between the two parties of the King's defenders, and all now stood together, resolved to resist attack by force of arms.

Meanwhile an order to the same effect was given by the attorney-general, Roederer,¹ and the municipal officer, Leroux, to the troops surrounding the Château, but in so half-hearted a manner as only to increase the audacity of the insurgents; the gunners defiantly replied by unloading their cannons, and a deputation of seven or eight citizens came forward to demand the deposition of the King. The two magistrates thereupon decided that resistance was useless, and that the King must be persuaded to leave the Château with his family, and take refuge in the hall of the National Assembly. Leroux accordingly returned to the royal apartments and presented himself to the King, who was in his bedroom surrounded by his family and several ministers. The danger, said Leroux, was now at its height, the National Guards had been corrupted, and the King and Queen, with their children and entourage, would all be massacred if they remained at the Château.

Marie Antoinette had always held that "a king should die on his throne," and cried out indignantly that she would rather be nailed to the walls of the Château than leave it; but Louis XVI., ever anxious to avoid bloodshed, seemed not unwilling to consider the proposal. Seeing this the Queen seized his hand and, raising it to her eyes, covered it with tears.² Roederer, arriving a

¹ Roederer, whose *Chronique des Cinquante Jours* contains the most detailed account of June 20 and August 10, is a far from unbiassed witness, for his sympathies are all with the authors of these days. Croker during Roederer's lifetime frankly accused him of Orléanism: "M. Roederer—a courtier of the son of Égalité—will not *now* be offended at our saying that we have always considered him as of the Orléans party, to which Brissot and others of the Gironde originally belonged. . . ." (*Essays on the French Revolution*, p. 211).

² *Déclaration de Leroux*.

moment later, added his entreaties to those of Leroux, and to the repeated protests of the Queen replied, " You wish then, Madame, to make yourself responsible for the death of the King, of your own son, of your daughter, of yourself, and of all those who would defend you."

And at the mention of her children the Queen, touched in her most vulnerable spot, surrendered.

The King looked at her with tears in his eyes, rose from his seat, and said, " Allons, marchons."

His family gathered round him.

" Monsieur Roederer," said Madame Elizabeth, " will you answer for the King's life ? "

" Yes, madame, on my own."

But when, a moment later, the Queen repeated the question, " Will you answer for the King's life and for that of my son ? " Roederer responded gloomily, " Madame, we will answer for dying at your side, that is all that we can promise."

At Roederer's earnest request none of the Court was allowed to escort the Royal Family to the Assembly, and the King, obviously with the intention of signifying that they were now free to depart, turned to his nobles with the words, " Come, messieurs, there is nothing more to be done here either for you or me."

But at the foot of the staircase, overcome with misgivings for their safety, he paused, and looking back at his faithful defenders he said to Roederer, " But what will become of them all ? "

" Sire," answered Roederer, " it seemed to me that they were in coloured coats (*i.e.* not in uniform); those who have swords need only take them off and follow you, going out by the garden." Yet after this assurance, and although it was at Roederer's own request that the King left the Château and that the nobles did not escort him, Roederer allowed it to be said by his friend Pétion, without contradiction, that the King, " with complete sang-froid, left his satellites in the Château to be butchered." ¹

The Royalists, it is true, were indignant at his departure; they were all prepared to fight for him, and believed that if he had held his ground and remorselessly ordered the Swiss to fire on the mob, the day would have been won. From the point

¹ This lie was repeated by Danton with additions a week later—" whilst his oldest courtiers shielded with their bodies the door of his room where they believed him to be, he (Louis XVI.) fled by a back door with his family to the National Assembly . . ." ("Lettre de Danton aux Tribunaux," August 18, 1792, published in Buchez et Roux, xvii. 294). Louis XVI. and his family, as everybody knew, left the Château publicly by the main staircase whilst all the courtiers looked on. See, besides the above account by Roederer, the *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 350.

of view of believers in despotism, the King was guilty therefore of criminal weakness, but for the advocates of democracy to blame him is monstrous. He left the Château solely to avoid bloodshed.

It must be remembered that the attack on the Château had not yet begun, and did not begin until about an hour after the King had left it, and he not unnaturally imagined that since it was against himself the movement was directed, his departure would remove all *cause de guerre*; he could not possibly foresee that the revolutionary leaders would be guilty of such inconceivable cowardice as to wreak their vengeance on the unfortunate Swiss Guards—most of them men of the people who were only doing their duty by remaining at their posts. According to Montjoie, the King, on leaving the Château, gave strict orders to the Swiss not to fire on the insurgents, and to offer no resistance whatever happened, thereby depriving the Marseillais of any pretext for aggression, and, whether Montjoie is right or not, this, as we shall see, was precisely the course the Swiss pursued.

The King, satisfied therefore that no hostilities could now take place, led the way to the Assembly. The Queen followed with Madame de Tourzel, each holding a hand of the Dauphin; Madame Elizabeth with Madame Royale, and the Princesse de Lamballe walked behind them with one of the ministers. An escort, formed of 150 Swiss and 300 National Guards, marched in line on either side of the Royal Family.

In the freshness of the glorious August morning the tragic procession made its way, first down the great central alley of the Tuileries garden, with its cool fountains and blazing flower-beds, then to the right under the shade of the ancient chestnut trees, from which, in the heat of this tropical summer, the leaves had already begun to flutter down on to the pathway, where the gardeners, unmoved by the fall of dynasties, were employed in sweeping them tidily into heaps. Perhaps it was the sudden recall to the normal facts of life produced by this circumstance that prompted the King's memorable remark, "The leaves are falling early this year."

But at the Porte des Feuillants grim realities reasserted themselves. Outside the gateway a crowd of men and women, evidently animated by hostile intentions, were waiting, and it was precisely at this moment, when the Royal Family most needed protection, that Roederer elected to deprive them of their military escort on the ridiculous pretext that the terrace of the Feuillants was the property of the National Assembly. Whether, therefore, by the official stupidity or the deliberate treachery of Roederer, the Royal Family was obliged to go forward into the midst of the crowd escorted only by a few deputies of the Assembly who

now came to meet them. Instantly the horde of ruffians surged forward howling execrations. "No, no, they shall not enter the Assembly, they are the cause of all our troubles! Down with them! Down!" As usual, it was against the Queen that their fury was principally directed, and now, pressing closely around her, they snatched her watch and purse, overwhelming her the while with insults. A man of enormous height and "atrocious countenance" seized the Dauphin from his mother, but at the Queen's cry of terror said reassuringly, "Do not be afraid. I will do him no harm." And a passage through the crowd being at last cleared, he carried the boy in his arms to the Assembly.

The Royal Family entered the hall. "Messieurs," said Louis XVI., addressing the Assembly, "I have come here to prevent a great crime, and I think I cannot be more in safety than amongst you, messieurs."

Alas! the King had not prevented crimes from taking place on that terrible day. The vengeance of the leaders was not directed only against the King and Royal Family; other victims had been singled out, and nothing the unfortunate Louis XVI. could have done or said would have availed to slake their thirst for blood. Even as the King uttered these words three heads were carried on pikes past the door of the Assembly.

As usual in the revolutionary outbreaks, the mob collected at the *Porte des Feuillants* had not come forward spontaneously to insult the Royal Family. The emissaries of the Duc d'Orléans were behind the movement.¹ It was they who told the people that the Royal Family must not be allowed to take refuge with the Assembly, and it was they who drove the mob to carry out the first proscriptions on the list they had drawn up for the day.

Of all the enemies that the Duc d'Orléans had made for himself during his revolutionary career, none was so violent or so unrelenting as the journalist Suleau. François Louis Suleau was no aristocrat, but the son of a cloth-maker, and he had thrown himself into the counter-revolutionary movement with all the ardour usually to be found only in the opposing camp.

"A vigorous mind, always giving vent to witty sallies and bursts of boisterous laughter, with an unbridled but infectious gaiety . . . a Meridional of the North, loving danger for danger's sake . . . the joyous champion of lost causes . . . mocking at a revolution,"² Suleau had all the makings of a rebel, and at the outbreak of the Revolution had marched in the vanguard of

¹ Ferrières, iii. 189.

² Article on Suleau by L. Meister.

insurrection. But before long his fierce love of justice drew him over to the cause of the King, in whom he recognized the one hope of liberty for France, and in his far from respectful *Petit Mot à Louis XVI.* he frankly declared his reason for this allegiance: "If the good of humanity and the salvation of my country did not happen to be identified with the interests of your glory, you would find me amongst the most intrepid in proving to you that I am a man and a citizen before I am your subject." It was because he hated fraud and imposture, because he dreaded the misfortunes which the usurpation of the throne by the Duc d'Orléans would have brought on France, that from August of 1789 he had devoted all his talents, all his wit and untiring energy, to fighting the Orléaniste conspiracy. Careless of the consequences, perpetually menaced with assassination, Suleau had continued with his pen to attack the duke—"he had outraged him, threatened him, defied him in every way, before the tribunals and the justice of men, and before the judgement of God."¹

Naturally, Suleau's name had long been on the list of proscriptions drawn up by the Orléanistes. Two days before the 10th of August, Camille Desmoulins, his old college friend, who had remained attached to him in spite of the fact that they were now political antagonists, warned him that his head was one of the first marked down by the leaders of the insurrection, and offered him a refuge in his own house. Suleau refused to compromise his friend, and went forward boldly to meet his fate—the sacrifice of his life, he said, had long since been made. At eight o'clock in the morning of the 10th of August, Suleau, who had spent the night in the Tuileries, came out on to the Terrasse des Feuillants where the crowd, set in motion by the Orléanistes, had assembled. His handsome appearance, his fresh attire and glittering sword attracted attention, and he was arrested on the pretext that he formed part of a false patrol. Suleau proved his innocence and was liberated, but the Orléanistes had this time made sure of their victim. In the Cour des Feuillants Théroigne de Méricourt was waiting for him—Théroigne at the very height of revolutionary frenzy. The little Belgian had a private vengeance to execute in attacking Suleau, for the witty journalist, in his campaign against the Orléaniste conspiracy, had frequently made Théroigne the butt of his pleasantries, and it was not only as a partisan of the duke, but as a woman outraged in her vanity and even in her prudery—for *fille de joie* though she was, Théroigne could endure no imputations on her "virtue"—that she longed to plunge her dagger into the heart of her persecutor. Yet it would be absurd to accept the view of M. Louis Blanc that

¹ *Philippe d'Orléans Égalité*, by Auguste Ducoin, p. 170.

Théroigne was acting independently on this occasion, for it was always as an agent of the Duc d'Orléans that she had figured in the revolutionary movement, it was as an Orléaniste that she had incurred the animosity of Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois,¹ and since, as we have seen, it was the Orléanistes who had planned the death of Suleau, it was obviously at their bidding that she carried out the design. Her personal rancour merely lent a sharper edge to her fury, which at this crisis reached a pitch bordering on the insanity that was later on to become chronic. Théroigne, on the morning of this 10th of August, was nearly as mad as the enraged hyena that afterwards bore her name in the Salpêtrière, but this madness that was to rob her of all semblance to a human being gave her to-day a kind of diabolical beauty which amazed all beholders. Dressed in a blue riding-habit, wearing on her head a feathered hat *à la Henri IV.*, with a pair of pistols and a dagger in her belt, the little creature seemed suddenly to have recovered her lost youth, for her face, haggard in repose, was now lit by an inward fire that glowed in her dark skin, and flamed forth from her eyes obliterating the ravages of ill-spent years. Thiébault, meeting her at this moment, took her to be only twenty—no woman, he wrote long afterwards, had ever made such an impression on him: "I say, with a sort of horror, that she was pretty, very pretty, her excitement enhanced her beauty . . . for she was in the throes of revolutionary hysteria impossible to describe."

Forcing a passage through the crowd in the Cour des Feuillants with the cry of "Make way! Make way!" Théroigne sprang on to a cannon and shouted, "How long will you allow yourselves to be misled with vain words?" Playing on the passions of the mob she urged them to violence. "Where is Suleau—the Abbé Suleau?" she cried, for she had never seen her enemy and imagined him to be a priest.

Then Suleau saw his death had been resolved on, and, hoping by the sacrifice of his life to avoid further bloodshed, said to the National Guards around him, "I see that to-day the people wish for blood; perhaps one victim will suffice, let me go towards them. I will pay for all." The Guards attempted to detain him, but Suleau rushed forward to face his assassins. For the first time these two sworn foes—the little virago mounted on the cannon, and the young man in all the beauty of his strength and fierce courage—looked each other in the eyes. The moment of

¹ See *Séances des Jacobins*, date of April 23, 1792, where "M. Collot rises to congratulate himself on the fact that Mlle. Théroigne has withdrawn her friendship from him as from M. Robespierre." At this Mlle. Théroigne flew at Collot with clenched fists and was removed from the hall amidst tumult.

reckoning had come at last. Terrible in her rage, Théroigne sprang upon her victim, seized him by the collar, and, with the aid of the armed ruffians in her following, dragged him towards the courtyard. But if Suleau was prepared to die, he went not as a lamb to the slaughter; ever a fighter, he contrived to possess himself of a sabre and fought his assailants like a lion. Three other victims fell beside him—the gigantic Abbé Bouyon and two officers of the King's old bodyguard, M. de Solminiac and M. du Vigier, known for his beauty as “le beau Vigier.” At last Suleau, seeing that he too must now be overwhelmed, crossed his arms and cried out defiantly, “Kill me, then, and see how a Royalist can die!” Instantly Théroigne and her murderous horde closed upon him—Suleau fell pierced with dagger thrusts. His lifeless body was dragged to the Place Vendôme and hacked to pieces. Then that noble head was raised on a pike and carried in triumph¹ past the door of the Assembly at the moment the Royal Family entered the hall.

Whilst these scenes were taking place around the Salle du Manège, confusion reigned at the Château. The troops, left by the death of Mandat without a leader, could decide on no plan of campaign; some were for leaving their post and retiring to barracks, declaring that now the Royal Family had gone nothing but bricks and mortar remained to be defended. The *gendarmerie* stationed on the Place du Louvre being of this opinion calmly withdrew to the Palais Royal, leaving the approach to the Château open to the enemy.

But the nobles who remained in the royal apartments were for standing their ground; only a few of their number had followed the King, and the rest, rallying round the Maréchal de Mailly, enthusiastically concurred in his plan for resisting invasion to the last. “Here are the gallants! Here are the last of the nobility,” cried the heroic old man as this pathetic legion ranged itself in order of battle; “the post of a general and of his companions-in-arms is at the place where the throne is attacked and in peril!” And as he went up and down the ranks he continued to repeat, “Conquer or die, gentlemen, conquer or die!”

The first detachment of the Marseillais had now arrived on the Carrousel, but here a delay occurred in the attack on the Château, for the Faubourgs failed to put in an appearance. Once again Balaam's ass had refused to go forward. Santerre indeed, who was to lead Saint-Antoine, “the Faubourg of glory,” to the assault, seemed at the last moment overcome with panic,

¹ Article on Suleau in the *Biographie Michaud*; Beaulieu, iii. 470; *Deux Amis*, viii. 168; Peltier, i. 104.

and urged his battalions not to march on the Château, where he said the Royalists were assembled in force. Thereupon Westermann, holding his sword to Santerre's throat, ordered him to lead on his men, and Santerre obeyed; but at the Hôtel de Ville he contrived to have himself elected commander-in-chief, and, on the pretext that his post should now be at headquarters, absented himself from the army and was seen no more all day.

At last the Faubourgs, commanded by Westermann and Lazowski, arrived on the field of battle before the entrance to the Château. Such was the attacking army—a vanguard of Marseillais largely composed of Italians, a reluctant rearguard from the Faubourgs led by a German and a Pole.¹ And this was the French people rising as one man to overthrow the monarchy!

At the first onslaught the Marseillais and the confederates from Brest, in Brittany, alone displayed any resolution, and it was they who advanced towards the courtyards from which the Swiss and National Guards had retreated into the palace,² and beat on the great gates of the Château demanding admittance. The royal concierges withdrew the bolts and fled. A band of Marseillais rushed forward into the arms of the gunners of the National Guard, who, always the disloyal element in this body, immediately joined forces with the insurgents, and bringing out their cannons pointed them against the Château.

By this time the mob of Paris had at last begun to collect, for the impunity with which the revolutionary battalions had penetrated into the Carrousel and the courtyards reassured the most timorous, and streams of idlers, ever eager for a spectacle, hurried to the scene of action.

Only about 750 Swiss, a handful of National Guards, and 200 nobles now remained to defend the Château. If only the Swiss, therefore, could be suborned or vanquished, further resistance would be impossible; and the mob, seeing a number of these men looking down on them from the windows, shouted loudly, "Down with the Swiss! Lay down your arms!"

The Swiss, who entertained no hostile feelings towards the people, replied with conciliatory gestures by way of persuading them to desist from attack, and the better to prove their

¹ Beaulieu, iii. 471.

² This order was given directly the King left the Château; see account of August 10 given by M. Victor Constant de Rebecqui, officier aux gardes suisses du Roi, Auckland MSS. in British Museum: "The King and his family retire to the Assembly accompanied by a part of the regiment and our commanders; we are all made to retire into the interior of the apartments and to abandon the outer posts; then the assailants break down the gate of the courtyard and enter at the same moment; the gunners placed there for the defence of the Château abandon their cannons, which fall into the hands of those (*i.e.* the gunners) of the Faubourgs."

pacific intentions, threw down packets of cartridges amongst them.

But the group of Swiss sentinels drawn up at the foot of the staircase¹ presented a more formidable appearance, and for a quarter of an hour this gallant band held the immense mob at bay by their intrepid air and resolute countenances. At last a dozen Marseillais, led by Westermann, ventured forward and ordered the men to lay down their arms, adding, "We have come to fraternize with you."

The Swiss, who understood little French, remained immovable. Westermann repeated the demand in German, urging them not to sacrifice their lives at the bidding of their officers.

To this the Sergeant Blazer replied: "We are Swiss, and the Swiss only lay down their arms with their lives. We do not consider we have deserved such an insult. If the regiment is not needed let it be legally ordered to retire, but we will not leave our posts and we will not be disarmed."²

Thereupon Westermann and his troops retreated, for it was never the revolutionary way to advance upon armed men, however inferior in number, and none of the "brave Marseillais" felt inclined to engage the Swiss in open combat. Some of the insurgents happened, however, to be armed with long pikes hooked at the end, and these ruffians now ventured forward and, whilst remaining out of range of the sentinels' swords, contrived to harpoon five of the unfortunate men, dragging them at the same time towards them by means of the hooks affixed in their clothing.³ This manœuvre delighted the mob, who gathered round with shrieks of laughter, whilst the five Swiss were disarmed, stripped, and finally massacred at the foot of the staircase.⁴ Suddenly a shot was fired—by whom contemporaries are unable to agree in stating. The revolutionaries, of course, declared the Swiss were the aggressors, but D'Ossonville, an eye-witness, afterwards an agent of the Comité de Salut Public in the Terror, who as a revolutionary could have no object in whitewashing the Swiss, asserts that "several rebels having dressed up in Swiss uniform slipped amongst their ranks, fired on the insurgents, and directly the first report was heard, women, purposely stationed on the terrace, began to call out, 'Ah! the rascals of Swiss are firing on our brothers the patriots!' At the same moment the fight began, and became general. . . . This is what has remained unknown but *what I saw and observed*. But

¹ Beaulieu, iii. 474; *Deux Amis*, viii. 180; Peltier, i. 111.

² Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 314.

³ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 195; Peltier, i. 111; Beaulieu, iii. 474.

⁴ *Deux Amis*, viii. 180.

it was necessary to say that the King had ordered the attack when he had expressly forbidden it." ¹

The question of this discharge is, however, a matter of little importance, for the point is not who fired the first shot, but who shed the first blood. It was not the report of a gun that gave the signal for battle, but the cowardly murder of the five sentinels, and if the Swiss then fired they were in no way the aggressors. ²

At any rate they did fire now, and they fired vigorously; a perfect hail of musketry swept the front ranks of the assailants, whereupon the Swiss on the upper floors, with the nobles and the National Guards, joined in the fusillade, shooting down at the crowd from the balconies, roofs, and windows.

The effect of this was terrific, for the insurgents, after responding with a few cannon-balls, so uncertainly aimed as to do little damage, were suddenly overcome with panic, and all at once the vast mass of people that filled the courtyards and the Carrousel wavered, drew back, and finally stampeded. ³ The scene that followed was indescribable—hardy Bretons, brave Marseillais, red-capped Sans-Culottes armed with pikes, female "patriots" dragging terrified children by the hand, all running madly for their lives, and even springing over the parapet into the river; mounted police tearing away at full gallop, crushing passers-by beneath their horses' feet, and all "pale as spectres," all screaming as they fled, "To arms, citizens, to arms! they slaughter

¹ "Fragments des Mémoires de d'Ossonville," published in *Documents pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution Française*, by Charles d'Héricault and Gustave Bord, vol. ii. p. 2.

² On the supposed treachery of the Swiss see also the account given by the minister Bigot de Sainte-Croix, *Histoire de la Conspiration du 10 Août*, p. 58: "When the troops posted in the courtyards had heard for certain of the departure of their Majesties they looked at each other, and whether the King's words had reached them or not, said to one another, 'There is nothing more to be done here; why should we come to blows? Why should we slaughter each other?' A deputation is sent to the confederates to bring the words of peace, and one of their detachments comes back with the deputation to ratify the agreement. The scoundrels! They are no sooner in the middle of the courtyard than they make signs to their cohorts to follow them, they advance amidst insulting and ferocious laughter, and all at once dashing forward to the foot of the great staircase where the Swiss are standing, 'Where are the Swiss?' they cry in bloodthirsty tones, 'where are the Swiss?' And five of these sentinels have fallen beneath their blows. Then, yes, *then* the Swiss companies and the National Guards fell on the assassins; *then* they opposed force with force, they fought for their lives and not for the defence of a palace in which the King was no longer; but the rage of the maniacs saw in the palace men to massacre and walls to destroy. This, then, was the treachery of the defenders of the Court, these were the wishes of conciliation brought by the confederates; this faith violated by signs of friendship and these fraternal embraces. . . ."

³ Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 316; Beaulieu, iii. 475; Ferrières, iii. 195. "The Swiss and the National Guards drove back the insurgents beyond the Rue Niçaise" (D'Ossonville, *op. cit.*).

your parents, your brothers, your sons!"¹ Through every exit from the Carrousel they rushed frantically, falling over each other in the struggle; on through the streets they ran, nor did some stop running until they reached the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where they bolted themselves within their doors for safety.²

The Château had now scored a complete victory; the only insurgents who remained to carry on the siege took refuge behind the buildings at the other side of the Carrousel, from which point they continued to discharge their cannons spasmodically at the palace, and, by way of variation, set fire to the buildings surrounding the courtyard. The Swiss, seeing that the whole front of the Château was now cleared of assailants, triumphantly descended to the courtyards, and carried off some of the cannons left behind by the Marseillais in their flight.

Why did no one tell the King the true state of affairs? Why was no man of energy forthcoming to point the way back to his palace and his throne reconquered for him by the gallant Swiss? But that malignant fate which ordained that at every crisis of the Revolution the King should fall a victim to treacherous counsels still pursued him, and a lying message was brought to the Assembly that the Swiss were "massacring the people," and also that the Château was about to be forced. Panic-stricken deputies gathered around him, entreating him to intervene on behalf of his people. Louis XVI., who knew nothing beyond what he was told, which seemed to be confirmed by the roar of battle and the crashing of cannon-balls on the roof of the Assembly, concluded that his orders not to fire on the mob had been wantonly disobeyed, and therefore allowed himself to be persuaded to write the fatal message to the Swiss, commanding them to cease fire and join him at the hall of the Assembly.

"This order," says Beaulieu, "may be regarded as the last blow dealt at the monarchy. I have reason to believe, on account of all I observed, that if the King's defenders had made the most of their advantage the King would, in the course of the day, have been on his throne again. I know that several battalions were on the march to defend the Château, and amongst them those of the Champs Élysées and the Pont Neuf. If only one of these had arrived in time it would have sufficed to ensure victory and give courage to the Swiss, who till then had acted alone, but when these battalions saw that all had been abandoned they joined themselves to those they had wished to repulse against those they intended to defend; this is what has always been seen and always will be seen to happen in all revolutions."

¹ *Révolutions de Paris*, by Prudhomme, xiii. 234; *Journal of Dr. John Moore*, i. 41.

² Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 316; *Deux Amis*, viii. 182.

This disastrous act which sealed the fate of the monarchy was quickly noised abroad, and put fresh heart into the revolutionary legions. The Swiss had been forbidden by the King to fire on them—therefore they might with impunity return to the charge and massacre the Swiss! ¹

When, in obedience to the King's order, two columns of Swiss abandoned their posts and marched through the garden of the Tuileries, a hail of musketry fire was directed on them by insurgents concealed behind the trees. One column succeeded in reaching the Assembly in safety, and these men, together with their comrades who had accompanied the King to the Assembly, were deposited in the Church of the Feuillants and survived the massacre. But the other column, which had marched on towards the swing bridge leading to the Place Louis XV., were pitilessly butchered; many fell beneath the chestnut trees of the garden; the rest having reached the statue of Louis XV. in the centre of the great square, formed themselves into a phalanx and prepared for defence, but the mounted police charged them with their sabres and cut them down almost to a man. Napoleon, who passed through the garden at this moment, declared at the end of his life that none of his battlefields had given him the idea of so many corpses as the Tuileries on this August morning strewn with the bodies of the Swiss.

The entire garrison, however, had not evacuated the palace; 300 to 400 Swiss, who had either not heard or not obeyed the order to retire, ² still remained in the King's apartments, where a cannon-ball, bursting in amongst them, had killed or wounded a great number. ³ These soldiers, a few nobles and ladies of the Court, and about one hundred servants were, therefore, the sole occupants of the Château, which after the King's order to cease fire put up no further defence. The insurgents behind the Carrousel, finding that their fire now met with no reply, ventured at last timorously forward across the courtyards, and finally entered the hall of the palace, evacuated five minutes earlier by the two columns of Swiss. The impunity with which this manœuvre was executed reassured the crowd that lingered at a distance; stragglers poured in from all sides, and before long an immense tumultuous mob burst into the hall of the Château.

¹ "The Swiss," said Napoleon, who was an eye-witness of the affray, "plied their artillery vigorously; the Marseillais were driven back as far as the Rue de l'Échelle and *only came back when the Swiss had retired by order of the King.*" See also Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 325.

² Mortimer Ternaux, ii. 330.

³ "I was then in the King's apartments with 300 to 400 of our men; a cannon-ball had thrown us into disorder and killed a great number" (evidence of M. Victor Constant de Rebecqui).

So they had burst into this same hall seven weeks earlier ; so they had stormed up the great staircase breathing threatenings and slaughter, only to be brought to bay when they reached their goal ; now, with the ferocious Marseillais at their head, there was to be no pause, no relenting, and like a devastating torrent they swept onwards and spread themselves all over the palace.

A mad rage for destruction possessed them ; everything animate or inanimate fell beneath the blows of their pikes and muskets, furniture was flung from the windows, the great mirrors in which " Médecis-Antoinette had studied the hypocritical airs she showed in public " ¹ flew into a thousand fragments ; treasures of art, clocks, pictures, porcelain, silver, jewels, were pillaged or destroyed. All the Swiss—the soldiers who had remained at their posts, even the wounded lying helpless on the floors and the doctors bending over them to dress their wounds—were barbarously butchered ; rivers of blood flowed over the shining parquet of the great apartments. Everywhere the savage horde pursued their victims, the grey-haired porters were dragged forth from their lodges, fugitives were tracked down to the deepest cellars, up to the remotest attics, and put to death. In the Queen's bedroom women of the town tore open the wardrobes and dressed themselves in the Queen's gowns ; one throwing herself on the bed cried out that some one was concealed beneath the bedding, and the mattress being torn off amidst drunken laughter, a trembling Swiss was discovered and massacred. The scenes that took place were so unspeakably hideous that one would thankfully draw a veil over what followed, but if we are to understand the French Revolution as it really was, if we are to see this roth of August, so vaunted by revolutionary writers, in its true colours, we must look facts in the face. And in full justice to the people one circumstance must not be forgotten—the mob that committed these atrocities was literally mad with drink. For in that first wild onrush a band of insurgents had found their way down to the cellars and gorged themselves with wine and liqueurs.² No less than two hundred, says Prudhomme, died of the effects. Then, whilst some remained lying in helpless stupor on the cellar floors, others bore supplies to their comrades up above—the contents of 10,000 bottles were distributed amongst the mob ;³ the garden and courtyards around the Château became a sea of broken glass. The effect of this indiscriminate carousing on unaccustomed liquors wildly mingled was to produce in the people a condition of complete dementia, and it is as

¹ Prudhomme, *Révolutions de Paris*.

² Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, i. 209.

³ *Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France*, ii. 348.

creatures deprived of all reasoning faculty, of all semblance to humanity, no more responsible for their actions than Bedlam suddenly turned loose, that we must regard them.

For on this dreadful 10th of August, alone amongst all the great days of the Revolution in Paris, it *was* by "the people" that these atrocities were committed. The savage Marseillais showed themselves less ferocious. All the ladies of the Court were spared by order of their leaders, the word being given, "We do not kill women."¹

Fifty or sixty of the flying Swiss were also saved by them;² stranger still, the warlike old Maréchal de Mailly succeeded in disarming his assailants. "The face of the Maréchal," says Soulavie, "having arrested the hand of a confederate who had raised his arm to kill him, this man asks who he is, seizes him, pretends to ill-treat him, tells him to keep silence, pushes aside the crowd, and leads him back safe and sound to his house."³

The King's doctor, Lemonnier, was likewise led home in triumph. During the invasion of the Château he had remained quietly seated in his study; suddenly "men with blood-stained arms" battered on the panels of the door. The old man opened to them. "What are you doing here?" they said. "You are very quiet."

"I am at my post."

"What are you at the Château?"

"Do you not see by my coat? I am the King's doctor."

"And are you not afraid?"

"Of what? I am unarmed. Does one injure a man who does no injury?"

"You are a good fellow. Listen; it is not well for you here; others less reasonable than us might confound you with the rest. You are not safe. Where would you like to be taken?"

"To the Palace of the Luxembourg."

"Come, follow us and fear nothing."

"I have already told you I have no fear of those to whom I have done no harm."

Then they led him through the serried ranks of bayonets and loaded guns, crying out before him as they went, "Comrades, let this man pass. He is the King's doctor, but he is not afraid; he is a good fellow."⁴

¹ Beaulieu, iii. 483; *Mémoires de Mme. Campan*, p. 351.

² *Journal of Dr. John Moore*, i. 60.

³ Another contemporary, the Comte d'Aubarède (*Lettres d'Aristocrates*, by Pierre de Vaissière, p. 538), says it was by a poor artisan that the Maréchal was saved. But the revolutionaries did not spare him; he was guillotined under Joseph Lebon, at the age of eighty-seven. His last words on the scaffold were "Vive le Roi! I say it as did my ancestors!"

⁴ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 70.

It is not, then, to the Marseillais that the greatest atrocities of the day must be attributed, but to the people, or rather to the populace of Paris—above all to the *women*, and, as in all the revolutionary outbreaks, it was “the people” themselves who fared worst at their hands.

To the servants in particular the mob showed no mercy. They, poor souls, had not thought of flying; many, indeed, were imbued with revolutionary doctrines,¹ and, little dreaming that the rage of the populace would be turned against themselves, remained calmly at their work, in the midst of which the drunken mob surprised them. The kitchens, like the gilded apartments up above, became a shambles; every man from the head chefs to the humblest scullions perished—“the cooks’ heads fell into the saucepans, where they were preparing the viands.”²

“Oh! height of barbarism!” cries Mercier, “a wretched undercook, who had not had time to escape, was seized by these tigers, thrust into a copper, and in this state exposed to the heat of the furnace. Then falling on the provisions every one seizes what he can lay hands on. One carries off chickens on a spit; another a turbot; that one a carp from the Rhine as large as himself . . . monsters with human faces collected in hundreds under the porch of the Escalier du Midi, and danced amidst torrents of blood and wine. A murderer played the violin beside the corpses, and thieves, with their pockets full of gold, hanged other thieves on the banisters.”³ Still worse horrors took place that cannot be written, nameless indecencies, hideous debaucheries, ghastly mutilations of the dead,⁴ and again, as after the siege of the Bastille, cannibal orgies. Before great fires, hastily kindled in the apartments, “cutlets of Swiss” were grilled and eaten;⁵ the actor Grammont—one of the earliest hirelings of the Duc d’Orléans, and the last man to insult the Queen on her way to the scaffold—in a fit of revolutionary frenzy drank down a glass of blood.⁶

Outside, in the garden of the Château, ghastly scenes met the eye; on the lifeless bodies of the Swiss women perched like vultures, gloating over their victims; a young girl of eighteen was seen plunging a sabre into the corpses.⁷

¹ Beaulieu, iii. 482.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d’Orléans*, iii. 196; *Révolutions de Paris*, by Prudhomme, xiii. 236.

³ Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, i. 210.

⁴ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 69; Montjoie, *Conjuration de d’Orléans*, iii. 195; *Histoire particulière*, etc., by Maton de la Varenne, p. 139.

⁵ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 68.

⁶ Beaulieu, iii. 482; *Révolution du 10 Août*, by Peltier.

⁷ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d’Orléans*, iii. 196.

Needless to say, the mass of the true people took no part in these atrocities. "Peaceful citizens," says Mercier, "whom curiosity had attracted to the Tuileries to discover whether the Château still existed, wandered slowly, struck with gloomy stupor, along the terrace covered with broken bottles. They did not weep, they seemed petrified, dumbfounded; they shrank with horror at each footstep at the odour and the aspect of these bleeding corpses. . . ."

THE RÔLE OF THE LEADERS

But whilst the true people shuddered, the authors of the day knew no pity. To them the 10th of August was a "glorious day," for which each one was now eager to claim the responsibility. Directly the Château had fallen and the mob had proved victorious, every patriot came bravely to the fore. "Danton," says Louvet, "who had concealed himself during the battle, appeared after the victory armed with a huge sabre, and marching at the head of a battalion of Marseillais as if he had been the hero of the day."

The other "great revolutionaries" had all remained likewise in their hiding-places until the danger was past. What, asks Prudhomme, were the leading Jacobins doing during the attack on the Château? "They knew everything; none of them appeared in arms at the siege of the Tuileries. Marat, Robespierre,¹ Danton, not one of them dared to show himself. All these people invariably displayed the greatest bravery, but only in the tribune; the tongue was their favourite weapon. The few Jacobins who came out prudently placed themselves at the tail of the bands of Marseillais and Bretons. There is nothing more cowardly than a revolutionary from speculation!"²

But if it was not to the efforts of these men that the 10th of August owed its triumph, the excesses of the day lie at their door alone. Is not the instigator of a crime infinitely more criminal than the wretched instrument who commits it? And were not the orators and writers—Marat, Danton, Desmoulins, Brissot, Carra, Madame Roland—more truly the authors of these excesses than the crazed and drunken populace who put their precepts into practice? For the cannibals of the Tuileries, the horrible women of the Paris Faubourgs plunging their knives into the bodies of their victims, had not evolved such deeds from

¹ Tallien, who took part in the siege, later, in the Electoral Assembly, accused Robespierre to his face of having "gone to earth for three days and three nights in his cellar and of having come out only in order to profit by the turn of events" (Notes d'Alexandre, published in the *Revue de la Révolution*, by Gustave Bord, viii. 175).

² *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 67.

their own inner consciousness ; for months they had been trained for the part at the Sociétés Fraternelles of the Jacobins, where murder and violence were systematically preached, and every means employed to excite their passions. It will be urged that they themselves must have been inherently evil to respond in so atrocious a manner to the suggestions of their leaders ; the old theory of " Parisian ferocity " will be brought forward to explain the phenomenon. But we have only to study the memoirs of the period to discover that it was not the women of Paris alone on whom these doctrines produced the same dehumanizing effect.

Thus, for example, Thiébault, himself an ardent democrat, relates that soon after the 10th of August he dined with certain Prussian friends of his, Monsieur and Madame Bitaupe, and amongst the guests were Chamfort, the Orléaniste, and an English authoress, Helen Maria Williams. Chamfort delighted Miss Williams with his revolutionary verses, and Thiébault adds : " The thing that struck me most was the political exaggeration of Miss Williams, who showed herself an enthusiast for our Revolution, *even for its excesses*, which in my opinion damned it." Still more amazing was the attitude of the two good Germans. " That M. and Mme. Bitaupe," says Thiébault, " who were both over sixty, who were all that is best on this earth, who were distinguished, he for his merit, she for her fine and gentle wit, should have shown themselves more revolutionary than their two guests, that they should have become apologists of the 10th of August, that astounded me ! But it is not the only example I could quote of this kind of aberration." ¹

In order to appreciate the attitude of Miss Williams and her worthy German friends, we must refer to a description of the state of Paris at this moment given by Mr. Burges in a letter to Lord Auckland, dated September 4. " The English messenger, Morley," Burges writes, " has just returned from Paris, where he relates that pestilence is now expected. It was found easier to kill than to bury the victims of the 10th. Those who were amused by shedding blood soon grew tired of digging graves ; of course great numbers were put out of the way somewhat carelessly, and the cellars and other subterraneous places were found convenient receptacles for the dead bodies ; into these immense numbers were thrown, and when they were full they were shut up in the best way the hurry of the operation would permit. The natural consequences of interment now began to manifest themselves pretty strongly. Morley says that, being obliged, the last day or two he continued in Paris, to run about the town a good deal for his passports, he was saluted in several

¹ *Mémoires de Thiébault*, i. 313.

streets with such whiffs of putrefaction as to be obliged to cover his face and run off as fast as he could." ¹

Under these circumstances it was not possible for a moment to forget the recent massacres, whilst the chaotic state of the capital made it evident that the atrocities, which had just taken place, were but the prelude to others still more dreadful. "Ah! how fortunate you are not to inhabit this town," writes a Parisian to a friend in the country on August 16. "People who think know no rest night or day. Every day, on rising, one hears of the death of neighbours or friends. So far these are only rose-leaves—the end of the month provides us with greater dangers." ²

"You think," write two other contemporaries, "that one can see these horrors without shuddering? One would be almost a barbarian!" ³

Yet it is no barbarian but an educated Englishwoman, an "intellectual" and a sentimentalist, that we find dining out amidst these ghastly scenes and enthusiastically applauding them. Let us have done, then, with the futile theory of "Parisian ferocity" by which panegyrists of the Revolution would explain its crimes; these crimes were not accidental to the Revolution, they were *not* the outcome of the Latin temperament, but the direct result of those doctrines which produced in men and women of all nations, whether English, French, or German, a ferocity that knew no relenting.

THE RÔLE OF THE INTRIGUES

Helen Maria Williams was not unique amongst her race, for although the great mass of the English people shuddered at the atrocities of August 10, and the Court of St. James's withdrew its ambassador from Paris, the "English Jacobins" accorded their whole-hearted approval to their French allies. We shall reserve their congratulatory letters and addresses, however, till the end of the next chapter, for it was not until the massacres of September that their admiration was roused to its fullest pitch.

Prussia, needless to say, found likewise cause for rejoicing in the attack on the Tuileries and the subsequent imprisonment of the Royal Family in the Temple. "The most splendid dream a king can dream," Frederick the Great had been known to say, "is to dream that he is King of France." The 10th of August had removed all cause for envy from Frederick's successor.

As to the Girondins and Orléanistes who had engineered the

¹ *Correspondence of Lord Auckland*, ii. 438.

² M. Rochet à Mme. de Thomassin Mandat, *Lettres d'Aristocrates*, by Pierre de Vaissière, p. 533.

³ MM. Simon et Pierre N. à M. Lhoste, *ibid.* p. 537.

movement, their triumph was destined to be short-lived. True, the throne was now vacant, and thus the first step had been taken towards a change of dynasty. But the laying of the mine had proved unskilful; too much dynamite had been employed, and the charge by which they had intended to blast their way to power had produced an explosion so terrific as to involve the whole existing order of things in chaos.

The effect of the 10th of August was to paralyse France. "The terror that it spread," says Hua, "was almost universal. In a few places there was an attempt at resistance, but nowhere could it be organized. All action to be powerful must emanate from a centre; the Revolution proved a thousand times that the fate of the departments is decided in Paris: those same authorities that had protested so energetically against the day of June the 20th were silent before that of August the 10th."¹

Lafayette alone dared to raise his voice in remonstrance; and as soon as the news of the events in Paris reached him on the frontier, he issued a proclamation to the army asking them, "as good citizens and brave soldiers, to rally around the Constitution that they had sworn to defend to the death." But although the troops immediately under his orders "showed by their cries of indignation that they shared the sentiments of their general,"² and the district of Sedan where he was encamped, together with the department of the Ardennes, accorded him their vigorous support, Lafayette's efforts proved unavailing owing to the opposition of his fellow-generals—Lückner, hitherto loyal to the King, prudently went over to the stronger side, the Jacobins; Dumouriez resumed his Orléaniste intrigues; Dillon, who at first had seconded the protests of Lafayette, grew panic-stricken and recanted.

The power of the Jacobins carried all before it. The mayor of Sedan and the administrators of the Ardennes were arrested; and on the 19th of August the Assembly, trembling beneath the dictates of the Commune, issued a writ against "Motier Lafayette, heretofore general of the army of the North, convicted of the crime of rebellion against the law, of conspiracy against liberty, and of treachery to the nation."

Then Lafayette, once the gaoler of his King, himself tasted the pleasures of captivity. Reduced to the same expedient as the unfortunate Louis XVI.—flight to the frontier—he was arrested by the Austrians and imprisoned in the fortress of Magdeburg, where he had leisure to reconsider his earlier dictum that "insurrection is the most sacred of duties."

The insurrection of August 10 appeared, at any rate to Lafayette, an immeasurable disaster; it was not, however, the final

¹ *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 164.

² *Ibid.* p. 165.

destruction of the Old Régime, but the destruction of new-found liberty he deplored.

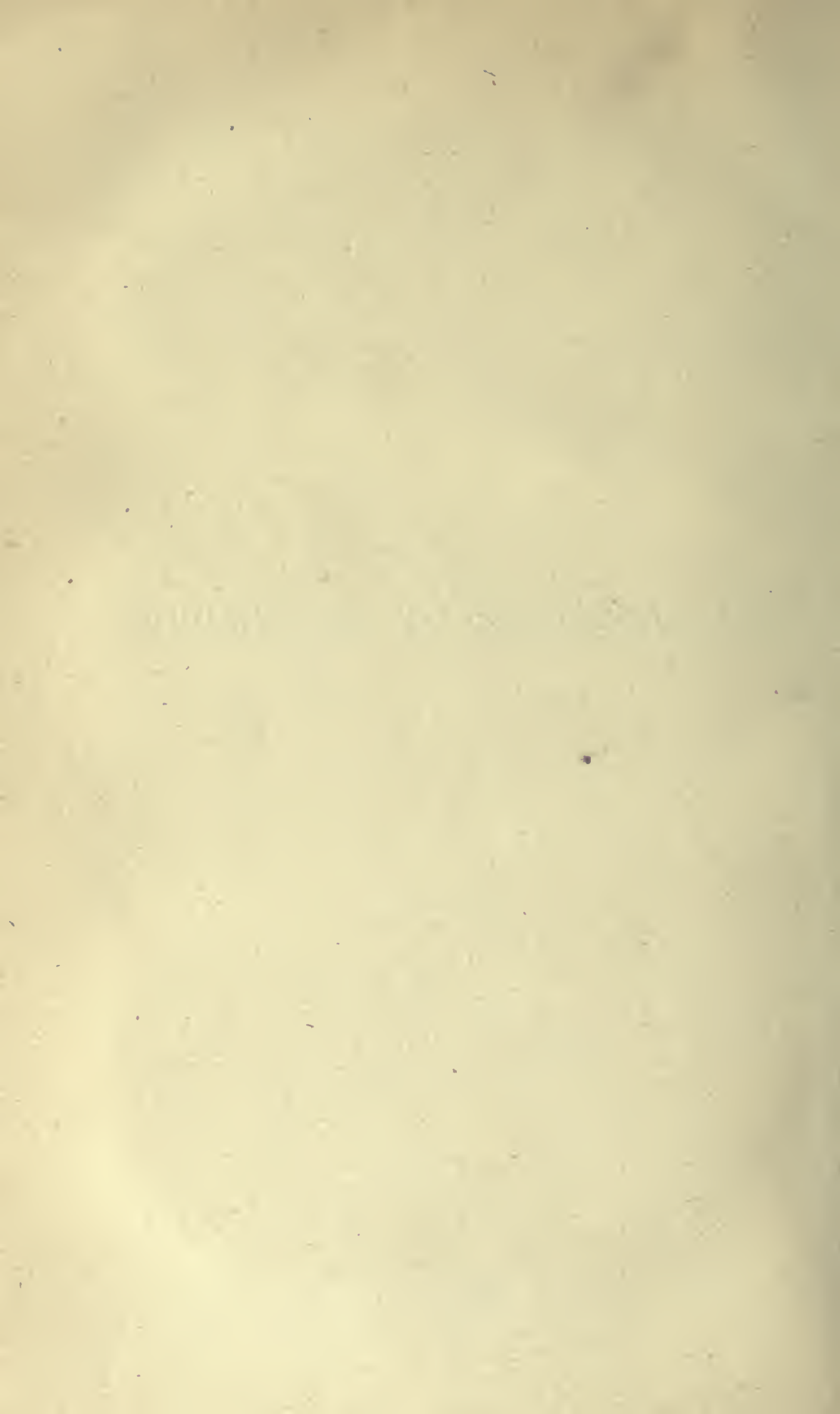
"I know well," he wrote to the Duc de Rochefoucauld on the 25th of August, "that they will have talked about plots at the Château, collusion with the enemy, follies of all kinds committed by the Court; I am not its confidant nor its apologist; but the constitutional act is there, and it is not the King who has violated it; the Château did not go to attack the Faubourgs, nor were the Marseillais summoned by him. The preparations that have been made during the last three weeks were denounced by the King. It was not he who had women and children massacred, who gave over to execution all those who were known for their attachment to the Constitution, who in one day destroyed the liberty of the press, of the posts, judgement by jury . . . in a word, everything that assures the liberty of men and of nations."

Lafayette had not overstated the case; in the chaos that followed on the 10th of August the cause of liberty perished utterly, and the people, ostensibly the victors of the day, lost everything they had gained by the Revolution.

At first the rage for destruction that had held the mob under its sway during the attack on the Tuileries, and that continued throughout the weeks that followed, gave to the people some semblance of power. Whilst overthrowing the splendid statues of the kings in all the squares of Paris, the populace were able to imagine themselves indeed the "Sovereign people," but already their new masters were at work forging the chains that were to bind them in a servitude such as they had never known before.

On the 17th of August, at the instigation of Robespierre, the "Tribunal Criminel," precursor to the Revolutionary Tribunal of the Terror, was inaugurated by the Commune. Five days later Dr. Moore records that "a new kind of *lettres de cachet* are being issued by the Commune of Paris in great profusion," and "what makes this more dreadful is . . . that a man when arrested and sent to prison does not know how long he may be confined before he has an opportunity of proving his innocence." More sinister still was the appearance on the Place du Carrousel of that new instrument, the guillotine—symbol of the new era that was to dawn on France. For although revolutionary factions and populace alike rejoiced at their supposed victory, the 10th of August inaugurated the reign of neither Orléanistes, Girondins, nor "Sovereign people," but of one intrigue only, the intrigue that from the beginning of the Revolution had been slowly gaining force, and that in sweeping away king, nobles, and clergy was to destroy not only the throne itself, but all government, all religion, and establish in their place—the reign of Anarchy.

THE MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER



THE MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER

WITH the deposition of Louis XVI. and the rise to power of the Commune, the revolutionary movement entered on a new phase. The royal authority had been overthrown, but the "counter-revolutionaries" yet remained to be dealt with; thus it is now less against the unhappy prisoners in the Temple than against the "gangrened portion of the nation" that the invectives of the revolutionary leaders are henceforth directed. What is the truth about this gangrene? Did it exist? In a sense, yes. But to understand how it came into being we must cast our eyes back over the history of the last twenty years.

When Louis XV., looking around him at the end of his reign, said, "Things will last my time, but after me the deluge!" he diagnosed with remarkable accuracy the disease that afflicted the State. France, as she existed at this date, could not last, because no state in which one class is oppressed can maintain its vigour. Under Louis XV. the peasants, if less wretched than is popularly supposed—for feudal benevolence did more than history tells us to counteract the oppression of the Old Régime—were, nevertheless, *cyphers in the state*; their wishes did not count, their voice was not heard, their needs were not officially recognized, and thus, by constriction, they became like a mortifying limb spreading germs of death throughout the body.

Louis XVI., as we have seen, from the first moment of his accession, resolved to remedy this state of affairs, to loose the bonds that bound the people down, to give the constricted limb free play. *It was not too late to do this*, as certain writers would have us believe; the limb responded admirably to the treatment; never had the people of France displayed greater vigour than on the eve of the Revolution. The body of the State, as M. Dauban points out, was at this moment "anything but inert and passive. Everywhere thought, passion, and blood circulate. The almost unanimous wish of the cahiers testifies to the force of cohesion in opinion and the power of the public mind. . . . Paris has no greater share in the spirit that animates it than Marseilles, Bordeaux, and the other parts of France. In the

three years that follow what enthusiasm, what ardour, what vitality in the provinces ! ” ¹

But, at the very moment that the people were released from bondage, the Revolution intervened and reversed the process by seizing on two other limbs of the State, the nobility and clergy, and binding them down relentlessly. It was not even as if the revolutionaries had said to the “ privileged orders ” : “ You have enjoyed too long exclusively the good things of life, now you shall share them with your fellow-men. Come, give up your châteaux and your rolling acres, and till the ground with the rest.” Nothing of this kind was suggested, not the faintest glimmer of Socialist ideals seems to have illumined the minds of the earlier revolutionary extremists ; their only idea was to subject the hitherto privileged orders to a far worse oppression than that from which the people had been delivered. For if under the Old Régime the people had been neglected, ignored, crushed by taxation, under the revolutionary régime the nobles and clergy were actively ill-treated—insulted, spat upon, assaulted, robbed of all their goods, driven from the country, or massacred. The people had been left to struggle for existence ; the nobles and clergy were denied the very right to live.

They were also, as a class, denied any virtues. No distinction was drawn between the Liberal nobles who had marched in the vanguard of reform and the reactionaries who mustered around the Comte d’Artois, between the courtiers who for purely selfish reasons clung to the Old Régime and the provincial *seigneurs* who devoted themselves to the welfare of the peasants on their estates.² The generous enthusiasm with which, on the 4th of August, the nobles in a body had voluntarily relinquished their privileges was rewarded by the revolutionary leaders only with insults and abuse. “ All Royalists,” said Camille Desmoulins at the Jacobin Club, “ live on the sweat of the people ; they have neither wits nor virtue but for intrigue and villainy.” ³

Under these circumstances what wonder that the nobles became irreconcilable, and that many who had sympathized with the Revolution turned against the whole movement, reviled the Constitution, and used all their efforts to restore the Old Order in its entirety ? “ Damn liberty, I abhor its very name ! ” an indignant Frenchman exclaimed to Dr. Moore, and the sentiment was doubtless echoed by thousands of his fellow-countrymen who, embittered by persecution, now desired a return to pre-revolutionary conditions. Nor was this resentment confined

¹ *La Demagogie en 1793*, by A. Dauban, p. ix.

² I have shown elsewhere how numerous these philanthropic nobles were. See *The Chevalier de Boufflers*, p. 256 and following.

³ *Séances des Jacobins*, date of June 17, 1792.

only to the nobles and clergy, for since, as I have shown, the Revolution had resulted in the ruin and misery of great numbers of the bourgeois and the people, discontent prevailed in all classes. Thus, by a process precisely identical with that employed by Louis XV., but applied to a different portion of the nation, a fresh centre of mortification was set up, and the new order became as moribund as the old. Each revolutionary faction had worked only for momentary popularity, each demagogue in turn had proceeded on the principle, "Things will last my term of power, but after me the deluge," and, in order to prolong that spell of power, had striven not for the welfare of the nation as a whole, but to obtain the favour of one portion only—the mob of Paris.

MARAT

This, then, was the situation that, after the cataclysm of August 10, confronted the Commune, which now held the reins of power. On one side was a raging populace, intoxicated with the joy of new-found liberty to burn and to destroy, and, on the other, a great silent nation, amongst whom, as the protests following on the 20th of June had shown, a bitter hatred of the Revolution had arisen. For the silence that followed on the 10th of August was not, as the leaders well knew, the silence of assent but of momentary stupefaction, from which those of the nobles and clergy who remained in the country would make every effort to arouse the nation.

It was this that, in the opinion of the Commune, made the third Revolution necessary—the influence of the anti-revolutionaries could never be counteracted, therefore the anti-revolutionaries themselves must be destroyed.

Marat had all along understood this. Like Louis XV. he shrewdly diagnosed the disease from which the State was suffering. The other revolutionaries recognized the existence of the "gangrene," but overlooked the fact that it was of their own making. Marat alone traced it to its real cause. "If," he once said to Camille Desmoulins, "the faults of the Constituent Assembly had not created for us irreconcilable enemies in the old nobles, I persist in believing that this great movement might have advanced in the world by pacific methods; but after the absurd edict which keeps these enemies by force amongst us (*i.e.* the decrees against emigration), after the clumsy blows struck at their pride by the abolition of titles, after violently extorting the goods of the clergy, I maintain there is now no way of rallying them to the Revolution . . . we must give up the Revolution or do away with these men. What I propose to you is not a vain rigour supported by laws. I want an armed expedition

against foreigners, who have voluntarily placed themselves outside our government. *We are in a state of war with intractable enemies ; we must destroy them.*"¹

In a word, the only remedy for the disease was *amputation*. Isnard, the Girondin, in one terrible phrase, had ten months earlier proposed the operation : " Let us cut off the gangrened part, so as to save the rest of the body ! " ² But it was never the way of the Girondins to carry their sanguinary theories into practice ; they only suggested, and then recoiled in horror when their words were interpreted by bolder men into action. Isnard, who had condensed in his proposal the whole system of the Terror, was later on to devote all his eloquence to denouncing that same system, when it had passed from the region of ideas into a frightful reality. The scheme of the philosopher Isnard was left to the surgeon Marat to execute.

Jean Paul Marat, son of Jean Mara, a Spaniard, who had settled first in Sardinia, then in Switzerland, was born at Boudry, near Neuchâtel, and had spent many years in England, where he studied medicine, and practised for a time in Church Street, Soho. In 1777 Marat went to France, where he became brevet-surgeon to the Comte d'Artois' bodyguard, but the office appears to have proved unremunerative, for he was obliged to supplement his income by compounding quack medicines for a few confiding aristocratic patients.³ During his stay in London he had, however, already embarked on his revolutionary career by the publication of a pamphlet entitled *The Chains of Slavery*, in which, posing as an Englishman, he endeavoured to stir up the nation against the Government.⁴ Britain failed entirely to respond to this appeal and the pamphlet was a complete failure, but on the outbreak of the Revolution in France Danton, realizing Marat's value as an agitator, took him into his employment.⁵ Before long Marat's seditious writings attracted the attention of Lafayette, who marched a regiment against the wretched dwarf, and so terrified him that he was obliged to retire below ground into hiding. During the weeks that Marat spent in the cellars of Paris, he had leisure to evolve further political schemes, in which it would be impossible to discover any consistent plan of government. He certainly did not advocate a republic, but either a monarchy under Louis XVI. or the Duc d'Orléans, or a dictatorship under a man of the people or himself.

¹ *Histoire des Montagnards*, by Esquiros, p. 206.

² Isnard to the Legislative Assembly, November 14, 1791.

³ *Histoire secrète de la Révolution*, by François Pagès (1797), ii. 19 ; Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, ii. 154 ; *Mémoires de Monseigneur de Salamon*, p. 15.

⁴ *Marat en Angleterre*, by H. S. Ashbee.

⁵ *Biographie Michaud*, article on Danton by Beaulieu.

The only continuous theme we can find running through all his writings is the abolition of all class distinctions, for which purpose every resisting element in the community must be destroyed. The petty persecutions of the Orléanistes and the Girondins had only served to irritate the "privileged classes"; attacks on property had alienated the *bourgeoisie*, and nothing but wholesale massacre could now relieve the situation. This idea became an obsession; by the end of his sojourn in the cellars Marat undoubtedly was mad. "Marat," said his admirer Panis, "remained six weeks on one buttock in a dungeon"; hence Panis regarded Marat as a prophet—a second St. Simeon Stylites.¹ It would be nearer the truth to describe him as a "fakir." The banks of the Ganges teem with prophets of this variety, victims of an *idée fixe*, who have spent long years in precisely this attitude, gazing at the tips of their noses or repeating the sacred incantation, "Ram Sita Ram!" Like the monotonous chant of the fakir, Marat's cry for "heads" was also a confession of faith, but it was none the less a symptom of insanity—the result of homicidal mania. The fact that at moments he could reason logically does not disprove this assertion; lunatics are frequently sane to dulness on every point except their own particular mania.

In appearance Marat was not unlike the malignant dwarfs one encounters in the villages of his native Switzerland. Under five feet high, with a monstrous head, the broken nose of the degenerate, a skin of yellowed parchment, the aspect of "the Friend of the People" was more than hideous, it was supernatural. His portrait in the Carnavalet Museum is not the portrait of a human being but of an "elemental," a materialization of pure evil emanating from the realms of outer darkness. "Physically," says one who knew him, "Marat had a burning and haggard eye like a hyena; like a hyena his glance was always anxious and in motion; his movements were short, rapid, and jerky; a continual mobility gave to his muscles and his features a convulsive contraction, which even affected his way of walking—he did not walk, he hopped. Such was the individual called Marat."² When to this outward appearance are added such

¹ *Révolutions de Paris*, by Prudhomme, xiii. 522.

² *Anecdotes*, by Harmand de la Meuse, member of the Convention. On the subject of Marat's appearance contemporaries are curiously in accord; he seems to have inspired the same horror in all beholders. Thus, for example, Garat describes him as "a man whose face, covered with a bronzed yellow, gave him the appearance of having come out of the bloody cavern of cannibals or from the red-hot soil of hell; that by his convulsive, brusque, and jerky walk one recognized as an assassin who had escaped from the executioner but not from the furies, and who wished to annihilate the human race." Dr. Moore exactly corroborates Garat: "Marat is a little

mental peculiarities as "furious exaltation, perpetual over-excitement, chronic insomnia, *folie des grandeurs*, the mania that one is the victim of persecution,"¹ it is impossible to regard Marat as a responsible human being. "People feared to speak before Marat," says his panegyrist Esquiros; "at the slightest contradiction he showed signs of fury, and if one persisted in one's opinion he flew into a rage and foamed at the mouth."

But, apart from all other evidence, Marat's writings are clear enough proof of his insanity; we have only to turn over the pages of *L'Ami du Peuple* or the *Journal de la République Française* to realize that we are listening to the ravings of a mind in delirium. For example:

"Never go to the Assembly without having your pockets full of stones destined to throw at the rascals who have the impudence to preach maxims. . . ." ² "Citizens, erect 800 gibbets in the gardens of the Tuileries, and hang there all the traitors to the country . . . at the same time that you construct a vast pile in the middle of the basin of the fountain to roast the ministers and their agents." ³ "Citizens, let the fire of patriotism be rekindled in your bosoms and your triumph is assured; rush to arms; you know to-day which are the real victims that must be immolated for your salvation; let your first blows fall on the infamous general (Lafayette); immolate the whole staff . . . immolate the corrupt members of the National Assembly . . . cut the thumbs off the hands of the former nobles who have conspired against you; split the tongues of all the priests who have preached servitude. . . ." ⁴ "It is not the retirement of the ministers, it is their heads we need. . . ." etc.

The number of heads demanded by Marat increased steadily as the Revolution proceeded; in July of 1790 he asked only for 600; five months later no less than 10,000 would suffice him; later the figures grew to 20,000, to 40,000, until by the summer of 1792 he explained to Barbaroux that it would be a really "humane expedient" to massacre 260,000 men in a day. "Undoubtedly," adds Barbaroux, "he had a predilection for this number, for since then he has always asked for exactly 260,000 heads; only rarely he went to 300,000." ⁵

It would be unnecessary to enlarge on the theories of so

man of a cadaverous complexion, and a countenance exceedingly expressive of his disposition; to a painter of massacres Marat's head would be invaluable. Such heads are rare in this country (England), yet they are sometimes to be met with at the Old Bailey" (*Journal of a Residence in France*, i. 455).

¹ Taine, *La Révolution*, vii. 198.

² *L'Ami du Peuple*, No. 258.

³ *Ibid.* No. 198.

⁴ *Ibid.* No. 305.

⁵ *Mémoires de Barbaroux*, p. 57; confirmed by Marat himself at Convention. See *Moniteur* for October 26, 1792.

obviously disordered a mind, were it not for the immensely important part played by Marat during the last year of his life. As Laclos had been "the soul of the Orléaniste conspiracy," and therefore of the first Revolution; as Madame Roland was "the soul of the Gironde," and therefore of the second Revolution; Marat was, as Bougeart truly says, "the soul of the Commune," and therefore of the third Revolution — of the Massacres of September and the Reign of Terror. For although Marat died before "the Great Terror" began, it was he who had inspired the system that produced it; it was he who became the evil genius of Robespierre and of Danton, who stimulated the destructive fury of the Hébertistes, and let loose the horde of wild beasts that at the end of 1793 devastated the provinces of France.

MARAT PLANS THE MASSACRES

Directly after the 10th of August Marat began to incite the populace to massacre the Royalists and Swiss, who had been imprisoned after the siege of the Château. "What folly," he wrote, "to bring them to trial!" And again he launched into the history of imaginary persecutions:

"How much longer will you slumber, friends of the country, whilst your ruin is being planned with more fury than ever? Shudder at the fate that awaits you! Thirty-seven amongst you, in which number the 'Friend of the People' (Marat himself) had the honour to be included, were destined to be *fried in boiling oil* if the monsters of the Tuileries had been the victors, as certain valets of Antoinette have admitted, and 30,000 citizens would have been barbarously massacred. Let us hope for no other fate if we allow the victory to be taken from us. . . . Up, Frenchmen, you who wish to live freely; up, up, and may the blood of traitors begin to flow. It is the only way to save the country!"¹

But already Marat had realized that the people were not to be depended on to carry out these schemes, and had consulted with Danton on the best method for "clearing out the prisons." Two days after Danton was made Minister of Justice, that is to say on the 14th of August, Prudhomme relates, Marat said to Danton, "*Foutre!* Would you like to have all the rascals who are in the prisons judicially punished?"

"Why?" Danton asked him.

"Because if you do not despatch them as in the Glacière d'Avignon, those ruffians will succeed in butchering us all; there is a heap of nobles we must get rid of as well as priests."

Danton answered him, "I know quite well that a St.

¹ *L'Ami du Peuple*, No. 680, pp. 7 and 8, date of August 19, 1792.

Barthélemy is necessary, but the means for carrying it out seem to be difficult." Marat replied, "Leave it to me; on your account prepare the deputies with whom you are acquainted: we have hairy ruffians (*bougres à poil*) in Paris who will give us a hand."

The next day they circulated the rumour of a great conspiracy on the part of the prisoners to massacre the patriots. Camille Desmoulins was in the secret, as also Fabre d'Églantine and Robert, all three secretaries of Danton.¹

Danton was then deputed to confide the plan to Robespierre. But Robespierre, still at this period opposed to violent measures, demurred. "You must not trust absolutely to Marat," he said, "he is too hot-headed (*c'est une mauvaise tête*)." It was not the first time Robespierre had objected to the bloodthirsty schemes of Marat. Already a year earlier he had reproached Marat with having destroyed the immense influence of his journal by "dipping his pen in the blood of the enemies of liberty, in talking of ropes and daggers." To these remonstrances Marat replied by reiterating his demand for wholesale massacres.

"Robespierre," wrote Marat in his account of the incident, "listened to me with consternation; he grew pale and was silent for some time. This interview confirmed me in the opinion I had always entertained of him, namely, that he combined the enlightened views of a wise senator with the integrity of a virtuous man and the zeal of a true patriot, but he lacked equally the views and the audacity of a statesman."²

To Robespierre the massacre in the prisons proposed by Marat seemed then too audacious, yet it is impossible to concur with his panegyrists in absolving him from all complicity. Robespierre knew of the projected crime, and never offered any serious opposition; according to Prudhomme and Proussinalle he was even present at two meetings of the leaders; afterwards he justified all that had taken place; Robespierre must therefore be regarded as an accomplice, if not actually an author, of the massacres.³

¹ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 155. This conversation is entirely ignored by the historians who have attempted to prove that Marat was not the author of the massacres of September. But Prudhomme as the *intime* of the Montagnards could have had no possible object in inventing it, he merely, like many other of their accomplices, ended by giving them away. Moreover, all Prudhomme's evidence on this period is exactly confirmed by other authorities. The dialogue is given in the same words by Proussinalle (*Histoire secrète du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, p. 39, published in 1815).

² Article by Marat, Buchez et Roux, xiv. 188.

³ This is admitted even by M. Louis Blanc, *Révolution*, vii. 193: "Between Danton concurring in the massacres because he approves them, and Robespierre not preventing them although he deplures them, I do not hesitate to declare that the most culpable is Robespierre."

ORGANIZATION OF THE MASSACRES

The manner in which the massacres in the prisons were organized differed entirely from that employed in the former revolutionary outbreaks. In these, as we have seen, the plan had consisted in stirring up the people to rise *en masse* and fall upon the victims designated by the leaders. This plan had failed, and the Commune, led by Marat, realized the futility of depending on Balaam's ass as a mode of progression; on the 20th of June it had refused to go forward, on the 10th of August it had gone mad and terrified its riders. The murder of cooks and common soldiers, the hideous scenes of cannibalism and drunken fury that had taken place at the Tuileries, though applauded by the revolutionary leaders, served no real purpose, and if repeated might become dangerous to the leaders themselves. Marat, who had never trusted the people, voiced this fear later on when, in reply to the accusation of his enemies that he aspired to the supreme power, he declared that "if the whole nation at once were to place the crown on my head I should shake it off, for such is the levity, the frivolity, the changeableness of the people that I should not be sure that, after crowning me in the morning, they would not hang me in the evening."¹ The people of Paris—those "pitiable revolutionaries"—must therefore not be invited indiscriminately to co-operate, so on this occasion no army of pikes and rags was summoned from the Faubourgs, no mob leaders were called out, no *conciliabules* took place in the taverns of the Soleil d'Or or the Cadran Bleu. In a word, the old revolutionary machine was "scrapped"; it had served its purpose, and must be superseded by a more effectual system.

According to Prudhomme the secret councils that preceded the massacres of September took place at the "Comité de Surveillance" of the Commune,² and were attended by Marat, Danton, Manuel, Billaud-Varenne, Collot d'Herbois, Panis, Sergent, Tallien, and, on the aforesaid two occasions, Maximilien Robespierre.³ Here the whole scheme was mapped out with diabolical ingenuity. First of all a number of fresh prisoners were to be incarcerated, principally wealthy people, for the massacres were to be not merely a method of extermination, but a highway robbery on a large scale. The Commune wanted money—for what purpose we shall see later—and the systematic

¹ *Journal de la République*, No. 221.

² *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 156.

³ *Ibid.*; Maton de la Varenne, *Histoire particulière*, p. 285; *Histoire secrète*, by Proussinalle, pp. 40, 41.

pillage it had inaugurated after the 10th of August, when not only the Tuileries and other royal châteaux but the houses of many private people had been looted by their agents,¹ had not yet brought in sufficient sums.

But, besides the men whose death was to be effected merely as the means of acquiring their possessions, a number of victims were designated for other reasons by different members of the Commune, and over this question heated discussions arose. Robespierre at one of these meetings, fearing indiscriminate slaughter, had said, "We must bring only the priests and nobles to justice."² But when Marat proposed to add certain members of the rival faction—Brissot and Roland³—to the list, it seems that Robespierre's scruples vanished, and from after events it is evident that the hope of finally ridding himself of the hated Brissotins did more than anything else to reconcile Robespierre to the idea of the massacres.

Danton, however, showed himself magnanimous. He, too, would gladly have seen Roland removed from his path, for the Minister of the Interior had an inconvenient habit of asking the Minister of Justice to tender his accounts to the Assembly,⁴ and Danton had recently drawn the sum of 100,000 écus from the public treasury for purposes he declined to reveal, contenting himself with the vague statement that he had given "20,000 francs to such an one, 10,000 to another, and so on," "for the sake of the Revolution," "on account of their patriotism," etc.⁵ Roland, who shrewdly suspected that it was his own patriotism Danton had seen fit to reward, persisted in his demands for the names of the persons to whom these sums had been paid, thereby profoundly irritating Danton. But whether he retained some sense of gratitude for Madame Roland's soup, of which he had recently partaken, or whether, through their common intrigue with the English Jacobins, he had some secret understanding with the Brissotins, Danton did not wish to have them murdered. So to the proposal that they should be included in the massacres he answered firmly, "You know that I do not hesitate at crime when it is necessary, but I disdain it when it is useless."⁶

Not content with this remonstrance, Danton went to Robespierre and interceded for Brissot and Roland. Robespierre said coldly, "Are not these two individuals counter-revolutionaries?"

¹ Granier de Cassagnac, *Histoire des Girondins*, ii. 9; *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 112.

² *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 156.

³ *Ibid.* iv. 158; Proussinalle, p. 43; *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 167.

⁴ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 161.

⁵ *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, ii. 94.

⁶ *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 167.

Danton answered, "That is not yet proved; besides, we can always find a good moment to judge them."

But Robespierre already had his plans for bringing them to justice, which he executed two days later.

Danton then hurried to Marat at the Commune.

"You are a blackguard," he said in the language habitual to them both, "you will spoil everything."

Marat replied, "I answer for success on my head; if you were all ruffians (*des bougres*) like me there would be 10,000 butchered."¹

The difficulty of achieving a massacre on a large scale became the subject of discussion at several meetings of the leaders. Even if only 2000 prisoners were incarcerated, how was so vast a number of human beings to be disposed of? "Marat," says Prudhomme, "proposed to set fire to the prisons, but it was pointed out to him that the neighbouring houses would be endangered; some one else advised flooding them. Billaud-Varenne proposed to kill the prisoners. . . . Another said, 'You propose to kill, but you will not find enough killers.' Billaud-Varenne replied with warmth, 'They will be found.' Tallien, who refused to take part in the discussion, showed disgust, but had not the courage to oppose the project."²

Billaud, who, according to most contemporaries, showed himself the most ferocious of all the men who organized the massacres, finally undertook to provide the necessary instruments, and in co-operation with Maillard—he who had led the women to Versailles on the 5th of October—succeeded in forming a band of assassins amongst the Marseillais and the revolutionary elements of Paris, but, contrary to his expectations, this contingent proved insufficient, and it was found necessary to swell its numbers by liberating a quantity of thieves and murderers now in the prisons.³ Yet even to this criminal horde the leaders dared not avow their true intentions, and a lurid tale of conspiracies was invented by way of inducement to them to carry out the dreadful work. They described to the assassins, says Maton de la Varenne, "Paris given over to the enemy by rascals whose leaders were in the prisons, where they were still conspiring; gibbets planted in all the streets on which to hang the friends of the Revolution, their wives and children massacred beneath their eyes; Capet insolently re-ascending the throne and carrying out the most horrible vengeance. Wine flowed in torrents

¹ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 159.

² *Ibid.* iv. 156; *Histoire particulière*, etc., by Maton de la Varenne, p. 285.

³ *Histoire secrète du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, by Proussinalle, p. 42. (Proussinalle is the pseudonym of P. J. A. Roussel.)

throughout and after this infernal and slanderous harangue, and the lives of those whom they called the traitors were placed at thirty livres independently of the spoils.”¹

The same fabulous story of conspiracies, the same false alarms, were now spread abroad amongst the people in order to prepare their minds for the massacres and ensure their assent. For, though the people were not to be invited this time to co-operate, the whole movement was none the less to be attributed to them. In each prison a mock tribunal was to be set up at which judges provided by the Commune, and assassins hired by them, armed with lists of proscription drawn up at the secret councils of the leaders, were to carry out so-called “justice”—and this was to be described by the high-sounding title, “The Tribunal of the Sovereign People.”² The massacres were then to be represented as simply the result of “irrepressible popular effervescence,” produced by sudden panic at the approach of Brunswick and the discovery of collusion between the invading armies and the “conspirators” in the prisons. For this purpose a phrase was invented, which was afterwards to be said to have passed from mouth to mouth amongst the terrified Parisians, namely, that before marching on the enemy they must put all these conspirators to death.³

The pretext was palpably absurd. Paris has never been wont to give way to panic in the face of danger from the outside, and it awaited the advancing legions of Brunswick with its habitual sang-froid.

“Whilst the Prussians were in Champagne,” says Mercier, “who would not have thought that profound alarm existed in all minds? Not at all; the theatres, the restaurants, both full, displayed only peaceful newsmongers. All the vainglorious threats of our enemies—we did not hear; of all their murderous expectations we were far from having the least idea. The capital, whether by its size or by the feeling of its strength, always believed itself unassailable, sheltered from all reverses in battle, and calculated to overawe its enemies. The plans of defence, regarded as absolutely unnecessary, were laughed at, since no one would ever dare to attack the great city. This stoicism was one of the

¹ *Histoire particulière*, etc., by Maton de la Varenne, p. 285. The rate of salary was fixed by Billaud-Varenne (see *Histoire des Girondins*, by Granier de Cassagnac, ii. 48, 49).

² *Histoire secrète du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, by Proussinalle, p. 41.

³ “The Comité de Surveillance had undertaken to prepare the minds (of the people) for this frightful idea (the massacres of September); it circulated everywhere this *word of command* that it counted on exploiting later: ‘Before flying to the frontiers we must make sure of leaving behind us no traitors, no conspirators’” (*Histoire de la Terreur*, by Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 194; cf. *Journal du Club des Jacobins*, No. CCLV.).

greatest ramparts of liberty . . . never were the people seriously intimidated, either by the banquets of the bodyguard, at which Antoinette was described under the name of tigress of Germany, holding the Dauphin in her arms and inciting the most blood-thirsty hostilities, or by the flight of the King, which seemed to dissolve all government, or by the taking of Verdun, or by the Manifestos of all the Kings of Europe. It was impossible to make them feel terror of the enemy. . . .”¹

And these were the people who were to be represented as so craven-hearted that, in a fit of blind panic, they fell upon their fellow-countrymen and put them indiscriminately to death !

As to the fear of a “conspiracy” in the prisons, no such idea ever entered into the heads of the Parisians. How could people, shut up behind bolts and bars, cut off from all communication with the outside world, *conspire* ? How could the priests, against whom the movement was principally directed, form an effectual reinforcement to the trained legions of Brunswick ? How could unarmed men, women, and children take part in a massacre ? The idea was preposterous, and originated in the minds not of the people but of the members of the Commune, who circulated it through Paris by means of agents placed in the crowd for the purpose. That a certain number of citizens believed it is undeniable, but to attribute to the intelligent Parisians the authorship of such a fable, or the cowardice of acting on it by falling on the prisoners, is a gross and hideous calumny which should be finally refuted.

DOMICILIARY VISITS

On the 29th of August the incarceration of wealthy prisoners began. At one o'clock in the night commissioners from the Commune were sent all over the city to carry out the inquisition known as “domiciliary visits,” which consisted in arresting all citizens the Commune chose to regard as “suspect.”

Peltier has vividly described the horror of this beautiful

¹ Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, i. 154. The English doctor, John Moore, noticed exactly the same thing. On the 19th of August, after driving through the Champs Élysées, he writes : “All those extensive fields were crowded with company of one sort or another ; an immense number of small booths was erected, where refreshments were sold, and which resounded with music and singing. Pantomimes and puppet-shows of various kinds are here exhibited, and in some parts they were dancing in the open fields. ‘Are these people as happy as they seem ?’ said I to a Frenchman who was with me. ‘Ils sont heureux comme des dieux, Monsieur,’ replied he. ‘Do you think the Duke of Brunswick never enters their thoughts ?’ said I. ‘Soyez sûr, Monsieur,’ resumed he, ‘que Brunswick est précisément l’homme du monde auquel ils pensent le moins’” (*Journal of a Residence in France*, i. 122).

summer night, whilst the silence of death reigned over the once brilliant city. "All the shops are shut; every one withdraws into his home and trembles for his life and property. . . . Everywhere people and possessions are being hidden, everywhere is heard the intermittent sound of the padded hammer striking slow muffled blows to complete a hiding-place. Roofs, attics, sewers, chimneys—all are the same to fear that takes no risks into calculation. This man withdrawn behind the panelling that has been nailed over him seems to be part of the wall, and is almost deprived of breath and life; that one stretched along a strong wide beam in a closet covers himself with all the dust the place contains . . . another suffocates with fear and heat between two mattresses, another rolled up in a barrel loses all sensation of life by the tension of his nerves. Fear is greater than pain; they tremble but they do not weep, their hearts are withered up, their eyes are dull, their breasts contracted. Women surpassed themselves on this occasion; it was intrepid women who hid the greater number of the men."¹

During the three nights of August 29 to 31 that the domiciliary visits lasted an enormous number of people were arrested—according to some accounts 3000, according to others 8000. A certain proportion were released, the rest were collected at the Hôtel de Ville to await incarceration in the different prisons.

Pillage on a large scale took place during these visits, and, in order to make sure of sufficient booty, the priests—whose houses no doubt offered small opportunity for looting—were told that they would shortly be sent on a long journey, and must, therefore, provide themselves with money; they were advised, in fact, to carry all their valuables on their persons.² By this means the victims of the massacres were found in possession of all the gold watches, snuff-boxes, money and jewels that afterwards found their way into the hands of the Commune.³

The greater number of priests thus arrested were accused of no crime but that of refusing to violate their consciences by taking the oath of fidelity to the civil constitution of the clergy. Some, however, seem to have been the objects of private vengeance on the part of members of the Commune. Amongst these was a certain Abbé Sicard, who had devoted his life to the teaching of deaf-mutes.⁴ On the 26th of August the Abbé was accordingly

¹ *Révolution du 10 Août*, ii. 219.

² *Histoire particulière*, by Maton de la Varenne, p. 287; *Histoire secrète du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, by Proussinalle, i. 45; *Mémoires de Monseigneur de Salamon*, p. 33; *Récit de l'Abbé Berthelet*, quoted by M. de Granier de Cassagnac, *Histoire des Girondins*, ii. 285.

³ *La Demagogie à Paris*, by C. A. Dauban, p. 64.

⁴ "Procès verbaux de la Commune," in *Mémoires sur les Journées de Septembre*, p. 272, note.

arrested. A few days later a deputation of his pupils presented themselves at the Assembly with a touching petition for his release ; the Assembly harshly replied that no exception could be made in favour of the Abbé, and the deaf-mutes were sent away with the empty consolation that " they had been accorded the honours of the sitting." ¹

The members of the Commune, however, were well able to make exceptions in the case of people in whom they were interested ; thus Danton secured the release of a friend of his who was a thief, Camille Desmoulins that of a priest to whom he was attached, and Fabre d'Églantine that of his cook, whom he had had arrested for stealing from him.² At the same time money played its part, and many aristocrats obtained their liberty by means of *largesse* judiciously distributed amongst the demagogues.

ALARM IN PARIS

All was now ready ; it only remained to give a popular air to the movement by starting the proposed panic on the subject of the " conspiracy in the prisons."

On the 1st of September a wretched wagoner named Jean Jullien, who had been condemned to ten years' hard labour, was, according to the barbarous custom still preserved under the Reign of Liberty, publicly exhibited on a pillory in the Place de Grève. Thus exposed to the jeers of the mob the man grew frantic, and broke out into furious cries of " Vive le Roi ! Vive la Reine ! Down with the nation ! " By the order of the Commune he was thereupon removed to the Conciergerie to await further trial, and the people were then informed that during his detention he had confessed his complicity in an immense Royalist plot which had ramifications in all the prisons.³ As a matter of fact Jullien stated nothing of the kind, as the register of the Criminal Tribunal afterwards revealed,⁴ but he was condemned to death as a conspirator, and guillotined on the Place du Carrousel.

" It is not possible," wrote Dr. Moore indignantly, " that the Court could have believed that this wagoner intended to excite any sedition ; what he said was a mere rash retort on the mob, who insulted him in his misery. If *their* cry had been ' Vive le Roi et la Reine ! ' *his* would have been ' Vive la nation ! '

¹ *Moniteur*, xiii. 587.

² *Le véritable Ami du Peuple*, by Roch Marcandier (secretary of Camille Desmoulins) ; *Histoire secrète du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, by Proussinalle, p. 43.

³ Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 200.

⁴ *Ibid.* iii. 472.

It is plain, therefore, that he was condemned to die to please the people." ¹

Dr. Moore, unacquainted with the undercurrent of events, misinterpreted the incident ; the unfortunate Jean Jullien was sacrificed not to please the people, but to whet their appetite for blood in preparation for the events of the morrow, and also to give colour to the story of the conspiracy in the prisons.

The same day pamphlets were distributed announcing—"Great treachery of Louis Capet. Plot discovered for assassinating all good citizens during the night of the 2nd and 3rd of this month." ²

Meanwhile the lying rumour of the fall of Verdun was purposely circulated throughout Paris, and "nothing," remarks Madame Roland, "was forgotten that could inflame the imagination, magnify facts, and make the dangers seem greater." ³

But it was not until twelve o'clock on the following day—Sunday, the 2nd of September—that the imminent arrival of the Prussians was officially proclaimed. "The enemy is at the gates of Paris ; Verdun, which arrests his march, can only hold out for a week. . . . Citizens, this very day, immediately, let all friends of liberty rally around its banner, let an army of 60,000 men be found without delay, let us march on the enemy. . . ." ⁴

At the same time the tocsin rang, cannons were fired, the *générale* was sounded, and from all sides citizens flew to arms. Dr. Moore, coming out of church, "found people hurrying up and down with anxious faces ; groups . . . formed at every corner : one told that a courier had arrived with very bad news ; another asserted that Verdun had been betrayed like Longwy, and that the enemy were advancing ; others shook their heads and said it was the traitors within Paris and not the declared enemies on the frontiers that were to be feared." ⁵

But it was not amongst the people this last alarm arose ; the panic-mongers were emissaries of the Commune sent out to circulate the parrot phrase composed by the leaders. ⁶ "Directly after the proclamation had been issued," says Beaulieu, "the men who have the orders to begin the massacres cry out that, whilst the friends of liberty are grappling with the soldiers of despots, their wives and children will be at the mercy of the aristocrats, and that before starting they must exterminate these scoundrels more eager for the blood of the patriots than the Prussians and Austrians themselves." ⁷

¹ *Journal of a Residence in France*, i. 294.

² Madelin, p. 255.

³ *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 100.

⁴ *Procès verbaux de la Commune*, Séance du 2 Septembre 1792.

⁵ *Journal of a Residence in France*, i. 300.

⁶ Fantin Désodoards, ii. 240.

⁷ Beaulieu, iv. 96.

A great number of citizens listened with astonishment to these suggestions, asking themselves "why at the least danger people should find pleasure in throwing Paris into a state of alarm, in striking all its inhabitants with terror, instead of maintaining in their hearts that masculine energy which befits warriors and ensures victory in battle. Was this not, indeed, an effectual method for undermining their courage? But those who did not know the secrets of the conspirators were soon enlightened by their own experience."¹

Meanwhile at the Assembly Danton was delivering his famous speech. "It is very gratifying, Messieurs, for the Minister of Justice of a free people to have the task of announcing to it that the country will be saved. . . . You know that Verdun is not yet in the power of our enemies. One part of the people will march to the frontiers; another will dig trenches, and the third will defend the interior of our towns with pikes. . . . The tocsin, which is about to sound, is not a signal of alarm, it is the charge against the enemies of the country. In order to overcome them, Messieurs, we need *audacity, more audacity, always audacity, and France is saved!*"

These words, which have sounded down the years as the trumpet-call of patriotism, must be studied in their context in order to understand their true significance. Posterity that at a moment of national danger sighs, "Oh for a Danton!" takes it for granted that the audacity to which the great demagogue referred was to be displayed towards the advancing Austrians and Prussians. In this case, why employ the word *audacity*? In referring to soldiers marching against their country's enemies, we may speak of them as bold or courageous, we may describe them as "daring" for undertaking some novel or hazardous method of attack, but we do not call them "audacious." Audacity does not merely signify bravery, it implies a certain degree of effrontery, of insolent contempt for public opinion, the mental resolution to bring off a coup and brazen out the consequences. It was precisely in this sense that it was applied by Danton, for the tocsin to which he referred was not a summons to Frenchmen to march against Prussians, but the call to Frenchmen to fall upon Frenchmen; *it was a signal for the massacres of September.*²

Danton, having uttered his famous apostrophe, returned home, and said to his colleagues who awaited him, "*Foutre!* I electrified them! Now we can go forward!" which, says Proussinalle, meant "we can begin the massacres." "It was then

¹ Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, i. 98; *Histoire des Hommes de Proie*, by Roch Marcandier.

² "Every one knows to-day that the cannon of alarm was on that day of blood to be the signal of the massacre" ("Relation de l'Abbé Sicard," *Mémoires sur les Journées de Septembre*, p. 100).

twelve o'clock. The men of blood who were waiting this signal went out hurriedly from the ministers ; soon the tocsin and the cannon of alarm were heard, the assassins started for the prisons, and the massacres began."¹

A certain lawyer named Grandpré, relates Madame Roland, was employed by Roland at this time to visit the prisons, and, finding that great alarm prevailed there concerning the rumour of a projected massacre, waylaid Danton the same morning as he came out of a meeting of council at the Ministry of the Interior, and begged him to ensure the safety of the prisoners. "He was interrupted by an exclamation from Danton, shouting in his bull's voice, with his eyes starting out of his head, and with a furious gesture: 'What do I care about the prisoners! Let them take care of themselves!' (*Je me f. . . , bien des prisonniers! qu'ils deviennent ce qu'ils pourront!*)"²

Grandpré was not the only man to approach Danton on this fatal morning. Prudhomme the journalist, seated in his office, hearing the sound of the tocsin and the cannon, hurried to the Ministry of Justice, where he found Danton, and said to him, "What means this cannon of alarm, this tocsin, and the rumour of the arrival of the Prussians in Paris?"

"Keep calm, old friend of liberty," answered Danton, "it is the tocsin of victory."

"But," persisted Prudhomme, "they speak of massacring——"

"Yes," said Danton, "we were all to have been massacred to-night, beginning with the purest patriots. These rascals of aristocrats who are in the prisons had procured firearms and daggers. At a certain hour indicated to-night the doors were to be opened to them. They would have scattered into all the different quarters to butcher the wives and children of patriots who march against the Prussians." Prudhomme, bewildered by this monstrous fable, inquired what means had been taken to prevent the execution of the plot. "What means?" cried Danton; "the irritated people, who were told in time, mean to administer justice themselves to all the scoundrels who are in the prisons."

At this Prudhomme declares he was stupefied with horror; we may question whether he ventured, however, to remonstrate at the time with quite the courage he afterwards attributed to himself. When, a moment later, Camille Desmoulins entered, Prudhomme goes on to relate, Danton turned to him with the words, "Prudhomme has come to ask what is going to be done."

"Yes," said Prudhomme, "my heart is rent by what I have just heard."

¹ *Histoire secrète du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, by Proussinalle, i. 48; *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 141.

² *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 31.

"Then you have not told him," Camille said, turning to Danton, "that the innocent will not be confounded with the guilty?" Prudhomme continued to remonstrate, but Danton answered firmly, "Every kind of moderate measure is useless; the anger of the people is at its height, it would be actually dangerous to arrest it. When their first anger is assuaged we shall be able to make them listen to reason."

"But if," Prudhomme suggested, "the legislative body and the constituted authorities were to go all over Paris and harangue the people?"

"No, no," answered Camille, "that would be too dangerous, for the people in their first anger might find victims in the persons of their dearest friends."¹

Prudhomme went out sadly, and on his way through the dining-room perceived a pleasant dinner-party in progress—Madame Desmoulins, Madame Danton, and Fabre d'Églantine were amongst the guests.² Word being brought at this moment to Danton that "all was going well," the Minister of Justice complacently took his seat at the table.³

So at the very moment that the assassins started forth on their terrible work, the authors of the crime sat down to feast.

THE FIRST MASSACRE AT THE ABBAYE⁴

Punctually at twelve o'clock a troop of Marseillais and Avignonnais confederates—amongst whom were a number of

¹ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 91. Prudhomme, now convinced by the reasoning of Danton that the massacres were really a case of irrepressible popular fury at the discovery of a gigantic plot against the lives of the citizens, published a justification of the movement in his *Révolutions de Paris*, No. 165. It was not till much later that he realized he had been duped. "When in the *Révolutions de Paris*," he wrote afterwards, "we described this day (the 2nd of September) as 'The Justice of the People,' we were not only authorized by the ideas we then entertained but also by the criminal silence of the legislative body and of the ministers. It is, above all, the crafty and atrocious behaviour of the Commune of Paris which caused us to commit many involuntary errors" (*Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 87). Revolutionary historians freely quote the former work, but are of course perfectly silent about the latter.

² *Ibid.*; also *Histoire secrète du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, by Proussinalle, i. 48.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Authorities consulted on the first massacre at the Abbaye: *Mémoires de l'Abbé Sicard*; *La Vérité toute entière sur les vrais Acteurs de la Journée du 2 Septembre 1792*, by Felhémési. Felhémési is an anagram of Méhée fils. The author of this pamphlet, a bystander, not a prisoner, was the son of the recorder Méhée and a friend of Danton and Desmoulins; his object, therefore, is not to tell the truth on the real authors of the massacres, for he attributes all the blame to Billaud-Varenne, but as an eye-witness his account of events is valuable.

men who had taken part in the Glacière d'Avignon¹—arrived, obedient to orders and singing the “Marseillaise,” at the Hôtel de Ville, to transfer the first batch of prisoners to the Abbaye. Twenty-four priests, among which, in spite of the appeal of the deaf-mutes, the Abbé Sicard was included, were thrust into several cabs, and the drivers received the order to proceed slowly through the streets under pain of being massacred on their seats if they disobeyed. The confederates, who formed the escort, loudly informed the prisoners that they would never reach the Abbaye, as “the people” to whom they were to be delivered intended to massacre them on the way. In order to facilitate this operation the doors of the cabs were left open, and all efforts on the part of the priests to close them were overcome by the soldiers, who, pointing at the prisoners with their sabres, cried out to the disorderly crowd following in the wake of the procession, “These are your enemies, the accomplices of those who delivered up Verdun, those who only awaited your departure to murder your wives and children. Here are our pikes and sabres; put these monsters to death!”

But if the leaders had hoped to give a popular air to the proceedings by inducing the mob to begin the massacres, they were disappointed, for the people around the cabs contented themselves with shouting insults, and the Marseillais were obliged to make use of their weapons themselves. After cutting at the defenceless priests with their sabres, one of the soldiers finally mounted on the steps of a carriage and plunged his sabre into the heart of the first victim.² His comrades quickly followed his example, thrusting at the prisoners through the open doorways, but the blows being ill-directed only a few were mortally wounded, and it was not until the procession stopped at the doors of the Abbaye, where Maillard and his hired assassins were waiting, that the massacres began in earnest. Out of the twenty-four prisoners, twenty-one perished; two, including the Abbé Sicard, succeeded in escaping to the neighbouring “Committee of the Section,” and, throwing themselves into the arms of the commissioners there assembled, cried out, “Save us! Save us!” Several of these men, terrified for their own lives, roughly repulsed the unhappy priests, answering, “Go away! would you have us massacred?” but one, recognizing the Abbé Sicard, led them into the inner hall, and closed the door on the mob. Here they might have remained in safety had not a “fury” in the crowd, who happened to be an accomplice of the Abbé Sicard’s enemies, rushed to inform them of his escape. The next

¹ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 96.

² Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 225.

moment heavy blows sounded on the doors and voices called aloud for the two prisoners.

The Abbé Sicard felt that his last hour had come. Handing his watch to one of the commissioners he said, "Give this to the first deaf-mute who asks for news of me."

The blows on the door redoubled. The Abbé Sicard fell on his knees, offered his last prayer, then, rising, embraced his comrade and said, "Let us hold each other close and die together; the door is about to open, the murderers are there, we have not five minutes to live."

The next moment the assassins burst into the room and rushed upon the prisoners. The Abbé Sicard's companion fell dead at his side; Sicard himself saw a pike levelled at his breast, when suddenly one of the commissioners of the section, a clock-maker named Monnot, thrust his way through the crowd, and, throwing himself between the assassins and their victim, bared his breast to their blows, crying out, "Here is the breast through which you must pass to reach that one. He is the Abbé Sicard, one of the men who have rendered the greatest service to his country, the father of the deaf-mutes. You must cross my body to get to him!"

At these words the murderous pike was lowered, and for a moment it seemed that the brave clockmaker had succeeded in disarming the assassins. But outside the hall the rest of the ferocious band waited, howling like wolves for their prey. Then the good Abbé, showing himself at the window, obtained a moment of silence, and spoke in these words to the raving herd:

"My friends, here is an innocent man, would you have him die without giving him a hearing?"

Voices answered, "You were with the others we have just killed. You are guilty as they were!"

"Listen to me a moment, and if after hearing me you decree my death I shall not complain. My life is in your hands. Learn, then, what I do, who I am, and then you will decide my fate. I am the Abbé Sicard."

A murmur went round, "He is the Abbé Sicard, the father of the deaf-mutes, we must listen to him."

The Abbé continued: "I teach the deaf-mutes from their birth, and, as the number of these unfortunate ones is greater amongst the poor than amongst the rich, I belong more to you than to the rich." Then a voice cried, "The Abbé Sicard must be saved. He is too valuable a man to perish. His whole life is employed in doing a great work; no, he has not time to be a conspirator."

Immediately a chorus took up the last words, adding, "We must save him! We must save him!"

Whereupon the assassins, standing behind the Abbé at the window, seized him in their arms, and led him out through the ranks of their blood-stained comrades, who fell on his neck, embraced him, and begged to be allowed to lead him home in triumph.

Nothing is stranger in all the strange history of the Revolution than the evidence of latent idealism that seems to have lingered in many ferocious hearts : how did it come to pass that, amongst this fearful horde, men could be found to applaud a noble life and perceive its value to the world, whilst themselves employed only in crime and destruction ?

But, although the Abbé Sicard had succeeded in disarming his terrible assassins by a direct appeal to their better feelings, he was quite unable to touch the hearts of the men who had ordained the crime, for, having refused to leave the prison until legally released by the Commune, he waited in vain for this order to arrive ; two days later we find him still writing plaintive appeals to the Assembly to rescue him from the place of horror in which he is confined, and where he is perpetually threatened with a hideous death. The Assembly contented itself with passing on the letter to the Commune. But since it was there his death had been decreed, the unfortunate Abbé was left to his fate, and it was not until seven o'clock in the evening of the 4th of September, by the intercession of the deputy Pastoret with Hérault de Sechelles, that the Abbé Sicard obtained his release.¹

At five o'clock in the evening of the 2nd, when the carnage was temporarily suspended, Billaud - Varenne arrived in his puce-coloured coat and black wig, wearing his municipal scarf as delegate of the Commune.² Stepping over the bodies of the dead priests, he thus addressed the assassins : " Respectable citizens, you have killed scoundrels ; you have done your duty, and you will each have twenty-four livres." ³

This discourse aroused afresh the fury of the assassins, and they began to call aloud for further victims. Then Maillard, known as Tape-Dur, answered loudly, " There is nothing more to be done here ; let us go to the Carmes ! " ⁴

¹ " Relation de l'Abbé Sicard," also " Procès verbaux de la Commune de Paris," in *Mémoires sur les Journées de Septembre*, p. 272

² Felhémési ; Beaulieu, iv. 119.

³ *Les Crimes de Marat*, by Maton de la Varenne.

⁴ Felhémési.

THE MASSACRE AT THE CARMES¹

At the Couvent des Carmes, in the Rue de Vaugirard, between 150 and 200 priests had been incarcerated after the 10th of August. For a time they had believed themselves to be threatened merely with deportation, but during the two days preceding the massacres a number of sinister indications showed them that they had only a little while to live. The patriarch of this band, the venerable Archbishop of Arles, who, in spite of his age and infirmities, insisted on sharing every hardship and privation with his companions, succeeded in inspiring them all with his own heroic spirit, and it was thus that in perfect calm and resignation they awaited their end. When on this terrible Sunday afternoon, the 2nd of September, Joachim Ceyrat, the principal organizer of this massacre, whose inveterate hatred of religion filled him with unrelenting fury towards its ministers, ordered them all to leave the church which served as their prison and assemble in the garden, they well knew that their last moment had come. Yet it was still with undisturbed serenity that for half-an-hour they paced the shady alleys, whilst the terrible band of Maillard came steadily nearer.

Then suddenly, at the entrance to the convent, cries of rage were heard; through the bars was seen the flash of sabres, and at this the priests, retreating into a small oratory at the far end of the garden, fell on their knees and gave each other the last blessing.

The Abbé de Pannonie, standing in the doorway of this chapel with the Archbishop of Arles, said, "Monseigneur, I think they have come to assassinate us."

"Then," said the Archbishop, "this is the moment of our sacrifice; let us resign ourselves and thank God we can offer Him our blood in so splendid a cause." And with these words he entered the oratory, and knelt in prayer before the altar.

Even as he spoke the garden gates were broken down, and a drunken band of assassins, armed with pistols and sabres, threw themselves with savage howls upon their victims. The first to perish was Père Gérard, who, absorbed in his breviary, walked up and down beside the fountain in the middle of the garden; the second was the Abbé Salins, who had hurried to the side of his fallen comrade.

Meanwhile another group of murderers made their way

¹ Authorities consulted on the massacre at the Carmes: *Le Couvent des Carmes*, by Alexandre Sorel; *Histoire du Clergé*, by the Abbé Barruel (1794); *La Révolution du 10 Août*, vol. ii., by Peltier; also Granier de Cassagnac and Mortimer Ternaux, *op. cit.*; article on "Les Carmes" in *Paris révolutionnaire*, by G. Lenôtre.

towards the oratory, calling out furiously, "Where is the Archbishop of Arles? Where is the Archbishop of Arles?"

The Archbishop, hearing his name, rose from his knees and came towards the doorway. In vain his companions attempted to hold him back. "Let me pass," he said; "may my blood appease them!"

Then, standing on the steps of the chapel, he fearlessly confronted his assassins.

"It is you, old scoundrel, who are the Archbishop of Arles?" cried the leader of the band.

"Yes, messieurs, it is I."

"It was you who had the blood of patriots shed at Arles?"

"Messieurs, I have never had the blood of any one shed; nor have I ever injured any one in my life."

"Well, then, I will injure you!" answered the murderer, striking the Archbishop across the forehead with a sabre. A second assassin dealt him a fearful blow with a scimitar, cleaving his face almost in two.

The heroic old man uttered never a murmur, but, still erect on the steps of the chapel, raised his hands to the streaming wound, then, at a third blow, fell forward at the feet of his murderers, and a pike was thrust through his heart.

At this sight a savage howl of triumph rose from all the assassins, and, levelling their pistols at the kneeling priests inside the chapel, they began a murderous fusillade; in a few moments the floor was strewn with the dead and dying.

Amongst the priests who had not taken refuge in the oratory were a certain number of young men less resigned than their superiors, and these, seeing the massacre in progress, attempted to elude their murderers.

Then in the old garden a terrible man-hunt began; around the trunks of trees, in and out amongst the bushes, the raging horde pursued their victims, uttering foul blasphemies against religion and singing the bloodthirsty refrain:

Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son! vive le son!
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon!

A few of the young priests, with extraordinary agility, succeeded in scaling the ten-foot wall of the garden into the neighbouring Rue Cassette, helping themselves upward by means of the stone figure of a monk that stood close against it; but some of these, after reaching safety, were stricken with remorse lest their escape should make the fate of those they had left behind more terrible, and with sublime courage they climbed back again into the garden and met their death.

Suddenly in the midst of the butchery a voice cried, "Halt ! This is not the way to go to work !"

It was Maillard who, interposing between the assassins and their victims, ordered those of the priests who still survived to be driven into the church, whilst a tribunal was set up for their judgement.

At the Carmes this so-called "Tribunal of the Sovereign People" was even more a mockery than at the other prisons, for here none of the populace were even admitted to watch the massacre ;¹ indeed, the "ladies of the quarter," that is to say, the poor women from the surrounding streets, who had collected outside the gate where they could catch a glimpse of the scene taking place in the garden, loudly protested against the shooting of the priests,² and it seems to have been mainly for this reason that it was decided to finish the massacre in a more orderly manner out of view of the street, whilst at the same time a cordon of Gendarmes Nationaux, stationed at the gates, prevented the people from breaking in and interfering with the assassins.³ A table was then arranged in a gloomy cloister of the convent, and here either Maillard or a commissioner named Violette⁴ seated himself with the list of the prisoners, drawn up by Joachim Ceyrat, spread out before him. Needless to say, no trial of any kind took place, for Ceyrat that morning had pronounced the verdict, "All who are in the Carmes are guilty !" ⁵ A few managed to find hiding-places and survived the massacre ; a few others succeeded in melting the hearts of the assassins ; the rest, summoned two by two from the church to appear before the tribunal, rose from their knees blessing God for the privilege of shedding their blood in His cause, and clasping the Scriptures in their hands, with eyes raised to Heaven, went out into the corridor to meet their death. In less than two hours one hundred and nineteen victims had perished.

THE SECOND MASSACRE AT THE ABBAYE⁶

At seven o'clock in the evening, after the massacre at the Carmes, Maillard and his band returned to the Abbaye, where

¹ "The principal door of the church opening into the Rue de Vaugirard remained closed during the whole execution. The people did not take the least part in it" (Peltier, *La Révolution du 10 Août*, ii. 245).

² Granier de Cassagnac, *Histoire des Girondins*, ii. 292.

³ *Histoire du Clergé*, by l'Abbé Barruel, p. 251.

⁴ Granier de Cassagnac says it was Violette ; Sorel (*Le Couvent des Carmes*, p. 132) says it was more probably Maillard.

⁵ Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 231.

⁶ Authorities consulted on the massacres at the Abbaye (accounts of prisoners) : *Mon Agonie de trente-huit Heures*, by Jourgniac de St. Méard ; *Mémoires de l'Abbé Sicard* ; *Mémoires inédits de l'Internonce à Paris pendant la Révolution*, Monseigneur de Salamon (Plon Nourrit, 1890) ; Felhémési, *op. cit.*

a number of prisoners still remained incarcerated, for the murder of the contingent in cabs at the entrance had been only the prelude to a general massacre.

The Abbé de Salamon, a young papal nuncio, whose account of these September days is perhaps the most thrilling of all existing records, has described, with frightful minuteness, the agony of mind in which he and a company of fellow-priests passed that interminable Sunday afternoon. At half-past two, when they had just finished dining in the long dark hall assigned them as a prison, the gaoler noisily drew the bolts, and threw open the door with the words, "Be quick, the people are marching on the prisons, and have already begun to massacre all the prisoners." It was, in fact, at this very moment that the procession of cabs arrived at the Abbaye and the carnage began.

At this news, says the Abbé Salamon, "there was great agitation amongst us. Some cried, 'What will happen to us?' Others, 'Then we must die!' Many went to the door to look through the key-hole—a hole that did not exist, for prison locks only open from outside and show no opening on the interior. Others sprang up on their heels as if to look out of the windows, which were fourteen feet high; finally, others walking up and down without knowing where they were going knocked their legs violently against the seats and tables. . . . We began to hear the cries of the people; it was like a great distant murmur."

Standing apart were two young Minim brothers—"the youngest one had an angelic face." The Abbé Salamon, going up to them, spoke words of comfort. "Ah, mon Dieu, monsieur," answered the younger, "I do not regard it as a disgrace to die for religion; on the contrary, I am afraid they may not kill me because I am only a sub-deacon." The Abbé Salamon, none too devout himself, admits that he blushed at these words, "worthy of the earliest martyrs of the Church."

But the hour for martyrdom had not yet arrived; the band of assassins, after murdering the priests at the entrance of the convent, had gone on to the Carmes, and for some hours all was quiet. The priests spent the rest of the afternoon in prayer and confession. Then suddenly the door was thrown open again, and the voice of the gaoler called out roughly, "The people are more and more irritated; there are perhaps 2000 men in the Abbaye." And, indeed, the tumult and the howling of the mob could now be heard distinctly by the prisoners. The gaoler added brutally, "It is just announced that all the priests in the Carmes have been massacred." At these words the assembled company threw themselves with one accord at the feet of the Curé de St. Jean en Grève—a saintly old man of eighty, "who

retained all the serenity of a noble soul"—and begged him to give them absolution *in articulo mortis*.

After this had been given all remained kneeling, whilst the old curé said, "We may regard ourselves as sick men about to die. . . . I will recite the prayers of the dying; join with me that God may have pity on us."

But at the opening words, uttered with so great dignity by the aged priest, "Depart, Christian souls, from this world in the name of God the Father Almighty . . .," almost all burst into tears. "Some lay brothers loudly lamented at dying so young, and gave way to imprecations against their assassins. The good curé interrupted them, representing to them with great gentleness that they must generously pardon, and that perhaps if God were pleased with their resignation He might create means to save them."

Such were the men who were represented as planning to massacre the wives and children of the citizens!

Meanwhile, outside the gate of the prison in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, the massacre of the prisoners had begun. A band of assassins, preceding that of Maillard, which was still occupied at the Carmes, had besieged the gate clamouring for victims, and the concierge, fearing to resist them, had handed out several prisoners committed to his care. It was thus that, when Maillard and his band returned from the Carmes, they found the hideous work already begun. This "band of massacrers," says Felhémési, "comes back covered with blood and dust; these monsters are tired of carnage but not sated with blood. They are out of breath, they ask for wine, for wine, or death. What reply can be made to this irresistible desire? The civil committee of the section gives them orders for 24 pints to be drawn at a neighbouring wine-merchant. Soon they have drunk, they are intoxicated, and contemplate with satisfaction the corpses strewn in the courtyard of the Abbaye."

It was then decided, in order to give an air of justice to their proceedings, that again a so-called "popular tribunal," under Maillard, should be set up.

Maillard, who was himself a thief,¹ had brought with him twelve swindlers to act as his accomplices, and these men, mingling in the crowd "as if by accident," came forward "in the name of the Sovereign People" and seized the registers of the prison. At this "the turnkeys tremble, the gaoler and the gaoler's wife faint, the prison is surrounded by furious men, cries and tumult increase."² Suddenly one of the commissioners of the section appeared on the scene, and standing on a footstool

¹ *Mémoires de Sénart* (édition de Lescure), p. 28.

² Felhémési.

attempted to soothe the mob, whom he took to be the cause of the uproar: "My comrades, my friends, you are good patriots . . . but you must love justice. There is not one of you who does not shudder at the frightful idea of soaking his hands in innocent blood!" Even this vile mob, collected by the leaders to abet them in their crimes, showed itself amenable to sentiments of humanity and justice, and cried out loudly, "Yes! Yes!"

But those who had ordained the massacres had prepared against any eventualities of this kind, and a man in the crowd was ready with the prescribed phrase. Springing forward, with blazing eyes and brandishing a blood-stained sword, he interrupted the orator in these words: "Say, then, monsieur le citoyen, . . . do you wish to lull us to sleep? . . . I am not an orator, I delude no one, and I tell you that I am the father of a family, that I have a wife and five children whom I am willing to leave here under the protection of my section in order to go and fight the enemy, but meanwhile I do not mean that the rascals who are in this prison, or the others who will open the doors to them, shall go and murder my wife and children . . . so by me, or by others, the prison shall be purged of all these cursed scoundrels!"

Instantly the mob, rallying to the word of command, shouted, "He is right; no mercy!" and Maillard's accomplices called out for a tribunal to be formed by their leader: "Monsieur Maillard! Citizen Maillard as president! He is a good man, Citizen Maillard!"¹

In a hall opening on the garden of the convent the terrible tribunal was then set up. At a table covered with a green cloth, on which ink, pens, and paper were arranged, Maillard, in his black coat and powdered hair, took his place, with the register of the prison spread before him. This register, preserved by the "Prefecture of Police," long remained one of the ghastliest relics of the revolutionary era; on the greasy pages great marks of wine and blood might be seen, and all down the list of names blood-stained finger-prints left by the assassins, as they indicated the prisoner concerning whom they asked for orders.²

Needless to say, the verdicts had been arranged beforehand, and it was then agreed that instead of pronouncing sentence of death the words "To La Force!" should be employed. By this means the victims, imagining themselves to be acquitted and about to be transferred to this other prison, would go forward without a struggle into the arms of their assassins. The ruse,

¹ Felhémési, *op. cit.*

² *Histoire des Girondins*, by Granier de Cassagnac, ii. 165. M. de Cassagnac made use of these documents for his work, but they were destroyed later by the Commune in 1871.

no doubt, served a double purpose, for in cases where no evidence was forthcoming against the prisoner the so-called "judges" could absolve themselves of the injustice of condemning him, and attribute his death to the uncontrollable passions of "the people."

The first victims of this mock tribunal were the Swiss, who had been imprisoned after the siege of the Tuileries on the 10th of August. These, to the number of forty-three, were all common soldiers, for their officers, with the exception of M. de Reding, who lay wounded in the chapel of the Abbaye, had been taken to the Conciergerie. A voice, speaking through the window of the hall occupied by the "tribunal," and declaring itself to be "entrusted with the wish of the people," now exclaimed loudly, "There are Swiss in the prison, lose no time in examining them; they are all guilty, not one must escape!" And the rabble obediently echoed, "That is just, that is just, let us begin with them!" The tribunal thereupon pronounced the words, "To La Force!"

Maillard then went to the Swiss and ordered them to come forth. "You assassinated the people on the 10th of August; to-day they demand justice, you must go to La Force." The unhappy Swiss, instantly understanding the significance of these words, for the howls of the mob had reached them in their prison, fell on their knees, crying out, "Mercy! Mercy!" But Maillard was inexorable. Two of the assassins followed, saying harshly to the prisoners, "Come, come, make up your minds! Let us go!" Then "lamentations and horrible groans" arose; the unhappy Swiss, all huddling together at the back of the room, clung to each other, embraced, gave way to pitiful despair at the sight of so hideous a death. A few white-haired old men, "whose looks resembled those of Coligny," almost succeeded in disarming their murderers. But a relentless voice cried, "Well, which of you is to go out the first?" At this a tall young man in a blue overcoat, with a noble countenance and martial air, came forward fearlessly: "I pass the first!" he cried, "I will give the example!" Throwing off his hat he advanced proudly, "with the apparent calm of concentrated fury," and faced the raging crowd. For a moment the horde, stupefied by his intrepidity, fell back; a circle formed around him; with folded arms he stood defiant, then, realizing that death was inevitable, suddenly rushed forward upon the pikes and bayonets, and the next moment fell pierced with a hundred wounds.

All but one of his unhappy comrades shared the same fate; this sole survivor, a boy "of ingenuous countenance," succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of a Marseillais, who bore him forth triumphantly amidst the applause of the crowd.

Four other victims followed, accused of forging assignats;

then Montmorin, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and arch-enemy of Brissot and the pro-Prussian party. Montmorin had been summoned before the bar of the Assembly on the 22nd of August and accused by the Girondins of having opposed an alliance between France and Prussia, and of wishing to maintain the Franco-Austrian alliance, but the Assembly, not entirely dominated by this faction, had acquitted Montmorin, and so his death by violent means was decreed. Can we doubt that Peltier was right in saying that this foul crime lay at the door of Brissot,¹ and may not the hand of Prussia also be detected here? Yet this too was attributed to the fury of "the people"! The register of Maillard bears these words, beside the name of Montmorin: "On the 4th of September² 1792, the Sieur Montmorin has been judged by the people and executed on the spot."

Other victims followed quickly—Thierry de Ville d'Avray, *valet de chambre* to the King, and guardian of the Garde Meuble where the Crown jewels were kept, was condemned with the words, "Like master, like man!" Two magistrates, Buob and Bosquillon, who had started an inquiry on the events of the 20th of June, the Comte de St. Marc, the Comte de Wittgenstein, the solicitor Séron—accused of calumniating the nation because he had complained of being rudely awakened from his sleep on the night of his arrest—were all put to death with indescribable barbarity.

Journiac de St. Méard has vividly described the agony of mind in which he and his fellow-prisoners passed this terrible night and the no less terrible day that followed, for the piercing screams of the victims penetrated to them in their prison, and none doubted that before long their own turn must come.

"The principal thing with which we occupied ourselves," says St. Méard, "was to know what position we should assume in order to receive death the least painfully when we entered the place of massacre. From time to time we sent one of our comrades to the window of the tower, to tell us what position those unfortunate people took up who were then being immolated, so as to calculate from their report that which it would be best for us to assume. They reported that those who held out their hands suffered much longer, because the sabre-cuts were stopped before reaching their heads—there were even some whose hands and arms fell before their bodies—and that those who held them behind their backs seemed to suffer much the least. . . . Well, it was on these horrible details we deliberated. . . . We calculated

¹ Peltier, *La Révolution du 10 Août*, ii. 193, 194, 389.

² This was an error. Montmorin was massacred on the 2nd of September.

the advantages of this last position, and we advised each other to assume it when our turn came to be massacred ! . . .”

It was not until nearly midnight that the company of priests, which included the Abbé Salamon, was led before the terrible tribunal.

“ We walked,” says the nuncio, who certainly had not acquired the resignation of his more devout companions, “ escorted by a crowd in arms, in the midst of a great number of torches, and under the rays of a beautiful moon that lit up all those vile scoundrels.” Arraigned before the green-covered table they awaited their sentence, whilst a quarrel took place amongst the judges. At last Maillard, by loudly ringing his bell, obtained silence, and one of his assistants addressed the crowd : “ Here are a lot of rascals who are waiting for the just punishment of their crimes. All these people are priests ; they are the sworn enemies of the nation, who would not take the oath . . . ; they are all aristocrats, we must begin with them, certainly they are the most guilty.”

The form of interrogatory was confined to the one question, “ Have you taken the oath ? ” The first to answer it was the old Curé de St. Jean en Grève, who, owning courageously that he had not taken it because he regarded it as contrary to the principles of his religion, asked only to be spared a lingering death in consideration of his great age and infirmity. Instantly a storm of blows descended on the venerable head, and a moment later the lifeless body was dragged out to the cries of “ Vive la nation ! ” Nearly all his companions shared the same fate ; amongst the last to fall were the two Minim brothers, over whom a furious struggle took place, some of the assassins wishing to take them out and kill them, others to detain them in the hall. “ I noticed,” says Salamon, “ that the under-deacon who so desired to die opposed less resistance to those who wished to drag him out than to those who wished to save him. In the end the scoundrels triumphed, and they were massacred.”

Such was the nature of the “ gangrene ” which the regenerators of France held it necessary to destroy ! Of such stuff was made the clergy of the Old Régime, described to us as “ vicious ” and “ effete,” whose fate was but the just retribution of their deeds ! Amongst the priests who perished on these September days was not a single one who had been distinguished for profligacy or extravagance ; the great majority were humble, saintly men, many white-haired and venerable, whose lives had been passed in doing good, and who in death displayed a heroic resignation never surpassed in the earliest days of Christendom. No, the Old Order was not effete that produced such men as these !

The lay prisoners, however, were not all of the stuff of which

martyrs are made. Some defended themselves vigorously. Two quite young men, who had been recognized as members of the King's new bodyguard, were dragged forward and denounced to the mob as *chevaliers du poignard*, who must be punished on the spot, whereat the mob replied with savage howls of "Death! death!"

"They were," says the Abbé Salamon, "two young men of superb figures and handsome countenances . . ."; the crowd "began to overwhelm them with insults; then one man, more cowardly than the rest, gave the tallest one a violent blow with a sabre, to which he replied only with a shrug of the shoulders. Then began a horrible struggle between these vile drinkers of blood and these two young men, who, although unarmed, defended themselves like lions. They threw many (of their assailants) to the ground, and I think if only they had had a knife they would have been victorious. At last they fell on the floor of the hall all pierced with blows. They seemed in despair at dying, and I heard one crying out, 'Must one die at this age, and in this manner?'"

All through this dreadful night the massacres continued in the courtyards of the prison. The Abbé Sicard, still detained in the hall of the section, could hear the cries of the victims, the howls of the murderers, the savage songs and dances taking place around the bodies of the dead. At intervals an assassin, with sleeves rolled up, clutching a blood-stained sabre, would come to the section clamouring for more drink: "Our good brothers have been long at work in the courtyard; they are tired, their lips are dry; I come to ask for wine for them!" And finally the committee tremblingly ordered them four more flagons. Then, crazed with the fumes of alcohol, the massacrers returned to their hideous task. "One," says the Abbé Sicard, "complained that these aristocrats died too quickly, that only the first ones had the pleasure of striking, and it was decided to hit them only with the flat of the sword, and then make them run between two rows of massacrers, as was formerly the practice with soldiers condemned to be scourged. It was also arranged that there should be seats around this place for the 'ladies' and 'gentlemen.' . . . One can imagine," Sicard adds significantly, "what *ladies* these were!"

The council of the Commune had taken care to provide not only the actors but the audience. The women of the district, trained at the Société Fraternelle, were reinforced during the massacres of September by a terrible brigade of female malefactors released from the prisons, whose rôle was to applaud the assassinations and incite the murderers to further violence. It was this legion that afterwards peopled the tribunes of the

Terror, and became known as the *tricoteuses* or "furies" of the guillotine.¹

Nothing had been left to chance by the organizers of the massacres. In the middle of the night members of the Commune, alarmed lest under the influence of fiery drinks and excitement some of the spoils they counted on might elude them, deputed Billaud-Varenne again to harangue the massacrers.

"My friends, my good friends," cried Billaud, standing on a platform in their midst, "the Commune sends me to you to represent to you that you are dishonouring this *beautiful day*. They have been told that you are robbing these rascals of aristocrats after executing justice on them. Leave, leave all the jewels, all the money and goods they have on them for the expenses of the great act of justice you are exercising. *They will have a care to pay you as was arranged with you.* Be noble, great, and generous like the profession you follow. May everything in this great day be worthy of the people whose sovereignty is entrusted to you!"²

And these were the massacres that the Commune afterwards declared itself powerless to *prevent*!

Even to the most ingenuous observer it was evident that the atrocities taking place were not a matter of misdirected popular fury, but the result of a deep-laid scheme. Honest Dr. John Moore, a stranger to all intrigues, had been told earlier in the day that "the people" had broken into the Abbaye and were massacring the prisoners. But at midnight, as he sits writing in his hotel, close by the prison, a sudden flash of revelation comes to him: all at once he understands, and with a thrill of realization writes these illuminating words: "*Is this the work of a furious and deluded mob? How come the citizens of this populous metropolis to remain passive spectators of so dreadful*

¹ *Histoire secrète du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, by Proussinalle, p. 42; *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iii. 272, 273.

² *Mémoires de l'Abbé Sicard*; Felhémési, *op. cit.* It seems, however, that Billaud did not pay them as arranged, for Felhémési relates that a terrible uproar arose next day when he reappeared at the prison, and he was surrounded by a horde of the assassins clamouring for higher salaries. "Do you think I have earned only 24 francs?" a butcher's apprentice, armed with a club, said loudly. "I have killed more than forty on my own account." This seems to confirm the statement of Maton de la Varenne that on engagement they were promised 30 livres, but some were only paid 24 livres, as the registers of the Commune reveal. The Abbé de Salamon, who saw them being paid on the Wednesday morning, September 5, by a member of the Commune wearing his municipal scarf, says: "The salary given to those who had, as they said, 'worked well'—that is to say, massacred well—was from 30 to 35 francs. A certain number obtained less. I even saw one who only obtained 6 francs. His work was not considered sufficient" (*Mémoires de Monseigneur de Salamon*, p. 122).

an outrage? Is it possible that this is the accomplishment of a plan concerted two or three weeks ago; that those arbitrary arrests were ordered with this view; that false rumours of treasons and intended insurrections and massacres were spread to exasperate the people; and that, taking advantage of the rumours of bad news from the frontiers, orders have been issued for firing the cannon and sounding the tocsin, to increase the alarm, and terrify the public into acquiescence; *while a band of chosen ruffians were hired* to massacre those whom hatred, revenge, or fear had destined to destruction, but whom law and justice could not destroy?

"It is now past twelve at midnight, and the bloody work still goes on! Almighty God!"

MASSACRE AT LA FORCE¹

Not only at the Abbaye was the bloody work in progress; during the same night the Châtelet and the Conciergerie had been invaded by other bands of massacrers. At one o'clock in the morning, the 3rd of September, the massacre began at La Force. It was here that a number of aristocrats had been incarcerated after the 10th of August; these included M. de Rulhières, ex-commander of the mounted guard of Paris; MM. de Baudin and de la Chesnaye, who had remained in command at the Tuileries after the murder of Mandat; several of the Queen's ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle de Tourzel, Madame de Sainte-Brice, the Princesse de Lamballe, Madame de Mackau, Madame Bazire, and Madame de Navarre; also a foster-brother of the Queen's named Weber, and Maton de la Varenne, the author of the memoirs already quoted. There were also ten or twelve priests; the rest of the prisoners were common malefactors. Very few of the aristocrats perished, only about six in all; these included De Rulhières and De la Chesnaye. Weber and Maton de la Varenne, though both ardent Royalists, were acquitted, amidst the frantic applause of the populace.² All the Queen's ladies, with one tragic exception, were likewise set at liberty by the Commune through the influence of Manuel. But there was one victim whom even Manuel was powerless to save. This was the Queen's friend, the ill-fated Princesse de Lamballe.

"The condemnation of the Princesse de Lamballe," MM. Buchez et Roux have the infamy to write, "is it not quite simply explained by the particular hatred the people bore her?"³

¹ Authorities consulted on massacre at La Force: *Mémoires de Weber*, ii. 265; *Ma Résurrection*, by Maton de la Varenne; *Les Crimes de Marat*, by Maton de la Varenne.

² *Moniteur*, xiii. 603.

³ Buchez et Roux, xvii. 418.

No blacker calumny was ever uttered against either the princess or the people. "Amidst all our agitations," even the revolutionary Mercier admits, "she had played no rôle; *nothing could render her suspect in the eyes of the people*, by whom she was only known for innumerable acts of benevolence."¹ On the estates of her father-in-law, the Duc de Penthièvre, with whom she had lived since the early death of her husband, she was known as "the good angel"; in the whole world she had but one implacable enemy, her husband's brother-in-law, Philippe d'Orléans. It has been said that the princess's dowry had excited the cupidity of the duke, and that by her death he hoped to add it to his waning fortune; whether this was so or not the duke had a further reason for resentment, namely, that the princess, recognizing his complicity in the march on Versailles on the 5th of October 1789, had refused from that time onward to associate with him.² This was enough to arouse all the bitter hatred of which Philippe showed himself peculiarly capable, and under the influence of wounded vanity he planned a terrible revenge.

Manuel, who had hitherto been a partisan of the Duc d'Orléans, had, however, been paid the sum of 50,000 écus to save the princess, and, unlike Danton, Manuel displayed a certain degree of integrity with regard to compacts of this kind. Accordingly he carried out his promise to rescue Madame and Mademoiselle de Tourzel, for whom he had received a large ransom, and also gave orders that the Princesse de Lamballe should be set at liberty.³ But the accomplices of the duke were too strong for him. Once again the services of the bloodthirsty Rotondo had been enlisted—Rotondo who, after the disbanding of the "Compagnie du Sabbat," still remained in the pay of the Orléaniste conspiracy, and now placed himself at the head of a band of ferocious assassins specially hired to carry out the vengeance of the duke. The men that composed this gang were Gonor, a wheelwright, Renier, known as "le grand Nicolas," an agitator of the Palais Royal called Petit Mamain, Grison, and Charlat.⁴

At eight o'clock in the morning of September 3 the Princesse de Lamballe was brought before the so-called "tribunal" presided over by Hébert,⁵ hereafter to become for ever infamous

¹ Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, i. 110.

² Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 210; *Histoire particulière*, by Maton de la Varenne, p. 395; Peltier, *Révolution du 10 Août*, ii. 313.

³ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 210; *Histoire particulière*, by Maton de la Varenne, p. 395.

⁴ *Ibid.*; also Beaulieu, iv. 110; *Histoire des Girondins*, by Granier de Cassagnac, ii. 510, 515; Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 498.

⁵ *Histoire particulière*, by Maton de la Varenne; *Révolution du 10 Août*, by Peltier, ii. 305.

as the author of the atrocious accusation against the Queen at her trial. The verdict was, of course, a foregone conclusion.

"When the princess had arrived before this frightful tribunal," says Peltier, "the sight of the blood-stained weapons, of the murderers, whose faces and clothing were marked with blood, caused her so great a shock that she fell into one fainting fit after another." Then, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered consciousness, her cross-examination began.

"Who are you?"

"Marie Louise, Princess of Savoy."

"Your position?"

"Superintendent of the Queen's household."

"Have you any knowledge of the plots on the 10th of August?"

"I do not know whether there were any plots on the 10th of August, but I know that I had no knowledge of them."

"Take the oath of liberty, of equality, of hatred for the King, the Queen, and royalty."

"I will willingly swear to the first, but not to the last. It is not in my heart."

Some one whispered to her, "Swear—if you do not, you are dead."

But this heroic woman, whose excessive nervousness had excited even the kindly derision of her friends, now that the supreme moment had come, never faltered in her resolution; over the quivering flesh the indomitable spirit rose triumphantly. Without a word she walked towards the wicket, well knowing the fate that there awaited her.

The Judge then said, "Set Madame free."

These words were the signal of death.¹

Instantly the hired band of assassins closed around her. The gate was opened. It is said that at the sight of the corpses piled around her she cried out faintly, "Fi! l'horreur!" and that two of her murderers, of whom one was Gonor, holding her beneath the arms, forced her to walk forward, fainting at each footstep, over the bodies of the dead.

But the hideous story of her end is already known to every one, and need not be related here. For the purpose of this book it is necessary only to follow the intrigue that ordained the crime, and to prove the non-complicity of the people.

The chief murderer of the Princesse de Lamballe was thus an Italian—Rotondo. Of this there can be no doubt whatever, for, besides the assertions of Montjoie, we have the evidence of Maton de la Varenne, who was in the prison of La Force at the

¹ Peltier, *Histoire de la Révolution du 10 Août*, ii. 306.

time,¹ and of Peltier, who was in London when Rotondo at a tavern in that city openly boasted of his share in the crime.² Moreover, when Rotondo later fled to Switzerland he was arrested by the Government as "one of the assassins of the Princesse de Lamballe," and imprisoned by the King of Sardinia.³

A further light is thrown upon the incident by a curious document that has been preserved amongst the Chatham papers at the Record Office in London. Apparently Pitt was in the habit of employing secret agents to give him information concerning the revolutionary intrigues, and from one of these he inquired about Rotondo, whose boast in the tavern had possibly reached his ears. To this inquiry his correspondent makes the astonishing reply that Rotondo was the husband of one of the Princesse de Lamballe's kitchen-maids, who helped to dismember the body of her mistress.⁴

Now it was said in Paris that several of the princess's footmen, disguised as massacrers, had attempted to save her,⁵ but they were recognized amongst the crowd and overpowered. Who so likely to recognize them as their fellow-servant? And since Rotondo had been for more than two years in the pay of the Duc d'Orléans, is it not possible that his wife—also perhaps an Italian—had been introduced to the Hôtel de Penthièvre as an accomplice of the Orléaniste conspiracy?

It is evident, moreover, that the gang had been hired for this crime alone, since none of them were paid by the Commune,⁶ nor do they appear to have taken any further part in the massacres, but as soon as they had carried out their sanguinary mission they marched off with their trophy, the head of the princess, to show to their employer. By a refinement of brutality they halted first at a hairdresser's for the long fair curls to be washed of blood-stains and freshly powdered, then, led by Charlat carrying the head on a pike, they went on to display it to the two best friends of the dead princess—Gabrielle de Beauvau, Abbess of the Abbaye de Saint-Antoine, and Marie Antoinette at the Temple. After this the procession marched on amidst the roll of drums and the sound of "Ça ira!" to the Palais Royal.

The Duc d'Orléans was just sitting down to dinner with his mistress, Madame Buffon, and several Englishmen, when the savage howls of triumph that heralded this arrival attracted his attention. Walking to the window he looked out calmly on the

¹ Maton de la Varenne, *Histoire particulière*, etc., p. 395.

² Peltier, *Révolution du 10 Août*, ii. 313.

³ *Vieilles Maisons vieux Papiers*, by G. Lenôtre, ii. 153.

⁴ See Appendix, p. 504.

⁵ *La Révolution du 10 Août*, by Peltier, ii. 380.

⁶ See list of assassins published by Granier de Cassagnac, *Histoire des Girondins*, ii. 502.

scene, contemplated with a perfectly unmoved countenance the dead, white face, the fair curls fluttering round the pike-head, and without a word returned to his place at the table. One of the Englishmen present, overcome with horror, rose and left the room; the others remained to feast with the murderer.¹ Who these men were we shall see later.

But once again Philippe d'Orléans had overreached himself; the effect of this atrocious crime was to alienate the sympathies of at least two of his supporters. "Manuel," says Montjoie, "outraged by the assassination of the Princesse de Lamballe, from this moment declared war to the death against D'Orléans. Impulsive in his passions, knowing moderation neither in good nor evil, he was no longer either a Republican, or a Royalist, or a Constitutional, or a Monarchist; he was nothing but anti-Orléaniste. . . . It was not hatred, it was rage. The Abbé Fauchet was taken with the same fury. . . . He began to compose a newspaper which was nothing but a long tissue of insults and imprecations against the party he had finally abandoned. Often when re-reading his pages he would say, 'Ah, but my God! what must one do to have the honour of being butchered by these people?'"

Several members of the Convention later on ranged themselves on the side of Manuel and Fauchet.

Most of the assassins of the Princesse de Lamballe ended as miserably as their chief; after the 9th of Thermidor an inquiry was made into the massacres of September, and Renier, le grand Nicolas, was condemned to twenty years in irons, Petit Mamain to deportation, Charlat, bearer of the princess's head, and guilty of further outrages that cannot be described, was put to death by the soldiers of the regiment in which he enlisted, to whom he had boasted of his crime, whilst Rotondo, leader of the gang, lived a hunted life execrated by all his fellow-men, and died either in prison or on the gallows.²

THE VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRES

It is mercifully unnecessary to the purpose of this book to describe the rest of the massacres, which lasted for five days and nights in succession;³ enough has already been told to give

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 211; Beaulieu, iv. 114; Peltier, ii. 312.

² Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 498; article on Rotondo in *Vieilles Maisons vieux Papiers*, by G. Lenôtre.

³ That is to say, from Sunday the 2nd until Thursday the 6th, or possibly till Friday the 7th. Granier de Cassagnac, ii. 419; Beaulieu, iv. 115; *Mémoires de Monseigneur de Salamon*, p. 121; see also Pétion's Letter to the Assembly on September 7, *Moniteur*, xiii. 644.

some faint idea of the horrors that took place throughout that week of infamous memory—the whole truth would be unbearable to read, still more to write. It only now remains to show who were the principal victims.

The number of aristocrats who perished was, as we have seen, comparatively infinitesimal ; several of the most ardent Royalists succeeded in disarming their assassins. At the Abbaye, where the massacre continued for two days and nights almost without intermission, the heroic Princesse de Tarente, having refused, in almost the same words as the Princesse de Lamballe, to betray the Queen, was carried home in triumph by the crowd.¹ Mademoiselle de Cazotte, with her arms around her white-haired father, touched the hearts of the spectators, and the old man was set at liberty by the populace,² only to fall a victim to the revolutionary tribunal three weeks later. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, who really did drink the glass of blood to save her father's life, also secured for him a temporary reprieve.³ Jourgniac de St. Méard was acquitted after boldly admitting himself to be "a frank Royalist." The Abbé de Salamon was saved by his housekeeper, Madame Blanchet, a heroic old peasant woman who had followed him weeping to the door of the Abbaye, and waited about there patiently for five days without touching solid food. Hearing at one moment that her master had been massacred, Blanchet and a friend, a woman of the people as robust and courageous as herself, made their way into the courtyard of the Abbaye, resolved to know the worst. Then, weeping bitterly the while, the two poor women turned over the naked corpses one by one, fearing each time to find the face they sought. When they had thus examined about a hundred of the dead, Madame Blanchet cried out with tears of joy, "He is not there !" and from that moment she importuned every one she met to obtain his release. These efforts meeting with no success, Madame Blanchet at last seized a deputy of the Assembly by the collar of his coat as he made his way through the Tuileries garden, and forced him to intercede for the Abbé de Salamon. By this means the faithful Blanchet achieved her purpose, and her master was given back to her alive.

Whilst a number of aristocrats were thus saved from the massacres, to "the people," as on the 10th of August, the revolutionaries showed no mercy. For although the object of the massacres was, as we have seen, to rid the State of that gangrened

¹ *Révolution du 10 Août*, ii. 285, by Peltier.

² "The people, touched by this spectacle, asked mercy for him and obtained it" (*Mon Agonie de Trente-huit Heures*, by Jourgniac de St. Méard).

³ This story has been declared to be a legend, but Granier de Cassagnac confirms it by documentary evidence ; see *Histoire des Girondins*, ii. 223, 226.

limb, the nobility and clergy, the operation was very imperfectly carried out, whilst on the other hand drastic amputation was exercised on "the people."

Thus at the Conciergerie, where the massacre began on the night of September 2-3, the prisoners were, with the exception of M. de Montmorin, governor of Fontainebleau, and seven or eight Swiss officers, all ordinary criminals of the poorer classes,¹ and of these at least 320 were massacred without even the formality of a trial.² Thirty-six who survived were set at liberty on the condition they should join themselves to the assassins, and seventy-five women, mostly thieves, were enrolled with the rest of the liberated female delinquents to swell the ranks of the future *tricoteuses*.³ Only one woman—a flower-seller of the Palais Royal—perished here after the most inhuman tortures.⁴

The Châtelet, attacked on the same night, contained nothing but men of the people—all were thieves; 223 perished also without a trial.⁵

Of these poor victims of the cause of "liberty" we have no record; in the great whirlpool of the Revolution they went down in one indistinguishable mass; no chronicler was there to describe their last moments, no survivor wrote his memoirs; of several hundred, indeed, it is unrecorded whether they lived or died—they simply disappeared.⁶ One trait of heroism stands out from the darkness of oblivion: a poor criminal, who had been offered his life on condition he should enrol himself amongst the massacrers, set himself to the ghastly work, struck one or two ill-aimed blows, then, overcome with horror at himself, flung down the hatchet, crying out, "No, no, I cannot! Better be a victim than a murderer! I would rather be given my death by scoundrels like you than give it to disarmed innocents. Strike me!" And instantly he fell beneath the blows of his assassins.

On the following day, the 3rd of September, the Tour Saint-Bernard was attacked; here seventy-five men condemned to the galleys were put to death, and their bodies robbed of their poor savings.⁷ But of all the brutalities that took place on these September days, the massacre at Bicêtre was the most atrocious. Bicêtre had always been the prison of "the people," and, as we have seen earlier in this book, far more dreaded by them than the Bastille. We might then have expected the breaking open

¹ Granier de Cassagnac, *Histoire des Girondins*, ii. 343.

² *Ibid.* pp. 351-367.

³ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 112.

⁴ *Ibid.* iv. 113.

⁵ Granier de Cassagnac, *op. cit.* pp. 372, 377-389.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 352.

⁷ Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 272; Granier de Cassagnac, *op. cit.* ii. 83, 468.

of this stronghold of despotism to end, as did the "taking" of the Bastille, with the triumphant liberation of its victims. If the Revolution had been made by the people this no doubt is what would have happened, but it was by the revolutionary sections of Paris, under the control of the Commune, that the attack on Bicêtre was organized, and by them cannons were provided for the purpose.¹ "They went to Bicêtre with seven cannons," says the lying report of the Assembly; "the people in exercising their vengeance thus showed their justice."² What form did this justice take? The massacre of 170 poor people, amongst whom were a number of young boys of *twelve* years old and upwards—unfortunate little "street urchins" detained, in many cases, at the request of their relations, as a punishment for minor offences.³ In all the annals of the Revolution there is no passage more heart-rending than the account of this foul deed given more than forty years later by one of the gaolers:

"They killed thirty-three of them, the unhappy ones! The assassins said to us—and indeed we could see it for ourselves—that these poor children were far more difficult to finish off than grown-up men. You understand at that age life holds hard. They killed thirty-three of them! They made a mountain of them, over there in the corner . . . at your right. . . . The next day, when we had to bury them, it was a sight to rend one's soul! There was one who looked as if he were asleep, like an angel of the good God; but the others were horribly mutilated."⁴

At the Salpêtrière, a house of correction for women, as Bicêtre was for men, unspeakable barbarities took place; thirty-five victims in all perished, and these were not the most unfortunate. The abominations committed towards little girls of ten to fifteen years cannot be described.⁵

"If you knew the frightful details!" Madame Roland wrote later of the massacre at the Salpêtrière, "women brutally violated before being torn to pieces by these tigers! . . . You know my enthusiasm for the Revolution; well, I am ashamed of it; it is dishonoured by villains, it has become hideous!"⁶

That the "people" were therefore the principal sufferers in the massacres of September is not a matter of opinion but of fact. The following table gives the precise statistics concerning the class of victims sacrificed:—

¹ Granier de Cassagnac, *op. cit.* ii. 432.

² *Procès verbaux de l'Assemblée Nationale*, xiv. 219.

³ Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 294; Granier de Cassagnac, ii. 434.

⁴ Barthélemy Maurice, *Histoire politique et anecdotique des Prisons de la Seine*, p. 329.

⁵ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 118, 119.

⁶ Madame Roland, *Lettres à Bancal des Issarts*, pp. 348, 349.

ANALYSIS OF VICTIMS IN THE MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER¹

Name of Prison.	Aristocrats and Officials.	Priests.	People.	Total.
The Abbaye . .	<i>circ.</i> 28 (including 11 officers)	44	<i>circ.</i> 99 (including 69 soldiers)	<i>circ.</i> 171
The Carmes . .	1	119	..	120
St. Firmin	79	..	79
Châtelet	223	223
Conciergerie . .	8 (including 7 Swiss officers)	..	320	328
La Force . .	6 (including 2 officers)	3	160	169
Bernardins	73	73
Bicêtre	170	170
Salpêtrière	35	35
	43	245	1080	1368

If, therefore, we except the sixty-nine soldiers who perished as the last defenders of Royalty, we arrive at the enormous total of *1011 victims from amongst "the people" who had no connection whatever with the political situation.* Yet it was this senseless and wholesale butchery that the revolutionary leaders described as "just" and "necessary," but that, when they realized the universal horror it inspired, they basely attributed to the people.

"It was a popular movement," Robespierre afterwards declared, "and not, as has been ridiculously supposed, the partial sedition of a few scoundrels paid to assassinate their fellows." And with revolting hypocrisy he added, "We are assured that *one innocent* perished—they have been pleased to exaggerate the number—but even *one* is far too many without doubt. Citizens, weep for the cruel error, we have long wept for it . . . but let your grief have its term like all human things! Let us keep a few tears for more touching calamities!"²

¹ The totals of these lists are taken from M. Mortimer Ternaux (*Histoire de la Terreur*, iii. 548); the details from M. Granier de Cassagnac (*Histoire des Girondins*, vol. ii.). The numbers given are the lowest possible; according to M. Granier de Cassagnac, 370 of the people perished at the Conciergerie; according to Prudhomme, 380. See *Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 86.

² Robespierre, *Lettres à ses Commettants*, No. 4, pp. 170, 172, 173. This "one innocent" was not, needless to say, the guiltless Princesse de Lamballe, nor was he to be found amongst the martyred priests or the poor little boys at Bicêtre. The victim in question was simply a good citizen, named an elector the day before by his section (Granier de Cassagnac, *Histoire des Girondins*, ii. 66).

Marat likewise heaped all the blame on to the people: "The disastrous events of the 2nd and 3rd of September were entirely provoked by the indignation of the people at seeing themselves the slaves of all the traitors who had caused their disasters and misfortunes." It was a "perfidious insinuation to attribute these popular executions" to the Commune—executions that, in the same breath, Marat, with his usual wild inconsequence, describes as "unfortunately too necessary."¹ If necessary, why was it perfidious to attribute them to the Commune?

The historians who have made it their business to whitewash Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, effect their purpose by the same process of blackening the people.

"We believe that the massacre at the prison of the Abbaye," writes Bougeart, the adorer of Marat, "was executed by the people, *by the true people*. . . . Marat cannot be accused of it, for he did everything before and during the event to prevent such horrible atrocities."² Of all calumnies on the people uttered by the men who called themselves their friends, this accusation of having committed the massacres of September is the most infamous and the most unfounded. Apart from the revelations of Prudhomme, to whom the authors of the massacres confided their designs in the dialogues already quoted,³ apart from the evidence of eye-witnesses who saw the assassins being paid by the emissaries of the Commune, we have documentary proof of these facts—the registers of the Commune recording the sums paid were preserved;⁴ a number of receipts signed by the murderers were still in existence until 1871.⁵ The immense researches of M. Granier de Cassagnac and M. Mortimer Ternaux long ago laid bare the whole plot, and no revolutionary writer has ever succeeded in disproving their assertions. Yet, in spite of all this overwhelming evidence, we still read in English books—not merely the books of fanatics, but dry histories and manuals for schools—that the people of Paris, overcome by panic, marched on the prisons and massacred the prisoners!

¹ *Journal de la République*, No. 12.

² *Jean Paul Marat*, by Alfred Bougeart, ii. 93. Hamel, the panegyrist of Robespierre, also heaps all the blame on the people (*Vie de Robespierre*, i. 410).

³ See also Prudhomme's definite statement: "The people did not kill; the massacrers were men paid to do it" (*Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 107).

⁴ "Procès verbaux de la Commune de Paris," published in *Mémoires sur les Journées de Septembre*, pp. 286, 314; Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 525-528; Beaulieu, iv. 120-123.

⁵ A bundle of twenty-four of these receipts was preserved at the Prefecture de Police in Paris (Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 525, 527). M. Granier de Cassagnac has reproduced two in facsimile (*Histoire des Girondins*, ii. 514). These also were destroyed by the Commune of 1871.

THE ASSASSINS

Who were the men that the leaders succeeded in enlisting for the hideous task? Very great pains have been taken, Dr. John Moore wrote on the 10th of September, to urge the notion "that the assassins were no other than a *promiscuous* crowd of the citizens of Paris."¹ This was absolutely untrue. The assassins formed an organized band of not more than 300 men—a point on which all contemporaries not in collusion with the leaders agree.² Nor is there any mystery concerning their identity, for the names and professions of the greater number are known, and have been published by M. Granier de Cassagnac.³ There were then, in addition to the Marseillais and released convicts who formed the nucleus of the gang, a certain number of men who might be described as citizens of Paris, and, strangely enough, these were not mostly rough brutes from the barges on the Seine or the hovels of Saint-Marceau, but *boutiquiers* or small tradesmen, bootmakers, jewellers, tailors—two of these were Germans—some, indeed, appear to have been men of education.⁴ It is this latter class that seems to have lent itself most willingly to the hideous work; the rest were persuaded by various methods to co-operate. The greater number undoubtedly yielded merely to the lust for gold, to the promise of wine and booty in addition to their salary; others, the more ignorant no doubt, believed the story told them of the plot hatched by the prisoners to massacre their wives and children, and went forth in all good faith to destroy the supposed enemies of their country. As to the ferocity they displayed once they had set themselves to the task, it is to be explained in the same way as the outrages committed at the Tuileries on the 10th of August, by the effect of fiery liquor working on overwrought brains. Moreover, this time it was not merely alcohol that had been given to them, but something more insidious that had been purposely introduced into the drink with which they were plied incessantly. Maton

¹ *Journal of a Residence in France*, i. 374.

² "The number of assassins did not exceed 300" (Roch Marcandier (an eye-witness), *Histoire des Hommes de Proie*); Louvet said about 200 (*Accusation contre Maximilien Robespierre*, Séance de la Convention du 29 Octobre 1792); "300," says Mercier (*Le Nouveau Paris*, i. 94); M. Granier de Cassagnac gives 235 as the approximate number (*Histoire des Girondins* ii. 30).

³ *Histoire des Girondins*, ii. 502-516.

⁴ "They were not all of the dregs of the people," the Abbé Barruel says of the massacrers at the Carmes; "their accent, their speeches betrayed amongst them adepts whom the philosophy of the Clubs and the schools of the day, far more than boorish ignorance, had inflamed against the priests" (*Histoire du Clergé*, p. 248).

de la Varenne says that Manuel had ordered gunpowder to be mixed with their brandy, so as to keep them in a state of frenzy ; but the Two Friends of Liberty declare that they were *drugged* :

"It is incontestable that the drink that had been distributed to the assassins was mingled with a particular drug that inspired terrible fury, and left to those who took it no possibility of a return to reason. We knew a porter who for twenty years had carried out errands . . . in the Rue des Noyers. He had always enjoyed the highest reputation, and every inhabitant of the district blindly confided the most valuable parcels to him. . . . He was dragged off on the 3rd of September to the Convent of Saint-Firmin, where he was forced to do the work of executioner. We saw him six days later when we were ourselves proscribed, and, needing a man who could be trusted to help us move secretly, we addressed ourselves to him. He had returned to his post ; he was trembling in every limb, foaming at the mouth, asking incessantly for wine, without ever slaking his thirst and without falling a victim to ordinary drunkenness. 'They gave me plenty to drink,' he said, 'but I worked well ; I killed more than twenty priests on my own account.' A thousand other speeches of this kind escaped him, and each sentence was interrupted by these words, 'I am thirsty.' In order that he might not feel inclined to slake his thirst with our blood, we gave him as much wine as he wished. He died a month later without ever having slept in the interval." ¹

This circumstance explains the fact that at moments the assassins showed themselves capable of humanity—evidently, when the first effects of the drug had begun to wear off, they returned more or less to a normal frame of mind. Thus the two cut-throats, who conducted the Chevalier de Bertrand safely home, insisted on going upstairs with him to contemplate the joy of his family. The rescuers of Jourgniac de St. Méard—a Marseillais, a mason, and a wig-maker—refused the reward offered them with the words, "We do not do this for money." ² Later on Beaulieu met these men at the house of St. Méard. "What struck me," he says, "was that through all their ferocious remarks I perceived generous sentiments, men determined to undertake anything to protect those whose cause they had embraced. The greater number of these maniacs, *dupes of the Machiavellian beings who set them in motion*, are dead or dying in misery." ³

¹ *Deux Amis*, viii. 296.

² *Mon Agonie de trente-huit Heures*, by Jourgniac de St. Méard.

³ Beaulieu, iv. 109.

THE RÔLE OF THE PEOPLE

From the point of view of the leaders, the populace proved disappointing during the massacres of September, for although it had not been thought advisable to march the Faubourgs *en masse* on the prisons, it was hoped that when the moment came a certain proportion of the Paris mob would join in the killing as they had done at the massacre of St. Barthélemy. "In spite of all the activity displayed," says Prudhomme, "the 30,000 victims, designated by Danton himself, did not find enough executioners. They (the leaders) counted on the people; they accredited them with more ferocity. They hoped that they would not remain idle spectators of *five to six thousand*¹ massacres executed before their eyes; they supposed that they would themselves strike *en masse*, and that, after having emptied the prisons, they would go into the houses and repeat the same scenes, but they could never succeed in exasperating the multitude to this extent."²

On the contrary, even by the mob assembled around the prisons, every single acquittal recorded was hailed with acclamations, often with rapturous applause—a prisoner who made a dash for liberty was certain to find the crowd opening out to let him through. The Royalist, Weber, could hardly extricate himself from the embraces of the bystanders, amongst whom savage-looking harridans, concerned for his white silk stockings, cried out reprovingly to the guards who led him, "Take care there! You are making Monsieur walk in the gutter!" Yet that the mob, obedient to the suggestions of the leaders, excited with drink and attacked by that strange insanity familiar to all who have studied "crowd psychology," did at other moments allow itself to be carried away into applauding the massacres, did indeed throughout stand idly by and utter only occasional words of protest, is undeniable. But were these "the people"? A thousand times no! We have already seen whence they were recruited; the true men and women of the people remained far from such scenes as these.

"I will testify to Europe," cries Bigot de Sainte-Croix, "that the People of my country, that those of the capital, did not ordain, did not desire these massacres, that *the People did not even see them committed*. The People closed their windows, their work-rooms, their shops; they took refuge in the furthest corners of their dwellings so as to shut their ears and eyes to the uproar, and to the sight of those beings, strangers to the People and to human nature, who, armed with knives, sabres, and clubs, their

¹ Prudhomme, like Peltier, over-estimated the number of victims.

² *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 107.

faces and their arms stained with blood, carried through the streets heads and fragments of mutilated bodies, and deafened themselves with the ferocious hymn (the 'Carmagnole'?) that had been dictated to them. Ah! Why should the People again be calumniated? . . ."¹

And Mortimer Ternaux adds: "Yes, it is lying to history, it is betraying the sacred cause of humanity, *it is deserting the most obvious interests of democracy*, to calumniate the people, to take for them a few hundred wretches . . . going basely to seek their victims one by one in the cells of the Abbaye or of La Force. . . . The people, the true people, composed of honest and industrious workmen, warm-hearted and patriotic, of young bourgeois with generous aspirations and indomitable courage, did not mingle for a moment with the scoundrels recruited by Maillard . . . the people, the true people, were all at the Champ de Mars or in front of the recruiting platforms, offering their best blood for the defence of the country; they would have been ashamed to shed that of defenceless victims."²

But, it will be urged, why did the people of Paris not interfere? Why, instead of retiring into their houses and shutting their ears and eyes, did they not rush out into the streets and arrest the murderers? instead of mustering at the Champ de Mars, march on the prisons and deliver the victims?

"All Paris let it happen (*laissez faire*)," Madame Roland writes indignantly; "all Paris is accursed in my eyes, and I hope no longer that liberty may be established amongst cowards insensible to the worst outrages that could be committed against Nature and humanity, cold spectators of crimes that the courage of fifty armed men could easily have prevented."³

Madame Roland well knew the true explanation of the people's conduct—her own behaviour during the massacres we shall refer to later; she was perfectly aware that it was the cowardice of the authorities, of her friend Pétion, of "the virtuous Roland" himself that made it possible for the Commune to carry out its designs unhindered, that prevented the people from interfering.

"If the people," says Prudhomme, "did not put a stop to the murders committed in their presence, it was that, on seeing that their representatives, their magistrates, and the staff of their armed force made no attempt to prevent this butchery, they could only believe that these were acts of justice of a new kind."⁴

Here, then, is the explanation. In the first place, the people of Paris were told—and in some cases made to believe—that the

¹ *Histoire de la Conspiration du 10 Août*, by Bigot de Sainte-Croix, p. 104.

² Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 185.

³ *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 110.

⁴ *Crimes de la Révolution*, by Prudhomme, iv. 130.

massacres were a necessary act of precaution in view of the conspiracy amongst the prisoners to massacre the citizens; secondly, the massacres were carried out officially under the eyes of the authorities, presided over by officials wearing their municipal scarves,¹ and executed in some instances by assassins masquerading in the uniform of the National Guards;² and thirdly, *the people were prevented by armed force from interfering*. We know from the researches of M. Mortimer Ternaux and M. Granier de Cassagnac that Santerre, the commander-general, was authorized to surround the prisons with troops during the massacres, "in order to prevent accidents,"³ and the nature of these accidents is elsewhere very clearly revealed. Thus, as we have already seen at the Carmes, a cordon of police was provided to protect the assassins from the crowd, and Sénart relates that the same precaution was demanded at La Force: "The butcher Legendre went to find one of the commanders of the Arsenal, and asked him for two hundred armed men to go to La Force in order to second the murderers and *protect them*, because the number of prisoners was very great and there were not enough massacrers"—a request with which the honest commander indignantly refused to comply.⁴ But the fact that the massacrers *were* given armed protection during their hideous task received additional confirmation just a hundred years later. In the *Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et Curieux* for April 20, 1892, M. Alfred Bégis related that he had recently acquired a copy of a pamphlet, by Garat, that had belonged to Sergeant, who, with Panis, the brother-in-law of Santerre, had been entrusted with the police and the prisons as members of the Comité de Surveillance of the Commune. Now in this pamphlet, which was annotated throughout by the hand of Sergeant, Garat asked the question why the people allowed the massacres of September: "How is it that so much blood flowed under other blades than that of justice without the legislators, without the magistrates of the people, *without the whole people themselves* summoning all the public forces to the place of these sanguinary scenes?"

To this question Sergeant made reply in the margin: "*The massacrers of the Abbaye asked to be protected during their dreadful work by a guard which was granted to them.*" The mob of Paris collected round the prisons had then attempted to interfere,

¹ Beaulieu, iv. 119; *Deux Amis*, viii. 308.

² Evidence of eye-witness, M. de la Roserie, who was present at the massacre at the Carmes, and stated that "half the assassins employed there were, by an infamous prostitution, in the uniform of the National Guards" (*Mémoires de Thiébault*, i. 319).

³ Extract from the registers of the sections of Paris published by M. Mortimer Ternaux, *Histoire de la Terreur*, iii. 480.

⁴ *Mémoires de Sénart* (edition de Lescure), p. 29.

since the murderers were obliged to ask for protection, and this was the kind of "accident" the armed forces were sent out to prevent!

Undoubtedly we must blame the soldiers for obeying this monstrous order, but it should be remembered that all the normal elements in the army were collected on the frontier, and that the only forces remaining in Paris were those of which the revolutionary leaders had made sure—the confederates from Marseilles, or Brest, or the camp at Soissons. The call to arms had thus admirably served their purpose by ridding them of all those loyal and patriotic citizens who might have been expected to prevent bloodshed.

THE AUTHORS OF THE MASSACRES

The truth is, then, that the only men who attributed the massacres of September to the people of Paris were the men who themselves had devised and ordered them. With consummate hypocrisy the Commune declared that it had sent emissaries to the prisons to oppose disorders, but that they could not succeed in calming the people. Apart, however, from the evidence of eye-witnesses, who unanimously asserted that the emissaries of the Commune incited the assassins to greater violence, we have further documentary proof of the Commune's guilt in the atrocious proclamation publicly sent out by it on the 3rd of September to the provinces, urging them to carry out the same butchery all over France, and passing on to them the same word of command that had served in Paris as a pretext for the massacres.

"The Commune of Paris hastens to inform its brothers in all the departments that a portion of the ferocious conspirators detained in the prisons have been put to death by the people: acts of justice which seemed to it indispensable in order to restrain by terror the legions of traitors concealed within its walls at the moment when it was about to march on the enemy; and without doubt the whole nation, after the long series of treacheries which have led it to the edge of the abyss, will hasten to adopt this measure so necessary to public safety, and all the French will cry like the Parisians, 'We will march on the enemy, but we will not leave behind us brigands to murder our wives and children.'

"Signed—DUPLAIN, PANIS, SERGENT, LENFANT,
JOURDEUIL, MARAT, *l'ami du peuple*,
DEFORGUES, DUFFORT, CALLY."

That Marat was the principal author of the proclamation cannot be doubted, but it was sent forth under the countersign

of Danton, the Minister of Justice. To Danton, then, attaches the greater blame, for Marat cannot be regarded as a responsible human being, whilst Danton throughout the Revolution retained full possession of his faculties. "That Marat," says Mortimer Ternaux, "the most shameless liar and the most daring forger who ever existed (we make use of the exact expressions that MM. Michelet and Louis Blanc employ with regard to this man), that Marat, we say, should have drawn up this frightful circular, and on his own authority should have appended to it the signatures of his colleagues, is strictly possible. But the two men who can never clear themselves of having co-operated in the propagation of this bloody work are Danton and Fabre d'Églantine, the Minister of Justice and his secretary."¹

It is doubtful, indeed, whether Danton wished to clear himself of the responsibility of the massacres of September, or of the proposal to repeat them in the provinces. Now that the monarchy was overthrown, Danton knew that he had nothing to fear in avowing his share in the crimes of the Revolution; securely encamped on the strongest side he was able to win that reputation for audacity which has aureoled him in the eyes of posterity.²

The massacres of September were, therefore, primarily the work of the Anarchists, but they were condoned, if not actually assisted, by the other intrigues, as we shall now see.

RÔLE OF THE ORLÉANISTES

On this point little remains to be said, for by September of 1792 the Orleanistes had ceased to be a distinct party, and had become indistinguishable from the Anarchists. According to many contemporaries, Danton and Marat, in promoting anarchy, were working solely in the interests of the Duc d'Orléans; Montjoie believes that it was in order to effect the change of dynasty the massacres were devised.

But apart from these vague charges, there can be no doubt that the Duc d'Orléans had some secret connection with the leaders; of this the murder of the Princesse de Lamballe by his agents is sufficient proof. Moreover, it was precisely at this moment—on the 2nd of September—that Marat publicly demanded 15,000 francs from the duke for the printing of several

¹ Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 309.

² According to Louis Philippe, Danton frankly admitted his responsibility for the September days. The future King, then the Duc de Chartres, related that when on a visit to Paris from the frontier he met Danton and ventured to blame the authors of the massacres. To this remonstrance Danton replied: "*It was I who did it. All the Parisians are *jean foutres*. It was necessary to put a river of blood between them and the *émigrés**" (*Récit du Duc d'Angoulême*, quoted by Taine, *La Révolution*, vi. 30).

of his pamphlets,¹ and apparently obtained it, for henceforth we shall find him always favourably disposed to "the citizen Égalité"²—the name the Duc d'Orléans soon after assumed when seeking election as deputy to the Convention.

But whatever were the ultimate intentions of these men who devised the massacres—and on this point no one can speak with certainty—their immediate purpose can be expressed in one word only—anarchy.

RÔLE OF THE GIRONDINS

The part played by the Girondins in the massacres of September was merely one of criminal connivance. With the exception of Pétion, whose sympathies were undoubtedly Orléaniste, no member of this faction seems to have taken an active part in the movement. Vergniaud, indeed, loudly denounced the arbitrary arrests that preceded the massacres, but since by this time the walls of Paris were already placarded by Marat with invectives against the deputies of the Gironde,³ this was perhaps less an act of courage than a measure of self-defence. At any rate, from the moment the massacres began, not one member of this faction attempted to interfere.

On the 5th of September, whilst the third day of the massacre at La Force was in progress, Duhem afterwards related, he dined at Pétion's house with Brissot, Gensonné, and several other deputies. "Towards the end of dinner the folding doors opened, and I was surprised to see two cut-throats enter, their hands dripping with blood. They came to ask the orders of the mayor concerning the eighty prisoners who still remained to be massacred at La Force; Pétion gave them drinks and sent them away, telling them to do everything for the best."⁴

As to Madame Roland, who afterwards cursed the people of Paris for their non-intervention, how was she employed? On the evening of September 2, she relates, when the butchery had begun, "a crowd of about 200 men, violently agitated," came to the Ministry of the Interior to ask for arms; we know from other sources that they were the massacrers,⁵ who, imagining Roland to be one of their employers, asked also for the payment of their salary, and, according to Felhémési, they received it. But Felhémési as a Dantoniste need not be believed. At any rate, after this frightful scene, whilst the massacres were in full swing

¹ Prudhomme, *Révolutions de Paris*, xiii. 522.

² Beaulieu, iv. 145.

³ Dr. Moore, *Journal of a Residence in France*, i. 256.

⁴ *Procès des Vingt-Deux*, evidence of Duhem. According to the *Deux Amis de la Liberté*, viii. 304, the assassins entered with heads in their hands.

⁵ *Mémoires de Sénart* (edition de Lescure), p. 34.

next day at La Force, the Abbaye, and the Tour Saint-Bernard, Madame Roland saw fit to give a luncheon-party—or, as the two o'clock meal in those days was called, a “dinner”—to a number of her friends and acquaintances, amongst whom “the events of the day formed the topic of conversation.” One of the guests (afterwards disowned by Madame Roland) was the Prussian Baron Cloutz, whom we shall meet later on as the apostle of “universal brotherhood,” and who distinguished himself during the massacres of September by inventing the word “to *septemberize*”—it was a matter of regret, he afterwards declared, that they had not “septemberized” enough.¹

The same day, however, the virtuous Roland ventured to utter a feeble protest against the continuance of the massacres. Beginning with a lengthy dissertation on the necessity for controlling the irrepressible indignation of the people—who, according to Madame Roland's later writings, he well knew were not the authors of these crimes,—amidst redundant eulogies of his own courage and disinterestedness, Roland thus described the massacres of September 2: “Yesterday was a day over the events of which we should perhaps draw a veil; I know that the people, terrible in their vengeance, yet bring to it a sort of justice,” but now the moment had come for “the legislators to speak, for the people to listen, and for the reign of law to be re-established.”²

The fact is that something had happened the evening before which made it highly desirable, from the Girondins' point of view, that the activities of the Commune should be restrained. Robespierre had been thwarted by Danton in his plan of including Roland and Brissot in the lists of proscriptions made out for the massacrers, but he had not abandoned all hope of his prey. Under cover of the general confusion that reigned in Paris on the 2nd of September the tiger-cat had seized the opportunity to spring. Supported by his ally Billaud-Varenne, Robespierre presented himself at the evening meeting held by the Council-General of the Commune, and openly accused Brissot and *a powerful party* of conspiring to place the Duke of Brunswick on the throne of France.³ This accusation has been represented by the antagonists of Robespierre as a mere fable invented by him to bring about the downfall of Brissot, but, as we have

¹ J. P. Brissot à ses Commettants, p. 52; Beaulieu, v. 247.

² Buchez et Roux, xvii. 382.

³ *Procès verbaux de la Commune de Paris*, date of September 2. The precise words employed by Robespierre are not given in this report, but are recorded in part by Peltier (*Révolution du 10 Août*, ii. 234); it is Hamel (*Vie de Robespierre*, i. 415) who states that Robespierre used the expression “a powerful party.” On this accusation see also Beaulieu, iv. 147; *Moniteur*, xiii. 617, 620-622; Mortimer Ternaux, iii. 205.

already seen, the intrigue in favour of Brunswick was by no means fabulous—on the contrary, it was a matter of common knowledge. Had not Carra publicly proclaimed it six weeks earlier in his journal? And was not Carra still the trusted confidant of Brissot and the Rolands? Robespierre, then, was perfectly just in accusing Brissot; two days later, in private conversation with Pétion—whose own intrigues he was apparently far from suspecting—he repeated his conviction that Brissot was on the side of Brunswick.¹ That by his timely denunciation he hoped to envelop the Brissotins in the massacres we cannot doubt, yet we must admit that in this he showed himself more logical than the other members of the Commune. For if any people were to be put to death on the suspicion of collusion with the Prussians, should they not be the members of the party still at liberty who had definitely proposed to hand the country over to the head of the invading armies, rather than a defenceless crowd of priests, unarmed men, women, and children safely imprisoned behind bolts and bars?

Brissot's reply to this accusation of Robespierre was characteristic of the ostrich policy displayed by the Girondins.

"Yesterday, Sunday," he wrote to his fellow-citizens, "I was denounced at the Commune of Paris, as also a part of the deputies of the Gironde, and other men equally virtuous. We were accused of wishing to give France over to the Duke of Brunswick, and to have received millions from him, and to have planned to escape to England. I, the eternal enemy of kings, who did not wait till 1789 to manifest my hatred towards them; I the partisan of a duke! Better perish a thousand times than acknowledge such a despot!" etc.²

But considering that before 1789 Brissot had violently denounced in print "the abominable crime of attacking monarchy," that he had described Ravallac and Damiens as "monsters vomited by hell,"³ and that only six weeks before the massacres of September—on July 25, 1792—he had declared that the blade of the law should strike any one who attempted to establish a Republic; considering, moreover, that he had never disassociated himself from Carra, the avowed partisan of Brunswick, Brissot's defence was far from convincing.

The Brissotins, then, constituted a very real danger to the country at the moment when it was threatened by foreign invasion, but we should admire Robespierre's courage and patriotism in attacking them more if he had not waited so long to shoot

¹ *Discours de Pétion sur l'Accusation intentée contre Maximilien Robespierre*, p. 16.

² *Moniteur*, xiii. 623.

³ *Les Moyens d'adoucir la Rigueur des Lois pénales en France*, 1781.

his bolt. The intrigue with Prussia had been going on for at least eighteen months—why had he not exposed it earlier? Why, on the publication of Carra's preposterous plea for Brunswick, did not Robespierre arise and denounce him as a traitor, or at least demand his expulsion from the ranks of "patriots" at the Jacobin Club? But no, Robespierre had hitherto maintained complete silence with regard to all three intrigues—the Orléanistes, English Jacobins, and Prussians—and had even, as we have seen, joined in ridiculing Ribes for denouncing them. The explanation lies undoubtedly in Robespierre's natural timidity; it was never his way to fight his opponents, but always to remain quiescent until an opportunity offered for killing them outright—the tiger-cat knew better than to show his claws before the moment came to spring. The massacres of September had appeared to be the propitious moment, but Danton barred the way; next time he was to say with tears, "I cannot save them!"

The Girondins well realized the danger that had threatened them, and therefore, after condoning the massacres, ended by denouncing them. But if they now deprecated the reign of anarchy, it was principally because they saw the movement they had helped to produce turning against themselves, and the abyss into which they had precipitated the monarchy yawning beneath their own feet.

THE ENGLISH JACOBINS

The news of the massacres of September filled the sane portion of the English people with indignation, and alienated even those who, misled by the propaganda of the Whigs and the revolutionary societies in England, still retained a lingering sympathy with the supposed "struggle for liberty" taking place across the Channel. "The late horrors in France," Mr. Burges writes to Lord Auckland on the 21st of September, "have at least been attended with one good consequence, for they have turned the tide of general opinion here very suddenly. French principles, and even Frenchmen, are daily becoming more unpopular, and I think it not impossible that in a short time the impudence of some of these levellers will work so much on the tempers of our people as to make England neither a pleasant nor a secure residence for them."

A messenger from Paris reported to Lord Auckland on the 10th of September that the details passed all conception. "It is impossible for me to express the horror that I still feel; I could not have believed till now that human nature was capable of such abominations." Lord Auckland himself is "so affected" that he "can hardly write of it"—all Gibbon's history, though

the bloodiest book he ever read, "does not contain a story of such unprovoked and wanton cruelty."

Lord Stanhope, however, had nothing but pitying contempt for squeamishness that could recoil at such scenes as these. "The French Revolution," he wrote on September 18, "*has frightened some weak minds, Mr. Paine's works others.* And the late events in France have intimidated many. *However despicable such feelings may be*, abstractly considered, when they are pretty general, they must be treated with some respect." ¹

Amongst weak minds we must certainly include those of almost the entire population, for these "despicable feelings" were more than "pretty general"; they were shared by all classes of the community. The sympathies of the nation were with the victims, not with the authors of the Revolution, and the unhappy *émigrés*, flying from the horrors of Paris to the shores of England, met with an enthusiastic welcome. One must have lived through three years of revolution, says one of these *émigrés*, amidst Girondins, Jacobins, and others, to understand what the first glimpse of the English conveyed, the ecstasy of arriving in this "isle of serenity" from the regions of terror: "it was the gentle awakening of the soul that, long tormented by the vision of monsters and furies, comes out of this frightful dream." ² Once again humanity and compassion became a reality. Every boatload of priests was awaited by a sympathetic crowd; even the sailors, seeing in these men the martyrs of religion, fell on their knees before them on the beach to ask their blessing. ³ "I was a witness," says Peltier, "of the zeal and eagerness with which all classes of society welcomed these unhappy pastors. From the throne to the simplest cabin, everywhere was their asylum, everywhere was consolation." In London a subscription raised by Burke, Wilmot, Stanley, and others met with an immense response; the poor like the rich brought their contributions, and those who could not give money gave the work of their hands; potato-sellers insisted on providing the priests with their wares for no remuneration, seamstresses offered their services for nothing, artisans worked overtime to earn money for them; a day labourer, touched to tears by their appearance, cried out, "I am very poor but I can work for two; give me one of these priests and I will feed him!" ⁴ It was, then, only amongst an infinitesimal minority, composed of such men as Lord Stanhope and the middle-class malcontents who formed the

¹ *Life of Charles, third Earl of Stanhope*, by Ghita Stanhope and G. P. Gooch, p. 120.

² *Histoire du Clergé*, by L'Abbé Barruel, p. 349.

³ *Histoire de la Révolution du 10 Août*, by Peltier, ii. 391.

⁴ Barruel, *op. cit.* pp. 353, 354.

revolutionary societies of London and of the manufacturing towns of the north, that the Revolution found sympathizers. By these associations the massacres of September were greeted with frenzied approbation. On the 27th of September a long address of congratulation was forwarded to the Jacobin Club of Paris by the members of the Constitutional Society and the Reformation Society of Manchester, the Revolution Society of Norwich, the "Constitutional Whigs," the "Independents and Friends of the People." A few passages of this precious effusion must be quoted :¹

"Frenchmen, our numbers may seem small compared to the rest of the nation, but know that they are steadily increasing . . . we can tell you with certainty, free men and friends, that education is making rapid progress amongst us . . . that men ask to-day, 'What is liberty? What are our rights?' Frenchmen, you are free already, but Britons are preparing to become so! Divested at last of these cruel prejudices industriously inculcated in our hearts by vile courtiers, instead of our natural enemies, we see in the French our fellow-citizens of the world, the children of that universal Father who created us to love and help each other, not to hate and murder one another at the command of feeble or ambitious kings or corrupt ministers. In seeking our real enemies we find them in the partisans of that aristocracy which rends our bosoms, aristocracy hitherto the poison of all countries on earth; you acted wisely in banishing it from France. . . . Dear friends, you are fighting for the happiness of all humanity. Can there be any loss to you, however bitter, compared to the glorious and unprecedented privilege of being able to say, 'The universe is free; tyrants and tyrannies are no more, peace reigns on earth, and it is to the French we owe it.'"

To these advocates of universal brotherhood it was a matter of poignant regret and bitter shame that the British Government refused to throw in its lot with the organizers of the late massacres in the prisons by taking up arms in defence of the French Revolution. To their profuse apologies on this subject the French Jacobins, under Hérault de Séchelles, replied: "Believe, generous Englishmen, that in preserving this demeanour (of neutrality) you are none the less joining with us in the work of universal liberty. Leave us to make a few more steps along the course where you were our precursors, and let us rejoice beforehand in a common hope for the epoch, not far distant, when the interests

¹ I have been unable to find this correspondence in English. These passages are taken from the *Histoire Socialiste de la Révolution*, volume *La Convention*, by Jean Jaurès, p. 196 and following, and from *Danton Émigré*, by Dr. Robinet.

of Europe and of the human race will invite both nations to hold out the hand of friendship to each other.”¹ The hope was echoed by the Society for Constitutional Reform of London, which now wrote expressing the belief that, after the example given by the French, “revolutions would become easy,” and that “before long the French would be writing to congratulate the National Convention of England.”²

The Jacobins of Paris were ready to promise more than this; they intended, they declared, “to seal an eternal alliance” with their English brothers, who had only to let them know that their liberty was being attacked for the “victorious phalanxes” of their French allies to “cross the Straits of Dover and fly to their defence.”³

Thus was the suggestion calmly entertained by our exponents of universal brotherhood in 1792, that the revolutionary horde of cut-throats and assassins, who had just carried out the massacres of September, should land on our shores and produce the same horrors in England as had taken place in France.

The anti-patriotism of a section of so-called “democracy” in England has never been better exemplified. To men of this mentality it matters not whether it is with democracy or autocracy abroad that they strike a league of friendship; the enemies of their country can always make sure of their support. Until the Germans of to-day England never had bitterer enemies than the Jacobins of France. Hatred of England, of the English character, of English ideas of liberty, was one of the first tenets of their political creed. In this they differed fundamentally from the earlier revolutionaries, the men who had framed the Constitution of 1791, and also from the Girondins, who no doubt entertained a sincere admiration for England; the Jacobins, into whose hands the power was now passing, were, with the exception of Danton, the sworn foes not only of the English Government but of English “democracy”; they repeatedly declared that they despised Mr. Fox as much as they hated Mr. Pitt.⁴

The leading spirit of the anti-English campaign was undoubtedly Robespierre; always the opponent of Internationalism—hence his ground of accusation later on against the Prussian Cloutz—he never concealed his distrust of foreign sympathizers with the French Revolution; four months earlier, supported by Collot d’Herbois, he had deprecated the correspondence of the Jacobins with their brothers in Manchester,⁵

¹ Date of November 7, 1792.

² Date of November 10, 1792.

³ Date of November 28, 1792.

⁴ Playfair’s *History of Jacobinism*, p. 384.

⁵ *Séances des Jacobins*, date of June 4, 1792.

and again in September it was he who opposed the election of Dr. Priestly to the Convention.¹

For the present, however, the French Jacobins were quite ready to make use of their English allies ; hypocritical professions of friendship cost nothing, and met with very substantial rewards. Already in April, as we have seen, a subscription had been raised in aid of the French Revolution, and it seems probable that further sums were forthcoming during the course of the summer. In August Dr. Moore heard with incredulity of "the great number of English guineas now in circulation in Paris," which, as usual, were attributed to "the Court of Great Britain," whose object was to excite sedition in France.² If these mysterious guineas were not, as Dr. Moore believed, mythical, they were obviously those of Orléans or of the English Jacobins. At any rate, it is to the latter source that the "English gold" which arrived in Paris three weeks later can, with certainty, be traced, for the address of congratulation on the massacres of September, forwarded by Lord Sempill and three other members in the name of the London Constitutional Society, was accompanied by a present of 1000 pairs of shoes for the army and £1000 in money.³ Besides this an immense quantity of arms was provided by the English Jacobins from the manufactories of Birmingham and Sheffield, for which a further public subscription was raised by means of an appeal in the newspapers to "all those who favoured the cause of liberty in France against the infamous conspiracy of crowned brigands."⁴

It is, moreover, in the late summer of 1792 that, for the first time, we find Englishmen personally co-operating in the revolutionary movement in Paris. Amongst these was Thomas Paine, who left the shores of England amidst the jeers and hisses of the crowd: "I believe had we remained much longer," a fellow-traveller remarks, "they would have pelted him with stones from the beach."⁵ In spite of the fact that his face reminded Madame Roland of "a blackberry powdered with flour"—for Paine was constantly inebriated—the exponent of "The Rights of Man" was received with enthusiasm by the Girondins, and through their influence succeeded in becoming a member of the Convention.

Besides Paine a band of English Jacobins arrived in Paris at the same time. "Dr. Priestley," Mr. Burges writes to Lord

¹ *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, ii. 300.

² *Journal of a Residence in France*, i. 134.

³ Arthur Young, *The Example of France*, Appendix, p. 3.

⁴ Oswald's Speech at the Jacobin Club, September 30, 1792.

⁵ J. Mason to J. B. Burges, letter dated September 13, 1792 (*Fortescue Historical MSS.* ii. 316).

Auckland on September 4, "is also there, and is looked upon as the great adviser of the present ministers, being consulted by them on all occasions. There are also eight or ten other English and Scotch who work with the Jacobins, and in great measure conduct their present manœuvres. I understand these gentlemen at present are employed in writing a justification of democracy and an invective against monarchy in the abstract, which is to be printed at Paris, and distributed through England and Ireland. The names of some of them are Watts and Wilson of Manchester, Oswald a Scotsman, Stone an Englishman, and Mackintosh who wrote against Burke." ¹

All these men, then, were in Paris during the massacres of September, and not one uttered a word of protest. Oswald, indeed, in his tirades to the Jacobins, with whom he sought to ingratiate himself by insulting his king and country, showed himself more violent than them all, vied with Marat in his invectives against "royal tigers," and rivalled Hébert in his foul accusations against the imprisoned Queen of France.²

This being so, are we to regard it as impossible that Englishmen were present at the massacres in the prisons? One would willingly remove this stain from our national character, but if we are to know the exact truth about the intrigues of the French Revolution, one cannot pass over the accusation in silence. The evidence on which it rests is, firstly, that of Jourdan, president of the Section des Quatre Nations, who was sent to the Abbaye during the massacre and stated that he saw two Englishmen plying the assassins with drink;³ and secondly, Prudhomme, who says that Englishmen were seen at La Force amongst the commanders of the butchery, and that "these Englishmen were the guests of the Duc d'Orléans; they dined with him immediately after the death of the Princesse de Lamballe."⁴

These, then, were the Englishmen dining at the Palais Royal when the princess's head was carried under the windows. The only one of the number whose name is known was a certain Mr. Lindsay, who described the scene with horror to Mr. Burges after his return to England two days later, and whom it is impossible to suspect of collusion with such atrocities. But the contemporary Playfair distinctly states that the guests of the Duc d'Orléans at this particular dinner were "English democrats."⁵ This supplies the key to the whole mystery. Since

¹ *Correspondence of Lord Auckland*, ii. 438.

² Oswald's Speech to the Jacobins on September 30, 1792 (Aulard's *Séances des Jacobins*, iv. 346).

³ "Déclaration d'Antoine Gabriel Aimé Jourdan," in *Mémoires sur les Journées de Septembre*, p. 154.

⁴ *Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 123.

⁵ Playfair's *History of Jacobinism*, p. 501.

we know that the English democrats then in Paris were ardently in sympathy with all the excesses of the Revolution, that their colleagues in England wrote letters of congratulation, and that Lord Stanhope, one of their most influential members, applauded the massacres, why should they not have personally encouraged the assassins? From applauding at a distance to assisting on the spot is surely but a step.

Moreover, their presence at the Duc d'Orléans' dinner coincides exactly with Montjoie's assertion that certain English revolutionaries, notably Lord Stanhope, were in league with the Orléanistes. We know that precisely at this moment Lord Stanhope was in correspondence with Richard Sayre, or Sayer, the English agent in Paris, who had been deputed by the revolutionary societies of England to supply arms to the Jacobins of France;¹ and the exceedingly compromising letters addressed by Sayre to Lord Stanhope—ingenuously published by the latter's admiring biographers²—show clearly that the English revolutionaries in Paris, of whom Lord Stanhope was the leading spirit, were engaged in some guilty intrigue with the enemies of their country.

The massacres of September cannot, therefore, be regarded as solely the work of the French; they were devised and organized by the Spaniard, Marat, in co-operation with Frenchmen, executed by Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans, applauded by the Prussian Cloatz, applauded and actively assisted by Englishmen. Again, as on the 10th of August, it is therefore to the doctrines that inspired them, not to the temperament of the nation amongst which they occurred, that the horrors which took place must be attributed.

PRUSSIA

Whilst Anarchists, Orléanistes, Girondins, and English Jacobins were fighting for the mastery in Paris, Prussia played her part in the final ruin of the French monarchy. The cannonade of Valmy—it cannot be described as a battle—that on the 20th of September checked the advance of the allied armies on the capital, is one of the enigmas of history which will never perhaps be entirely solved. Pro-revolutionary historians have endeavoured to explain the retreat of the best-trained troops of Europe before the undisciplined revolutionary army by the state of the weather, the muddy condition of the ground, by the fact that dysentery had broken out amongst the Prussians, or merely by the irresistible valour inspired by democratic doctrines.

¹ The arms referred to by Oswald in his speech (Aulard's *Séances des Jacobins*, iv. 346).

² *Life of Charles, third Earl of Stanhope*, by Ghita Stanhope and G. P. Gooch, p. 120.

These legends have now been almost universally accepted as fact, but in the minds of well-informed contemporaries no doubt exists that some further explanation must be sought for the check to the allied armies at Valmy and their subsequent retreat.

Thus Lord Auckland, writing to Sir Morton Eden from the Hague on October 19, 1792, hazards the opinion that "a complete victory (for the allies) might have been on the 20th (at Valmy), if the royal personage who was present had not prevented the engagement for unknown reasons." A note adds that this royal personage was the King of Prussia, but Fersen declares that the King of Prussia wished to attack, and that it was only the cowardice and indecision of the Duke of Brunswick that prevented the engagement. Thiébault, then with the army on the frontier, takes the same view. Matilda Hawkins, whose *Memoirs* were published in 1824, relates that her friend, the Comte de Jarnac, who "was with the army at the time of the Duke of Brunswick's unaccountable retreat from Paris," told her that the Duke himself said, "Why I retreated will never be known to my death."

According to prevailing opinion at the time the retreat after Valmy was effected by *negotiation*, and three different theories were advanced as to the authors of these negotiations. Firstly, then, Beaulieu and Pagès assert that Louis XVI., assured by Manuel, Pétion, and Kersaint that the presence of the allied armies was the main cause of irritation against him, allowed himself to be persuaded to write and ask the King of Prussia to withdraw, in return for which the three deputies promised him his life.¹ Secondly, the Mountain, represented by Camille Desmoulins, declared that the retreat was brought about by an understanding between the Girondins and the Prussians, and when we remember the eulogies lavished by Carra on the Duke of Brunswick in July, and find that Carra was the man chosen by Pétion to go with Sillery on the 24th of September to Dumouriez's camp at La Lune and confer with Manstein, the representative of the King of Prussia, this seems not improbable.² Thirdly, D'Allonville, the author of the *Mémoires secrets*, states that it was Danton who negotiated the "defeat" of the Prussians at Valmy and their subsequent retreat by the simple method of bribery. This was effected through the agency of Dumouriez, at this moment Danton's ally, to whom he wrote immediately after Valmy, instructing him to drive back the Prussians without attempting to destroy them, since the Prussians "*were not the*

¹ Beaulieu, iv. 169; Pagès, ii. 45.

² Carra had also been sent by Servan and Danton to "harangue the soldiers at the camp of 'La Maulde' in August" (see *Précis de la Défense de Carra*, p. 29).

natural enemies of France."¹ The manner in which Danton procured the necessary sums is thus described by D'Allonville :

"Billaud - Varenne, who left Paris after the massacres of September, had reached the army on the 11th and had opened negotiations, of which the sums promised, but not yet paid, alone delayed the conclusion. Two or three millions, the fruit of the pillage of the 10th of August, were all that the Commune of Paris possessed, and it was not enough. 'Why do you not rob the Garde-Meuble (*i.e.* the depository where the Crown jewels were kept) ?' cries Panis, and this thing was done on the 16th of September by the orders of Tallien and Danton, which produced, in different species, a sum of thirty millions. The first overtures had facilitated the escape of Dumouriez from the position in which he would have been irrevocably lost, others prevented him from being driven from his position during the cannonade of Valmy, and from the 22nd to the 23rd negotiations were, as we have said, actively carried out."²

This evidence is exactly confirmed by General Michaud, who was with the armies at the time. The deputies of the Gironde, Michaud declares, were not in the secret of the negotiations with the Prussians, and it is to the Orléaniste schemes of Danton that these are to be attributed. "It is only with audacity and yet more audacity that we can save ourselves," said the Minister of Justice. "Danton was, no doubt, a very audacious man, but when he pronounced these words it is certain that he knew of the secret negotiation, since he himself was directing it with his colleague Lebrun. . . . Already he was assured that the Prussians would not get to Paris, he knew that it was only a matter of satisfying them, and fulfilling the engagements entered into by Dumouriez. . . . Hence this resolution to remain in the capital, to pillage the Garde-Meuble, to massacre the prisoners and plunder the victims. . . . So it might be said, without exaggeration, that the horrible system of blood and terror . . . was a consequence of what had taken place in Champagne between the Prussians and the leaders of the Revolution, who were no other than the leaders of the Orléaniste faction."³

The theft of the Crown jewels was not attributed to Danton by Royalists alone. When on the night of the 16th to the 17th of September the Garde-Meuble was broken into and the Crown jewels were removed, no one seriously believed that the coup could be attributed to ordinary burglars, and by Girondins as well

¹ D'Allonville, *Mémoires d'un Homme d'État*, i. 401.

² D'Allonville, *Mémoires secrets*, iii. 95.

³ *Biographie de Louis Philippe d'Orléans*, by L. G. Michaud, Appendix, pp. 16, 17.

as Royalists it was declared to be the work of the Commune. Why, indeed, should it not be so? The Commune, as every one knew, had ordered the pillage that took place after the 10th of August, and it was again the Commune that had taken possession of the greater part of the spoils wrested from the victims of the massacres. When several large burglaries have been effected by the same gang in the same district, it is only reasonable to attribute a further one to the same agency. Madame Roland had no hesitation in designating Danton as the chief burglar of the Crown jewels and Fabre d'Églantine as his assistant, although, as usual in the case of crimes ordained by the revolutionary leaders, the obscure instruments who carried out the deed were arrested and put to death.¹

At any rate, whatever were the means employed, it is clear that some pressure was brought to bear upon the Prussians in order to ensure their retreat. The unaccountable part of the affair lies not so much in the fact that their triumphant advance was checked by a reverse at Valmy, but that this one reverse should have turned the tide of the whole war, yet should not have resulted in the rout of the allied armies. For if the revolutionary troops were strong enough to arrest finally the enemy's advance, why did they not follow up their victory at Valmy with greater vigour? This problem was so apparent to every one at the time that it was admitted even by Desmoulins, the ally of Danton, though, at the instigation of Robespierre, he cleverly turned it into an accusation against the Girondins.

"Is it not inconceivable to every one and unheard of in history," wrote Camille Desmoulins in his *Histoire des Brissotins*, "as I said to Dumouriez himself when he appeared at the Convention, that a general who with 17,000 men had held back an army of 92,000 men—after Dumouriez, Ajax Beurnonville, and Kellermann had announced that the plains of Champagne would be the tomb of the King of Prussia's army, like that of Attila, and that not one man would escape—should not have cut off the retreat of this army when it was reduced to nearly half by dysentery, when its march was impeded by nearly 20,000 sick, and that, on the other hand, the victorious army had increased to more than 100,000 men! All the soldiers of the vanguard of our army will tell you that when the rearguard of the Prussians called a halt, we called a halt; when they went to the right, we marched to the left; in a word, Dumouriez led back the King of Prussia rather than he pursued him, and *there was not a soldier in the army who was not convinced that there had been an arrangement between the Prussians and the Convention by the medium of Dumouriez.*"

¹ *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, i. 113.

Such, then, in the words of the revolutionary leaders themselves; was the "irresistible *élan* of the victorious revolutionary army"! Whether, therefore, the retreat of the Prussians was due to the Girondins or Orléanistes, whether Carra was acting in the interests of the Duke of Brunswick or the Duc d'Orléans, whether Danton had an understanding with the Girondins and afterwards disowned them, or whether he was carrying on an intrigue with Dumouriez as the agent of the Commune and later on betrayed him, representing him through Desmoulins as the accomplice of the Gironde, it is evident that *something happened at Valmy* which has never been explained to this day. Valmy and its sequel remain an insoluble mystery. Only, in the light of our present knowledge of Prussian diplomacy, it seems not impossible that some profounder policy may have underlain the action of both Frederick William and the Duke of Brunswick than has yet been attributed to them. At any rate, whether they realized it at the time or not, the "defeat" of Valmy was a superb victory for Prussia. For to march on to Paris at this crisis must have been to re-establish the Bourbons on the throne, and to leave the way open to a renewal of the Franco-Austrian alliance; by leaving France to tear herself to pieces Frederick William worthily carried out the traditions of the great Frederick, and assured the future supremacy of Prussia. Valmy had but paved the way for Sadowa and Sedan.

Goethe, looking on at the famous fusillade, is said to have uttered these prophetic words: "From this place and from this day forth begins a new era in the world's history, and you can all say that you were present at its birth."

A new era in truth, an era wherein the civilization of old France should be utterly destroyed and the great barbaric German Empire should rise upon the ruins. The Golden Age had ended; the Age of Blood and Iron was to begin.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

THE REIGN OF TERROR

"THE 2nd of September," said Collot d'Herbois, "is the great article of the Credo of our liberty." In other words, the massacres in the prisons were the prelude to the Reign of Terror, the first manifestation of that organized system of destruction which for ten months held sway over France. This is why, in relating the history of the Terror, it is necessary to begin at September 1792, in order to show the progressive stages which led up to the final climax.

For, before this system could be pursued with impunity, the demagogues were obliged to remove three principal obstacles from their path; these were, firstly, the monarchy, and consequently the Constitution of 1791; secondly, the King; and thirdly, the Girondins. It was the struggle to effect this three-fold purpose that for a year arrested the course of the Terror, which otherwise must have followed directly on the September massacres. We shall now see how one by one these obstacles were overthrown, and how, in each case, the schemes of the demagogues triumphed over the will of the people.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC

The idea no doubt prevails in this country that France became a Republic because the French nation was finally convinced of the advantages offered by a Republican form of government. Nothing is further from the truth. France, as the cahiers had shown, was solidly monarchical, and the protests following on the 20th of June gave evidence that this sentiment still prevailed throughout the country. "The Republicans," said Danton in September 1792, "are an infinitesimal minority . . . the rest of France is attached to the monarchy."¹

If, however, any doubt existed on this point, if the demagogues had any reason to suppose that the opinion of the people had changed since the formation of the cahiers, the only course in accordance with the principles of democracy would have been to

¹ Danton to the Comité de Défense Générale (see Robinet, *Procès des Dantonistes*).

make a fresh appeal to the nation. For, however impossible it may be to consult the people on the details of legislation, it is obviously a farce to describe a State as democratic in which the form of government is not the choice of the nation as a whole. The only legitimate method by which the form of government can be changed is, therefore, a referendum to the people.

Nothing of this kind was done in France. When, on the 21st of September, the Convention that now superseded the Legislative Assembly held its first sitting, none of the deputies—amongst whom all the leading revolutionaries, Girondins, Dantonistes, and Robespierristes alike, were included—had made any attempt to discover the real wishes of their constituents on the question of abolishing the monarchy, whilst in the provinces the idea of a Republic had not even been considered.¹

At one moment it seemed as if the new Assembly were endowed with some appreciation of the principles of democracy, for it began by passing this admirable resolution: "The National Convention declares that there can be no Constitution unless it is accepted by the people."

Yet after this, at the very same sitting, it proceeded with ludicrous inconsequence to discuss the fundamental point of the Constitution, the question of a Republic, without any reference whatever to the wishes of the people!

It was Couthon, the ally of Robespierre, who had first proposed the abolition of the monarchy, and the proposal was now seconded by Collot d'Herbois amidst "universal applause." True, one obscure member named Quinette rose to observe: "It is not we who are the judges of the monarchy, it is the people. We have only the mission to form a definite government, and the people will choose between the old one which included the monarchy, and the new one which we shall present to them." But the protest of Quinette was overruled by Grégoire, who declared that "no one could ever propose to preserve in France the disastrous race of kings. . . . We know too well that all dynasties have only been devouring races living on human flesh. . . . I ask that by a solemn law you should ordain the abolition of monarchy."

In vain Bazire interposed with the remonstrance that the Assembly should not allow itself to be carried away by a "moment of enthusiasm," that "the question of abolishing the monarchy should at least be discussed by the Assembly."

"What need is there for discussion," answered Grégoire,

¹ "It was only in Paris that the question of the Republic was considered. . . . In 1792 there are no principles (of Republicanism). They can only abolish the monarchy by advocating the deposition (of the King). They dare not proclaim the Republic" (Madelin, p. 266).

“when every one is agreed? Kings are in the moral order of things what monsters are in the physical order . . . the history of kings is the martyrology of nations. Since we are all equally penetrated by this truth, what need is there for discussion?”

And, in response to this dignified discourse, the Assembly, without further debate, passed the resolution: “The National Convention decrees that monarchy is abolished in France.”¹

Thus, in flagrant violation of the first principle of democracy, rule by the will of the people,² in direct contradiction to the resolution passed by the Convention itself at that same sitting, the Republic was proclaimed by an infinitesimal minority of political adventurers. For if these men who took upon themselves to overthrow the ancient government of France had been honest in their intentions, if they had themselves been convinced of the advantages of a Republic over a monarchy, their action might, to a certain extent, be condoned by their enthusiasm. But it was not so. These men were *not* Republican by conviction, for, as we have already seen, they were actuated by various policies far removed from Republicanism. Still, at the inauguration of the Convention, it seems that the same schemes for a change of dynasty survived; the factions had merely undergone some slight modifications. Now, although at most stages of the Revolution we find contemporaries disagreed on the aims of the factions, it is curious to notice the extraordinary resemblance between the explanations given by writers belonging to completely different parties of the motives that inspired the proclamation of the Republic.

According to such divergent authorities as Montjoie, Pagès, Prudhomme, and “The Two Friends of Liberty,” Carra and his party still inclined to the Duke of Brunswick; Brissot and his party to the Duke of York; Sillery, Sieyès, and Laclos to the Duc d’Orléans; Dumouriez, Biron, and Valence to the Duc de Chartres; whilst Marat and Danton, now less disposed to support the Duc d’Orléans, began to think of their own elevation and joined forces with Robespierre, in order to establish either a

¹ *Moniteur*, xiv. 8.

² A working-man, a tiler of Saint-Leu, named Gillequint, himself a convinced Republican, thus admirably summed up the matter in an address to his fellow-citizens some months later: “The Sovereign (*i.e.* the people) must be free in his opinion. Are we free to manifest ours? At the opening of the sittings of the Convention . . . a member proposed the abolition of the monarchy. Without examination, without discussion, the monarchy was abolished by a decree. . . . This decree was not sanctioned by the people, and since it is recognized that no decree can be made law without the sanction of the people, it should only have been carried out provisionally.” For this expression of opinion Gillequint was guillotined on the 5th of Messidor, An II. (Wallon, *Tribunal révolutionnaire*, iv. 386-388).

Dictatorship under one of their number or a Triumvirate composed of all three. Owing to these conflicting policies, none of which could be openly avowed, every one was obliged to profess Republicanism—"some voted for the Republic for fear Orléans should be King, others in order not to appear Orléanistes; all wished to acquire or maintain their popularity." This was what Robespierre meant when he said later on, "*The Republic slipped in furtively between the factions.*"¹

But once the Republic had been proclaimed and the monarchy declared to be finally abolished, it became necessary for the factions to reconstruct their policies, and so three main parties were formed in the Convention. These became known as the Gironde, the Plain, and the Mountain.

The first of these parties consisted of the deputies of the *Gironde* who had sat in the Legislative Assembly—Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Ducos, and Fonfrède—and also Brissot with his following, which included Buzot, Valazé, Isnard, and Condorcet. All these were henceforth described collectively as Girondistes or Girondins, and it was they who, as time went on, came to represent the truly Republican party in the Convention.

The *Plain* or *Marais* was composed of several hundred nondescript deputies, non-committal in their views, and afraid to move boldly in any direction.

But the real force of the Assembly lay in the *Mountain*, that fierce and subversive minority dominated by Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, and including the most violent members of the Jacobin and Cordelier Clubs—Camille Desmoulins, Billaud-Varenne, Collot d'Herbois, Fabre d'Églantine, Panis, Sergent, Legendre, and also the Duc d'Orléans, who, by the usual methods of bribes and cajolery, by dinners lavished on the new members of the Commune, and, in the opinion of many contemporaries, by the payment of 15,000 livres to Marat, succeeded in securing election as a deputy for Paris.²

Inevitably the Montagnards carried all before them; it was they and not the pedantic Girondins who understood the art of

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 216; Pagès, ii. 10-14; *Deux Amis*, viii. 326; Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, v. 24-27. These passages, written at about the same date, 1796 and 1797, should be carefully compared, and will be found to be almost identical; it is evident that each expressed the current opinion of the day.

² Prudhomme, *Révolutions de Paris*, xiii. 522. It was at this moment that the Duc d'Orléans was said to have declared to the Commune that he was not the son of the last Duc d'Orléans but of the duchess's coachman. Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 251; Peltier, *La Révolution du 10 Août*, ii. 9; Playfair's *History of Jacobinism*, p. 604; posthumous works of Lord Orford, *Historic Doubts*, ii. 250; *Les Fils de Philippe Égalité*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 2.

rousing popular passions. Hitherto, as we have seen, even the mob of Paris had needed to be systematically stirred up in order to take part in the revolutionary movement, and this is not surprising, for the issues at stake were outside their comprehension. What matter to them whether the "patriot ministers" were recalled or not, whether the King had the right of Veto, whether the non-juring priests were deported, and so forth? As to the leaders of the Legislative Assembly, none had appealed to their mentalities; the eloquence of Vergniaud left them cold; the speeches repeated parrot-like by the so-called deputations from the Faubourgs were unintelligible alike to orators and audience.

But when Marat, Danton, and Robespierre assumed the reins of power everything was changed. Marat spoke a language the populace could understand; instead of bewildering their minds with political subtleties he simply ordered them to go out and burn and pillage and destroy. By this means he appealed irresistibly to the craving for excitement which distinguishes the populace in every city, particularly in Paris, whilst his ostentation of poverty imposed for a while on some of the more credulous amongst the people themselves. It has been said that "Marat loved the poor," that from the beginning of the Revolution he had lived on the barest necessities of life. This we now know to be untrue; Marat, though of filthy and neglected appearance, lived in the greatest comfort, and was never known to make any personal sacrifices for the poor of Paris.¹ The vicious, the wastrel, the degraded alone inspired his sympathy; honest and law-abiding men of the people, especially those who by their industry had achieved some degree of prosperity, became the objects of his contempt and hatred. "Give me 300,000 heads," he said, "and I will answer for the country being saved. . . . Begin by hanging at their doors the bakers, the grocers, and all the tradesmen." When the people failed to respond to these

¹ "From the day the Revolution began," says Kropotkin, "Marat took to bread and water, not figuratively speaking, but in reality." No authority is given for this astonishing assertion. The researches of M. Lenôtre reveal, however, that at his flat in the Rue des Cordeliers, Marat was waited on by four women—his mistress, his sister, the portress, and the cook. Why a cook for bread and water? Moreover, on the evening of his death, when during the visit of Charlotte Corday, his mistress, Simonne Evrard, entered the bathroom, she removed from the window-sill two dishes containing sweetbreads and brains for the evening meal—by no means a meagre menu for the Friend of the People at a moment when hungry crowds were drawn up outside his door waiting for crusts of bread (*Paris révolutionnaire*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 219). This confirms the story current amongst the people later that, although Marat's frugality had been vaunted, his table "was every day splendidly served and never consisted of less than eight dishes, and that she who called herself his wife was seen to buy objects of great luxury, either for his table or for other purposes. . . ." (Schmidt, *Tableaux de Paris*, ii. 167).

suggestions, Marat turned and rent them : " Oh ! babbling people, if you but knew how to act ! " ¹ or again : " Eternal idlers, with what epithets would I not overwhelm you if, in the transports of my despair, I knew of any more humiliating than that of Parisians ! " ² In this lay the difference between the policies of Robespierre and Marat. Robespierre aimed at *democracy*, not in the sense of government by the people, but of a State solely composed of " the people " ; ³ he would have liked to turn the whole world into a vast working-man's settlement, of which he would be the presiding genius ; whilst Marat wanted *ochlocracy*, a State dominated by that small portion of the people known as the " mob," making of the world a huge thieves' kitchen, in which he would play the part of brigand chief. Robespierre, now falling more and more under the influence of Marat, began to realize the superiority of Marat's method ; he perceived that in times of revolution it is to the subversive minority that a demagogue must look for support, and that to appeal to the reason of the people must ever prove less effectual than to rouse the passions of the mob. Hitherto he had sought to establish his popularity by fulsome adulation of the people's virtues, ⁴ but from this time onward we find him gradually abandoning the attitude of moderation he had maintained during the preceding year, and reverting to the subversive methods he had employed at the outset of the Revolution. Inveighing against the rich and great, appealing always to cupidity and envy, it was principally amongst the women of the Société Fraternelle and the female convicts released during the massacres of September that he found his following, and this dishevelled band that Danton derisively described as the *jupons gras* of Robespierre ⁵ filled the tribunes of the Convention and the Jacobin Club, drowning the debates in their clamour.

Danton, on the other hand, never theorized about democracy. Too lazy to put pen to paper, he is almost the only revolutionary leader who owned no journal and wrote no pamphlets ; his speeches, admirably suited to a recruiting platform with their sounding refrains of " Let us beat the enemy ! " " Let us save

¹ *L'Ami du Peuple*, No. 681.

² *Ibid.* No. 539.

³ That Robespierre did not believe in government by the people has been admirably explained by M. Louis Blanc—who does not believe in it himself (see his *Histoire de la Révolution*, viii. 269).

⁴ Thus : " In the matter of genius and civism the people are infallible, whilst every one else is subject to great errors " (Article de Robespierre, Buchez et Roux, xiv. 268). " The motives of the people are always pure ; they cannot do otherwise than love the public good," etc. (*Robespierre à ses Commettants*, ii. 285).

⁵ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, v. 124.

the country ! ” served merely to electrify the Assembly, especially the tribunes, and afford evidence of no definite or coherent political creed. It is, therefore, by his sayings that we know Danton best—words flung out at impetuous moments, recorded by innumerable contemporaries, and bearing so strong a family resemblance that it is impossible not to believe that some at least are authentic. It was thus that, like Mirabeau, he frankly admitted his own corruptibility. “Danton,” says Prudhomme, “was known as a man who displayed little delicacy in revolution ; that is why he was always surrounded by bad characters and swindlers. Here is a remark habitual to him : ‘The Revolution should profit those who make it, and if the Kings enriched nobles the Revolution should enrich patriots.’ ”¹ We shall find Danton giving vent to the same sentiments up to the very foot of the scaffold. Danton’s own greed for gold led him to believe that the people were to be won by the same means ; money he held to be the great lever by which the revolutionary mobs could be moved to action.²

The fact is, Danton was not a politician, but simply a great agitator ; the “people” to whom he openly referred as the *canaille* must be made to serve the purpose of the demagogues, and he moved amongst them with no show of “fraternity” like Robespierre or Marat, but, as Garat expressed it, like “a grand seigneur of the Sans-Culotterie,” scattering largesse and thundering words of command. Robespierre’s scheme of a Socialist State held, therefore, little attraction for Danton, who had no desire to exchange his comfortable flat in Paris and his château at Arcis-sur-Aube for a cottage in a working-man’s settlement.

But, although divided in their ultimate aims—and also secretly hostile to each other—the members of the Triumvirate that headed the Mountain were agreed in regarding a period of anarchy as necessary to the realization of their schemes, and were therefore content to work together in order to destroy existing conditions. For this purpose it was necessary to enlist the aid of the mob—that portion of the people, mainly women, who, having nothing to lose by general confusion, were ready in return for adequate remuneration to stamp and shout for each party in turn.³

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 162.

² “Danton during his brief apparition at the ‘Comité de Salut Public’ instituted that odious power of gold, that frightful system of corruption that bought speech or silence. . . . ‘Get money given you,’ said Danton to Garat, ‘and do not spare it ; the Republic will always have enough.’ . . . *To corrupt and to be corrupted* was for him the whole science of our morals, all the probity of the century. . . .” (*ibid.* v. 78-80).

³ “Applauders and murmurers are to be had at all prices ; and as

Buzot has thus described the aspect of the deputations and audiences collected by Marat and Robespierre at the Convention :

"It seemed as if they had sought in all the slums of Paris and of the large cities for everything that was filthiest, most hideous, and polluted. Dreadful earthen faces, black or copper-coloured, surmounted by a thick tuft of greasy hair, with eyes half sunken in their heads, they gave vent with their fetid breath to the coarsest insults and shrill screams of hungry animals. The tribunes were worthy of such legislators : men whose frightful appearance gave evidence of crime and wretchedness, women whose shameless air expressed the foulest debauchery. When all these, with hands, feet, and voices, made their horrible din, one would have imagined oneself in an assembly of devils."

Such were the elements that now usurped the power, taking as their watchword the cry that Taine truly calls "the *résumé* of the revolutionary spirit": "The will of the people makes the law, *and we are the people.*" Henceforth the Revolution enters on a new phase, monarchy and aristocracy have both retired from the lists, and the struggle has begun between democracy and ochlocracy, between the people and the populace. And since the demagogues are on the side of the populace, inevitably ochlocracy triumphs, and everywhere, in the tribunes of the Convention and of the Jacobin Club, in the streets and public places, Marat's rabble, though an infinitesimal minority, holds sway over the great mass of the people.

THE DEATH OF THE KING

It is significant that even at this crisis, when the revolutionary leaders had at last succeeded in obtaining a following amongst the populace, the attempt was not renewed to achieve the death of the King at the hands of the mob. But the new demagogues were too expert crowd exponents not to realize the futility of such a project. Madame Roland might imagine that the Faubourgs of Paris could be incited to regicide ; Marat, Danton, and Robespierre well knew that if the King were to die they themselves must perform the deed. For in this matter even the populace they had enlisted in their service was not to be depended on.

"The people," writes a contemporary during the King's trial, "even that portion of the people who have so often steeped themselves in blood during the Revolution, does not wish to

females are more noisy and to be had cheaper than males, you will observe there are generally more women than men in the tribunes" (Dr. Moore's *Journal*, i. 211 ; see also Pagès, ii. 29).

shed that of the King ; but there is a party to which it is necessary, and at this moment it dominates Paris, and even the Convention.”¹

Dr. Moore, mingling at this date with the people of Paris, likewise realized that the ferocity attributed to them was confined to their so-called representatives. New fears, he writes, have been expressed in the Convention of massacres taking place in the streets. “ If there is really any danger of such an event, the inhabitants of Paris must be the worst of savages, but the only people I see of a savage disposition are certain members of the Convention and of the Jacobin Club, and a great majority of those who fill the tribunes at both those assemblies ; but the shopkeepers and tradespeople (and I take some pains to be acquainted with their way of thinking) seem to be much the same as I have always known them ; I am persuaded that there is no risk of massacres or assassinations but from a set of wretches who are neither shopkeepers nor tradesmen, but *idle vagabonds, hired and excited for the purpose*. When I hear it asserted from the tribune of the Convention, or of the Jacobin Society, that *the people are impatient for the death of the King*, or inclined to murder unfortunate men while they are conducted to prison, and *yet can perceive no disposition of that nature among the citizens*, I cannot help suspecting that those orators themselves are the people who are impatient for those atrocities, and that they spread the notion that this desire is general among the people on purpose to render it easier to commit them, and to make them more quietly submitted to after they have been committed.”²

In vain the Commune marshalled deputations from the revolutionary “ sections ” to the bar of the Assembly to demand “ the death of the tyrant ” ; the people in the streets and cafés gave the lie to all such demonstrations. Thereupon Prudhomme, still the King’s implacable enemy, angrily apostrophized them : “ Frenchmen, where will all this lead you ? . . . every hour of the day takes away millions of partisans from the Republic to give them to Royalism. . . . Already in your restaurants hired singers screech inane but touching laments on the fate of the tyrant. (This lament to the tune of ‘ Pauvre Jacques ’ begins thus : ‘ O mon peuple, que t’ai-je fait ? ’ It is being sold in thousands. The hymn of the Marseillais is forgotten for it.) I have seen, yes, I have seen the toper let fall a tear into his wine in favour of Louis Capet. . . . The French Republic is already three-quarters royalized.”³

¹ M. de Bernard à sa Femme, date of December 27, 1792, in *Lettres d’Aristocrates*, by Pierre de Vaissière, p. 582.

² Moore’s *Journal*, ii. 249.

³ Prudhomme, *Révolutions de Paris*, xiv. 52.

On the 2nd of January 1793 a Royalist play entitled *L'Ami des Lois* was produced amidst a wild outburst of popular enthusiasm. The piece in itself was dull, but the opportunity it offered for applauding allusions to royalty and the person of the King, and for jeering at the leading demagogues travestied on the stage, drew an immense audience—the crowd struggling to obtain admittance was numbered at 30,000 people. In vain the Père Duchesne proclaimed his *Grande Colère* against “the mountebanks, heretofore actors of the King”; in vain the younger Robespierre denounced this “infamous piece” in which they had the audacity to introduce his brother and “the excellent citizen Marat”; in vain Santerre, surrounded by his staff and later 150 Jacobins, sword and pistol in hand, attempted to put a stop to the performance. The people responded with deafening cries of “*L'Ami des Lois!* The piece! The piece! Raise the curtain!” The voice of Santerre was drowned in shouts of “Down with the General Mousseux! Down with the 2nd of September! We want the piece! The piece or death!” The demagogues were obliged to submit; the piece was played not once but again, four times in all, amidst scenes of indescribable enthusiasm.¹

A still stranger scene took place at Bordeaux, where it was not simply a promiscuous crowd of citizens who protested against the designs of the Convention, but the chosen flock on whom the leaders depended for their following. By way of propaganda the Jacobin Society of Bordeaux had invited its members to a “patriotic play” called *The Republic of Syracuse, or Monarchy Abolished*. The sentiments this piece contained having been heartily approved by the leading members of the Club, it was hoped that the public would receive it with equal favour. This is, however, what occurred—the description must be given in the inimitable words of the patriot of Bordeaux, whose letter was read aloud at the Jacobin Club in Paris:

“On the day of the performance all the seats were filled at a very early hour. The curtain rises and the theatre represents the palace of M. Veto; he is told of the complaints that his people make against him, and of the depredations of Mme. Veto. He gets angry; an insurrection makes him gentler. The people wish to become free and give themselves a constitution; a patriot general is placed at the head of the armed forces; Mme. Veto tries to seduce him, but in the piece she does not succeed as in our Revolution.² The Constitution made, the

¹ *Journal d'un Bourgeois*, by Edmond Biré, i. 383.

² Lafayette seduced by Marie Antoinette!—Marie Antoinette who had cried out, “Better perish than be saved by Lafayette!” There is no limit to the absurdities circulated by the Jacobins.

Constitutional Monarch swears and swears again everything they wish, but keeps nothing; at last the people open their eyes a second time, they see that this monarch is deceiving them; they attack the Château, take M. and Mme. Veto prisoners, and shut them up in a tower. They are brought to trial and the Senate of Syracuse sends them both to the guillotine. Here begins the fifth act. The guillotine on the stage excites a movement of stupor throughout the hall. Some said, 'How can they represent such things?' Women fainted. At last, in the midst of the most absolute silence, M. and Mme. Veto arrive at the foot of the fatal instrument. At the moment they mount the ladder a cry from the people demands mercy for them, and condemns them to perpetual imprisonment. At the cry of 'Mercy!' the hall resounded with applause, *so much has public opinion deteriorated in that city*. So no longer there does one hear the *générale* beaten or the cry to arms; flat calm reigns. The patriot Terrasson tried to speak at the Society in favour of Marat, Robespierre, Danton, and others, who are regarded as sedition-mongers; they would not listen to him . . . the Society passed the resolution that it would suspend all correspondence with the Jacobins of Paris, so long as these members remained amongst them."¹

The Convention took a terrible revenge on Bordeaux ten months later.

It will be asked, "If the people did not wish for the death of the King, why did they not save him?" Perhaps if they had known their power they might have done so, but, terrorized as they still were by the September massacres, they no doubt imagined the Commune to be far more powerful than it really was. They could not know, as we know now, that the following on which the leaders depended for support constituted approximately $\frac{1}{100}$ part of the population of Paris,² and that, had the remaining $\frac{99}{100}$ been able to coalesce, they could have swept away the demagogues almost without an effort. Convinced of their own helplessness, they showed the same submission to the decrees of the Convention concerning the King as they displayed when their own lives were at stake eighteen months later. But, above all, they lacked leaders, men of their own class to defend their interests against those of the middle-class men who composed the Convention. A few energetic working-men, placing themselves at the head of the Faubourgs, must have carried the day, for at this stage of the Revolution the demagogues would

¹ Aulard's *Séances des Jacobins*, iv. 619.

² Statement of a government reporter in June 1793: "There are not 3000 decided revolutionaries in Paris" (*Paris pendant la Révolution*, by Adolphe Schmidt, p. 21).

not have dared to fire on them—the people so far were not crushed, they were only paralysed.

Meanwhile, had they only realized it, the Convention lived in terror of the people. All through the discussions that took place on the fate of the King there runs a haunting fear lest a popular movement should be made in his favour.¹ It was for this reason that Chabot urged the necessity for avoiding a Sunday or Monday for bringing the King to trial, since on those days the people were not at work and would be free to assemble.² Robespierre, the better to expedite matters, proposed that the Convention should pass sentence of death without according Louis XVI. the formality of a trial, whilst St. Just advocated simple murder. "Caesar," he said, "was immolated in the open Senate without any further formality than twenty-two dagger thrusts."

But the Girondins, either from a desire to maintain a reputation for justice, or because they really wished to save the King, insisted on a trial, and the 11th of December was the day fixed for Louis XVI. to appear at the bar of the Convention.

The debates that took place in the Convention must be read in order to realize the utter futility of the charges brought against the King, from Valazé's accusation of "monopolizing wheat, coffee, and sugar,"³ to the diatribes of Robert—convicted later of cornering large quantities of rum⁴—who declared Louis XVI. to be "guilty of more cruelties than Nero," of having "butchered more human beings than his life counted hours or moments," of "aspiring to the absurd privilege of bathing in the blood of his fellow-men."⁵ For want of fresh pretexts all the old threadbare grievances were revived—the closing of the Assembly on the day of the Oath of the Tennis Court, the "orgy of the Guards" at Versailles on the 1st of October 1789, the flight to Varennes, the "massacre of the Champ de Mars" on July 17, 1791 (when the King was a prisoner at the Tuileries), the refusal to sanction the camp of 20,000 men, and so on. The charge of conspiring with foreign powers, that looms so large in the pages of revolutionary historians, played a comparatively small part in the trial, for no proofs whatever were forthcoming. Great hopes had been entertained of finding incriminating documents in the iron cupboard that Roland had

¹ "Those who wished his death were in constant dread of a return of humanity and affection in the hearts of the people towards him, and therefore were at great pains to fill the tribunes with persons hired to make an outcry against him: and they were so apprehensive on this subject as to suspect those very agents of relenting" (Moore's *Journal*, ii. 528).

² Buchez et Roux, xxi. 202.

³ "Premier Rapport de Valazé," November 6, *Moniteur*, xiv. 401.

⁴ *Essais de Beaulieu*, iv. 228.

⁵ *Ibid.*

discovered at the Tuileries after the 10th of August, where the King had concealed his private papers, but this find proved disappointing, for though it offered to Roland the opportunity for abstracting documents that could have served to establish the innocence of Louis XVI.¹—and also certain other documents that might have convicted Roland and his party of offering to sell themselves to the Court²—it provided not a shred of evidence that the King had been guilty of traitorous intrigues with the enemies of France.³

When, finally, Louis XVI. appeared at the bar of the Convention, and the long list of paltry charges, drawn up in the form of an indictment, was read aloud to him, he contented himself with brief and dignified denials; only when they touched on his most vulnerable point, his conduct towards the people, his serenity momentarily deserted him. Thus at the accusation of Barère that he had attempted to conspire by going to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine and distributing alms amongst the poor workmen of the district, his eyes filled with tears as he answered, "Ah! monsieur, I have never known greater happiness than in giving to those who were in need."⁴ At this, one of the wretched women amongst Marat's following in the tribunes burst into loud sobs, exclaiming, "Ah! mon Dieu, how he makes me weep!"⁵ When, again, he was accused of shedding the people's blood—the one reproach of all that cut him to the heart—his voice vibrated with emotion as he replied, "No, monsieur, no, it was not *I* who shed their blood."⁶

"The King's appearance in the Convention," says Dr. Moore, "the dignified resignation of his manner, the admirable promptitude and candour of his answers, made such an evident impression on some of the audience in the galleries that a determined enemy of Royalty, who had his eye upon them, declared that he was afraid of hearing the cry of 'Vive le Roi!' issue from the tribunes, and added that if the King had remained ten minutes longer in their sight he was convinced it would have happened: for which reason he was vehemently against his being brought to the bar a second time."⁷

On the proposal of Pétion the King was allowed to appoint advocates for his defence. No less than a hundred at once

¹ Moore's *Journal*, ii. 614.

² *Mémoires de Lafayette*, iii. 381.

³ Beaulieu, iv. 267; Moore's *Journal*, ii. 468; see also the selections from these papers published by Buchez et Roux, xvii. 259.

⁴ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 224; Moore's *Journal*, ii. 512.

⁵ *Éloge historique et funèbre de Louis XVI.*, by Montjoie, p. 247.

⁶ Beaulieu, iv. 274; *Lettres d'Aristocrates*, by Pierre de Vaissière, p. 584.

⁷ Moore's *Journal*, ii. 529.

offered their services.¹ The King's choice fell on his old friend Malesherbes, who at the beginning of his reign had co-operated with him in the work of reform, on Désèze, Tronchet, and Target. Target, it seems, had not volunteered, and had the cowardice to refuse the task. At this the *poissardes* were so indignant that they presented themselves at his door with birch-rods to scourge him, and the wretched Target, warned of their intention, was obliged to fly; but to Tronchet who accepted they brought flowers and laurels.² They would have crowned, too, the head of brave old Malesherbes, that venerable white head that, as the penalty of his devotion, was to fall later upon the scaffold, but Malesherbes declined the honour, and the fishwives had to content themselves with hanging their garlands on his gate.³

All these symptoms seriously alarmed the revolutionary leaders, and when on the 26th of December the King appeared at the Convention to hear his defence read aloud by Désèze, immense precautions were taken to prevent the people from coming to his rescue. The whole route from the Temple to the Manège was lined with troops; a mounted bodyguard as well as one on foot surrounded his carriage, six cannons preceded him and six followed behind, whilst strong patrols paraded the streets.⁴

The assembling of this guard had been no easy matter, for the men of the people had absolutely declined to take part in the proceedings. "It is said," writes a contemporary that evening, "that the Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau, which are the most thickly populated districts of Paris, refused to-day to form the King's Guard whilst he was at the Convention, saying that if any harm is to be done to him they will not be accomplices."⁵ It was thus found necessary to form a sort of press-gang, and officers were sent to tear peaceful citizens from their beds and force them to join the escort.⁶

From the outset it was evident that the King's trial was to be a mere travesty of justice. "I look for judges!" cried his advocate Désèze, "and I see only accusers!" Even the revolutionary leaders themselves secretly recognized the truth of this indictment. The Convention, Prudhomme pointed out to Danton, had not the right to try Louis XVI.: "If the Parliament of England tried Charles I., it is because it was not a Convention; the members of the Conventional Assembly cannot be

¹ Letter from M. Bernard to his wife in *Lettres d'Aristocrates*, by Pierre de Vaissière, p. 578.

² Moore's *Journal*, ii. 526; *Lettres d'Aristocrates*, pp. 571, 581.

³ *Lettres d'Aristocrates*, by Pierre de Vaissière, p. 581.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 577.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 580.

⁶ Prudhomme, *Révolutions de Paris*, xiv. 3, 4.

at the same time accusers, jury, and judges." "You are right," answered Danton, "nor shall we judge Louis XVI.; we shall kill him."¹

This was the plan they now proposed to put into practice, and as soon as the King had retired Duhem rose to demand that his condemnation should be discussed without further delay. The evidence brought forward in his defence was thus not even to be considered.

At so monstrous an outrage on humanity and justice one man was found brave enough to protest—Lanjuinais, a Breton, member for Ile et Vilaine, whose courage and eloquence from this moment until the fall of the Gironde provide a striking contrast to the cowardice and treachery of both Girondins and Montagnards. "You cannot," Lanjuinais cried boldly, "remain judges, applicers of the law, accusers, juries for the accusation, juries for the judgement, having all expressed your opinions, having done so, some of you, with a scandalous ferocity!"²

The voice of Lanjuinais was drowned in howls of indignation. At last, after scenes of indescribable confusion, the Convention decided that the judgement of the King should be discussed. It seems that the Girondins now really wished to save the King, if only to arrest the increasing despotism of the Mountain; but, too cowardly to protest against his condemnation, they bethought themselves of a way out of the dilemma by proposing an appeal to the people through the primary assemblies. The Montagnards, who knew as well as the Girondins that the verdict of the people would be in favour of the King, naturally offered a furious resistance to the plan. The question was first put to the Convention by the Girondin Salles on the 27th of December in an admirable speech. "Either," he said, "the nation wishes that Louis should die or it does not; if it wishes it, you all who wish it also, your expectations will not be disappointed; but if it does not wish it, what right have you to send him to execution contrary to the wish of the nation?"

This was, of course, absolutely unanswerable from the point of view of true democracy, but presented no difficulty to the deputies of the Mountain. Every tortuous argument the heart of sophist could devise was brought forward during the seven days that the discussion lasted, to prove that an appeal to the nation would be in reality *undemocratic*—a betrayal of the people's trust. "Virtue," Robespierre remarked sententiously, "was always in a minority on earth." He seemed to have forgotten he had once said that the people were infallible; on this occasion he evidently feared they might prove "subject to

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, v. 120.

² Buchez et Roux, xxii. 63; *Moniteur*, xiv. 849.

error." St. Just, paying an unconscious tribute to the liberty accorded to public opinion by the Old Régime, asked: "The appeal to the people . . . would that not be bringing back the monarchy?" Nothing could be truer. Under the monarchy the poorest of the King's subjects had enjoyed the right of bringing him petitions; from St. Louis seated beneath his oak to Louis XVI. receiving the *poissardes* at Versailles, access had always been granted to "the people." But when deputations of poor women gathered around the doors of the Convention to plead for the life of Louis XVI. they were turned away, after waiting long hours, without a hearing,¹ whilst deputies who persisted in demanding an appeal to the people were shouted down with angry cries of "Death to the traitor!"² In the streets hawkers shouted, "Here is the list of the Royalists and aristocrats who voted for the appeal to the people!"³

For, as usual at a moment of crisis, the revolutionary leaders had recourse to their great expedient—*terror*.

When the King—against whom nothing had been proved—was finally pronounced "guilty," and the appeal to the people was defeated by a majority of 424 to 283 votes, the Mountain put all the machinery of revolution in motion to secure a final verdict of death. Amongst the men employed for this purpose the agents of the Duc d'Orléans were the most active. "The Orléanistes," says Montjoie, "clearly understood that the people were not for them; they kept the blade unceasingly raised over the heads of the voters; they surrounded them with assassins." The deputies of the Gironde, says Madame Roland, were obliged to go about "armed to the teeth" in self-defence;⁴ brigands brandishing sticks and sabres pursued them as they left the Convention, crying out, "His life or yours!"⁵

At eight o'clock on the evening of the 16th of January the debate began that was to decide the great question: "What penalty shall be inflicted on Louis?" "It is impossible," says Mercier, "to describe the agitation of that long and convulsive sitting."

Lehardy opened the proceedings by asking what majority would be necessary for the death sentence to be pronounced. Thereupon Lanjuinais demanded that it should consist in two-thirds of the votes, in accordance with the penal code framed by the Constituent Assembly. But Danton, shrewdly foreseeing

¹ *Journal d'un Bourgeois*, by Edmond Biré, i. 409.

² *Ibid.* p. 407.

³ Buchez et Roux, xxiii. 154.

⁴ Madelin, p. 284.

⁵ Lacretelle, *Histoire de la Convention*; see also *Mémoires de Carnot*, i. 293: "Louis XVI. would have been saved if the Convention had not debated beneath daggers."

that this majority would not be forthcoming, proposed that the Convention should pass a decree ordaining that a majority of *one* voice should be sufficient—in other words, *the law was to be altered to fit the case*.

At this Lanjuinais rose again in wrath: "You say all the time that we are a jury; well, it is the penal code I invoke, it is the form of trial by jury for which I ask. . . . You have rejected all the forms that perhaps justice and certainly humanity demand, the right of challenging the jury and voting in silence. We seem to be deliberating in a free Convention, but it is beneath the daggers and the cannons of the factions." And he ended by demanding that three-fourths of the votes should be necessary for condemnation to death.

But the Convention without further discussion decreed that a majority of *one vote* should suffice.

Then the voting began and continued for twenty-four hours without intermission. One by one the deputies arose, and through the tense silence of the hall the fatal word rang out again and again: "Death!" Some of the more violent—Marat, Fréron, Billaud - Varenne—added vindictively, "within twenty-four hours"; several even amongst the Girondins now allowed themselves to be terrorized into voting for immediate death, others pleaded tremblingly for respite. It was reserved for Philippe d'Orléans to give the last touch of infamy to this terrible night. When in the semi-darkness of the hall, illumined only by a few feebly-burning candles, the bloated face of Égalité appeared in the tribune, the Assembly waited breathlessly for the words that were to fall from his lips: "Solely occupied by my duty, convinced that all those who have violated the sovereignty of the people deserve death, *I vote for death*."

At this cowardly betrayal of his kinsman even the Convention shuddered; a low murmur of indignation ran through the hall; men rose from their seats with gestures of disgust, crying out uncontrollably, "Oh! horror! Oh! the monster!"¹

The miserable prince had shown his hand at last, had given the lie once and for all to his apologists, who declared him to be the weak and amiable puppet of a faction; even in the eyes of the regicides he now became a thing of loathing, a pariah to be repudiated by each faction in turn.

The vote of the Duc d'Orléans was of paramount importance in the final decision, for, according to the official report, when the votes came to be counted up there were found to be 360 for imprisonment, banishment, for death with respite or conditional death, and exactly 361 for immediate and unconditional death;

¹ Buchez et Roux, xxiii. 180; Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 237; Moore, ii. 577, 580; *Deux Amis*, xii. 16.

if this were so, then Philippe's had been the casting vote, and by throwing it into the scale of instant death he murdered the King as surely as if he had stabbed him to the heart with his own hand. But so much jugglery went on behind the scenes, and the votes of many deputies were so vaguely worded, that it is impossible to discover the exact figures.¹ According to a prevailing opinion at the time, there was a real majority of five votes for immediate and unconditional death. "They murdered him," Arthur Young wrote indignantly, "by a majority of five voices, though their law required three-fourths at least for declaring guilt or for pronouncing death—and the majority obtained by the menaces of the assassins paid by Égalité. The consummation of political infamy!"

The Convention itself recoiled in shame before the crime it was about to perpetrate. "The silence of terror," says Beaulieu, "reigned during the deliverance of this disastrous judgement, and even long after the President had ceased speaking. It seemed as if the revolutionaries were already plumbing the abyss they had created without being able to discover its depth."

The same evening the news was brought to the King's counsels that a majority of five votes had been obtained in favour of death. Thereupon Louis XVI. instantly demanded that an appeal should be made to the people, and Désèze, Tronchet, and Malesherbes

¹ The figures published by the official *Procès-Verbal* (see Buchez et Roux, xxiii. 206, and Mortimer Ternaux, v. 462, *not* the *Moniteur* which is incorrect) are as follows:

Total number of deputies, 749. Absent, 28; refused to vote, 5. Total number of voters, therefore, = 721.

For imprisonment or banishment	286	
For irons	2	
For death, with sentence postponed	46	
For death, but also, on the proposal of Mailhe, for discussion on postponement	26	
	360	
		For immediate death, without discussion on postponement
		361

The conclusion of the President that the majority was of 387 to 334 was arrived at by adding the 26 votes for death with discussion on postponement to those for immediate death. This is obviously incorrect, and M. Mortimer Ternaux and Mr. Croker (*Essays on the French Revolution*, p. 362) are, therefore, right in stating that there was a majority of one. Both Ferrières and Dr. Moore, however, say that there were 319 votes for imprisonment or banishment. Fockedey, a member of the Convention, says 334. (See *Documents pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution Française*, published by Charles d'Héricault, ii. 143.) These figures would reduce the votes for death still further, and result in a majority against death. Indeed the secretary Manuel afterwards declared this was the case (*Mémoires Secrets de D'Allonville*, iii. 139).

came to lay the request before the Convention. Malesherbes, overwhelmed with grief, was unable to utter more than a few broken sentences, but his colleagues forcibly portrayed the iniquity of pronouncing the death sentence contrary to the penal code by means of a decree passed at this same sitting. Robespierre replied that the King's defenders had no right to attack "great measures taken for public safety," and demanded that their appeal should be rejected. This proposal was adopted by the Convention.

The Girondins, now more than ever alarmed at the tyranny of the Mountain, ventured to remonstrate; Guadet asked that the objections of the King's defenders should be considered. Buzot two days later protested against condemnation on so diminutive a majority, and even went so far as to declare that the party which desired the immediate death of the King wished to place the Duc d'Orléans on the throne. Thomas Paine represented the "universal affliction" the execution of Louis XVI. would create in America, where he was regarded by the people as "their best friend, the one who had procured them their liberty."

In the end the Girondins succeeded in carrying the motion that the question of postponing the sentence should be put to the vote. But by this time the whole Assembly was so cowed by the menaces of Orléans and the Mountain that the sentence of immediate death was carried by a majority of 380 to 310. The President then pronounced sentence of death to be executed within twenty-four hours.

Malesherbes has related that when he went to the Temple to break the news to Louis XVI. he found him seated in the semi-darkness, his back turned to the lamp, his elbows resting on a little table, and his face buried in his hands. As the old man entered the King rose and, looking him in the eyes, said solemnly: "Monsieur de Malesherbes, for two hours I have been trying to discover whether in the course of my reign I have deserved the least reproach from my subjects. Well, I swear to you in all truth as a man about to appear before God that I have always wished for the happiness of my people, that I have never formed a wish opposed to them."

"Ah, Sire," answered Malesherbes with tears, "I still have hope; the people know the purity of your intentions, they love you and they feel for you. I found myself, on going out from the debate, surrounded by a number of people who assured me that you would not perish, or at least not until they and their friends had perished themselves. . . ."

"Do you know these people?" Louis XVI. interposed hastily; "go back to the Assembly, try to find some of them, tell them that I should never forgive them if a drop of blood were shed

for me ; I refused to shed it when it might have saved me my throne and my life . . . and I do not repent, no, Monsieur, I do not repent."

The cause of this unrepentance is not far to seek. Louis XVI. realized that his trust in the people had not been misplaced, for it was not by the people he had been condemned—an appeal to the people must inevitably have saved him. He knew, no doubt, the intrigues that had brought about the fatal sentence.

To numberless contemporaries it was evident that the influence of the Duc d'Orléans had contributed even more than that of Robespierre towards this end. According to rumours current at the time a certain Marquis de Lepeletier St. Fargeau had intended to vote against the King's death, and to induce twenty-five of his fellow deputies to do the same, but at the last moment he and his companions were persuaded by Orléans to throw their weight into the opposite scale.¹ Whether this was so or not, it provides the only explanation to a mysterious incident that occurred the evening before the King's execution. Lepeletier was dining in a restaurant of the Palais Royal when a man with black hair, dressed in a long grey overcoat, entered. This man was Paris, a member of the King's old bodyguard ; all day he had wandered about the city, sabre in hand, seeking the Duc d'Orléans in vain.² Now he had found Lepeletier, and, going up to him, he accosted him thus : " You voted for the death of the King ? " " Yes, Monsieur, I voted according to my conscience. What matters it to you ? " But Paris, drawing out his sabre from beneath his cloak, cried, " Wretch, then you shall vote no more ! " and he plunged his weapon into the body of Lepeletier.

So little did the citizens who filled the dining-room resent the crime that not a murmur arose, and Paris was allowed to leave the restaurant unmolested.³

Such manifestations of public feeling were naturally disquieting to the regicides, and now more than ever they dreaded that a popular movement might be made in favour of the King. On the following day a formidable guard was again summoned to surround him on his way to the Place de la Révolution. " According to two Marseillais very hostile to the King," says M. Madelin, " Paris had been literally placed in a state of siege." Meanwhile Philippe Égalité, foreseeing that Louis XVI. might succeed in bringing the crowd to his rescue by words spoken from the scaffold, took elaborate precautions against such an

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 232 ; Pagès, ii. 69.

² Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, i. 175 ; Dauban, *La Demagogie en 1793*, p. 27.

³ *Journal d'un Bourgeois*, by Edmond Biré, ii. 5.

eventuality. "D'Orléans," says Sénart, "fears that he may speak to the people; he fears that the people may deliver him, for the head of Capet was necessary to him at any price. There were various rendezvous for the Orléans faction. It was at one of these rendezvous that Santerre swore to D'Orléans, glass in hand, that he would make use of a sure method to prevent Capet from speaking, and thus was formed the plot of the famous roll of drums which occurred at the death of Capet."¹

When the wet and dreary morning of January 21 dawned, the city was wrapped in the silence of consternation. "All the shops were shut; silent patrols, composed of ill-clad men, moved slowly about the streets, where one met only pale, sad, and gloomy faces; executioners and victims alike seemed aghast at the cruel sacrifice that was to be consummated; stupor alone seemed to inhabit Paris. Such was the situation of that famous city, once so brilliant and the rendezvous for all pleasures."²

Mercier, who invariably endeavours to throw on the people the blame for all the crimes of the Revolution, has represented Paris as presenting a normal, even a gay appearance on this dreadful day—a testimony eagerly seized on by revolutionary historians, but which is contradicted by innumerable contemporaries, even by Prudhomme. Fockedey, a member of the Convention, has thus confirmed the evidence of Beaulieu:

"This day was for France, and above all for Paris, a day of bitterness and grief, of fear and mourning: the capital was in anguish. Almost all the shops and houses were closed, whole families were in tears. Consternation was seen on all the faces one met; a great number of the National Guards, on foot since the morning, appeared themselves to be going to execution. No, never will the scenes I witnessed on that day be effaced from my memory. How many were the tears I saw flow! What imprecations I heard against the authors of such a crime. . . . The Assembly that day was silent and gloomy, the voters for regicide were pale and shattered, they seemed to have a horror of themselves."³

As to the poor people of Paris, they could hardly bring

¹ Certain contemporaries declared that it was not Santerre who finally ordered the roll of drums (see Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 240), but the Comte d'Aya, a natural son of Louis XV. Beaulieu, however (*Essais*, iv. 353), and most reliable authorities state that it was Santerre; moreover, Santerre admitted it himself. See "Relation du Municipal Goret," in *La Captivité et la Mort de Marie Antoinette*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 146.

² Beaulieu, iv. 349.

³ "Souvenirs du Conventionnel Fockedey," published in *Documents pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution Française*, by Charles d'Héricault, vol. ii. p. 142. On this point see also the contemporary evidence quoted by Edmond Biré, *Journal d'un Bourgeois*, i. 451.

themselves to believe that so dreadful a deed could really be accomplished. "On the 21st of January," writes the Comtesse de Bohm, "I saw upon the ramparts people of the lowest classes weeping, showing openly their grief at the outrage that was to take place. 'There are too many of them in Paris,' they said, 'they will prevent it.' The sun pierced through the clouds, shining on this crime. That national sense of shame that will be transmitted from age to age, of which the remorse will become for every Frenchman a personal offence, weighed heavily upon me."

But the Parisians made no effort to prevent the crime. The little band of Royalists, under the Baron de Batz, that dashed towards the King's carriage, crying, "Join with us, you who would save the King!" met with neither resentment nor response; the immense multitude stood by stupefied and mute, hypnotized, it would seem, by the horror of the whole proceeding, for not a cry broke from them as the dark green coach passed between their ranks towards the great Place de la Révolution. Through the windows the outline of the King's face could be dimly seen beneath the shadow of his large hat, bent downwards to his breviary open at the prayers for the dying. He was, perhaps, the most tranquil man in Paris on that grey January morning. "God is my comforter," he had said to his confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth; "my enemies cannot take His peace from me."

Every effort was made by the revolutionary journalists to minimize the King's courage at the supreme moment. "Louis," *Le Thermomètre du Jour* declared, "had shown courage and assurance only because he did not believe the sentence would really be carried out, that to the very moment of his death he had reckoned on being saved." When he realized, however, his delusion, his serenity deserted him, and he "struggled with the executioner's assistants, by whom at last he was forcibly tied to the plank of the guillotine." It was Sanson, the executioner himself who refuted this lie, by coming forward boldly to testify not only to the King's courage but to the cause that inspired it.

"Citizen," he wrote to the editor of the *Thermomètre*, "a short absence has prevented me from replying sooner to your article concerning Louis Capet, but here . . . is the exact truth concerning what passed. On alighting from the carriage for the execution he was told that he must take off his coat; he made some difficulty, saying that he could be executed as he was. On being assured that this was impossible he himself helped to take off his coat. He then made the same difficulty when it came to tying his hands, but he offered them himself when the person who was with him (the Abbé Edgeworth) had said to him that it was a last sacrifice. He inquired whether the drums would go

on beating ; we answered that we did not know, which was the truth. He ascended the scaffold, and tried to advance to the front as if he wished to speak, but it was represented to him that the thing was again impossible ; then he allowed himself to be led to the place where he was tied, and where he cried out loudly, ' People, I die innocent ! ' Then turning towards us he said to us, ' I am innocent of all that is imputed to me. I desire that my blood may seal the happiness of the French people.' Those, citizen, were his last and exact words. The kind of little debate which occurred at the foot of the scaffold turned on his not thinking it necessary that his coat should be taken off and his hands tied. He also made the proposal to cut off his own hair.

" And in order to render homage to truth, he bore all this with a sang-froid and firmness which astonished us all, and I remain convinced that *he had derived this firmness from the principles of religion*, of which no one could seem more persuaded and imbued than he. You can be sure, citizen, that here is the truth in its fullest light.—I have the honour to be your fellow-citizen,

" SANSON."

Not content with maligning the King, the revolutionaries as usual maligned the people. " After the execution," says Mercier again, " they laughed and chattered, they walked home arm-in-arm as if returning from a feast, the theatres remained open as usual throughout the evening." True, hideous scenes of mirth took place on the Place de la Révolution ; joy shone out exultingly from the face of Orléans, watching the execution from his cabriolet ; around the scaffold brigands danced together, shouting " Vive la République ! " A citizen ascending the guillotine plunged his arm into the blood of the King and dashed it in the faces of the crowd. Then once again, like a tiger that has tasted blood, the mob went mad and broke out likewise into dancing ; wild, blood-bespattered figures whirled round in each other's arms ; all over the great Place de la Révolution the hoarse roar arose, " Vive la République ! Vive la Liberté ! Vive l'Égalité ! " ¹

But after this one moment of " crowd hysteria " it seems that even the mob came to its senses, and Paris once more relapsed into stupor. The people did not go home rejoicing ; on the contrary, says Lacretelle, they " returned gloomy and absorbed ; the multitude itself, whether from pity or from resentment at its curiosity being disappointed, loaded Santerre with imprecations for having drowned the last words of the King. All through the day that followed"—for the execution took place at half-past ten in the morning—" Paris was silent, almost

¹ *Diurnal de Beaulieu ; Prudhomme, Révolutions de Paris*, xiv. 205.

deserted ; people shut themselves up with their families to weep." The women, Prudhomme reluctantly admits, were sad, " which contributed not a little to that gloomy air which Paris presented throughout this day." As to the theatres, it is true that they were open that evening, but also they were empty, and the managers found themselves obliged to return the money paid for seats.¹ In the streets, say the Two Friends of Liberty, " people dared not look each other in the face . . . the day after the execution they had not recovered from this overwhelming dejection."

Had France indeed, like Louis XVI. himself, some premonition of the immense misfortunes this day was to bring her ? " I see the people," he had said to Cléry on the night of his condemnation, " given over to anarchy, becoming the victim of all the factions ; I see crimes following one upon another and long dissensions rending France."

For the people he grieved, knowing well in what hands he was leaving them. Here, in the white light of eternity, we see him at his best, his blunders atoned for by his great sincerity. To the cause of despots he had proved a traitor, to " aristocracy " he had shown scant sympathy, but to the people he had been true. In him they lost not their best but their only friend. Carlyle has written of " the great heart of Danton "—Danton, whose last words, like those of nearly every one of the demagogues, were to revile the people—for the great heart of Louis XVI. he has nothing but contempt. Yet, of all the men who played their part in the Revolution, there was only one who, realizing that no hope for his life remained, could say from the depths of his heart, as he stood on the threshold of the other world—the platform of the guillotine—" I desire that my blood may seal the happiness of the French." That one true patriot, that one man ready to die for France and for the people, was the King.

ENGLAND AND THE DEATH OF THE KING

In England the news of the King's death was received by all classes with horror. " I cannot describe to you," Lord Grenville wrote to Lord Auckland on the 24th of January, " the universal indignation it has excited here . . . the audience at one of the play-houses stopping the play, and ordering the curtain to be dropped as soon as the news was announced to them."

The Prince of Wales, hearing of the vote for death given by his former boon-companion Philippe d'Orléans, pulled down the portrait of the duke—a masterpiece by Sir Joshua Reynolds—

¹ Gorsas in the *Courier des Départements* for January 28, 1793. See *Journal d'un Bourgeois*, by Edmond Biré, i. 453.

from the wall in Carlton House, and tore it into shreds with his own hands.¹

But the lovers of true liberty mourned the most profoundly. It was because *the murder of Louis XVI. was the greatest crime ever committed against democracy* that Arthur Young, that ardent democrat, denounced it in unmeasured terms :

“ This great abomination . . . ought to generate (for the real felicity of the human race) a tighter rein in the jaws of that monster . . . the metaphysical, philosophical, atheistical Jacobin Republican, abhorred for ever for holding out to all the sovereigns of the earth that the only prince who ever voluntarily placed bounds to his own power DIED FOR IT ON THE SCAFFOLD, and ruined his people while he destroyed himself. He gave ear to those who told him of abuses ; he wished to ease his people ; he fought popularity . . . he would not shed the blood of traitors, conspirators, and rebels. . . . This damned event, deep written in the characters of hell, has thrown a stupor over mankind.”²

In Parliament Pitt spoke of “ the murder of the King ” as “ that dreadful outrage against every principle of religion, of justice, and of humanity, which has created one general sentiment of indignation and abhorrence in every part of this island, and most undoubtedly has produced the same effect in every civilized country . . . it is the foulest and most atrocious deed which the history of the world has yet had occasion to attest.”

And here, for the honour of our country, it is impossible to pass over in silence the accusation brought against Pitt in this connection by an English historian. “ Information,” wrote the late Lord Acton, “ was brought to Pitt from a source that could be trusted, that Danton would save him (the King) for £40,000. When he made up his mind to give the money, Danton replied that it was too late. Pitt explained to the French diplomatist, Maret, afterwards Prime Minister, his motive for hesitation. The execution of the King of France would raise such a storm in England that the Whigs would be submerged.”³

In other words, Pitt was willing for the sake of party interests to act as murderer to Louis XVI. And on what does Lord Acton found this monstrous charge ? On the assertion of Maret—a revolutionary emissary to England ! Now, even if Pitt had entertained so dastardly a plan, is it conceivable that he would have confided it to such a man as Maret ? The only

¹ *Moniteur* for February 6, 1793.

² *The Example of France*, Appendix, p. 10.

³ *Essays on the French Revolution*, p. 254. Note here the value of Lord Acton's judgement as a historian, for, after admitting that Danton was actuated solely by mercenary motives in the matter of the King's death, he afterwards observes : “ There was not in France a more thorough patriot than Danton,” *ibid.* p. 282.

grain of truth in the whole story seems to be that Pitt did refuse to bribe Danton, but as he was very well aware of Danton's true character—was not Bertrand de Molleville in London at the time and able to enlighten him on the financial transactions he had conducted on behalf of the King with that "thorough patriot"?—it is hardly surprising that Pitt should have hesitated to put £40,000 into the pocket of a man who would in all probability make no return. The Revolutionary Tribunal was probably much nearer the mark when it declared that Pitt had assisted Malesherbes financially in defending the King¹—a course the great statesman may well have held to be more reputable and at the same time more expedient than bribing Danton.

If any members of the British Parliament are to be accused of complicity in the murder of Louis XVI., it is certainly the Whigs; Pitt, whom the revolutionaries regarded as their arch-enemy, would only have increased their animosity towards the King by interceding for him, but Fox, Sheridan, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Lauderdale, and Lord Stanhope were all on the best of terms with the members of the Convention, and might surely have exerted their influence to avert the crime. With the exception of Lord Stanhope—who, we know, definitely refused to intercede for Louis XVI., giving as his reason that "new discoveries of his treachery, perfidy, and duplicity" had just been made²—we may do these men the justice to believe that if they refrained from intervention it was because, like Pitt, they knew it would be hopeless.

A rupture between France and England had now become inevitable, for it was evident that the Anarchists of Paris, not content with devastating their own country, proposed to carry out the same process in every other country which they could succeed in entering. On the 19th of November they had issued the following proclamation:

"The National Convention declares in the name of the French nation that she will accord fraternity and assistance to all peoples who wish to recover their liberty, and charges the Executive Power to give the necessary orders to the generals in order to render assistance to these peoples, and to defend the citizens who have been vexed or who might be so for the cause of liberty."³

This decree, which the Convention ordered to be translated into "all languages," was therefore not an appeal merely to the

¹ Trial of Malesherbes, in *Bulletin de Tribunal révolutionnaire*.

² *The Life of Charles, third Earl of Stanhope*, by Ghita Stanhope and G. P. Gooch, p. 119.

³ *Moniteur*, xiv. 517.

peoples of the countries with which France was then at war, but a call to universal insurrection. A few weeks later the revolutionary leaders explained their intentions towards the countries they had already entered in a further proclamation. On the 15th of December, Cambon, "in the name of the financial, military, and diplomatic committees," rose to define the line of conduct the generals of the revolutionary armies were to pursue :

"It is necessary that we should declare ourselves a revolutionary power in the countries that we enter. . . . Your committees consider that, after expelling the tyrants and their satellites, the generals on entering every 'Commune' must publish a proclamation, showing the people that we bring them happiness, that they must immediately suppress tithes and feudal rights, and all forms of servitude.

"But you will have accomplished nothing if you confine yourselves only to these destructions. Aristocracy governs everywhere ; therefore *all existing authorities must be destroyed*. Nothing of the Old Régime must survive when revolutionary power shows itself."¹

This, however, was not to be effected by the will of the people in the invaded countries, who indeed displayed no great enthusiasm for the benefits of French liberty. As in France, deputations and declarations, purporting to express the wishes of the people, were engineered by Jacobin agents,² and in no way represented public opinion. So, although it was announced that Belgium desired to embrace revolutionary doctrines and to be united to the French Republic, "the immense majority of the Belgian population remained attached to its old beliefs," and regarded the anarchic schemes of the invaders with horror.³ In Germany the apostles of "democracy" met with a like resistance. Mayence boldly protested ; at Frankfort the citizens refused to plant a tree of liberty at the command of Custine.⁴

¹ *Moniteur*, xiv. 762.

² Immediately on Dumouriez's arrival in the towns of Belgium Jacobin Clubs were inaugurated under his auspices (Mortimer Ternaux, *Histoire de la Terreur*, v. 14, 61). It seems that large sums of money were also lavished on the inhabitants, for later on, when Danton was asked to account for the sum of 100,000 écus he had spent on his mission to Belgium—and which the Girondins suspected him of appropriating—Danton replied that the money had been spent in "executing the decree of December 15"—that is to say, in bribing the Belgians to vote for union with the French Republic (Séance of April 1, 1793 ; Mortimer Ternaux, *op. cit.* v. 20).

³ *Ibid.* p. 61. See also letter of Lord Auckland written from the Hague to Lord Loughborough on January 6, 1793 : "The spirit of Jacobinism makes no progress. In Italy and Germany it is the abhorrence even of the lowest ranks. In Brabant and Flanders the French are now infinitely more hated than the Austrians" (*Correspondence of Lord Auckland*, ii. 485).

⁴ Mortimer Ternaux, v. 19.

But the revolutionary leaders were not to be baffled by these obstacles ; if the people did not accept " liberty, equality, and fraternity " when offered them with honeyed words, these inestimable blessings must be forced on them at the point of the sword.

It was in consequence of this recalcitrance that Cambon in the same speech went on to say : " But you will have accomplished nothing if you do not loudly declare the severity of your principles against whosoever desires only a half-liberty. You wish that the people against whom you carry arms should be free. If they reconcile themselves with the privileged castes you must not suffer this traffic with tyrants. You must therefore say to the people who wish to preserve the privileged castes, '*You are our enemies,*' and then treat them as such, since they desire neither liberty nor equality."

At the end of this speech, delivered amidst unanimous applause, the Convention issued a further decree to each country entered by their armies, declaring that " from this moment the French Republic proclaims the suppression of all your magistrates, civil and military, of all the authorities that have governed you, and proclaims in this country the abolition of all the taxes you endure, under whatsoever form they exist," etc. In a word, every country entered by the French was to be thrown into chaos.¹

Beside this proclamation it must be admitted that the Manifesto of Brunswick appears almost benign. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia had definitely declared therein that they had " no intention of meddling with the domestic government of France " ; the revolutionaries announced their determination to destroy the existing form of government whether the people desired it or not. The Manifesto of Brunswick, moreover, had repudiated all ideas of annexation ; the revolutionaries made no attempt to conceal the fact that the conversion of the invaded countries to " democratic " doctrines was to be but the prelude to incorporation with the French Republic.

The moment the retreat of the foreign armies began, after Valmy, the pretext of carrying on war for the defence of France was abandoned, and the Republic embarked on its career of aggrandizement. Belgium, the Rhine provinces, Savoy, and Nice were all successively annexed without any pretext being offered for these acts of brigandage. Writers who enthuse over the glorious successes of French arms from the battle of Jemmapes onwards would do well to ask themselves by what right the French Republic pursued the invading armies beyond the

¹ *Moniteur*, xiv. 762.

frontier for the purpose of annexing territory? It will be answered Louis XIV. had done the same. True, but was not the spirit of the Revolution until 1792 diametrically opposed to the policy of Louis XIV.? Had not the French democracy itself declared that war was never justified except in self-defence? Only two and a half years earlier—in May 1790—at the Constituent Assembly, a league of perpetual peace had been decreed amidst immense enthusiasm. "Let all nations be free like ourselves," a deputy had cried, "and there will be no more wars!" And on the proposal of Robespierre the Assembly formally declared: "The French nation renounces the idea of undertaking any war with a view of conquest, and will never employ its forces against the liberty of any people." Yet it was the very men who framed it, Robespierre and his allies, who now repudiated this resolution and advocated pure aggression, and thus *the League of Peace proved but the prelude to the greatest war of conquest the civilized world had ever seen*. Had not Mirabeau foretold this when, in response to the enthusiasts of 1790, he had declared "free people to be more eager for war, and democracies more the slaves of their passions than the most absolute autocracies"?¹

It was not, then, as is frequently and falsely stated, that Pitt "sought a pretext" for joining "the coalition of Kings" against the French Republic; it was the wanton aggression of the Republic culminating in the seizure of the mouth of the Scheldt and of Antwerp—that in the hands of a dangerous enemy must inevitably prove, as Napoleon perceived, "a pistol held at the head of England"; it was the example of inhumanity and injustice offered to Europe by the murder of Louis XVI.; above all it was *the declaration of world anarchy* published by the Convention, threatening not only England but the whole of civilization, that led Pitt to conclude his speech on the death of Louis XVI. by proposing preparations for war: "There can be no consideration more deserving the attention of this House than to crush and destroy principles which are so dangerous and destructive of every blessing this country enjoys under its free and excellent constitution. We owe our present happiness and prosperity, which has never been equalled in the annals of mankind, to a mixture of monarchical government. We feel and know we are happy under that form of government. We consider it as our first duty to maintain and reverence the British Constitution." He went on to present the contrast between England and "that country (France) exposed to all the tremendous consequences of that ungovernable, that intolerable and destroying spirit, which carries ruin and desolation wherever it

¹ Albert Sorel, *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, ii. 86-89.

goes ! Sirs, this infection can have no existence in this happy land, unless it is imported, unless it is studiously and industriously brought into this country."

Pitt well knew the efforts that were being made to spread this infection, the insidious influences that emanated from Parliament itself. England has always had her "Illuminati," who, holding loyalty and patriotism to be "narrow-minded prejudices incompatible with universal benevolence," have ever been ready to plead the cause of their country's enemies—whether these enemies masqueraded under the name of democracy as in 1793, or rallied round the standard of autocracy as in 1800. Now at this most critical moment this band of anti-patriots came forward in defence of the French Jacobins ; Fox, Sheridan, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Stanhope poured forth floods of oratory to prove that public opinion on the revolutionary leaders had been influenced by "the absurdities of madmen, the monstrous propositions of the heated imaginations of individuals";¹ to show by tortuous sophistries that black was really white ; that if, indeed, crimes had been committed, the best way to express disapproval would be by shaking hands with the criminals. They themselves, honoured by the friendship of such men as Brissot—whom to their indignation Burke at this same sitting described as "the most virtuous of all pickpockets"—could answer for the pacific disposition of the French revolutionaries, their ardent desire to retain the good opinion of England. Yet less than three weeks earlier Brissot himself had referred at the Convention to "the comedy played in the House of Commons by the party of the Opposition!"² and it was likewise Brissot who, in the following May, justified Pitt for refusing to form an alliance with the French Republic.³

¹ Speech of Lord Lauderdale (*Parl. Hist.* xxx. 326). These words of Lord Lauderdale were a deliberate misrepresentation of the truth, for Lord Lauderdale was himself in Paris with Dr. Moore during the September massacres, and Dr. Moore's evidence on the atrocities of which they were witnesses has been already quoted in this book. See also speech of Lord Lansdowne (*Parl. Hist.* xxx. 329), and Lord Stanhope's "Protest against a War with France" (*ibid.* p. 336).

² "Rapport fait par Brissot sur les Dispositions du Gouvernement britannique," Bouchez et Roux, xxiii. 81. See also speech of Kersaint on January 1, 1793, referring to the intrigues of Fox in "trying to profit by circumstances in order to seize the government," etc. (Bouchez et Roux, xxiii. 366).

³ "What has occasioned this last war ? There are three causes for it : 1st, The absurd and impolitic decree of the 19th of November, *which very justly excited uneasiness in foreign cabinets.* . . . 2nd, The massacres of September. . . . 3rd, The death of Louis. . . . It is madness or imbecility itself to reckon upon a peace, or upon allies, while we are without a constitution. *There is no making an alliance, there is no treating with anarchy*" (*J. P. Brissot à ses Commettants*).

But any illusions concerning the conciliatory sentiments of the French revolutionary leaders were abruptly dispelled by a declaration of war on England issued by the Convention two days after this debate took place. As long as possible Pitt had striven to bring the Jacobins of France to reason; even at the last moment he had made a further attempt at conciliation by agreeing to a conference between Lord Auckland, the British ambassador at the Hague, and Dumouriez, commander-in-chief of the French armies in the Netherlands,¹ but on the very day arranged for the conference to take place the Convention precipitated matters by declaring war and thus incurred the full responsibility for the twenty-two years' conflict that followed. Yet even now the English admirers of the Jacobins were for conciliation; even when the overture of Pitt had been thus insolently rejected they pleaded that England should humiliate herself and sue for peace—a peace, Pitt declared, that would be “precarious and disgraceful. . . . What sort of a peace must that be in which there is no security? Peace is desirable only in so far as it is secure.” War with the French Republic was finally voted by 270 votes to 44.

These, then, were the causes that led up to the inevitable rupture between France and England. To accuse Pitt of wishing to “destroy French liberty” is, therefore, a monstrous calumny; for in France liberty had completely ceased to exist. Already the blade was suspended over the heads of the Whigs' supposed allies, the Girondins, and the country was rapidly passing under the most frightful tyranny the civilized world has ever seen—the reign of Robespierre. It was against this atrocious system, it was against anarchy and bloodshed, against cruelty and oppression, that England took up arms. So, by the master hand of Pitt, the ship of State was steered to safety, and England, true to her traditions, entered the lists in the cause of liberty and justice.

THE FALL OF THE GIRONDE

The Girondins had little realized that in voting for the death of the King they had signed their own death-warrant; that by lending themselves to this monstrous injustice they had helped to frame the system that was to bring about their downfall. If they had only had the courage of their convictions, and persisted in their resolution that an appeal should be made to the people, they would have had public opinion almost unanimously on their side, and could have defied the threats of the Mountain. Their contemptible weakness not only lowered

¹ Speeches of Pitt and Lord Grenville (*Parl. Hist.* xxx. 351, 399).

them in the eyes of the multitude, but increased the audacity of their adversaries.

Ever since the beginning of the Convention angry murmurs against the Gironde had emanated continually from the Mountain, and as the months went by grew in volume; the hall of the Assembly, always tumultuous, became at moments a pandemonium. Of this historians give no idea, but it must be realized in order to follow the true course of the revolutionary movement. For if we picture the Convention as it is habitually represented to us under the guise of a serious Senate sitting in debate on great political questions, and led by statesmen of commanding personalities inspired with pure zeal for the country's welfare, it is perfectly impossible to understand the nature of the conflict that now arose, and that culminated in the successive slaughter of each faction. We must turn, therefore, to the accounts of contemporaries in order to visualize the fearful scenes of confusion that took place in the Assembly, and the part played by the so-called "giants of the Convention." Even the toned-down official reports of the debates afford us glimpses of the strangest incidents—members making simultaneous rushes at the Tribune, frantically disputing who should have the right to speak—"60 to 80 deputies advancing in a body on the President's desk,"—the President ringing his bell to obtain silence, breaking his bell in desperation, breaking three bells in succession,¹ putting on his hat to close the sitting—deputies drawing swords or brandishing pistols, threatening to blow out their brains, to stab themselves to the heart—roars from Danton, Legendre, David, of "Vile intriguer! Monster! Murderer! Imbecile! Pig!"—Robespierre shrieking above the tumult, "Kill me or let me be heard!"—Marat rushing about the hall like a maniac, crying, "Let the patriots speak!" turning to the right and shouting, "Be silent, brigand!" to the left, "Be silent, conspirator!"—or, again, furious petitioners arriving at the bar of the Assembly, all talking at once, and all at cross purposes—the tribunes filled with brawlers and viragos hired by the opposing factions, shaking sticks and fists at the deputies, spitting on their heads, howling invectives.²

What was the reason for these continued dissensions? If, as the Convention declared, every one wanted a Republic,—if, as they had asserted in the past, the King was the sole obstacle to the regeneration of France, why should the overthrow of monarchy and King have proved the signal for a further out-

¹ Moore, ii. 297.

² *Moniteur*, xiv. 80; Buchez et Roux, xxii. 461-464, xxiv. 296, xxv. 323, xxvii. 144, 145; Beaulieu, v. 126; *Mémoires de Mme. Roland*, ii. 304; Dauban, *La Demagogie en 1793*, p. 66.

break of revolution more violent than any that had preceded it? Why, as the Girondin Gensonné sensibly inquired, should the opposing faction, that is to say, the Mountain, continue "to declaim against the National Convention and provoke insurrections? What do they want? What is their object? What strange despotism threatens us? And *what kind of government do they propose to give to France?*"¹ English readers, indoctrinated by Carlyle, will answer: "The Girondins were now reactionaries; they wished to arrest the tide of progress; their schemes of social reform did not go far enough to meet the real needs of the people." For, according to Carlyle, "all manner of aristocracies being now abolished," the conflict that arose was between "the Girondin formula of a respectable Republic for the Middle Classes" and the "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" of the Mountain, by which the "hunger, nakedness, and nightmare oppression lying heavy on twenty-five million hearts" would be relieved. In these words Carlyle presents an imaginary situation.² It is probably true that by 1793 the Girondins had become genuine Republicans—henceforth we find no trace of Orléaniste, Prussian, or English intrigue amongst them; it is also true that they desired an orderly Republic, but this was to be no more in favour of the "Middle Classes" than of the great mass of the people. The Mountain, on the other hand—as represented by Marat, Robespierre and St. Just—no doubt dreamt of a Socialist State for "the people" only, but their immediate aim was still anarchy, by which "hunger and nakedness" must be immensely aggravated. For Robespierre and Marat were surgeons, not physicians; their only remedy for all social ills was amputation; they did not wish to relieve present distress or to put down injustice by legislation, but only to annihilate all existing conditions, and to exterminate all classes of the community except "the people" over whom they hoped to rule supreme.

It was therefore the Gironde, not the Mountain, that now came to the relief of hunger and nakedness; it was Roland who pointed out the real causes of the famine and proposed measures for preventing it,³ whilst Robespierre contented himself with

¹ Buchez et Roux, xxii. 391.

² Note Carlyle's inconsequence here, for whilst pouring sarcasms on "the respectably-washed middle-classes," represented by the Girondins, it is for Madame Roland, the soul of the Gironde and the embodiment of pretentious middle-classness, that he reserves his deepest admiration, whilst for Marat, the soul of the Mountain, and the apostle of unwashed Fraternity, he has nothing but loathing and contempt. This instance goes to show that Carlyle wrote mainly for effect regardless of truth or logic.

³ See Roland's sensible report (published by Buchez et Roux, xxi. 199), in which he points out that the price of bread being lower in Paris than in

vague theorizings and ignored offers of supplies.¹ Meanwhile Marat continued to urge the people on to pillage, a method which greatly aggravated the situation by terrifying the shopkeepers and peasants into concealing provisions. It seems, indeed, not improbable that the Mountain pursued the same system in 1793 as the Orléanistes in 1789—that of engineering famine in order to rouse the anger of the people against their political antagonists. Thus a contemporary states that, “at a sitting of the Comité de Neuf on September 2, 1793, it was decided by Jean Bon Saint André, Drouet, Cambon, and Robespierre, that an insurrection must be excited by means of the difficulty of supplies—and that the Municipality should direct accusations of monopoly against the party of the Girondins, Monarchists, and Brissotins.”² It was this accusation of monopoly that in the hands of the Mountain served as a weapon against each rival faction in turn.

Such, then, were the men whom Carlyle represents as the protectors of the hungry and naked. The truth is that the people counted for very little in the great war between the Mountain and the Gironde; it was not—as Kropotkin, following

the surrounding provinces, buyers are attracted to the capital; he proposes, therefore, to raise the price of bread in Paris, and to assist the poor out of the public funds to meet the increased expense. Compare this with Robespierre's speech to the Convention of December 2, 1792 (Buche et Roux, xxii. 178), in which he can find nothing more practical to say than that “everything which is indispensable for preserving life is common property,” an axiom interpreted by the people, under the guidance of Marat, into laying violent hands on all foodstuffs that came their way. Undoubtedly there were still monopolizers as there had always been, and the succeeding revolutionary governments dealt with them less effectually than the Old Régime, but the methods of the Anarchists increased their number. “The dearness of bread,” wrote Brissot in 1793, “is produced by the scarcity of the markets and the want of the circulation of grain. . . . What stops this circulation? The eternal declamations of the anarchists against men of property, or against merchants, whom they mark out by the name of monopolizers; the eternal petitions of ignorant men who call for a rate upon grain. The labouring man fears he will be plundered or have his throat cut, and he leaves his ricks untouched” (J. P. Brissot à ses Commettants).

¹ See the *Mémoires de Brissot*, note on p. 63, which mentions two letters from American corn-merchants written to Robespierre in October and November 1793 offering supplies of grain. *To these Robespierre did not reply*. Courtois in his *Rapport* says the offer was refused (*Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, etc. i. 21).

² *Fortescue Historical MSS.* ii. 457. The Socialist, Gracchus Babeuf, employed in the Supply Department of the Commune, formally accused Robespierre and the Comité de Salut Public of having organized a *Pacte de Famine* in order to starve Paris. For this Babeuf and all the *employés* in the Supply Department were thrown into prison at the Abbaye.

in the footsteps of Carlyle, falsely represents—such questions as feudal dues, the maximum price of bread, or communal lands that formed the subjects for heated debates at the Convention ; we have only to consult the *Moniteur* to find that the discussions that took place on these questions occupy a very small amount of space, and never became the occasion for tumultuous scenes. The great accusations levelled by one faction at the other related in no way to the needs of the people, but mainly to the form of government each wished to establish, the Gironde accusing the Mountain of wishing to establish a dictatorship under one of the Triumvirate—Marat, Danton, or Robespierre—the Mountain declaring that the Gironde aimed at a Federative Republic ; at the same time each hurled at the other the reproach of Orléanisme. Meanwhile the personal animosity existing between the members of the two factions, which found expression in recriminations of the most puerile description, made all hope of conciliation vain.

Whilst the politicians wrangled, the people bore their sufferings with admirable patience. Now for the first time at the bakers' doors were formed those long processions known as " queues " that grew in length as the year advanced, and were to continue for two years without intermission. Paris accepted the situation with its usual *insouciance*. " The French, who have always made merry over everything, even over their misery and their greatest misfortunes," says Beaulieu, " made merry over these gatherings at the bakers' doors, where they seemed rather to be asking for alms than for goods of which they paid the price. . . . I have seen women spend whole nights at these wretched doors for the sake of having an ounce or two of bad bread which dogs would not care for. Well, the Parisians laughed over these sad gatherings ; they called them *queues*. Since one was in want of everything one went in the queue for everything—in the bread queue, the meat queue, the soap queue, the candle queue ; there was nothing for which there was not a queue." ¹

Naturally, under these circumstances, when Marat proposed that the people should take the law into their own hands and pillage the shops, he endeared himself still further to the hearts of the tumultuous elements amongst the populace. " The capitalists, the stockjobbers, the monopolizers, the tradesmen, the ex-nobles," he declared in his *Journal de la République Française*, were to blame for the scarcity of provisions, and nothing but " the total destruction of that cursed breed could restore tranquillity to the State. . . . Meanwhile let the nation, weary of these revolting disorders, take upon itself to purge the

¹ Beaulieu, v. 117 ; Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, ii. 92.

soil of liberty of this criminal race. . . . The pillage of a few shops, at the doors of which they hanged a few of the monopolizers, would soon put an end to these malpractices. . . ."

The call to plunder was received with enthusiasm, and in the morning of the 25th of February a troop of women marched to the Seine and, after boarding the vessels that contained cargoes of soap, helped themselves liberally to all they required at a price fixed by themselves, that is to say, for almost nothing. Since no notice was taken of these proceedings, a far larger crowd collected at dawn of the following day and set forth on a marauding expedition to the shops. From no less than 1200 grocers the people carried off everything on which they could lay their hands—oil, sugar, candles, coffee, brandy—at first without paying, then, overcome with remorse, at the price they themselves thought proper. In this they displayed a greater sense of morality than their leaders, who doubtless hoped that their enemies, the bourgeois, would be plundered without indemnity; moreover, the crowd refrained from hanging any of the tradesmen at their shop doors as Marat had proposed. From the Anarchists' point of view the rising had, therefore, proved a failure.

Marat, when denounced at the Convention for provoking these disorders, retorted in his usual manner by calling his accusers pigs or imbeciles who should be shut up in asylums;¹ and he could well afford to defy them, for he had the mob now whole-heartedly at his back.

The short-sighted Girondins, illusioned by the fact that the majority of the Convention was with them, under-estimated the force of this coalition. They could not realize that men who appeared in the eyes of all sane contemporaries so contemptible as Marat, so feebly vindictive as Robespierre, so addicted to empty noise as Danton, could end by carrying everything before them. They overlooked the fact that, as Danton himself afterwards expressed it, "in times of revolution authority remains with the greatest scoundrels"—that is to say, with the most unscrupulous; and just as in the past it was the Orléanistes who had held in their hands the machinery of revolution, of which the Girondins had made use, it was now the Anarchists who alone knew how to frame that new engine of destruction—the second Revolutionary Tribunal—the Tribunal of the Terror.²

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes*, v. 37.

² This Tribunal was at first known officially as the "Tribunal Extraordinaire," and not till later as the "Tribunal Révolutionnaire," but Beaulieu says it was habitually referred to in private conversation under the latter name, particularly by Robespierre and his friends, soon after its inauguration on March 10, 1793 (*Essais de Beaulieu*, v. 103).

The first Revolutionary Tribunal, created on August 17, 1792, had proved a failure; the populace were not yet ripe for wholesale executions; the spectacle of the guillotine had disgusted the humane portion of the people, and disappointed the sanguinary. The massacres of September had therefore been preferred as a method of extermination, and on the 29th of November 1792 the Tribunal was suppressed. But now that the Anarchists could make sure of support from the populace, and the restraining influence of the Girondins had been reduced to nothing, Danton resolved on a further venture. This time the Girondins were not to be spared; on the contrary, it was they who were to provide the principal victims of the new Tribunal.

As usual, the responsibility for this measure was to be laid at the door of "the people"; the same calumnies, the same futile pretexts that had done duty at the massacres of September were again employed.

On the 8th of March Danton and Lacroix, who had returned from a mission to the army in Belgium, appeared at the Convention with an alarming report on the military situation. The troops had been almost totally routed; treachery on the part of their officers could alone explain the state of affairs; the remedy lay in raising fresh forces, but before marching on the enemy the patriots must exterminate traitors at home.

That, as in September, no connection whatever existed between so-called "traitors" in Paris and the armies abroad is of course obvious, but Danton, like Mirabeau, excelled in rendering the flimsiest pretexts plausible, and in concealing sanguinary designs beneath a flood of high-sounding oratory. The great speeches of Danton that have gone down to posterity as trumpet-calls to patriotism were mostly delivered at a moment when he was meditating some fresh plan for slaughtering his fellow-countrymen. Thus, just as "audacity and yet more audacity" had been the signal for the massacres of September, another famous phrase heralded the inauguration of the Revolutionary Tribunal. "What matters my reputation? Let France be free and my name for ever dishonoured! (*Que la France soit libre et que mon nom soit flétri à jamais!*)."

Stirring words truly in the ears of posterity, less stirring in those of contemporaries to whom such exclamations had by long use become familiar. The demagoguery, says Mercier, had "created for itself a language to deceive and seduce the multitude. I have heard it shouted in my ear, 'Let the French perish as long as liberty triumphs!' I have heard another cry out at a section, 'Yes, I could take my head by the hair, I could cut it off and give it to the despot; I could say to him, Tyrant, this is the action

of a free man ! ' This sublimity of extravagance was composed for the populace ; it was understood and it succeeded. . . . " ¹

The famous exclamation of Danton was a phrase of this order, and, in the sense in which it is usually accepted, meaningless. What connection can be found between the reputation of Danton and the success of French arms in Belgium ? Why should his name be dishonoured by France becoming free ? But when we understand the real intention that lay behind the words, we find them pregnant with meaning. Was not Danton's reputation to be for ever tarnished, his name for ever dishonoured, by the creation of that sanguinary Tribunal before which he himself was to be summoned only a year later ? was he not to cry out between his prison bars in an agony of remorse : " It was on this day I instituted the Revolutionary Tribunal, but I ask pardon for it from God and man ; it was not in order that it should become the scourge of humanity, it was in order to prevent a renewal of the massacres of September ! " ?

Always, to the end, the same calumny on the people ! The people at the time the Revolutionary Tribunal was inaugurated showed no symptoms whatever of wishing to massacre anybody—had they not refused to carry out the sanguinary suggestions of Marat only a fortnight earlier ? Danton was well aware of this ; he well knew that the thirst for blood existed not amongst the people, but amongst the leaders of the Mountain, the members of the Commune. Indeed, with his usual audacity of speech, he frankly acknowledged his own bloodthirsty intentions. The famous trumpet-call loses something of its splendour when quoted with its less lofty sequel : " What matters my reputation ? Let France be free and my name for ever dishonoured ! I have consented to be called a drinker of blood ! Well, let us drink the blood of the enemies of humanity ! "

Later in the evening, when the light in the hall of the Convention was growing dim, Danton sprang again into the tribune, and his great voice rolled out through the semi-darkness : " It is important to take judicial measures to punish the counter-revolutionaries, since it is on their account that this tribunal is to be substituted for the *supreme tribunal of the people's vengeance*. The enemies of liberty lift audacious heads . . . in seeing the honest citizen at his fireside, the artisan in his workshop, they have the stupidity to think themselves in a majority. Well, snatch them yourselves from popular vengeance ; humanity commands you ! "

Suddenly, whilst the thunderous tones of Danton still quivered in the air, another voice was heard ; one word, one only, but filled with terrible import, rang out through the stillness of the

¹ Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, i. 25.

spell-bound assembly : “ *September !* ” It was again Lanjuinais, the one brave man who had dared to defend the King against the injustice of the Convention, who now arose in defence of the people against the calumnies of the great demagogue. The shaft had found its mark ; for a moment Danton faltered, became confused, then, quickly recovering himself, summoned more audacity to his aid, piled calumny on calumny :

“ Since some one has dared,” he shouted, “ to recall those bloody days over which every good citizen has groaned, I will say, I myself, that if a tribunal had then existed, the people who have often been so cruelly reproached for those days would not have stained them with blood. . . . Let us profit by the mistakes of our predecessors . . . *let us be terrible to prevent the people from being terrible !* ”

Never was hypocrisy more flagrant. Who had accused the people of responsibility for the September days but Danton and his colleagues of the Commune ? By every other party, by Girondins and Royalists alike, the people had been absolved from all complicity ; not a single reproach had been uttered against any but the real authors of the crime.¹

The brazen effrontery of Danton won the day ; the Revolutionary Tribunal was decreed in spite of the protests of Lanjuinais and the Girondins, and on the 6th of April held its first sitting at the Palais de Justice. The Court was composed of five judges, ten jurymen—twelve had been ordained, but were not forthcoming—and the Public Accuser, whose name was to strike a deeper terror into the hearts of the Parisians than even that of Robespierre—Fouquier Tinville.

On the opening day of the dread Tribunal, Fouquier alone seems to have entered with zest into the proceedings ; the populace, whose ferocity it had been declared impossible to restrain, behaved with lamentable weakness. When the first victim, a gentleman of Poitou named Des Maulans, was summarily condemned to death for emigration, “ the immense majority of the audience, particularly the women,” says M. Lenôtre in his admirable description of the scene, “ could not imagine that a man who had done no harm to any one should be condemned to death,” and, as the fatal sentence was repeated

¹ “ It is universally known,” writes Dr. Moore, “ that the Girondists exculpate the citizens of Paris from the horrid crimes of September ; whereas Robespierre, St. André, Tallien, Chabot, Bazire, and all that party, assert that the massacres were committed by the people. But as, at the same time, St. André always calls them ‘ le bon peuple,’ Marat says ‘ he carries them in his heart,’ and Robespierre declares ‘ he would willingly sacrifice his life for them,’ the populace consider this faction as their friends, and look on Roland and the Girondists as their calumniators ” (Moore’s *Journal*, ii. 427).

by each judge in turn, the crowd burst out into weeping, "silently at first, then with much noise," and, their emotion communicating itself to the judges and jury, the whole court was shaken by a storm of sobbing, shoulders heaved, handkerchiefs were pressed to eyes and lips, men turned away their faces to hide their tears.¹

Yet so potent was the spell cast over all minds by the authors of these tragic happenings, so skilfully had they impressed upon the multitude the necessity for "severity" towards the "enemies of the country," that no one seems to have thought of stopping the proceedings, and all resigned themselves to what followed as to the inevitable.

Day after day further victims were sent to the guillotine—an ex-Brigadier-General named Blanchelarde; Gabriel de Guiny, a naval lieutenant; a young cabman called Mangot, who proclaimed himself a Royalist; Bouché, a travelling dentist, who said that "the Convention were brigands" (sic) (*la Convention étoit des brigands*), and continued to call out "Vive Louis XVII. ! au f. . . la République !" after his condemnation; an aged soldier who, under the influence of drink, had said that "France was too large for a Republic"; a poor old cook called Catherine Clère, who had cried out "Vive le Roi !" in the street at midnight, and had added in the hearing of passers-by that "all that rabble who dictated laws to decent people should be massacred."²

Truly a formidable band of conspirators! That it was for such as these the Revolutionary Tribunal had been instituted no one could seriously imagine; moreover, the leaders of the Mountain now showed their hand by publicly designating who were the real enemies of the country it was necessary to destroy.

At the same moment that the Revolutionary Tribunal began its sittings, Camille Desmoulins published his terrible indictment of the Girondins under the title of *Histoire des Brissotins, ou Fragment de l'Histoire secrète de la Révolution sur la Faction d'Orléans et le Comité anglo-prussien et les six premiers Mois de la République*. Revolutionary historians, to whom the facts revealed in this pamphlet are exceedingly unpalatable, have endeavoured to prove that Camille did not intend to be taken seriously, that he had allowed himself to be carried away by his whimsical imagination, that he was overcome with contrition when he discovered that taunts he had merely launched in sarcasm served as real grounds of accusation against his political antagonists. But there is not a shred of evidence to confirm this convenient theory.

Camille Desmoulins, original only in his style, was always

¹ Lenôtre, *Le Tribunal révolutionnaire*, pp. 84, 85.

² Wallon, *Le Tribunal révolutionnaire*, i. 93, 110, 133, 140.

the echo of a stronger mind. Once it was Mirabeau who had served as his inspiration, now it was Robespierre and Danton, later it was to be Danton only. In this *Histoire des Brissotins* the influence of Robespierre is plainly visible, and indeed, in his speech against the Brissotins only a few days later, Robespierre followed precisely the same line of argument as his disciple Camille.

To suppose that these accusations were suggested to Robespierre by Camille's pamphlet would be absurd; not to the feather-headed Camille can we attribute the relentless logic, the ingenious chain of evidence, by which the Brissotins are convicted of complicity in the past with three of the great revolutionary intrigues—the Orléaniste conspiracy, the intrigue with Prussia, the intrigue with the Jacobins of England. In these illuminating pages, perhaps the most brilliant Desmoulins ever wrote, the workings of the first two revolutions are mercilessly unveiled—the Orléaniste influence behind the so-called popular movement on the 12th of July 1789, the collusion of Mirabeau with the Duc d'Orléans at the march on Versailles, the accusations brought against the King and Queen for holding "an Austrian committee" by men who were themselves members of an Anglo-Prussian committee, the visits of Pétion to London in order to enlist the aid of his English allies, the support given to the Brissotins by the Whigs, the proposal of Carra to place the Duke of Brunswick on the throne of France, the persistent attempts to form an alliance with Prussia, the gold received from Frederick William, the negotiations with the Prussians at the camp of La Lune that resulted in the retreat of the invading armies after Valmy,—no Royalist has ever shown up the Revolution so completely. What wonder that revolutionary historians prefer to dismiss the revelations of this *enfant terrible* as an absurdity?

It was not till much later that Camille realized that, in giving away the secrets of the first two Revolutions, he had given away his own share in the Orléaniste intrigue; nor did he dream that a year later Robespierre, through the mouth of St. Just, would bring against Danton and himself precisely the same accusations of Orléanisme that he had brought against the Girondins. At present he thought only of destroying the rival faction. "This work will send them to the guillotine! I will answer for it!" he said to Prudhomme, giving him a copy of the pamphlet. "That may be," answered Prudhomme calmly; "so much the worse for you. Your turn will come. . . ." "Bah!" said Camille, "we have the people with us!"¹ He had forgotten, as every demagogue in turn forgot throughout

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, vi. 272.

the Revolution, that, in the words of Mirabeau, "it is but a step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock!" To-day the populace of Robespierre was with him, to-morrow they would be with Robespierre only, and he might scream to them in vain from the tumbril to save him.

To Robespierre the pamphlet of Desmoulins served a double purpose, for it helped to rid him of both the factions he detested—the Girondins and the Duc d'Orléans, with his few remaining supporters. With his usual ingenuity he used one faction to destroy another, and we cannot doubt that it was owing to his influence that the Girondins on the 6th of April succeeded in obtaining the banishment of Philippe Égalité, the Marquis de Sillery, and Choderlos de Laclos, in spite of the protests of Marat. Three days later the whole Orléans family were sent to Marseilles and imprisoned. Thus was the principal bone of contention removed from Paris, and Robespierre could concentrate all his energies on overthrowing the Girondins. On the 10th of April he boldly demanded that they should all be summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal; at the same time Marat published an address, inciting the people to save the country by getting rid of "all traitors and all conspirators." The Girondins retaliated by accusing Marat of "provoking disorders, and of attempting to destroy the Convention," and so great was the indignation of the great majority of the Assembly at Marat's incendiary proclamation that they actually succeeded in obtaining a summons against him to appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

But the movement was doomed to failure; Marat had on his side all the turbulent elements of Paris, all the machinery of insurrection; the jury, obedient to the dictates of Fouquier, declared Marat innocent, and the "Friend of the People," smothered in wreaths and roses, was borne triumphantly from the Palais de Justice on the shoulders of the crowd.

Of all the grotesque scenes of the Revolution this was perhaps the strangest—the malignant dwarf wrapped in a ragged coat of faded green, surmounted by an ermine collar yellow with age and dingy from long contact with his neck, the filthy handkerchief that usually bound his head for once discarded, and in its place a crown of laurels slipping down over the black and greasy hair, lending a still greener tint to the sickly pallor of his countenance. And the smile of Marat—that was enough to strike a chill to the stoutest heart! Dr. Moore has described the sensation of horror that overcame him in the Convention at the sight of "Marat attempting pleasantry"; now he must have appeared more hideous still as, with withered cheeks creased into smiles, with mouth distended, he bent forward, holding out his arms to the people as if to press them to his heart.

The devotees presented an appearance worthy of the idol they carried; all the *jupons gras* of Robespierre were there, nodding dishevelled heads in response to his greetings, throwing vinous kisses; sans-culottes drunk with joy, cut-throats of September shouting, "Vive Marat! Long live the friend of the people!"¹

This time popular dementia had gone too far, and the result of the "triumph of Marat" was to produce a wave of reaction. When the "Friend of the People" presented himself at his section he met with so hostile a reception that he was obliged to beat a hasty retreat. Nearly every evening crowds marched through the streets shouting, "Down with the Anarchists! Long live the nation! Long live the law!"²

Good citizens, who had kept away from their sections on account of the anarchic schemes discussed there, now returned, to throw their weight into the scale of law and order; a deputation from three sections arrived at the Convention to denounce "the brigands who have dared to raise the standard of revolt, and who under the perfidious mask of patriotism wish to kill liberty."³ The speech was received with applause from a large majority of the deputies, and on the proposal of Barère, who had not yet thrown in his lot with the Mountain, the Convention decreed that an extraordinary committee should be formed, composed of twelve members, to inquire into the measures adopted by the Council of the Commune and the sections of Paris, and also into the operations of the Comité de Salut Public and its accessory, the Comité de Sûreté Générale.⁴

These two sanguinary committees—the great committees of the Terror—had only recently become a power. The former, which had originated in 1792 as the Comité de Défense Générale, took the further title "et de Salut Public"—under which name alone it was henceforth known—on the 6th of April 1793, the same day that the Revolutionary Tribunal

¹ Michelet, quoting *Le Publiciste de la République Française*, says that the women of the market were amongst the crowd, but this seems improbable in view of their attitude at the King's trial three months earlier, and on May 2 the Government agent, Dutard, reports to Garat that their attitude towards the Revolution is still the same: "It seems that these women, if they were not afraid of the guillotine for themselves, would cry in unison, 'Vive le Roi!'" (Schmidt, ii. 173).

² Mortimer Ternaux, vii. 215.

³ *Ibid.* p. 237.

⁴ I give the names of these committees in the original French, since there is no exact equivalent in English. The Comité de Salut Public is frequently referred to by English writers as the Committee of Public Safety, but this is misleading, for "safety" is the English for *sûreté*, not for *salut*. The nearest equivalent for *salut* would be "salvation," but this would not be an exact rendering of the French word.

began its sittings, whilst the latter, although subordinate to the Comité de Salut Public, had existed since 1789 as a Comité d'Information, assuming the name of Comité de Sûreté Générale in May 1792.

Hitherto the Comité de Salut Public had included men of all parties—Danton, Sieyès, Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Pétion, and others—but the restraint imposed on its operations by the Girondins exasperated Danton against the faction he had saved from the massacres of September, and he resolved on their destruction. Moreover, since seven out of the twelve members elected to the new Commission des Douze were Girondins, and the rest neutrals, it became evident that their inquiries into the workings of the two committees would act as a further check on the schemes of the Anarchists. For six months the Girondins had now held up the course of the Terror which, but for them, would doubtless have formed the sequel to the September massacres. Therefore the Girondins must not be simply overthrown, but put out of existence. It was this that in the eyes of the Anarchists necessitated the rising of the 31st of May.

That a massacre of the whole faction was now contemplated by the Commune cannot be doubted. Dutard, the secret agent of the minister Garat, records that "this moment is terrible, and much resembles that which preceded the 2nd of September."¹ And indeed, on the 23rd of May, a further deputation from the section of La Fraternité came to the Convention to reveal the fact that at a meeting of the Council of the Commune, to which several of their members had succeeded in gaining admittance, it had been proposed that thirty-two deputies of the Gironde should be "made to disappear from the face of the globe," or "Septemberized."² This, according to a deputy from Brittany to whom the plan had been confided, was to be followed by a further massacre of 8000 people.³ Thereupon the Commission des Douze ordered the arrest of Hébert, the deputy attorney of the Commune, and author of the bloodthirsty journal, *Le Père Duchesne*; also of his two colleagues, Varlet and Dobsent. The same evening Hébert and Dobsent were imprisoned at the Abbaye.

The Commune retaliated with "a deputation from sixteen sections of Paris" demanding the release of the oppressed patriots; meanwhile the women of the Société Fraternelle rushed through the streets armed with red flags, urging the people to march on the Abbaye and deliver Hébert—an appeal to which the people declined to respond.

The hall of the Convention at the Tuileries, which it had

¹ Schmidt, ii. 218.

² *Ibid.* i. 250.

³ Beaulieu, v. 120; *Letters of Helen Maria Williams* (1795), p. 42.

occupied since the 10th of May, became again the scene of indescribable confusion; deputations poured in continuously; the petitioners, unable to find room in the places reserved for them, overflowed into the seats of the deputies, many of whom, overcome with fatigue, had retired for the night. Then, amidst the howls of the crowd, Hérault de Séchelles proposed the liberation of Hébert and his colleagues, and the suppression of the Commission des Douze. A few deputies, joined by the petitioners, voting as if they were the legal representatives whose places they occupied, succeeded in carrying the motion.

But the next day the Convention, restored to its normal conditions, reinstated the Commission des Douze by a majority of 259 votes.

"You have decreed the counter-revolution," cried Collot d'Herbois; "I demand that the Statue of Liberty should be veiled!"

This decision of the Convention gave the signal for battle, and immediately the Commune proceeded to put the revolutionary machine in motion—no easy matter, for Paris in general was singularly calm, and two days were necessary to prepare the rising.¹

This is not the place to describe in detail the movement known as "the Revolution of the 31st of May," which was in reality simply a duel between the two opposing factions, and as such belongs to the history of the Convention, not to the story of the great popular outbreaks of the Revolution. No other great day of tumult was so completely artificial. When on the morning of the 31st Paris awoke to the sound of the tocsin, armed forces summoned from the sections assembled mechanically, women gathered on their doorsteps "to see the insurrection pass," but no one knew what all the stir was about.²

Throughout the day the Convention was surrounded with troops, who, for the most part, had no idea why they were there and whom they were protecting. Meanwhile deputations from the sections streamed into the hall, some to demand the suppression of the Commission des Douze and the arrest of the Girondins, others to protest in their favour. Amongst the latter was the section of the Butte des Moulins, and in retaliation for its spirited action the Commune despatched messengers wearing municipal scarves to Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau to rouse the inhabitants with the news that members of this section had formed a centre of counter-revolution at the Palais Royal, and were wearing the white cockade of royalty.³ The

¹ Mortimer Ternaux, vii. 321.

² *Ibid.* p. 329; Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, i. 164.

³ Dauban, *La Demagogie en 1793*, p. 209; Mortimer Ternaux, vii. 351.

men of the Faubourgs who had been under arms for some hours, waiting for orders, marched off obediently with their cannon, and on arrival at the Palais Royal found indeed a battalion of the Butte des Moulins encamped there with detachments from other sections sent to their support—for what purpose no one seemed to know.

The folly of the whole proceeding now occurred to the men of the Faubourgs, who, after placing their cannon in position and ranging themselves in battle order, decided that before beginning to fire on their fellow-citizens it would be as well to discover whether there was any real *cause de guerre* between them. Accordingly a deputation was sent to verify the accusations of the agitators, and, as might be expected, the whole alarm was discovered to be needless—no white cockades were to be seen, the tricolour was flaunted everywhere, on hats and in the form of banners. Then amidst cries of “Long live the Republic!” the gates were thrown open, and the opposing battalions fell into each others’ arms, swearing eternal friendship.¹

This sort of thing was always apt to occur when the people were left to themselves to settle matters, and no agitators were at hand to stir them up to violence. On this occasion Santerre, who excelled in the art of exciting revolutionary troops, was absent from Paris, and Hanriot, who had been illegally made commander-general by the Commune, was at the head of the forces that surrounded the Convention.

As an insurrection, therefore, the 31st of May had proved a failure just as the Affaire Réveillon, the first march on Versailles, and the 20th of June had proved failures for want of popular support. Always throughout the Revolution the same abortive movement before each outbreak, the same miss-fire preceding the explosion!

At the Convention the Commune had succeeded in again obtaining the suppression of the Commission des Douze, but had been unable to secure the arrest of the Girondins. So a further insurrection must be attempted, and all the following day was occupied in preparation. In the evening Marat appeared at the Commune and, after giving the order to the Council to begin the movement, proceeded himself to ring the tocsin. The same night the Anarchists struck their first decisive blow at the party of the Gironde by the arrest of Madame Roland, who, during the absence of her husband, was seized by emissaries of the Commune and led to prison at the Abbaye. The next morning, June 2, all Paris was again under arms, the tocsin rang out, an armed force of 80,000 men assembled, but amongst these 80,000,

¹ Mortimer Ternaux, vii. 352, 365; Beaulieu, v. 132.

says the deputy Meillan, "75,000 did not know why they had been made to take up arms,"¹ nor, owing to the skilful organization of the Commune, was it possible for them to discover.

For Hanriot, well aware that the honest citizens of Paris would not co-operate in the real purpose of the day—the destruction of the Girondins—had been careful to place the troops formed by the sections at a distance from the Château, some in the Place Louis XV. beyond the swing-bridge, which was closed between them and the garden, others in the Carrousel separated by a wooden barrier from the court of the Tuileries.² Meanwhile his picked force of four to five thousand insurgents—including a number of German mercenaries belonging to the legion of Rosenthal under orders to march on La Vendée, whose total ignorance of the French language rendered them docile instruments of the Commune³—formed a cordon immediately around the Château to which all the avenues were occupied by his officers or agents, "who had received orders to suffer no communication between the hall (of the Convention) and the court or garden."⁴ By this means the troops of the sections were powerless to intervene, whilst the great mass of the people that had as usual assembled to look on was kept in complete ignorance of what was passing.⁵ On the part of the people the 2nd of June was thus the same absolutely blind movement as the abortive rising that had preceded it two days earlier.

If only the Girondins had stood their ground on this critical day it is probable that the victory would have remained with them, but now that their own fate was at stake they displayed the same pusillanimity they had shown at the trial of the King. Instead of bringing their eloquence to bear on the situation, the leading members of the Gironde, including Brissot and Vergniaud, dared not venture into the Convention, but sought refuge at the house of Meillan near by. Meillan himself, and also Barbaroux and Isnard, remained at their post in the Assembly, but it was left to Lanjuinais, who was not a Girondin, to act as the principal defender of the faction with which during these days he associated himself as the champion of liberty. In the name of the people the courageous Breton now denounced the efforts of the factions to create disorders. "You calumniate Paris! You insult the people!" cried the Mountain. "No," answered Lanjuinais, "I do not accuse Paris; Paris is good-hearted, Paris is oppressed by a few scoundrels."

¹ Dauban, *La Demagogie en 1793*, p. 218.

² *Ibid.* pp. 214, 218; Mortimer Ternaux, vii. 391; *Letters of Helen Maria Williams* (1795), p. 41.

³ Mortimer Ternaux, vii. 379.

⁴ *Letters of Helen Maria Williams*, p. 41.

⁵ *Ibid.*; Mortimer Ternaux, vii. 384.

Legendre the butcher, rushing upon Lanjuinais, attempted to drag him from the tribune, but, quelled by the sang-froid of his opponent, retreated discomfited, and only returned to the assault when reinforced by Drouet of Varennes fame, the younger Robespierre, and Jullien. A hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and Lanjuinais remained master of the situation.

The craven Girondins, hearing of this momentary victory, attempted to reach the hall of the Convention and rally around Lanjuinais, but it was too late. A fresh deputation of the Commune arrived on the scene to demand their arrest, and departed shouting, "To arms! Let us save the country!"—a battle-cry echoed with fury by the tribunes.

Meanwhile Hanriot's troops had closed around the Château and the mob had taken possession of the halls, corridors, and staircases; the women-followers of Marat and Robespierre, constituting themselves doorkeepers, forcibly prevented the exit of deputies. At this Danton, who never believed in allowing the *canaille*—particularly the female *canaille*—to take command of the situation, grew indignant,¹ and when at last the news reached the Assembly that armed sentinels had been placed at the doors of the hall, it was on the proposal of Danton's ally, Lacroix, that the Convention despatched an usher to Hanriot demanding that the armed forces should be withdrawn from the Château. Hanriot replied briefly, "Tell your b—— president that he and his Assembly can be d——d (*dis à ton f. . . . président que je me f. . . . de lui et de son Assemblée*), and that if it does not deliver up the Twenty-Two to me within an hour I will blast it with cannon."

Barère then proposed that the Convention should make a display of independence by going out to face the army of insurgents, and thereupon the whole Assembly, with Hérault de Séchelles at its head, descended the great staircase by which Louis XVI. had left the Tuileries on the 10th of August, and filed out into the courtyard where Hanriot awaited them at the head of his men. The half-drunken commander again demanded that "the Twenty-Two" should be surrendered. Hérault refused, and the deputies surrounding him, inspired with sudden courage, cried out, "They want victims! Let them kill us all!" Then Hanriot, grasping his sabre, turned to his troops and shouted, "Cannoniers, to your guns!" But no one obeyed the order to fire. The men remained immovable—Hérault and a fellow-deputy who went boldly towards

¹ The rôle of Danton on this occasion is difficult to explain. He had certainly co-operated in the movement to overthrow the Girondins, yet now he seemed inclined to oppose it. Meillan accounts for his attitude by saying he had begun to fear the Municipality.

them saw that "their eyes and attitude gave evidence of no evil design."

The truth is that the multitude was opposed to the insurgents; one of the sections of Paris actually pointed its cannon on the troops of Hanriot at the same moment that Hanriot's cannon were pointed on the members of the Convention.¹ It was therefore once again the people who ranged themselves on the side of law and order, and Hanriot, disconcerted by their attitude, was unable to carry out his sanguinary designs.

The troops, drawn up in the garden on the other side of the Château, whither the Assembly now made its way, seemed equally averse to bloodshed, and contented themselves with crying out, "Vive la Montagne! Vive la Convention!" and from time to time, "Vive Marat!" At this moment Marat himself, followed by the crowd of little ragged boys that his grotesque appearance frequently attracted,² appeared on the scene, shrieking imperiously to Héroult, "In the name of the people I charge you to return to your post, which you have basely deserted." And he added significantly, "Let the *faithful* deputies return to their posts!"³ In other words, let the sheep be divided from the goats and the members of the Mountain retire into safety, whilst their opponents remain outside to be butchered. Héroult and his colleagues had evidently thwarted the designs of Marat by joining themselves to the Girondins who had been singled out as victims, but now, merged in the crowd of deputies, could not be distinguished by the insurgents. Such, however, was the authority the wretched dwarf had acquired that, obedient to the word of command, the Montagnards turned towards the Tuileries, leaving the Girondins to their fate, but the Girondins, seeing the snare, retreated likewise, and the whole Assembly, followed by Marat, re-entered the hall of the Convention and resumed the sitting.

Couthon, the friend of Robespierre, then proposed a decree against the Twenty-Two and the members of the Commission des Douze, but the parade round the courts and garden of the Tuileries had evidently convinced the leaders that violent measures would not meet with popular support, for it was no longer the imprisonment of the Girondins their opponents demanded, but simply their suspension, after which they were to be left in their own houses under supervision—a surprisingly mild conclusion to three days' insurrection!

The list of the proscribed deputies was then read aloud, and meanwhile Marat repeatedly intervened, adding certain names and ordering others to be removed without even consulting the

¹ *Rapport de Dutard à Garat*, Schmidt, ii. 111.

² Beaulieu, v. 145.

³ Dauban, *La Démagogie en 1793*, p. 222.

Convention. "It was then," says Meillan, "that we understood all the power of Marat"—well for them if they had realized it earlier, and stood together as one man to resist it.

Now at the eleventh hour the Assembly made one expiring effort to assert its independence; several members rose to declare that "they were not free, and that they refused to vote surrounded by bayonets and cannon"—a resolution in which no less than two-thirds of the Convention finally concurred.

The Mountain, not to be beaten, solved the difficulty by simply voting without them, and the majority, "thus becoming simple spectators, left the Montagnards to pass the decree, supported by a great number of strangers who, as on the 27th of May, had placed themselves in the seats of the legislators whose functions they had usurped."¹

So, by a violation of law and justice as flagrant as that which had brought about the condemnation of the King, the Girondins fell victims to the Revolution they had helped to prepare. And just as Louis XVI. on the eve of his death had seen in one prophetic moment the future that awaited France, brave Lanjuinais, proscribed with the faction whose cause he had defended, foretold the terrible era of which this day was to be the prelude in his last words from the tribune: "I see civil war kindled in my country, spreading its ravages everywhere and rending France. I see the horrible monster of the dictatorship advancing over piles of ruins and corpses, swallowing you each up in turn, and overthrowing the Republic!"

THE TERROR IN THE PROVINCES

Exactly as Lanjuinais had prophesied, the fall of the Gironde proved the signal for civil war. All over France a great wave of indignation arose, and within a few months the whole country was in a blaze from one end to the other.

In La Vendée, Royalist and Catholic to the core, the fire had broken out two months earlier; the civil constitution of the clergy and continued persecution of all who remained attached to religion, the massacres of September, and finally the execution of the King, had each in turn roused the people's fury, and now 100,000 peasants, armed with forks and sticks, were marching in defence of the church and monarchy, led by the priests and few remaining nobles they had forcibly placed at their head.²

¹ Dauban, *La Demagogie en 1793*, p. 223.

² It is customary for revolutionary historians to make out that the priests and nobles incited the Vendéens to revolt; this is absolutely untrue; the movement was entirely a peasant rising—the nobles in certain cases showed reluctance to act as leaders. See Beaulieu, vi. 52.

Lyon likewise rose in revolt just before the final overthrow of the Gironde. The splendid city reduced to misery by the Revolution, its commerce ruined, its inhabitants starving for want of work, had nevertheless submitted to the Republic, but when an emissary of the Mountain, Chalier, a disciple of Marat, was sent to Lyon to propagate anarchy and set up a revolutionary tribunal, the sections of the town all combined against the Convention, and on the 29th of May a bloody battle took place in the streets between the National Guards of Lyon and the gunners enlisted in the service of the Mountain, which ended in the arrest of Chalier. Then came the news of the rising in Paris on June 2, and the victory of the Mountain. Thereupon Lyon boldly declared that it no longer recognized the Convention, and called its citizens to arms.

Meanwhile Bordeaux had risen in defence of its liberties, for with glaring injustice, when its deputies the Girondins were expelled from the Convention, the department had been invited to name no others in their places. Bordeaux was, therefore, now unrepresented in the Convention, and had every right to protest—indeed it had protested for some months before the 31st of May—against the treatment of its representatives by their adversaries of the Mountain.¹ Now on the 6th of June the Council-General of the city forwarded a threatening address to the Convention, and summoned Lyon and Dijon to combine in the fight for liberty.

Throughout the south-east of France the fire of revolt was spreading likewise: Toulon opposed a vigorous resistance to the dictates of the Mountain; Marseilles, once dominated by the most violent revolutionaries, had also turned against it, and, summoning Lyon, Normandy, and La Vendée to its aid, announced its intention of marching on Paris. Calvados, Caen, and Evreux, in Normandy, were organizing revolt; Dauphiné and Franche-Comté were in arms—altogether *no less than sixty departments had risen against the tyranny of the Convention*.² Such was the attitude of the twenty-five millions of France who, according to Carlyle, looked to the Mountain for salvation—as a matter of fact at least three-quarters of the population were violently opposed to it, and the remaining quarter was mainly terrorized into submission.

At the same time the people were by no means wholeheartedly on the side of the Girondins. Buzot, Pétion, Isnard, Barbaroux, and others of the faction, who escaped from Paris after their expulsion from the Convention and attempted to rally the provinces around them, failed entirely in their rôle

¹ Buchez et Roux, xxiii. 279.

² *La Demagogie en 1793*, by C. A. Dauban, p. 239.

of popular leaders. To the ruminating minds of the peasants, the aims of one Republican faction were indistinguishable from another; they were ready to oppose the bloodshed and anarchy advocated by the Mountain, but the ideal Republic offered them by the Girondins in no way roused their enthusiasm. The truth is that France remained at heart monarchic, partly by conviction and partly by habit. For in every country the characteristic of the true people is hatred of innovation, and against this prejudice the Republicans of both factions contended in vain. The correspondence of revolutionary emissaries to the provinces frequently breathes a spirit of despair: "The labourer is estimable, but he is a very bad patriot in general;"¹ and from Marseilles, "In spite of our efforts to republicanize the people . . . our trouble and fatigue are almost fruitless. . . . The mind of the public is still detestable amongst the proprietors, artisans, and day-labourers;"² in Alsace "Republican sentiments are still in the cradle, fanaticism is extreme and unbelievable; the spirit of the inhabitants is in no way revolutionary. . . ."³ No one, however, has described the utter failure of the Girondins to convert the people to Republicanism better than Buzot himself: "One must not dissemble; the majority of the French people sighed after the monarchy and the Constitution of 1791. . . . Can one believe that the events of June 2 (1793), the misery, persecution, and assassinations that followed, made the majority of France change its opinion? No, but in the towns they pretend to be 'sans-culotte,' because those who are not are guillotined; in the country places they obey the most unjust summons to serve (in the army), because those who do not go are guillotined. The guillotine, that is the great reason for everything. . . . *This people is Republican by blows of the guillotine.* But look closely at things, penetrate into the homes of families, sound all hearts, and if they dare open themselves to you, you will read there hatred against the government that fear imposes on them, you will see that all their desires, all their hopes, tend towards the Constitution of 1791."⁴ And again: "The honest inhabitants of the countryside confound the crimes committed in the Revolution of 1793 with the Revolution itself; they abhor the Republic, and those who tyrannize over them in its name; they regret and sigh for the return . . . of a gentler and more peaceable régime. . . . In the towns, where fear has withered all hearts, where commerce

¹ Legros, *La Révolution telle qu'elle est*, i. 366 (letter from Prieur de la Marne to the Comité de Salut Public).

² *Archives des Affaires Étrangères*, quoted by Taine, *La Révolution*, viii. 53.

³ *Ibid.* p. 54.

⁴ *Aux Amis de la Vérité*, by F. N. L. Buzot, pp. 32-34.

and industry are for ever annihilated, where it is a crime to live in any degree of comfort or to show any decency in one's tastes or manners . . . every citizen . . . in all classes . . . bitterly regretted the past." Indeed, Buzot himself is at last forced to arrive at this conclusion: "Amidst the abyss of evils into which this superb empire is precipitated by licence and misery one is almost reduced to desiring the return of ancient despotism, since it is uncertain whether the French could now bear the moderate régime of the Constitution of 1791."¹

It was thus in La Vendée alone that real enthusiasm prevailed; there the people, inspired by passionate devotion to cherished traditions, were at one with their seigneurs, whilst in the other provinces dominated by the Girondins the people took up arms in a cause that was not their own. Ostensibly they were fighting for the Republic, in reality they craved for the old familiar things the Republic had taken from them. What cared the peasants of France for the promise of a government modelled on Athens or Sparta that was to replace the antiquated monarchy, for the enlightened philosophy that was to compensate them for the destruction of their ancient faith?

The Girondins themselves could not fail to perceive the failure of their efforts to inspire the people; everywhere it was the Royalists who secured the largest following. Even in Republican centres Royalist generals led out the troops—at Lyon, Virieu and Précý; at Bordeaux, De Puisaye; even Wimpfen, beloved of the Normans, though avowedly a Republican, was believed by Louvet to be a Royalist at heart. The Girondins at Caen in Normandy—Louvet, Guadet, Buzot, and others—watched these symptoms with alarm and, rather than combine with their rivals to overthrow the Mountain, diverted their energies to opposing the progress of Royalism. Thus amongst the leaders of the people there was no co-ordination, and amongst the various elements that made up the population no unity of purpose that alone could have ensured success. Owing to these dissensions the movement was from the first doomed to failure, and the triumph of the Mountain seemed assured.

It was then that a girl who lived at Caen, Marie Charlotte Corday, resolved to take the law into her own hands and save the country by striking down the author of all the ills that were desolating France. For to Charlotte, as to many inhabitants of provincial towns, it was Marat who appeared as the incarnation of the Terror that now held France in its grip; Marat once removed, she imagined that the other leaders of the Mountain might return to sentiments of humanity. If Charlotte had been

¹ *Mémoires de Buzot*, p. 19.

a Girondin, as certain writers have supposed, she would probably have thought otherwise, for to the Girondins Marat seemed merely a "loathsome reptile," far less to be feared than Robespierre, whom they regarded as their chief antagonist of the Mountain. It is therefore improbable that when Charlotte went to request Barbaroux for introductions to some of his friends in Paris, she confided to him the object of her journey—"if," as Louvet said, "she had consulted us, would it have been against Marat that we should have directed her stroke?" Undoubtedly no—Robespierre would have been the victim. Barbaroux, moreover, could have told her that in slaying Marat she was sacrificing herself needlessly, for Marat was already dying of a lingering disease, and had, indeed, only a short time to live.

This Charlotte did not know when she set forth for Paris on that morning of July 9, and all the way she pictured to herself the execution of the great deed as she had planned it. The letter to Duperret, the friend of Barbaroux, was to procure her admittance to the Convention, and there in the midst of the Assembly, on the summit of the Mountain, she meant to deal the mortal blow that was to rid the world of Marat.

It was not until she reached Paris that she heard that the "Friend of the People" was too ill to attend the Convention. For some weeks already he had retired from public life, and the fearful irritation of his skin obliged him to sit perpetually in a bath with wet compresses around his head. The precise nature of his malady is not stated by his biographers, but according to the delegates from the Jacobin Club who were sent to visit him it was simply an acute attack of "patriotism." The madness of Maratisme is nowhere better exemplified than in the following report published by the Society: "We have just been to see our brother Marat. . . . We found him in his bath, a table, inkstand, and newspapers around him, occupying himself unremittingly with public affairs. It is not a disease . . . it is a great deal of compressed patriotism squeezed into a very small body; the violent efforts of patriotism exuding from every part are killing him."¹

This was the vision that confronted Charlotte Corday when, on the evening of July 13, she succeeded, in spite of the opposition of Marat's mistress, Simonne Evrard, in obtaining admission to the fateful bathroom. If she had expected to see a monster she must have found her wildest imaginings surpassed now that she was brought face to face with the reality. Out of the opening of the slipper bath appeared the withered neck, the misshapen shoulders, the puny arms of the People's Friend, and above them that monstrous head swathed in its compresses of vinegar

¹ *Journal des Débats*, July 16, 1793.

and cold water—truly an awful and a hideous sight. A fainter heart than Charlotte's must have quailed, a nerve of less tried steel than hers must have failed at this tremendous moment—have kept her rooted to the threshold, or driven her shuddering backwards through the door and down the narrow staircase, out—out—into the pure air of Heaven. But Charlotte, wholly concentrated on her purpose, had risen above such human weaknesses, and she went straight forward, calm as the summer evening outside the window, and sat down beside Marat.

Charlotte Corday did not kill Marat as Marat killed his victims, without a trial. She gave him now, at the last moment, a chance to prove that it was not he who had raised scaffolds all over France, that it was not by his orders that innocent victims were led daily to their death. So when he asked for news of Caen, she spoke of the Girondin deputies who had taken refuge there, mentioning them by name. And at that Marat croaked out with a frightful laugh :

“ I will have them all guillotined within a week ! ”

Then rumour had not lied—Marat was indeed the sanguinary monster he had been represented in the provinces ! Out of his own mouth he was convicted. Charlotte hesitated no longer, and grasping her knife she plunged it straight into his heart. The deed was done ; henceforth, as she said, she was to know peace.

The serenity she displayed at her trial amazed the world no less than the courage that had led her to carry out her enterprise. “ Who had inspired you with so much hatred against Marat ? ” the President asked her. “ I did not need the hatred of others, I had enough of my own.” “ In killing him what did you hope ? ” “ To restore peace to my country.” “ Do you think you have killed all the Marats ? ” “ That one dead, the others will perhaps be afraid.”

Never for a moment does it seem to have occurred to Charlotte that her action could be regarded as murder. When Fouquier Tinville observed suspiciously, “ You must be well practised in this kind of crime,” she cried out in horror, “ The monster ! He takes me for an assassin ! ”

The truth is that Charlotte did not feel she had killed a human being, but rather that she had exorcised an evil spirit who had cast a spell over the capital. “ It is only in Paris,” she said to her judges, “ that people's eyes are bewitched on account of Marat ; in the other departments he is regarded as a monster.”

And, indeed, the more we study Marat the more we feel a sensation of unreality creeping over us. Can such a being really have existed outside the pages of a medieval legend ?

Robespierre, Danton, Billaud, even Carrier we can believe in as physiological possibilities, but Marat is a phenomenon to be explained by no natural laws: the shuddering repulsion he inspired in all normal beholders, the unholy fascination he exercised over those who fell beneath his power, the fearful rapidity with which immediately after death that hideous body crumbled to corruption, yet around which knelt crowds of worshippers, blaspheming Christ and crying out, "Oh, sacred heart of Marat!"—all these things belong surely to the region of the supernatural, and can only be accounted for by a belief in demoniacal possession. Exclude this hypothesis and Marat remains an insoluble mystery—unique in the annals of mankind.

At any rate, whether we believe in the powers of darkness or not, the phase on which the revolutionary movement now entered could not have been surpassed in devilry if evil spirits hitherto caged in the body of Marat had been loosed over France. Until now the atrocities committed have been traceable to perfectly tangible causes—to Orléaniste intrigue; to the personal ambitions of the leaders; to excitement, delusion, or drink on the part of the populace; but from the autumn of 1793 all political aims seem to be swallowed up in a wild rage for destruction; the scenes of horror taking place everywhere appear to serve no definite purpose, but, like the convulsions of a madman, to spring from a mind in delirium.

Yet if we examine the movement closely we shall find that there was nevertheless a method in the madness; that through this frightful period of the Terror there ran a system founded on the same political doctrines that had produced the massacres of September. This is what Collot d'Herbois meant when he said: "The 2nd of September is the Credo of our liberty"; in other words, the massacres in the prisons formed simply the prelude to a general scheme of destruction. At this earlier date, as we have seen, the idea of the leaders was to amputate the gangrened limb formed by the aristocracy and clergy; now that these two categories had been practically destroyed, the same operation must be carried out on those other portions of the body to which the gangrene had spread.

First on the list came, then, the prosperous *bourgeoisie*, the peculiar object of Marat's hatred—a hatred he had communicated to Robespierre and Hébert, who, after the death of Marat, were left to carry on the campaign against this obnoxious class. Thus we find Robespierre writing: "Internal dangers come from the *bourgeois*; in order to conquer the *bourgeois* we must rouse the people, we must procure arms for them and make them angry."¹ Hébert went further: "The virtue of the holy

¹ *Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, ii. 15.

guillotine," he wrote, " will gradually deliver the Republic from the rich, the *bourgeois*, the spies, the fat farmers, and the worthy tradesmen as from the priests and aristocrats. They are all devourers of men."

This campaign against commerce was again the direct outcome of Illuminism, for it was Weishaupt who had first denounced the " mercantile tribe " as capable of exercising " the most formidable of despotisms." ¹ Accordingly war was now waged with particular ferocity on the manufacturing towns. In August the revolutionary troops surrounded Lyon, where the authorities, exasperated by the sanguinary propaganda of Châlier, had ended by condemning this disciple of Marat to death. The siege lasted until the 9th of October 1793, when, reduced by famine, Lyon was obliged to surrender, and it was then decided that the magnificent city, once the pride of France, must be demolished. " The name of Lyon," cried Barère at the Convention, " must no longer exist, you will call it Ville-Affranchie." On the ruins he proposed to erect a monument bearing the words, " Lyon made war on liberty; Lyon is no more." Thereupon the Convention passed the decree: " The town of Lyon shall be destroyed; every part of it inhabited by the rich shall be demolished, only the dwellings of the poor shall remain."

Emissaries were then sent to carry out the task; the paralytic Couthon, borne on a litter about the city, struck with a silver hammer the buildings destined to destruction, saying as he did so, " In the name of the law I demolish you," and instantly masons set to work upon the task. Meanwhile orators incited the working-classes to violence: " What are you doing, pusillanimous workmen, in these industrial occupations by which opulence degrades you? Come out of this servitude and confront the rich man who oppresses you . . . overthrow his fortune, overthrow these edifices, the wreckage belongs to you. It is thus that you will rise to that sublime equality, the basis of true liberty, the vigorous principle of a warrior people *to whom commerce and arts should be unnecessary.*" ²

It will be seen, therefore, that there was no question of readjusting relations between employers and employed; the whole industrial system was simply to be destroyed whilst the workers were left to starve upon the ruins.

Yet even when commerce had gone the way of aristocracy, " and pride of wealth no longer violated the principles of ' sublime equality,' " yet another centre of gangrene still remained—the *educated classes*. It was here that Robespierre displayed

¹ *Histoire de la Révolution*, by Louis Blanc, ii. 91.

² Beaulieu, v. 405.

particular energy. Men of talent had always been abhorrent to him—hence his inveterate animosity towards the Girondins. Unable himself to rise out of the crowd of little lawyers amongst whom he had made his *début* in Paris, he could not forgive success achieved by eloquence or literary ability.¹ To the Incorruptible wealth offered little or no temptation; but superiority of talent roused in him an envy that bordered on insanity, and it was mainly owing to his influence that a campaign against intellect, art, and education was now inaugurated. "All highly educated men were persecuted," said Fourcroy later to the Convention; "it was enough to have some knowledge, to be a man of letters, in order to be arrested as an aristocrat. . . . Robespierre . . . with atrocious skill, rent, calumniated . . . all those who had given themselves up to great studies, all those who possessed wide knowledge . . . he felt that no educated man would ever bend the knee to him."²

This war on education was even carried out against the treasures of science, art, and literature. Manuel proposed to demolish the Porte Saint-Denis; Chaumette wanted to kill all the rare animals in the Museum of Natural History; Hanriot proposed to burn the Bibliothèque Nationale, and his suggestion was repeated at Marseilles; the other decemvirs, taking up the cry, added, "Yes, we will burn all the libraries, for only the history of the Revolution and the laws will be needed." And although the great National Library of Paris survived, thousands of books and valuable pictures all over France were destroyed or sold for next to nothing.³

Not only education but politeness in all forms was to be destroyed. By a decree of the Commune on the 21st of August 1792 the titles of "Monsieur" and "Madame" had been formally abolished, and the words "Citoyen" or "Citoyenne" substituted, and in order to satisfy the exponents of equality it had now become necessary to assume a rough and boorish manner, to present an uncultivated appearance. A refined countenance, hands that bore no marks of manual labour, well-brushed hair, clean and decent garments, were regarded with suspicion—to make sure of keeping one's head on one's shoulders it was

¹ "Writers must be proscribed as the most dangerous enemies of the people" (Note in Robespierre's handwriting, published in *Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, ii. 13). See also Pagès, ii. 19, and *Letters of Helen Maria Williams* (1794), p. 115.

² *Moniteur* for the 14th Fructidor, An II.; also *Rapport de Grégoire* on same date: "Dumas said all clever men should be guillotined. . . . The system of persecution against men of talents was organized. . . . They cried out in the sections, 'Beware of that man, for he has written a book!'"

³ Taine, viii. 206; Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, ii. 141; *Mémoire sur le Vandalisme*, by Grégoire.

advisable that it should be unkempt. Thus, says Beaulieu, "those who had been born with a gentle exterior . . . were obliged to distort their faces, to quicken their movements, so as to look as if they formed a part of those ferocious bands that had been loosed against them. Our dandies had allowed their moustaches to grow long: they had ruffled their hair, soiled their hands, and put on repulsive clothes. Our philosophers, our men of letters, wore large bristling caps from which hung long fox-tails that floated on their shoulders; some dragged great wheeled sabres along the pavement; they were taken for Tartars. Paris was no longer recognizable; one would have said that all the bandits of Europe had replaced its brilliant population." ¹

In a word, it was now not merely war on nobility, on wealth, on industry, on art, and on intellect; it was *war on civilization*. France was to return to a state of savagery. Insane as the project may seem, we must recognize it nevertheless to be the logical outcome of the desire for *absolute equality*. But unfortunately, when the equalizing process reached this stage, an unexpected difficulty occurred. The aristocracy of birth had long since been humbled to the dust; the aristocracy of wealth was reduced to beggary; the aristocracy of intellect concealed itself beneath a rude exterior; yet, after all, aristocracy still survived triumphantly, for lo! it had taken refuge amongst *the people*. "Nowhere," says Taine, "are there so many suspects as amongst the people; the shop, the farm, and the workshops contain more aristocrats than the presbytery or the château. In fact, according to the Jacobins, the cultivators are nearly all aristocrats; all the tradesmen are essentially counter-revolutionary . . . the butchers and bakers . . . are of an insufferable aristocracy." ² "The women of the market," writes a government spy, "except a few who are bribed, or whose husbands are Jacobins, curse, swear, rave, and fume; but they dare not speak too loud, because they are all afraid of the revolutionary committee and the guillotine." "This morning," said a shop-keeper, "I had four or five of them here. They do not wish to be called 'citizenesses' any longer. They say they spit on the Republic." ³ In the provinces matters were still worse; not only had reverence for religion and the King survived, but everywhere respect for superiority and successful enterprise prevailed—the good bourgeois whose business had prospered, the worthy mayor renowned for his benevolence, the working-man who had "got on in the world," all these in the eyes of country-folk seemed

¹ Beaulieu, v. 281.

² Taine, viii. 180.

³ *Rapport de Dutard à Garat* (Minister of the Interior), June 24, 1793. Schmidt, ii. 87.

more deserving of esteem than the drunkard or the wastrel. How was perfect equality to be achieved if the people themselves persisted in raising one man above another ?

It is easy to imagine the despair that seized on the surgeons who had embarked on the great scheme of eliminating gangrene when they discovered its existence in this most vital point of the body. Yet, nothing daunted, they grasped their instruments and set to work once more ; if "the people" themselves were gangrened, then the people too must come under the knife—the blade of the guillotine must fall alike on the neck of noble, priest, or peasant.

So on the 5th of September the word went forth from the Commune of Paris : " Let us make Terror the order of the day ! " ¹ In order to carry out this system it was necessary to reconstruct the government. Already the first Constitution framed on the cahiers had been swept away and replaced by the anarchic code known as the " Constitution de l'An II." without further reference to the desires of the people. But now the Anarchists had recourse to a still more arbitrary measure, and on the 10th of October the Convention, entirely dominated by the Mountain, acceded to the proposal of St. Just that a " provisional revolutionary government " should be proclaimed, in which every department of the State was to be placed under the control of the Comité de Salut Public. The members of this committee—which included Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, Barère, Billaud-Varenne, Collot d'Herbois, Jean Bon St. André, Carnot, Prieur de la Marne, and Lindet—were thus to be made the absolute rulers of France ; to their authority the " executive power, the ministers, the generals, and the constituted bodies " were to be subjugated ; ² and since it was by the Incorruptible that they themselves were controlled, the reign of Robespierre may be said to have begun from this moment.

The Terror in the provinces was thus entirely the work of the Comité de Salut Public. Emissaries were now sent out by the committee to the towns and provinces that had risen against the Mountain, with instructions to show no mercy to the " counter-revolutionaries." The better to ensure a rigorous application of the new régime these men were usually chosen to act in couples, " one to check the other "—in reality to goad each other on to violence. Thus when at Bordeaux, Tallien, under the influence of the beautiful Térésia Cabarrus, showed signs of relenting, Ysabeau performed the office of denunciator ; ³ at Lyon, Collot d'Herbois urged on Fouché ; at Toulon, Fréron incited Barras,

¹ Buchez et Roux, xxix. 43.

² *Ibid.* p. 172.

³ *Mémoires de Madame de la Tour du Pin*, ii. 345.

and so each emissary, terrorized by his colleague, attempted to outdo him in ferocity.

The atrocities that took place all over France from October 1793 onwards require volumes to be realized in their full horror, and can only be briefly summarized here.

At Bordeaux, then, owing to the intervention of Térésia, only 301 people fell victims to the guillotine, which took "patriotic journeys" to that city; starvation and terror were, therefore, the means by which it was finally reduced to submission. But at Lyon the population was literally mowed down in hundreds; carts filled with women, old and young, plied daily to the scaffold. But the guillotine proved too slow a method of extermination, and the method of "fusillades" was then adopted; young citizens tied together in couples were driven to the "Brotteaux" and blown into fragments by rifle and cannon fire. The Rhône, that received at least 2000 corpses, ran so red with blood that Ronsin, the general of the revolutionary armies, informed the Cordeliers in Paris of its utility in conveying a message of warning to the counter-revolutionaries all over the South.¹

The South, however, needed no warning. Toulon, crushed and starved by the régime of Fréron and Barras, had opened its gates in desperation to the English on the 29th of August—a "treachery" never to be forgiven it. Yet there were certainly extenuating circumstances. "It was necessary," wrote Isnard, who was then at Toulon, "to yield either to the Mountain or to Admiral Hood. The former brought us scaffolds, the latter promised to shatter them; the former gave us famine, the latter offered us provisions; Fréron brought us the Constitution of 1793, written by the executioner at the dictation of Robespierre, Hood promised to put us under the laws promulgated by the Constituent Assembly. A few intriguers profited by these circumstances to tempt the multitude led astray by hunger and despair; it had the weakness to prefer bread to death, the Constitution of 1791 to the anarchic code of 1793."

Toulon paid heavily for its frailty when, on the 17th of December, the town was recaptured by the army of the Republic. Fréron, mounted on a horse, "surrounded by cannons, troops, and a hundred maniacs, adorers of the god Marat," ordered citizens selected at random to be lined up against the walls and shot. "Fréron gives the signal, the charge rings out from every side, the murder is accomplished. The ground is drenched in blood, the air resounds with cries of despair, the dying roll

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes*, vi. 49, 50. Cadillot, a correspondent of Robespierre, placed the number of executions at Lyon at 6000 (Taine, viii. 126).

back upon the corpses. Suddenly, by order of the tyrant, a voice cries, 'Let those who are not dead arise.' The wounded raise themselves in the hope that help will be brought to them, a fresh discharge is made, and steel gathers those that fire has spared."¹

After this Fréron complacently announced that 800 Toulonnais had perished in the fusillade, whilst at the same time 200 heads fell by the guillotine. These methods, repeated until the spring of 1794, resulted, according to Prudhomme, in the death of no less than 14,325 men, women, and children; and whether this figure is excessive or not the fact remains that by the 9th of Thermidor the population of Toulon was reduced from 29,000 to 7000 inhabitants.²

All over Provence men were hunted down like wild beasts; the prophecy of the Scriptures seemed now to be fulfilled—"for those that were in the cities fled into the mountains, crying to the rocks to cover them, and hiding in dens and caves of the earth."

At Marseilles the death-roll was comparatively light; only about 240 victims had mounted the scaffold by January of 1794, and the Comité de Salut Public in Paris found it necessary to issue a reprimand to the Public Accuser of that city: "In Paris . . . the art of guillotining has attained perfection. Sanson and his pupils guillotine with so much rapidity . . . they expedited twelve in thirteen minutes. Send, then, the executioner of Marseilles to Paris in order to take a course of guillotining with his colleague Sanson, or we shall never get through. You must know that we shall never let you want for game for the guillotine; and a great number must be despatched."³

In the small town of Orange, however, 318 victims were disposed of in a very short space of time, whilst in the north at Arras and Cambrai, under the reign of the apostate priest, Joseph Lebon, between 1500 and 2000 perished. In the province of Anjou alone the number of people killed without a trial has been estimated at 10,000.⁴

La Vendée as the stronghold of Royalism, when finally vanquished in October, could not of course hope for mercy, and the plan of the Convention, "to transform this country into a desert,"⁵ was adopted. "We are able to say to-day,"

¹ Description given by Isnard, who was amongst the wounded. Beaulieu, v. 449; Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, vi. 157.

² Madelin, p. 335.

³ Prudhomme, *Crimes*, vi. 128.

⁴ Taine, viii. 131.

⁵ Letter of the emissary Francastel to General Grignon (Taine, viii. 131).

wrote the Republican envoys, "that La Vendée no longer exists. A profound silence reigns at present in the land occupied by the rebels. One could travel far in these parts without encountering a man or a cottage, for we have left nothing behind us but ashes and piles of corpses." ¹

But of all the towns of France it was at Nantes in Brittany that the worst atrocities were committed, in spite of the fact that here the *bourgeoisie* had welcomed the Revolution with the greatest enthusiasm, "and, indeed, had actually taken up arms against La Vendée." ² Unhappily, in the organizer of the campaign against Nantes the Comité de Salut Public had found a man after its own heart. Like "his divinity Marat," Jean Baptiste Carrier embodied in his person the whole principle of the Terror; like Marat, physically abnormal with his lean misshapen figure, his long cadaverous face and bloodshot eyes, Carrier exhibited perpetually the same convulsive fury that had characterized the People's Friend—indeed it is probable that he too was the victim of homicidal mania. Carrier thought, spoke, dreamt incessantly of killing; "I have seen him," a contemporary declared, "cutting candles in two with his sabre as if they were the heads of aristocrats." Even his colleagues trembled to approach him for fear of his "sudden angers, his bellowings like those of a famished wild beast."

In order to carry out the vengeance of this maniac upon the unfortunate city, three companies of bandits, selected for their ferocity, had been recruited. The first of these, which Carrier had named after his idol, "the company of Marat," consisted of sixty members who had sworn on enrolment to carry out the doctrines of the People's Friend; the second, known as the "American Hussars," was composed of negroes and mulattos; the third, which was called the "Germanic Legion," had been formed with German mercenaries and deserters. Thus, as Taine observes, "it was necessary, in order to find men for the work, to descend not only to the lowest ruffians of France, but to brutes of foreign race and speech. . . ." ³

The services of the two last companies were utilized principally for brutality towards women and children; an eye-witness related that on one occasion he saw the corpses of no less than seventy-five girls aged from 16 to 18 who had been shot down by the German legion. Carrier entertained a peculiar hatred for children—"they are whelps," he said, "they must be destroyed," and he gave orders that they should be butchered

¹ Mortimer Ternaux, viii. 196.

² *J. B. Carrier*, by Alfred Lallié, p. 57.

³ Taine, viii. 110; Beaulieu, vi. 92, 93; *Les Noyades de Nantes*, by G. Lenôtre.

without mercy. The details of these massacres far surpass in horror anything that took place in Paris during the height of the Terror; there young children at least were spared, but at Nantes they perished miserably in hundreds. The annals of savagery can show nothing more revolting—poor little peasant boys and girls thrust beneath the blade of the guillotine, mutilated because they were too small to fit the fatal plank; 500 driven all at once into a field outside the city and shot down, clubbed and sabred by the assassins round whose knees they clung, weeping and crying out for mercy.¹

Finally the executioner grew weary of the slaughter and declared he could go on no longer; even the fusillades proved too slow a method of extermination, and it was then that Carrier embarked on the scheme which for all time has rendered his name infamous—the *noyades*, or wholesale drownings in the Loire.

The first experiment was made on about ninety old priests, who were placed on board a galliot in charge of several Marats—as the members of the Marat company were known—and when in mid-stream those men, obedient to orders, burst open the ports and sank the barge to the bottom of the river. This delighted Carrier—"I have never laughed so much," he declared, "as when I saw the faces those — made as they died."² The incident, when reported to the Convention, met with no remonstrance; Hérault de Séchelles, in fact, wrote to Carrier congratulating him on "his energy and talent in the art of revolution,"³ whilst Robespierre, we know, heartily approved.⁴ Carrier, thus encouraged, set to work on a larger scale. The cargo-load of gangrene in the form of clergy had proved but the prelude; now "the people" were to provide the victims. So through those bitter December nights crowds of poor women, armed with the little bundles of possessions that peasants in flight are wont to carry with them, some clasping babies to their breasts, some leading little children by the hand, were driven out into the cold and darkness, they knew not whither; only when they found themselves on the bank of the river where the great barges waited the hideous truth dawned on them. Then all at once they burst into tears and lamentations, crying out, "They are going to drown us, and they will not bring us to trial!" Many holding their babies

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, vi. 314.

² *Ibid.* p. 323; *Procès de Carrier*, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 184.

³ Beaulieu, vi. 98.

⁴ See Lallié, *op. cit.* p. 230; also statement of Laignelot to the Convention that he informed Robespierre of the horrors taking place at Nantes, to which Robespierre replied: "Carrier is a patriot; this was necessary at Nantes" (*Moniteur* du 3 Frimaire, An III. vol. xxii. 580).

closer refused to give them up to strangers, and bore them with them in their arms down beneath the dark waters of the Loire. These perhaps were wisest, for many of those poor children, whom stronger-minded mothers had placed in sympathetic arms held out to them, were seized by Carrier's agents and herded into the ghastly Entrepôt, or prison of the city, to die of cold and pestilence.

The noyades, which Carrier playfully described as "bathing-parties," offered a fresh field to his inventive genius, and by way of variety he now devised the plan of stripping men and women to the skin, tying them together in couples and throwing them thus bound into the Loire. Carrier called this "Republican marriages."¹

Such was the Reign of Terror at Nantes, during which the number of victims that perished by drowning was estimated by one member of Carrier's committee at 6000, by another at 9000, whilst Prudhomme estimates the number of people killed by drownings, fusillades, the guillotine and pestilence, at the appalling figure of 32,000.

What must have been the death-roll for all France during the Terror? Prudhomme places it at no less than 1,025,711 (including losses through civil war), Taine at nearly half a million in the eleven provinces of the West alone. But on this point it is impossible to speak with any certainty. We only know that the massacres were wholesale and, what is more important, *indiscriminate*. For not only were the victims of the fusillades and noyades almost exclusively taken from amongst the people—"creatures of no account," said Goullin, one of Carrier's *aides*—but no attempt was made to discover their political opinions. Some were Royalists, others Republicans; the greater number probably held no views on politics at all, but lived like simple country folk, without a thought beyond their daily needs. The necessity for destroying gangrene cannot, therefore, have applied to them, and we must seek a further development in the scheme of the revolutionary leaders to explain this amazing paradox—the *massacring of the people in the name of democracy*.

THE SYSTEM OF THE TERROR

What, then, was the system that produced this later stage of the Terror? Historians, weary of striving to solve the problem, have declared that there was none, that the Terror happened

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, vi. 335; Beaulieu, vi. 100; Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 149. And Kropotkin, that arch-calumniator of the people, dares to attribute the noyades of Nantes to the Breton peasants! See *The Great French Revolution*, p. 458.

inevitably, or that the Terrorists were mad, or that they killed for fear of being killed, or that, as Thiers expressed it, they went on killing because of "the deplorable habit they had contracted." Such answers, however, are all unconvincing in view of the evident organization of the Terror and the character of the men by whom it was carried out. The members of the Triumvirate—Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just—which had now become all-powerful, were men not of impulse but of cold calculation, and it is impossible to believe that they struck out aimlessly with no ultimate object in view. What, then, was the motive that inspired them? Certain contemporaries, recognizing the indisputable fact that the movement had now turned not only against the people, but against many of the most ardent Republicans and the earlier champions of liberty, advanced the extraordinary theory that Robespierre was a Royalist agent employed by the emigrant princes to carry out their vengeance;¹ and indeed, if the Old Régime had entertained a desire for revenge, it could not have satisfied it more effectually than by the reign of Robespierre. But that Robespierre, with his insatiable craving for power, should have wished to reinstate the Bourbons is impossible to believe. Still more absurd was the once accepted theory that the Terror was organized as a desperate measure of defence against "the coalition of kings," or in order to stimulate the ardour of the Republican armies.² What possible connection could there be between the massacring of peasant women in the extreme west of France and the success of French arms in Germany or Flanders? What ardour was likely to be stimulated in the soldiers of the Republic when they returned from the field of battle to find their mothers, wives, and children murdered, their homes burnt to the ground? Moreover, when the Terror broke out, the situation of the armies was in no way desperate; on the contrary, at the very moment that "terror was made the order of the day"—that is to say, on the 4th of September 1793—Robespierre at the Jacobin Club announced military successes everywhere: "the armies of the North . . . of the Rhine and the Moselle are in a brilliant situation."³ The Terror, then, had nothing whatever to do with the question of national defence, but in its later as in its earlier stages was a measure of internal policy.

Now, although we may consult historians in vain for an explanation of this policy, we have only to study the writings of contemporaries who were behind the scenes in the Terror

¹ *Deux Amis*, xii. 411; J. B. Carrier, by A. Lallié, p. 379.

² Professor Moreton Macdonald has admirably refuted this legend in *The Cambridge Modern History*, viii. 372.

³ Buchez et Roux, xxix. 25.

to discover a theory which, whether we accept it or not, provides the only clue to the mystery. According to these authorities a very definite system was at work in the Comité de Salut Public, which organized the Terror; moreover, this system was the direct outcome of the political creed of its leading members. In order to understand this we must refer back to the theories of government propounded by the organizers of the Terror during the earlier stages of the Revolution. Amongst these we find the constantly recurring belief in the impossibility of transforming France into a Republic. Thus as late as 1790 Marat had written :

“ In a large State the form of government must be monarchic, it is the only one that is suited to France; the extent of the kingdom, its position and the multiplicity of its connections necessitate it, and we ought to keep to this for many powerful reasons, even if the character of its people admitted of any other choice.”¹

There is undoubtedly a good deal to be said for this theory. Whether the old aphorism was right or not in stating that “ no democracy can hold an empire,” it must be admitted that the history of the world so far has proved that democracy works most harmoniously on a small scale—as in Marat’s native Switzerland—or in the thinly populated spaces of a colony. For since the essence of democracy is rule by the will of the Sovereign People, that will must be, as far as possible, unanimous; the Sovereign must not be divided against itself if the system is not to lose its entire *raison d’être*. And obviously, the larger and more varied the population the more difficult it becomes to obtain unanimity.

This conviction of the impossibility of establishing a democratic form of government in so large and thickly populated a country as France seems to have prevailed amongst the revolutionary leaders of all parties; hence, no doubt, Robespierre’s earlier belief in monarchy and his later desire for a dictatorship.² As to the Girondins, although no definite evidence is forthcoming in support of Robespierre’s accusation that they wished to establish a federal Republic, they undoubtedly realized the almost insuperable difficulty of achieving a harmonious democracy on so large a scale by means of centralized government. Thus Buzot himself wrote : “ If there were a people of gods, says Rousseau, it would govern itself democratically. . . . As it is, men, who are not gods, must seek elsewhere the best

¹ *Plan de Constitution*, p. 17.

² See also Danton’s remark to the Duc de Chartres, on October 1792, after the foundation of the Republic : “ This country is not made for a Republic; one day it will cry ‘ Vive le Roi ! ’ ” (M. de Barante, *Histoire de la Convention Nationale*, ii. 477).

form of government to suit them." And he went on to ask how, in a nation of 25,000,000, it would be possible to make sure that the wishes expressed by suffrage represented the real will of the nation.

But with the proclamation of the Republic the situation of which Marat had foreseen the danger had been brought about, and the whole country was thrown into confusion; differences of opinion sprang up on every side, and civil war was the inevitable result.

More than this, not only had France become a Republic, but, as we have seen, the further plan was evolved by Robespierre of transforming her into a Socialist State throughout which absolute equality and universal contentment should prevail.¹

Under the influence of St. Just this plan had assumed definite proportions. The colony of workmen's dwellings, which might be said figuratively to represent Robespierre's conception of an ideal State, was *literally* adopted by St. Just in the "Institutions" he drew up for the government of France. The new Republic was to be founded on "virtue, if not on terror";² that is to say, when terror became no longer necessary, "virtue" was to be made the order of the day. Every one was to be sober, austere, incorruptible, laborious, and, above all, public-spirited; for, according to the doctrine of the Illuminati, to whom Robespierre belonged, the only way to make men happy was to produce in them a "just and steady morality"—morality, that is to say, as interpreted by the Illuminati, which was simply civism.³

Now in the opinion of St. Just nothing tended so much both to happiness and morality as the profession of agriculture—"a cottage, a field, and a plough"⁴—these were to represent the summit of every man's ambitions. Accordingly France was to be turned into a vast agrarian settlement, in which there were

¹ The following explanation of the plan of Robespierre and St. Just is written on the hypothesis that these men were sincere—a point which is by no means proved. It is perfectly possible that, as M. Aulard suggests, Robespierre only professed Socialist doctrines as a matter of policy—in order to bring himself into power. Nor must we forget the letter found amongst his papers at his death addressed to him by a friend who urges him to join him at the place where he has "formed a sufficient treasure to be able to exist for a long time," and ending with the words: "I shall await you with great impatience so as to laugh with you over the rôle you have played in the troubles of a nation as credulous as it is eager for novelty" (*Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, ii. 157). Whether Robespierre was a consummate hypocrite or an honest fanatic is, therefore, an open question—for the purpose of this book I have assumed the latter.

² Dauban, *Paris en 1794*, p. 463.

³ Robison's *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, p. 205.

⁴ "Une charrue, un champ, une chaumière . . . voilà le bonheur" (*Rapport de St. Just sur les Factions de l'Étranger*).

to be no rich and no poor, no large properties and no cramped dwellings; nothing but endless model cottages and small allotments tended by hard-working and virtuous cultivators. An admirable arrangement, no doubt, only unfortunately, in order to ensure its success, there was to be no personal liberty either. It is doubtful, indeed, whether liberty and equality can exist together, for whilst liberty consists in allowing every man to live as he likes best, and to do as he will with his own, equality necessitates a perpetual system of repression in order to maintain things at the same dead level. For this purpose, according to St. Just, every department of life must be placed under State control—perhaps the most inexorable form of tyranny it is possible to conceive. For to an individual autocrat some appeal may be made, but against the doors of a system one may batter in vain. Thus in St. Just's Republic every human relationship was to be regulated by the State. True, free love was to take the place of marriage, but the union thus contracted was to be dissolved at the end of seven years if no children were forthcoming, whether the contracting parties desired to separate or not. Parents were to be forbidden either to strike or to caress their children, and the children were to be dressed all alike in cotton, to live on "roots, vegetables, fruit, with bread and water," and to sleep on mats upon the floor. Boys were to belong to their parents only till the age of five; after that they were to become the property of the State until their death. Every one was to be forced by law to form friendships, and "to declare publicly once a year in the Temple who were his friends." Any infraction of these laws was to be punished by banishment. Thus—

He who strikes a child is banished.

If a man commits a crime his friends are banished.

He who says he does not believe in friendship or who has no friends is banished.

He who being drunk shall have said or done evil is banished.

A man convicted of ingratitude is banished; etc.¹

It was an attempt to realize the ideal of Rousseau—"If there were a people of gods it would govern itself democratically." The French, so far, were not gods, but they were to be made so.

But could a nation of 25,000,000 be thus transformed? To the regenerators of France it seemed extremely doubtful; already the country was rent with dissensions, and any scheme

¹ "Institutions" of St. Just, Buchez et Roux, xxxv. 275; Dauban, *Paris en 1794*, p. 461.

for universal contentment seemed impossible of attainment. Moreover, the plan of dividing things up into equal shares presented an insuperable difficulty, for it became evident that amongst a population of this size there was not enough money, not enough property, not enough employment, not even at this moment enough bread to go round ; no one would be satisfied with his share, and instead of universal contentment, universal dissatisfaction would result. What was to be done ? The population was too large for the scheme of the leaders to be carried out successfully, therefore either the scheme must be abandoned or *the population must be diminished*.

To this conclusion the surgeons operating on the State had at last been brought. In vain they had amputated the gangrened limb of the nobility and the clergy, had paralysed the brain by attacking the intellectual classes, had turned (as in Æsop's fable) upon the stomach, that is to say, the industrial system, by which the whole body of the State was fed, and denied it sustenance—all these means to restore health to the State had failed, and they were now reduced to a last and desperate expedient : the size of the whole body must be reduced. In other words, *a plan of systematic depopulation* must be carried out all over France.

That this idea, worthy of a mad Procrustes, really existed it is impossible to doubt, since it has been revealed to us by innumerable revolutionaries who were behind the scenes during the Terror. Thus Courtois, in his report on the papers seized at Robespierre's house after Thermidor, wrote : " These men, in order to bring us to the happiness of Sparta, wished to *annihilate twelve or fifteen millions of the French people*, and hoped after this revolutionary transfiguration to distribute to each one a plough and some land to clear, so as to save us from the dangers of the happiness of Persepolis."

Another *intime* of Robespierre, the Marquis d'Antonelle, a member of the Revolutionary Tribunal, actually explained the whole scheme in print whilst the Terror was at its height. Beaulieu, who met him in prison, where he was incarcerated by Robespierre for giving away the secret of the leaders, thus describes the system as revealed to him by D'Antonelle : " He thought, like the greater number of the revolutionary clubs, that, in order to institute the Republic on the ruins of the monarchy, it was necessary to exterminate all those who preferred the latter form of government, and that the former could only become democratic by the destruction of luxury and riches, which form the support of royalty ; that equality would never be anything but a chimera as long as men did not all enjoy approximately equal properties ; and finally, that such an order

of things could never be established until *a third of the population had been suppressed*; this was the general idea of the fanatics of the Revolution.”¹

About two years later, that is to say in 1795, the Socialist, Gracchus Babeuf, employed at the Commune, gave a more detailed account of the scheme in his brochure, “*Sur le Système de la Dépopulation, ou La Vie et les Crimes de Carrier.*” Of this system Babeuf declares that Robespierre was the principal author: “Maximilien and his council had calculated that a real regeneration of France could only be operated by means of a new distribution of territory and of the men who occupied it”; and he goes on to show the remorseless logic by which Robespierre reached his final conclusion: “He thought that, firstly, in the present state of things property had fallen into a few hands, and that the great majority of the French possessed nothing; secondly, that in allowing this state of things to continue, equality of rights would only be a vain word in spite of which the aristocracy of owners of property would always be real, the smaller number would always tyrannize over the great mass, the majority would always be the slave of the minority . . .; thirdly, that in order to destroy this power of the owners of property, and to take the mass of citizens out of their dependence, there was no way but to place all property in the hands of the government; fourthly, that one could succeed without doubt only by immolating the great proprietors . . .; fifthly, that, besides this, *depopulation was indispensable*, because the calculation had been made that the French population was in excess of the resources of the soil and of the requirements of useful industry, that is to say, that, with us, men jostled each other too much for each to be able to live at ease; that hands were too numerous for the execution of all works of essential utility . . .; sixthly, finally—and this is the horrible conclusion—that since the superabundant population could only amount to so much . . . a portion of *sans-culottes* must be sacrificed, that this rubbish could be cleared away up to a certain quantity, and that means must be found for doing it.”

To this necessity Babeuf attributes not only the guillotinades, fusillades, and noyades in the provinces, but also the engineered famine to which he had drawn attention earlier, whilst the war, far from providing a reason for the Terror, was in reality part of the scheme of extermination. “What,” he asks, “is this plan of eternal crusades, of repulsing peace, of universal conquest, of the conversion or subjugation of all kings and all peoples, if it is not the hidden intention to prevent any one coming back from amongst that important portion of the nation

¹ Beaulieu, v. 219.

that armed itself so generously in order to chase the enemy from French territory ? ”

The evidence of Babeuf is the more valuable since he declares himself to be heartily in agreement with the Socialistic schemes of Robespierre ; it is only the means employed to realize them that he disapproves. “ On the subject of extermination,” he naïvely concludes, “ I am a man of prejudices ; it is not given to every one to rise to the heights of Maximilien Robespierre.” But later on he came to see that Robespierre’s plan alone could ensure success, and that if absolute equality was to be achieved the Terror must be revived. It was for the attempt to reinstate the régime of Robespierre that Babeuf finally met his end. However preposterous the *exposé* of Babeuf may seem, we must admit that it is the only one that explains the Terror. Moreover, that this was indeed the system on which it was founded does not rest on the authority of Courtois, Babeuf, and D’Antonelle alone, the very words “ plan of depopulation ” occur repeatedly in the writings and speeches of other contemporaries. Thus Prudhomme, in describing the massacres of September, explains the enormous proportion of “ the people ” amongst the victims as the first evidence of this scheme : “ The plan of butchery did not end with the destruction of priests and nobles . . . but from that date there existed a *plan of depopulation* conceived by Marat, Robespierre . . . , etc., and this is what the method of the Terror has proved.”¹

Later on, at the trials of Fouquier Tinville and Carrier, several witnesses referred to the same scheme : Grandpré of the police declared that the most powerful means employed by Robespierre was “ a vast system of depopulation ” ;² Ardenne, Deputy Public Accuser, said the plan was “ to clear out the prisons in order to *depopulate France*,”³ and in his summing up to the president and judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal stated that “ Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, and others, had expected to *depopulate France*, and above all to make genius, talents, honour, and industry to disappear ” ;⁴ Trinchard, member of the Revolutionary Tribunal, ended his evidence with the words : “ Such was the *system of depopulation* organized by the last tyrants, and in order to make sure of its execution they employed the most immoral men ” ;⁵ indeed, Carrier himself admitted that “ *this plan of destruction existed*.”⁶ Carrier,

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 112.

² *Procès de Fouquier Tinville*, Buchez et Roux, xxxv. 45.

³ *Ibid.* p. 44.

⁴ *Ibid.* xxxiv. 271.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 337.

⁶ *Procès de Carrier*, *ibid.* p. 208. For other contemporary references to “ the plan of depopulation ” see Pagès, ii. 89 ; *Deux Amis*, xii. 238 ; *Mémoires de Senart*, edition de Lescure, p. 84 : “ this great system of

Fouquier, Fréron, Lebon, and the other monsters were therefore only acting on orders from headquarters when they set out to decimate Paris and the provinces, and the terrible phrase of Carrier, "Let us make a cemetery of France rather than not regenerate her after our manner,"¹ simply epitomized the philosophy of Robespierre on which the system of the Comité de Salut Public was founded.

It was in the hall of the committee at the Tuileries that the great scheme of depopulation was discussed, and orders were issued to the revolutionary agents in the different provinces. Prudhomme has vividly described the scenes that took place nightly in the gorgeous salon at the end of a long dark corridor, where, amidst mirrors and bronzes, beneath gilded ceilings and glittering chandeliers, the "Decemvirs" took their ease on soft armchairs and luxurious sofas, whilst in the background sideboards laden with rare wines and delicate fare awaited them.² Around the great oval table, covered with a green cloth, the members of the committee—Billaud, Collot, Couthon, Barère—gathered merrily, "not precisely drunk, but spurred on by wine and good cheer, heated by liqueurs"; only when the bilious face of the Incorruptible appeared amongst them a chill fell over the party, and there was less laughter whilst districts were marked out for destruction and human heads were counted up like scores at cards.

"It was at these times," says Prudhomme, "that they gave their secret orders to the chief scoundrels in their confidence. It was there that General Rossignol went to receive the plan for setting La Vendée in a blaze. It was there that Carrier organized the noyades of Nantes. It is there that Couthon said, laughing, before he started for Lyon, 'I have only a head and a body; well, nevertheless, it is I who will give the first blow of the hammer to the second town in the empire of France, in order to destroy it.' It is there that they organized the conspiracies in the prisons, and that they drew up *that plan of depopulation* carried out during fifteen months. A map of France was spread out continually before the eyes of the Decemvirs as well as a table of the population of each Commune; there they decimated towns and villages—'we must have so many heads in such and such a department.' . . . All the calamities of France, all the

devastation and of depopulation" (the *Résumé du Procès de Fouquier Tinville*, by Cambon de Gard); "the fearful system of depopulation devised by the faction of Robespierre" (*Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, by E. Campardon, ii. 297); also Paganel, *Essai Historique*, ii. 350, 359, 381.

¹ Evidence of Lamarie, *Procès de Carrier*, Buchez et Roux, p. 204.

² Description confirmed by the contemporary Philippe Morice in his "Souvenirs," *Revue des Questions historiques*, for October 1892.

crimes of the Revolution, originated in the salon of the Comité de Salut Public." ¹

The precise proportion of the population it would be necessary to suppress formed the subject of calm mathematical calculation amongst the leaders. According to Larevellière Lépiaux, it was Jean Bon St. André who first openly admitted the existence of the scheme, and at the time that the Revolutionary Tribunal was instituted—that is to say, in the spring of 1793—declared in the tribune of the Convention that "in order to establish the Republic securely in France, the population must be reduced by more than half." ² Beside this estimate D'Antonelle's proposal to reduce by one-third only seems comparatively moderate.

Other leading revolutionaries considered, however, that far more drastic measures were necessary; thus Collot d'Herbois held that twelve to fifteen millions of the French must be destroyed, ³ Carrier declared that the nation must be reduced to six millions, ⁴ Guffroy in his journal expressed the opinion that only five million people should be allowed to survive, ⁵ whilst Robespierre was reported to have said that a population of two millions would be more than enough. ⁶ Pagès and Fantin Désodoards assert, however, that eight millions was the figure generally agreed on by the leaders. ⁷

The plan of the Terrorists was not, therefore, as is popularly supposed, to sacrifice a small minority for the happiness of the great majority, but to annihilate an immense proportion of the nation in order to ensure a contented residuum.

Such, then, was the system of the Terror, and however atrocious it may appear we must admit that it was founded on a perfectly logical premise—the conviction that the smaller the population the better for democracy.

It is not, therefore, the theory of the Terrorists that must be regarded as monstrous, but its application. For to admit that a certain end may be desirable of attainment is one thing; to believe that any means are justifiable in order to attain it is quite another matter. The great criminals of history were not the people inspired by the worst motives, but the people for

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, v. III.

² *Mémoires de Larevellière Lépiaux*, i. 150.

³ *Résumé du Procès de Fouquier Tinville*, by Cambon de Gard, Substitut de l'Accusateur Public, in *Le Tribunal révolutionnaire*, by E. Campardon, ii. 297.

⁴ Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, ii. 9.

⁵ *Le Rougyff*, No. 8. ("Rougyff" is an anagram of Guffroy.)

⁶ Letter to Robespierre from one who had been his friend: "What? reduce France to two million men, and 'that is still too many,' you said!" (*Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, ii. 153).

⁷ Pagès, ii. 89; Fantin Desodoards, iv. 131.

whom this distinction did not exist. Catherine de Medici—to whom Robespierre bore a striking resemblance—undoubtedly thought it would be for the peace of France if the Huguenots ceased to exist, and therefore planned the Massacre of St. Barthélemy; Robespierre may have been actuated by precisely the same laudable intention in organizing the massacres of the Terror. In both cases the attitude of mind that made this action possible can be traced to the same cause—the doctrine that has produced all the worst atrocities in the history of the civilized world—namely, that “the end justifies the means.” Whether it be under a Torquemada, a Medici, a Robespierre, or a Wilhelm II., the community or nation which accepts the belief that everything is justifiable—lying, duplicity, treachery, and murder—in order to benefit the cause it has embraced, sells its soul to the devil. To hold this doctrine is not only to repudiate Christianity, but to strike at the very root of all morality. It was therefore natural that the Terror, founded on this literally diabolical doctrine, should now enter on that hideous phase in its work of destruction—the desecration of the churches.

THE DECHRISTIANIZATION OF FRANCE

The leaders of the movement that was now directed against religion all over France belonged to a faction of the Cordeliers Club, led by Hébert. Hébert himself, who figured on the cover of his journal, the *Père Duchesne*, as a rugged stove-merchant with a large pipe in his mouth and a heavy moustache, was in reality a dapper young man, clean shaven, well powdered, and sybaritic in his tastes. The coarse language and oaths of the gutter that characterized his literary compositions were as foreign to his nature as the revolutionary frenzy he affected; for, although it was on Hébert that the mantle of Marat had descended when the *Ami du Peuple* ceased at the death of its author, Hébert had none of Marat's sombre ferocity. On the contrary, Hébert was filled with a riotous *joie de vivre*. During the “great angers” he depicted in the *Père Duchesne* he was enjoying “the sweetest and most peaceful of lives”;¹ his sanguinary tirades against the Queen, the Girondins, “la Reine Roland,” were penned beside the cradle of his infant daughter. Hébert was an Anarchist by temperament rather than by policy; the prototype of the modern Apache, he would gaily have set Paris in a blaze for the excitement of seeing it burning. Revolutions inevitably bring these sort of characters to the surface—creatures endowed with the passion for destruction

¹ *Le Père Duchesne*, by Paul d'Estrée, p. 69: “Je mène la vie la plus douce et la plus paisible” (Letter from Hébert written in 1792).

that human nature shares in common with the ape, who love to burn and spoil and desecrate without any ulterior motive. It was for this reason that Hébert ended by incurring the animosity of Robespierre. The Tiger Cat only desired a period of anarchy in order to establish his own domination, and naturally any one who, like Hébert, enjoyed anarchy for anarchy's sake could not be allowed to go on indefinitely wrecking everything; the time must come when it would be necessary to suppress him. Already the green eyes were watching him suspiciously, and it was therefore not Robespierre who in the Comité de Salut Public supported the anti-religious movement of the Hébertistes, but the contemptible comedian Collot d'Herbois. Amongst the followers of Hébert were first and foremost Chaumette, once a cabin-boy, now procurator of the Commune and king of the Paris rabble; Vincent, secretary to the Ministry of War, a creature of such extraordinary ferocity that in his fits of rage he was known to devour raw the flesh of animals; Momoro, a printer; Anacharsis Clootz, of whom more anon; and Ronsin, a general in the Republican army who excelled in the raising of disorderly crowds. Ronsin's following inspired even its leader with disgust; when some one complained to him of the excesses it committed in the streets and at the theatres, the outrages on women, the robberies and violence that marked its passage, Ronsin answered cynically, "What do you want me to do? I know, like you, that it is a collection of brigands, but I have need of these rascals for my revolutionary army—find me decent folk who are willing to do the job!"¹

According to Prudhomme the Hébertistes were formerly Orléanistes; at any rate their private life was far from consistent with the principles of Republicanism and equality that they professed. Whilst proclaiming the necessity of Spartan simplicity to counteract the famine they led a riotous Epicurean existence, and freely indulged their tastes for rare vintages and fiery liquors.² It was thus largely under the influence of drink that they now embarked on their scheme of dechristianization.

On the night of the 6th to the 7th of November, Hébert, Chaumette, and Momoro went to the "Constitutional" bishop of Paris, Gobel, and ordered him to abjure publicly the Catholic religion. "You will do this," they said to him, "or you are a dead man."³ The wretched old man threw himself at their feet and begged to be spared this ordeal, but the Hébertistes were inexorable, and on the following day Gobel, terrorized into submission, presented himself at the Convention and declared that "the will of the Sovereign People" had now become "his

¹ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, v. 131.

² *Ibid.* v. 140.

³ *Le Père Duchesne*, by Paul d'Estrée, p. 345; Beaulieu, v. 241.

supreme law," and since the Sovereign so willed it there should be no other worship than that of "liberty and holy equality." Accordingly he now deposited his cross, ring, and other insignia upon the President's desk, and put on the red cap of liberty. Several of his vicars followed his example amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the Assembly.

This grotesque scene gave the signal for the desecration of the churches throughout Paris and the provinces. At Notre Dame, stripped of its crucifixes and images of the saints, the Feast of Reason took place on the 10th of November. A temple was raised in the aisle on the summit of a mountain, from which shone forth the "light of truth," and amidst the strains of the "Marseillaise" and "Ça ira!" the Goddess of Reason, personified by Mlle. Maillard, an opera-singer, dressed in a blue mantle and wearing the red cap of liberty, was borne in procession and solemnly enthroned to the cries of "Vive la République! Vive la Montagne!"

At the Church of St. Sulpice, during a ceremony of the same kind, Joachim Ceyrat, the director of the September massacre at the Convent des Carmes, ascended the pulpit and cried out, "Here am I in this pulpit, from which lies have so long been told to the sovereign people, making them believe that there is a God who sees all their actions. If this God exists, let Him thunder, and may one of His thunderbolts crush me!" Then looking up to the heavens defiantly, he added, "He does not thunder, so His existence is a chimera!"¹

Another enthusiastic exponent of materialism was the famous Marquis de Sade, the moral maniac to whom we owe the adjective "Sadic." The atrocities this most vicious of all aristocrats had committed towards poor women of the people in no way precluded him from an honoured place in the ranks of "democracy." Sade was a follower of Marat and a member of the Section des Piques to which Robespierre belonged. An address from this section drawn up by Sade himself was now presented to the Convention, demanding that in all the churches the cult of the new divinities, Reason and Virtue, should be substituted for the worship of "the Jewish slave" and "the adulterous woman, the courtesan of Galilee." This petition was accorded "honourable mention" by the Convention, which ordered it to be sent to the Committee of Public Instruction.

But it was Cloutz who played the leading part in the campaign against religion. Anacharsis Cloutz, a Prussian baron, distinguished himself throughout the revolutionary movement by his plan of a "Universal Republic" and his hatred of Christianity. The apostle of "Internationalism" as developed

¹ *Journal des Lois*, du 14 Prairial, An III.

in the doctrines of the Illuminati, he said nearly everything that Internationalists propound to-day as the last word in modern thought. Briefly, all nations of the earth were to be welded into one as members of "the only nation" (*la nation unique*), which, by a play on the word *german*, that is to say, "closely allied," he suggested, with an ingenuity worthy of his race, should be known as "the immutable empire of Great Germany, the Universal Republic."¹ By way of illustration he had presented himself at the Legislative Assembly, under the title of "the orator of the human race," at the head of a strange procession composed of specimens from all available races—Germans, Swedes, Russians, Poles, Turks, and negroes—whom he had hired for the occasion, in dresses suited to the part, but, since he omitted to pay them as arranged, he found his own door next day beset by a furious crowd,² which seemed somewhat to disprove his theory that "the Republic of the human race will never have any dispute with any one since there can be no communication between the planets."³

In all this Cloutz shows himself simply an amiable madman; it is only on the subject of religion that he grows violent. The second title he had bestowed upon himself was that of "the personal enemy of Jesus Christ." Christianity filled him with an almost epileptic fury. "Religion," he wrote, "is a social disease which cannot be too quickly cured. A religious man is a depraved animal; he resembles those beasts that are only kept to be shorn and roasted for the benefit of merchants and butchers."⁴ "The People," he declared, "is the Sovereign and the God of the world; France is the centre of the People-God; only fools can believe in any other God, in a Supreme Being."⁵

It was in this strain that Cloutz addressed the Convention on the 17th of November, and he ended his discourse by presenting the Assembly with a copy of a treatise he had written on the subject. The Convention thereupon passed a decree:

¹ Speech of Cloutz to the Assembly, September 9, 1792; *Moniteur*, xiii. 660. See also *La République Universelle*, by Anacharsis Cloutz.

² *Letters of Helen Maria Williams* (1795), p. 140.

³ Speech of Anacharsis Cloutz to the Convention, April 26, 1793.

⁴ *La République Universelle*, p. 27.

⁵ Cloutz has obtained at least one panegyrist amongst posterity, and at the same time a convert to his theories of anti-patriotism. Thus at that most tragic date in the history of France—1871—a Frenchman could be found to write these words: "Cloutz appears like the angel of the Revolution, the seal on the alliance between France and the nations. *The greatest figure of the French Revolution was a German.* Man of vast Utopias and limitless horizons, this apostle of universal fraternity was the first to pass over the Rhine with the olive-branch of peace" (*Les Hébertistes*, by G. Tridon).

“Anacharsis Clootz, deputy to the Convention, having paid homage with one of his works entitled *The Certainty of the Proofs of Mahomedanism*, a work that sets forth the nullity of all religions, the Assembly accepts this homage, accords it honourable mention, and orders it to be inserted in the bulletin, and to be sent to all the departments (of France).”

Everywhere in Paris and the provinces a perfect orgy of blasphemy and desecration now began; Bacchanalian feasts took place in the churches, triumphal cars carrying street-walkers dressed in chasubles, and donkeys laden with sacred relics, bénitiers, and church ornaments, passed through the streets; crucifixes and breviaries were cast into bonfires amidst cries of “Perish for ever the memory of the priests! Perish for ever Christian superstition! Long live the sublime religion of Nature!”¹

But it was not by “the people” these revolting scenes were enacted; the people everywhere bitterly resented them.² The closing of the village churches indeed caused so much indignation that the Convention began to fear revolt, whilst in Paris the women of the market overwhelmed the *Père Duchesne* with insults, and one of the hawkers of this journal complained to the “Society of the Friends of the Revolution” that he had been surrounded by these women, who covered him with mud, and seemed disposed to strangle him.³ When by order of Chaumette the shrine of Sainte-Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, was thrown into the flames on the Place de Grève, the outrage infuriated those whom the atheists described as the “ignorant and superstitious populace.”⁴

The truth is, that the whole of the anti-Christian movement was the direct work of the Illuminati. Anacharsis Clootz, says Robison, “who was a keen Illuminatus, came to Paris for the express purpose of forwarding the great work, and, by intriguing in the style of the Order, he got himself made one of the Representatives of the Nation. . . .” At the same time another German Illuminatus, Leuchtsenring, was also employed as secretary or clerk in one of the bureaux of the Assembly. The inscription put up by order of the Government in the cemeteries all over France, “Death is an eternal sleep,” had always been the most cherished maxim of the Illuminati. There was nothing that the people abhorred more than this; to them the belief in immortality seemed the only consolation for the miseries of existence. “Yesterday,” a government spy reported, “I talked for an hour with a Jacobin, a lemonade-seller, who begins

¹ *The Great French Revolution*, by Kropotkin, p. 523.

² Buchez et Roux, xxx. 42, 43.

³ *Ibid.* xxx. p. 182.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 142; Schmidt, ii. 63.

to feel the weight of years. He preached to me the doctrine of Christ . . . and explained . . . that it was very comforting for a man of a certain age to be able to see in the future another life awaiting him. The philosopher, he added, had other compensations, but for us poor folks . . . !"¹ All such hopes, all such beliefs, were now to be torn from the people; not content with destroying the body, the regenerators of France set out to destroy the soul.

THE TERROR IN PARIS

The campaign against Christianity heralded the Reign of Terror in the capital. In the same autumn of 1793 the series of executions began that was to continue without interruption, and in ever-increasing numbers, until the 9th of Thermidor. In order to carry out the great plan of depopulation the Revolutionary Tribunal had been reconstructed at the end of September and placed entirely under the control of the Comité de Salut Public and its subordinate, the Comité de Sûreté Générale, which dealt directly with the police of Paris.² Instead of twelve jurymen, sixty were now elected; amongst these figured three tailors, five carpenters, a seller of sabots, a bootmaker, etc.³—a fact that should be noted, since it marks the first appearance of men of the people in the Revolutionary Government. Hitherto it had been by aristocrats or middle-class men that the attacks on the aristocracy and *bourgeoisie* had been organized; now that the people were to become the victims, it was men of the people who were called in to carry out the work.

But the people were not the first to suffer. In Paris as in the provinces, as indeed in all revolutions, the task of demolition began at the top and descended by gradual stages to the lower strata of the population. At the head of the list of victims condemned by the Tribunal of Blood stands "the widow Capet." Her trial, which began on the 14th of October, does not, however, enter within the scope of this history; Marie Antoinette, unlike Louis XVI., had played no part in the popular Revolution. Constantly depicted to the people as a "Messalina" or a "Medici," whilst to her the people were persistently represented by the revolutionaries as tigers thirsting for her blood, all understanding between them had become impossible, and so throughout the Revolution her attitude towards the people was merely passive.

Yet in reality the people did not hate her. During those last terrible weeks at the Conciergerie, poor women of the market

¹ Schmidt, ii. 10.

² Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 467.

³ *Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 130.

came to the prison bringing her their finest peaches and melons, and recognizing her gaoler when he came to buy at their stalls, handed him their best fruits and poultry, saying with tears, "For our Queen!"¹

Others displayed still more energy on her behalf. Who at the last moment, asks M. Lenôtre, "were the Royalists who risked their lives to rescue the Queen? A shoe-black, a pastry-cook, three hairdressers, a pork-butcher, several charwomen, two masons, an old-clothes seller, a lemonade-seller, a wine-merchant, a locksmith, and a tobacconist." Four of these heroic people—two men and two women—paid for their devotion with their heads.²

When at last Marie Antoinette appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal, broken and white-haired, her eyes dimmed with long weeping, even the *tricoteuses* of Robespierre were stirred to pity, and it was for this reason that Hébert devised his infamous accusation concerning the little Dauphin. "A week after the Queen's trial," says Prudhomme, "I said to that monster Hébert, 'You must be a great scoundrel to have accused her of so horrible a crime!' He answered, 'Having noticed from the beginning of the trial that *the public seemed to take an interest in this woman*, and for fear she should escape us, I at once drew up my denunciation and passed it to the President, *in order to set the multitude against her!*'"³

But Hébert and his kind had not succeeded in degrading the populace to their own level. The Queen's immortal protest produced so immense an effect on the women of the tribunes that for some moments the proceedings were interrupted.⁴

This *faux pas* of Hébert's infuriated Robespierre. The day after the Queen's trial, says Vilate, "Barère had ordered a dinner at Venua's to which he had invited Robespierre, St. Just, and me. . . . Seated around the table in a secret room well closed, they asked me for some features of the scene that took place at the trial of the Austrian. I did not forget that of outraged nature when, Hébert accusing Antoinette of obscenities with her son of eleven years old, she turned with dignity to the people: 'I appeal to all mothers present and to their consciences to declare whether there is one who does not shudder at such horrors!' Robespierre, struck by this answer as by an electric shock, broke his plate with his fork: 'That imbecile Hébert!

¹ *La Captivité et le Mort de Marie Antoinette*, by G. Lenôtre, pp. 244, 281.

² *Le Vrai Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 97.

³ Prudhomme, *Histoire des Révolutions*, vii. 203 (quoted by Granier de Cassagnac, *Causes de la Révolution*, ii. 56).

⁴ *Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 141.

As if it were not enough that she should be a Messalina, but he must make her out to be an Agrippina also, and provide her at her last moment with this triumph of public sympathy.' Every one appeared stupefied." ¹

Indeed, so thoroughly had popular feeling been aroused in the Queen's favour that Hébert found it necessary to warn his readers against the women who had planned to call out for mercy when she mounted the scaffold. But, as at the execution of the King, the revolutionary leaders were prepared for any attempts at rescue; 30,000 armed men lined the streets, and cannons were placed all along the route between the Conciergerie and the Place de la Révolution. Beside the cart, drawn by one gaunt white horse, that bore the Queen to her death, rode Grammont, the miserable comedian employed by Philippe d'Orléans in the earlier outbreaks of the Revolution, he who had drunk the blood of the Swiss on the 10th of August at the Tuileries, and now with revolting brutality cried out to the people as the pitiable procession approached the scaffold, "Voici l'infâme Antoinette! Elle est f. . . ., mes amis!" Philippe had at last had his revenge. He was to follow the same road himself less than a month later.

On the whole the people showed themselves indifferent to the execution of the Queen, but they were not indifferent to the fate of the rest of the Royal Family—Louis XVII., his sister and his aunt, Madame Elizabeth, who remained in the Temple. It seems that Robespierre contemplated killing them all at this crisis, as the following significant passage in a letter addressed to him by one of his friends testifies. According to Robespierre's desires, says this naïve correspondent, his agents have "sounded the people on the subject" by means of circulating the rumour that both the little Capets had died. "But we had the grief to see our expectations disappointed in this direction. No one was taken in by our little ruse; every one said, as if with one accord, 'Ah! if those two children there are dead, they have been well helped (to die).' And all appeared—let us say the word—indignant. Leave there then, believe me, the little Capets and their aunt; even policy demands it, for if you killed the boy the crowned brigands would instantly recognize as King of France 'le gros Monsieur de Ham' (the Comte de Provence)." ² It was thus really the people who stood between the poor children in the Temple and their murderers!

After the Queen followed the Girondins. On the last day of

¹ *Causes secrètes de la Révolution*, by Vilate.

² Letter from one who signs himself "Niveau," found amongst Robespierre's papers after his death (*Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, etc., i. 263).

October, Brissot, Vergniaud, Gensonné, Carra, Isnard, Ducos, and fourteen other members of the faction were brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal and charged with all the bygone intrigues enumerated by Camille Desmoulins in his *Histoire des Brissotins*. By way of emphasizing the accusation of Orléanism, old Sillery, the one-time boon companion of the Duc d'Orléans, was added to their number. Then to ensure their conviction, the same infamous device was adopted as in the case of the King, that of framing a law to fit the case, and on the fourth day of their trial the Convention passed the decree that when a trial had lasted three days the jury should be ordered to give their verdict without listening to further evidence. Thereupon the jury, obedient to the orders of the Comité de Salut Public, unanimously declared the accused to be worthy of death, and on the 31st of October the "Twenty-One" were executed in the Place de la Révolution.

The rest of the faction, with the exception of Louvet, perished later; Condorcet took poison; Guadet, Salles, and Barbaroux were guillotined in Bordeaux; Buzot and Pétion, who attempted flight, were found dead, half devoured by dogs, in the fields of Médoc. A week later Madame Roland followed the men whom her thirst for vengeance on the Court had driven to their doom. To the end her hatred of the Queen knew no abating; in her prison she heard of the terrible fate of that "proud woman who hated equality" without a stirring of compassion.¹ Manon's own conception of "equality" enabled her to confront the scaffold with composure. "Think," she wrote to Bosc, "how worthless is the *canaille* that feasts upon the spectacle!"² Thus fortified by the consciousness of her own superiority, which in her case was almost a religion, she flung defiance at the Revolution, and from the platform of the guillotine her last words, addressed to the new statue of Liberty before her, were clearly heard by the wondering multitude: "O Liberty, how they have fooled you! (*O Liberté, comme on t'a jouée!*)"³ She forgot that she herself had played no small part in the fooling.

Poor old Roland, away at Rouen, hearing of the death of the wife who had long since ceased to love him, went out into a wood and stabbed himself, thereby proving that he was human after all, but, Girondin to the last, he did not forget to leave upon his body a note explaining that these were the remains of a man who had died as he had lived, "virtuous and upright."

¹ *Mémoires de Madame Roland*, ii. 389.

² *Ibid.* p. 411.

³ *Letters of Helen Maria Williams* (1795), p. 102; Dauban, *La Demagogie à Paris en 1793*, p. 37.

So ended the famous Gironde. Within a month the Queen and her two bitterest enemies all met with the same fate on the same spot; for two days before the execution of Madame Roland, Philippe Égalité had paid the penalty for his crimes. All the way from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Révolution the wretched prince was overwhelmed with insults by the populace of whom he had been represented as the idol: "Scoundrel, it is you who are the cause of all our ills!" "It was you who had the Princesse de Lamballe assassinated!" "Wretch, you wished to be King, but Heaven is just, your throne will be a scaffold!" Above all, it was as the murderer of Louis XVI. the crowd now taunted him: "You voted for the death of your kinsman!" and mocking voices repeated the infamous words: "I vote for death!"¹ Philippe listened to all these cries with perfect sang-froid; to him as to every revolutionary, once the game was up, the people were of no account whatever; moreover he had taken the precaution to fortify himself with copious draughts of excellent champagne before leaving his prison cell, and it seems to have been this, rather than the ministrations of his confessor, that inspired him with courage to meet his end.²

Danton was away at his château in Arcis-sur-Aube when the death of Philippe Égalité occurred, and on his return to Paris at the end of November it became evident that he had undergone some surprising change. Was it the soothing influence of country life, or the society of the sixteen-year-old girl he had married three months after the death of his wife, or was it the loss of his patron the Duc d'Orléans that had moderated Danton's revolutionary ardour? Or had Danton begun to fear for his own safety? Where Orléans had gone, were all those suspected of Orléanisme to follow? These and other theories have been put forward to account for the sudden cooling of Danton's revolutionary ardour. M. Madelin offers a fresh one by suggesting that Danton had become the victim of neurasthenia. Yet is Danton's change of front really so inexplicable? Why, after all, should he have wished to continue the Revolution? Everything that had inspired his diatribes—royalty, aristocracy, Girondisme—had been swept away; his career as agitator was done, and now he was ready to settle down comfortably on the profits of his labours.

It was thus that one day in this winter of 1794, whilst the cold and hungry people of Paris were waiting in ever-lengthening

¹ Montjoie, *Conjuration de d'Orléans*, iii. 286; *Fortescue Historical MSS.* ii. 462.

² *Mémoires de Monseigneur de Salamon*, p. 291; *Philippe d'Orléans Égalité*, by Auguste Ducoin, p. 294.

queues for the bread and meat doled out to them in miserable rations, Danton, well warmed and well fed after an excellent dinner at one of the best restaurants in Paris, expressed his attitude to the Revolution: "Well, at last our turn has come to enjoy life! Delicate food, exquisite wines, stuffs of silk and gold, women one dreams of, all this is the prize of acquired power. For us, then, for us, all this, since we are the strongest. After all, what is the Revolution? A battle. And shall it not be followed like all battles by the division of spoils amongst the conquerors?"¹

Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that Danton should have failed to enter enthusiastically into that plan of depopulation which led only to the Spartan Republic wherein all these things would be denied him. At any rate, Danton and Camille Desmoulins—who had now become entirely his disciple—began to suggest tentatively that the Terror had gone far enough, and that a committee of clemency should be formed.

"You wish to exterminate all your enemies by the guillotine," wrote Camille on the 21st of December, "but was there ever a greater folly? Can you cause a single one to perish on the scaffold without making ten enemies for yourself amongst his family or his friends? Do you think it is these women, these old men, these dotards, these egotists, these laggards of the Revolution whom you imprison that are the most dangerous? Of your enemies only the cowards and the sick have remained amongst you. The brave and the strong have emigrated. They have perished at Lyon or in La Vendée; all the rest do not deserve your anger."²

Meanwhile Danton expostulated with Robespierre: "Let us limit our power to striking great blows profitable to the Republic. For that reason we must not guillotine Republicans."³

Robespierre, intent on his plan of depopulation, thought otherwise. He knew that amongst so-called Republicans there was, as yet, no hope of unity, that on one side the Hébertistes with their passion for destruction, on the other the Dantonistes with their schemes for self-enrichment, would never allow him to establish in peace that model colony of austere equality that was his dream. Therefore Hébertistes and Dantonistes must go, and according to his customary plan Robespierre set out to destroy one faction by another. He had used Hébert to bring about the final doom of the Queen and the Girondins, now he used Danton to rid him of the Hébertistes. In this order of

¹ Louis Blanc, *Histoire de la Révolution*, vii. 96 (anecdote related by Godefroy Cavaignac).

² *Le Vieux Cordelier*, No. IV.

³ Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 32.

campaign he showed his profound wisdom ; to have reversed the process, that is to say to have attempted to demolish the Dantonistes with the aid of Hébert, might have proved his own undoing, for the people, drawn to Danton by his plea for clemency, might have rallied round him, but for Hébert, since his attacks on religion, the great majority of the people felt nothing but contempt.

Robespierre, therefore, had the people whole-heartedly with him when he now denounced the atheistic movement of the Hébertistes. "Atheism," he said at the Convention, "is aristocratic. The idea of a great Being who watches over oppressed innocence and punishes crime triumphant is wholly popular."

In these words Robespierre had surpassed himself as a crowd exponent—if the people wanted a God, well, he would give them one, and thereby establish his power on an immutable foundation. The Feast of the Supreme Being eight months later formed the corollary to this design. Danton, quick to see the advantage offered by this attitude, followed Robespierre's speech a few days later with a further denunciation of the "anti-religious masquerades" that had recently taken place, and the two leading demagogues thus joining forces had no difficulty in crushing the wretched Hébertistes out of existence.

On the 21st of March 1794 Hébert, Ronsin, Momoro, Vincent, Cloutz, and several foreign intriguers—Proly, Desfieux, Pereyre, and others—were led before the Revolutionary Tribunal on a charge of conspiring with foreign powers, notably with Pitt, to overthrow the Republic. As far as Pitt was concerned, of course, not a shred of evidence could be produced, but certainly, if foreign powers had desired to destroy France, they could not have chosen more effective measures than those adopted by this anarchic gang. Cloutz, as has been already said, had undoubtedly been sent to France in order to create anarchy, but whether with the collusion of the King of Prussia it is impossible to know. Robespierre, at any rate, profoundly distrusted this Prussian apostle of Internationalism. In vain Cloutz had declared that "his heart was French and his soul was *sans-culotte*"; Robespierre in demanding his expulsion from the Jacobin Club on the 12th of December had observed drily, "Citizens, will you regard as a patriot a foreigner who desires to be more democratic than the French? . . . Never was he the defender of the French people, but of the human race. . . . Paris swarms with intriguers, with English and Austrians; they sit amongst you with the agents of Frederick. . . . Cloutz is a Prussian."¹

¹ Buchez et Roux, xxx. 338. Mercier also regarded Cloutz as the agent of Prussia: "The Prussian, Anacharsis Cloutz, paved the way for Frederick William" (*Le Nouveau Paris*, ii. 91). And Brissot takes the

The exponent of universal brotherhood as expressed by the massacres of September—for it will be remembered that it was Cloutz who had regretted that they had not “Septemberized” enough—had thus failed to inspire his French brethren with confidence, and now, arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, was obliged to hear his system of a Universal Republic stigmatized as “a profoundly premeditated perfidy which gave a pretext for the coalition of crowned heads against France.”

When finally the eighteen “conspirators” were condemned to death by the Tribunal, Cloutz appealed in vain to the “human race” against the judgement; the human race that filled the tribunes responded merely with frantic applause.

Paris went nearly mad with joy at the execution of the Hébertistes; immense crowds collected as the criers went through the streets proclaiming the verdict; the air resounded with shouts of “The Père Duchesne to the guillotine!” Even the populace, whom Hébert, in the days when he held it at his command, had described as “the only good and pure element of the great Parisian family,” rejoiced at the downfall of its former idol. Although by now it had begun to grow tired of the spectacle of the guillotine, it prepared on this occasion to assemble in force around the scaffold. The only fear was that the Place de la Révolution might not prove large enough to hold so vast a multitude. Every window in the Rue Saint-Honoré was let to see the procession pass.¹

In the markets, at the street corners, people collected in groups, saying to each other, “It was the rascal Hébert and his clique who wished to make us die of hunger; with the fall of this infernal faction we shall see once more peace and abundance.”² Hébert’s own bloodthirsty phrases were passed derisively from mouth to mouth: “Hé! Hé! the stove-merchant is going to put *his* nose out of the little window!” “He is going to sneeze into the sack!”³ Some were of opinion that the guillotine was too gentle a mode of execution, and that something more lingering and painful should be devised for such scoundrels—conspirators “a thousand times more criminal than Capet and his wife.”⁴

When at last, at four o’clock on the fine spring afternoon of the 24th of March, the tumbrils bearing their eighteen victims made

same view: “I accompany the name of Cloutz with the epithet Prussian, not so much to recall his birthplace as to recall the fact that Cloutz behaves here like a good and faithful subject of His Prussian Majesty, who, on his side, reserves his lands for him” (*J. P. Brissot à ses Commettants*, p. 52).

¹ Schmidt, ii. 163.

² *Ibid.* p. 160.

³ *Journal d’un Bourgeois*, by Edmond Biré, iv. 318.

⁴ Schmidt, ii. 158, 163, 174; Dauban, *Paris en 1794*, p. 252

their appearance, so immense a crowd had collected that the procession was continually held up on its way to the scaffold. The pitiful spectacle of Hébert sobbing helplessly, and almost in a state of collapse, had no power to touch the hearts in which more than any one he had helped to kill all sentiments of humanity, and it was his own refrains that now echoed in his ears as the cruel mob surged around him singing in chorus, and with hands and feet drumming out the measure :

Ran plan, ran plan plan-plan,
Ran plan, ran plan-plan,
Tambour, un ran !

or else with shrieks of ghoulisn laughter :

Drelin, drelin, drelin !
A la guillotine !¹

The other Hébertistes listened to all this with disdain ; Cloutz above all remained immovable, for if, as a contemporary relates, he was " dying of fright," it was only " lest any of his companions should believe in God, and he preached materialism to them until his last breath." ²

As the tumbrils entered the Place de la Révolution a mighty roar arose from the assembled multitude, and thousands of voices began to chant the revolutionary " Complainte " of " Rougyff." One after another the victims ascended the scaffold. Hébert's head was the last to fall. As he lay tied to the plank the executioner playfully danced the blade of the guillotine over the wretched man's neck before allowing it finally to descend, and the populace, that only a few months earlier had adored Hébert, greeted this brutal jest with laughter and applause.

But if on this occasion the mob of Paris showed itself ferocious, it was the only execution, except that of Robespierre, at which such scenes took place. In general it will be noticed throughout the Revolution that the men the people ended by hating most were those with whom they had been most intimate, and who had promised them the most. They liked Marat, Robespierre, and Hébert as long as these demagogues promised them a millennial age and appeared to be, as they professed, true friends of the poor, living in Spartan simplicity and sharing their privations. But when the people discovered they had been deceived, when no millennium dawned, above all when they realized that their idols feasted whilst they themselves went

¹ *Anacharsis Cloutz*, by Georges Avenel, ii. 147.

² *Mémoires de Riouffe*, i. 69.

hungry, they turned and rent them with all the fury of blighted hope and disappointed love.¹

For this reason Danton did not end by incurring the animosity of the people; the "*grand seigneur* of the *Sans-Culotterie*" had always kept aloof from the crowd, had never promised to share the good things of life with them, never pretended to be one of them; no draggled herd of *jupons gras* had followed in his wake, no adoring *tricoteuses* had hung upon his lips in the tribunes of the Convention. The people only knew him now from the distance as a great voice in the Assembly, as a great *bon-vivant* outside it; they were well aware that he lived principally for women and good cheer, and being Parisians rather liked him for it.

The people, therefore, did not rejoice at the death of the Dantonistes which took place on the 5th of April. For now that Danton had served his purpose by helping to rid him of the "anarchic" gang, Robespierre lost no time in turning his attention to the remaining faction. Only one week after the execution of the Hébertistes, Robespierre hurled his thunderbolt at the head of Danton, and he hurled it by the hand of St. Just. This was really extraordinarily ingenious, for, as Danton's past connection with the Orléaniste conspiracy formed the chief ground of accusation against him, Danton might well have retaliated, if the charge had been made by Robespierre himself, with the reminder that he, "Incorruptible" though he was, had nevertheless worked with the conspirators in the early days of the Revolution. Against St. Just, however, no such insinuations could be made. This irreproachable young man, who moved through the scenes of the Terror like a marble Antinous "with his feet in blood and tears,"² had only joined the revolutionary movement as a deputy of the Convention, and could not be suspected of complicity with previous intrigues. It was, therefore, to St. Just that Robespierre confided the materials for a great indictment of the Dantonistes on precisely the same lines as Camille Desmoulins' indictment of the Girondins a year earlier. It is impossible to read the pamphlet of Camille concurrently with the speech of St. Just and not to recognize that in both the chain of reasoning must have been evolved by the

¹ "The people cannot forgive Hébert for having deceived them. . . . 'Oh! the hypocrite! oh! the scoundrel!' they cried on all sides" (Police report of March 21, 1794; Dauban, *Paris en 1794*, p. 288). "The women said that the more they had loved the Père Duchesne, the more horror they had of him . . . it is to be believed that the mass of the people will look on quietly at the trial of these men who had obtained their confidence" (*ibid.* p. 246).

² St. Just's own expression, see "Rapport de Courtois" in *Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, i. 20.

same brain, though in one it is expressed with the sprightly verve of the pamphleteer, in the other with the sober logic of the politician. And even more than the *Histoire des Brissotins* of Desmoulins, the "Rapport" of St. Just provides the most damning indictment of the Revolution.¹ No Royalist has ever exposed more remorselessly the workings of the great revolutionary intrigues; Montjoie himself could not have penned a clearer résumé of the Orléaniste conspiracy and its subsequent ramifications than is contained in the following passages: "You have marched," St. Just said to the Convention, "between the faction of false patriots and that of the moderates you must overthrow. These factions, born with the Revolution, have followed in its course as reptiles follow the course of rivers . . . the party of Orléans was the first constituted; it had branches in all the governments, and in the three legislatures (*i.e.* in the Constituent and the Legislative Assemblies and the Convention). This criminal party, lacking audacity . . ., always dissimulating and never boldly venturing, was carried away by the energy of the men of good faith and by the force of the people's virtue; it followed always the course of the Revolution, shrouding itself continually and never daring. This is what made people believe at the beginning that Orléans had no ambition, for in the best prepared circumstances he lacked courage and resolution. These secret convulsions of the dissimulating parties were the cause of public misfortunes. *The popular Revolution was the surface of a volcano of extraneous conspiracies.* The Constituent Assembly, a senate by day, was by night a collection of factions which prepared the policy and artifices of the morrow. Affairs had a double intention; one ostensibly and gracefully coloured, the other secret, leading to hidden results *contrary to the interests of the people.* They made war on the nobility, the guilty friend of the Bourbons, in order to pave the way to the throne for Orléans. One sees at each step the efforts of this party to ruin the Court, its enemy, and to preserve royalty, but the loss of one entailed the other; no royalty can exist without a patriciate. . . .

"There was a faction in 1790 to place the crown on the head of Orléans; there was one to maintain it on the head of the Bourbons; there was another faction to place the House of Hanover on the throne of France. These factions were overthrown with royalty on the 10th of August; terror forced all the secret conspiracies in favour of monarchy to dissimulate more profoundly than ever. *Then all these factions took the*

¹ "Rapport fait à la Convention Nationale . . . sur la Conjuration ourdie depuis plusieurs Années par des Factions criminelles pour absorber le Révolution française dans un Changement de Dynastie . . ." (Séance du 11 Germinal, An II.).

mask of the Republican party; Brissot, Buzot, and Dumouriez continued the faction of Orléans; Carra the faction of Hanover; Manuel, Lanjuinais, and others the party of the Bourbons." Now, though the last passage displays some inconsistency—for it will be remembered that during the Massacres of September Robespierre had accused Brissot of being in league with Brunswick—the preceding statements concerning the factions will be seen exactly to coincide with those of Montjoie, Beaulieu, Pagès, the "Deux Amis de la Liberté," and others quoted earlier in this book; and thus, even in the opinion of Robespierre and St. Just, the French Revolution was not, as is generally supposed, a struggle between monarchy and republicanism, or between autocracy and democracy, but simply a ramification of conspiracies by various factions to usurp power *at the expense of the people*.

After this admirable preamble St. Just proceeded to describe the rôle played by the Dantonistes throughout the Revolution—he spoke of Danton's connection with Mirabeau, "who was meditating a change of dynasty, and realized the value of his audacity"; he referred to Danton's collusion with the petition of the Champ de Mars in 1791, his nomination of Orléans to the Convention, his intrigue with Dumouriez to ensure the safe retreat of the Prussian armies after Valmy; in scathing terms he described his "cowardly and constant abandonment of the public cause" at times of crisis, by invariably adopting the plan of retreat, notably on the 9th of August, when he had betaken himself to his bed whilst the revolutionary army was mustering; and he ended by denouncing the love of riches that distinguished the Dantonistes, their "need of pleasures acquired at the cost of equality."

As a matter of fact no one at the time doubted Danton's venality, nor did this greatly injure him in the mind of the public, since few of the revolutionary leaders had shown themselves proof against the seduction of money; Robespierre would not have won the title of "Incorruptible" if he had not been almost unique in this respect. Danton himself had hitherto made no secret of his greed for gold, only when charged with it before the Revolutionary Tribunal did he attempt denial: "I—sold? Men of my stamp are not to be bought; the seal of liberty and Republican genius are stamped in ineffaceable characters on their foreheads."

The trial of the Dantonistes—Danton, Desmoulins, Fabre d'Églantine, Héroult de Séchelles, Lacroix, Philippeaux—presented one of the strangest scenes of all the Revolution. Danton, who had entered the court "like a furious bull plunging into the arena with lowered horns," attempted to carry off the situation with a high hand, now chaffing the judges or throwing

bread pellets at their heads, now breaking out into furious bellowings, but never refuting the accusations brought against him.¹ Again and again the President was obliged to call him to order, reminding him that his anger and his coarse invectives were damaging his case. Outside the hall of the Tribunal an immense crowd listened breathlessly whilst the thunder of Danton's voice rolled out through the open windows across the Seine, where further crowds had gathered; and as each resounding phrase struck on their ears, the people passed it on till it reached the farthest limits of that vast multitude.

Finally the Tribunal, adopting the same illegal methods that had been employed at the trial of the King and of the Girondins, cut short the proceedings and pronounced sentence of death. Danton's fury now knew no bounds; transferred to his cell at the Conciergerie to await execution, he continued to bellow incoherent phrases through his prison bars:

"It was on this day that I instituted the Revolutionary Tribunal; but I ask pardon from God and men; it was not that it might become the scourge of humanity, it was to prevent a renewal of the massacres of September. . . .

"I leave everything in a fearful muddle; there is no one who understands government. . . .

"They are all my brothers Cain. Brissot would have had me guillotined like Robespierre. . . .

"I had a spy who never left me. . . .

"The f. . . . beasts, they will cry 'Vive la Republique!' as they see me pass!"²

In the end Danton resigned himself and faced his end with courage. A few moments before starting for the place of execution he summed up his philosophy of life in a characteristic sentence: "What matter if I die? I have well enjoyed myself in the Revolution; I have spent well, caroused well, caressed many women; let us sleep! (*Qu'importe si je meurs? J'ai bien joui dans la Révolution, j'ai bien dépensé, bien ribotté, bien caressé des filles; allons dormir!*)"³ As the three scarlet tumbrils made their way along the Rue Saint-Honoré, serried rows of spectators watched them pass in silence; this time they did not rejoice, but neither did they dare to express disapproval. Camille Desmoulins, the one-time "procurer of the lantern," displayed pitiable weakness now that his own turn had come. In his despair he had so torn his clothes that his body was bare almost to the waist; all the way he talked feverishly to his companions, laughing convulsively the while like one demented.

Only a year ago, in sending the Girondins to their doom,

¹ Buchez et Roux, xxxii. 164.

² *Mémoires de Riouffe*, i. 67.

³ *Mémoires de Sénart* (edition de Lescure), p. 71.

Camille had said confidently, "We have the people with us!" now, like every demagogue in turn, he appealed vainly to the people's pity. At one moment overcome with frenzy, Camille, struggling madly, tearing at his clothes, shrieked out to them, "People, it is your servants who are being sacrificed! It is I who in 1789 called you to arms! It is I who uttered the first cry of liberty! My crime, my only crime, is to have shed tears!"

But the mob, always cruel to those who showed fear, responded only with jeers and insults. At this Danton, rolling his enormous round head contemptuously, said with a derisive smile to Camille, "Be quiet, and leave alone that vile *canaille*!"

At the last moment the thought of his young wife, whom, voluptuary though he was, he loved sincerely, wrung from Danton one cry of agony, "My beloved, I shall see you no more!" Then pulling himself together, "Come, Danton, no weakness!" Turning to the executioner he said, "Show my head to the people, it is worth it!" And amidst cries of "Vive la République!" that terrible head was held aloft.

The execution of Danton has been frequently described as the vengeance of Robespierre on a formidable rival. Undoubtedly Robespierre's devouring envy was aroused by Danton's powerful oratory, as formerly it had been aroused by the eloquence of the Girondins. At the same time it must be admitted that the Dantonistes' philosophy of life was incompatible with the schemes of Robespierre and St. Just. Long after the death of the Dantonistes Fievée relates that he asked Voulland, a member of the Comité de Sûreté Générale and the *intime* of Robespierre, why the destruction of this party had been found necessary, to which Voulland replied that as long as the Orléans faction prevailed, that is to say, "the deputies who mingled pleasures, luxury, and cupidity with proscriptions," it was impossible to restore order. "Heaven knows what would have become of France in their hands!" As to Camille Desmoulins, Voulland added, "who had ranged himself on their side as a dupe rather than as an accomplice, could we save him whilst attacking Danton, the most dangerous of all Orléanistes, and Fabre d'Églantine, even more immoral than Danton?"

It is not therefore, as certain historians would have us believe, because the Dantonistes had become humane and "moderate" that their fall was inevitable, but because they were Orléanistes, because they were voluptuaries and reactionaries—reactionaries in the true sense of the word; that is to say, men who wished to maintain the easy morals and the inequalities of the Old Régime in an aggravated form. So whilst there can be no excuse for their murder—and their trial was really nothing but judicial murder—it was obviously impossible for Robespierre

to realize his plan of an austere Republic, founded on absolute equality, as long as they remained in power.

THE GREAT TERROR

The question has frequently been asked why, after the death of the Dantonistes, Robespierre did not immediately embark on his schemes of reconstruction. Why should the final overthrow of his most formidable rivals have proved the signal for a still more rigorous application of the Terror? But when we have once grasped the theory on which the Terror was founded, the problem seems easier of solution. For in the spring of 1794 the process of depopulating Paris had only just begun, and to the triumvirate it seemed more than ever necessary to continue the operation with unremitting energy if a harmonious Socialist State was to result.

In order to understand this necessity to its full extent we must realize something of the state of Paris under the reign of Robespierre and his allies.

The truth is, then, that the populace whom these demagogues had made all-powerful had now become their terror; no Sultan was ever watched more anxiously by trembling "wazirs" than was the Sovereign People by its courtiers of 1794. With a view to guarding against any ebullitions of popular feeling, agents were employed by them to go about the city and study the moods of the people—"listeners" and "observers" who stood beside the groups at the street corners, amongst the women in the markets and in the queues at the shop doors, or who mingled with the crowds watching the victims going to the guillotine. Everything the observers noticed; everything the listeners overheard; expressions of approval or murmurs of dissatisfaction at the existing régime, smiles, frowns, angry exclamations, or derisive laughter—all these were set down and conveyed verbatim to the revolutionary committees in detailed daily reports. These documents, which have been published both by Schmidt and Dauban, afford us the minutest insight into the mind of Paris at this moment, and at the same time throw a curious light on the mentality of the demagogues. The fact that they should have held this intricate system of espionage to be necessary shows how profoundly they distrusted the people they professed to worship, and how keenly they realized the insecurity of their own position. Nor were such fears groundless, for the result of all these observations was to reveal that beneath the apparent submission of the people there lay a deep undercurrent of discontent. This perhaps was not altogether surprising, for the famine was now worse than ever. All over France the in-

habitants of the towns had been put on rations of the meagrest description; in the country districts, where even these were not obtainable, the unhappy peasants staved off the pangs of hunger with grass and acorns.¹ The queues at the shop doors had grown steadily longer; from three or four o'clock in the morning rows of starving men and women stood in the cold and rain, or, sinking from exhaustion, lay in heaps upon the pavement.² The law of the "maximum," by which a fixed price was set on all the necessities of life, far from easing the situation as had been promised, immensely complicated it. The fishermen refused to put out to sea, the millers concealed their grain rather than sell it at a loss, the shopkeepers reserved their goods for favoured customers or disposed of them secretly at prices above the maximum to those who could afford to pay. The people, enraged by these manœuvres, and faithful to Marat's teachings, continued to waylay the peasants bringing supplies into the city, and pillaged the carts containing eggs, butter, or poultry. "Some paid; the others carried off the things without paying. The peasants in despair swore they would bring nothing more to Paris."³

Besides the want of food, the want of employment was still acute; bands of workmen gathered at the street corners complaining of the times. "How can you expect us to work when all the rich people, whether patriots or not, are imprisoned?"⁴ Beggars, old men, women and children besieged passers-by for alms. Meanwhile the men who were still employed perpetually demanded higher pay; the masons and carpenters put up their prices every ten days, threatening not to work unless their demands were acceded to. "Everybody," writes a government agent, "cries out against the tyranny of the workmen."⁵

But even when the money they claimed had been paid they were not contented, for often they could buy nothing with it. What was the good of earning 100 sols a day instead of 20 sols⁶ when neither bread nor meat, candles or firing were to be had? Moreover, owing to the bankruptcy of the State, the *assignats* or paper money they received had only a fictitious value. "A cab fare," relates Mercier, "cost 600 livres; that is to say, 10 livres a minute. A private person going home in the evening said to the cabman, 'How much?' '6000 livres.' He pulled out his pocket-book and paid. Every one was rich in imagination; they were unhappy only when they were disillusioned."⁷

¹ Speech by Tallien at the Convention, March 12, 1794. See also Buchez et Roux, xxxii. 423.

² Taine, viii. 255.

³ Dauban, *Paris en 1794*, pp. 87, 173, 198.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 62.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 149.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 185.

⁷ Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, ii. 94.

The people were perpetually being disillusioned. This beautiful reign of equality which had been promised them had brought them nothing but misery; yet they were continually assured that when a particular political faction had been overthrown all would be well, and the famine would miraculously disappear. Once it had been "the Court and aristocracy" who had monopolized the corn, but Court and aristocracy were long since swept away, and still the grain was not forthcoming; then it was against the Girondins that the same charge had been brought, but the Girondins too were gone, and still the scarcity continued; now the Hébertistes, to whom it had likewise been attributed, had followed the Girondins, yet the people were hungrier than ever.

Nothing had happened as they expected. Wealth still mocked at poverty, and those in power still drank and feasted whilst the struggling thousands starved. For at the butchers' shops, where the people waited from early dawn for a miserable scrap of meat, the best joints were reserved for the members of the revolutionary committees and their friends.¹ The restaurants too, where the "representatives of the people" forgathered, were still lavishly supplied with excellent food, as many as three or four meat courses being served at one meal.² It is hardly surprising, then, if the people grew indignant and cried out that, whilst "fathers of families could not put the pot on the fire in their homes when their wives were sick," and "honest citizens were eating only bread and potatoes, the wealthier citizens were making up parties for the restaurants. . . . It is only well-off people," they said, "who dine at restaurants, and they go there to regale themselves with light women whilst the poor *sans-culottes* eat bread."³

Exasperated by their sufferings, the people cast about for remedies which varied according to the temperament of the malcontents; thus, whilst some cried "Vive l'ancien Régime! *then* we had abundance of everything!"⁴ others declared that things would go no better unless more victims were executed, and, nodding their heads in the direction of the guillotine, added, "It is only that saint there who can save us!"⁵

The fact is that the people of Paris were now neither Royalist nor Republican, neither for their present rulers or against them; their faith in all government had been shaken to its foundations.⁶

¹ Dauban, *Paris en 1794*, p. 126.

² *Ibid.* p. 181.

³ *Ibid.* p. 65.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 202.

⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 173, 253.

⁶ "Everywhere the citizens are heard to say they have no great confidence in those in power after the arrest of several of them. . . ." (*ibid.* p. 269). "The people appear to repent of the ease with which they gave their confidence to men who have so cruelly deceived them. They wish now to go to the other extreme, for they will no longer trust anyone" (*ibid.* p. 271).

In consequence of seeing one faction after another led to the guillotine, they had come to regard this spectacle as the natural ending to a political career: "All these rascals of deputies will pass that way!" they cried out in the popular assemblies.¹ A government agent, adopting an admirable simile, remarks: "The mass of the nation is a bear, and the political parties working it are turbulent monkeys who have climbed up and are playing on its back."² The question for every demagogue was thus, "Will the bear rise and throw us off?" And, haunted by this apprehension, they played on in fear and trembling, now patting the great beast into good-humour, now terrorizing it into submission.

One thing was certain, the people were not to be depended on to support any faction or government consistently; the needs of the moment were their only law. These same women who would fight each other to the death for a few ounces of butter,³ and tear provisions furiously from the market-carts, would not raise a finger to save their idols from destruction—never once attempted to drag a victim—even one of their own kind—from his seat in the tumbril on the way to the guillotine.

How was it possible to make a "nation of gods" out of such elements? Where amidst all this sea of human passions was the "virtue," the austerity, the "civism" necessary to the ideal Republic to be found? Inevitably, therefore, the people of Paris must be subjected to the same process as the people in the provinces before the work of reconstruction could begin. It was thus that in April of 1794 Robespierre and his colleagues, now in sole possession of the field, set to work with redoubled energy on their great scheme—the depopulation of Paris.

From this moment the rôle of the people ceased entirely; except as a hired and often recalcitrant *claque*, even the populace took no part in the scenes of bloodshed that followed. Once the people had been the tools of the demagogues, carrying out their vengeance; now the people's own turn had come—as it must come in every revolution that does not stop half-way—and they had become the victims. No longer was the force of the people turned against themselves—demagogy had abandoned

¹ Dauban, *Paris en 1794*, p. 280.

² Schmidt, ii. 30.

³ Dauban, *Paris en 1794*, p. 144. At this immense crisis, amidst the fearful bloodshed of the Terror, nothing seems to have stirred the women of Paris so deeply as the question of butter—"butter of which they make a god!" (*ibid.* p. 231). Thus the Comité de Salut Public headed by Robespierre, writing to summon St. Just back to Paris on the 6th of Prairial, describes as one of the chief dangers of the capital "the crowds waiting for butter, which are more numerous and more turbulent than ever" (*Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre*, ii. 6).

"jiu-jitsu" and assumed the bludgeon. The Reign of Terror was absolute despotism.

"One must have seen," says Frenilly, "as I saw in 1793 and 1794, in the country and in the towns—which history will never tell—the entire population, good and simple peasants, tradesmen, artisans and owners of property, all trembling beneath the hauteur of a few lawyers formed into a Popular Society. Never did vassals submit more humbly to vexations; never did barons exercise them with more arrogance."¹ The people were no longer merely paralysed, but absolutely crushed. Every vestige of liberty accorded by the first two Assemblies under Louis XVI.—personal liberty, liberty of the press, religious liberty, the sacredness of property—were utterly destroyed. Even speech was no longer free—a word sufficed to send one to the scaffold. "The worst thing under the rule of Robespierre," old men used to say long afterwards, "was that in the morning one could never be sure of sleeping in one's bed that night."²

Immediately after the death of the Dantonistes the condemnations passed by the Revolutionary Tribunal increased in number; during the preceding month of Ventose the guillotine had claimed only 116 victims; in Germinal, on the 16th day of which the Dantonistes perished, the figure rose to 155, and in the following month of Floréal to no less than 354. These were still taken principally from amongst the Royalists, aristocrats, or bourgeois—on the 20th of April twenty-five Parliamentarians; on the 3rd of May the Grenadiers des Filles-St. Thomas, who had remained loyal to the King at the siege of the Tuileries; on the 8th of May twenty-eight farmer-generals; on the 10th of May Madame Elizabeth and a number of aristocrats, both men and women. It was not until Robespierre had succeeded in obtaining the decree known as the "Loi du 22 Prairial" (the 10th of June) that the great indiscriminate butcheries began.³ By this infamous law victims summoned

¹ Dauban relates that sixty years later the peasants of France had not recovered from their fright. When M. Vatel went to make historical researches in the provinces, and asked the old men for their recollections of the Terror, the whole country-side was immediately in a ferment; the people asked anxiously, "Are they going to re-establish all that? Are we to go back to the time of the bad paper (the worthless assignats) and the great fear?" (*La Demagogie en 1793*, p. xii.).

² Taine, *La Révolution*, viii. 203.

³ Robespierre seems to have meditated this law for three months before it was finally passed. As early as the month of the Ventose, D'Aubigny related at the trial of Fouquier Tinville, he attended a dinner at which he met Robespierre, who complained of the dilatoriness of the Revolutionary Tribunal in punishing conspirators. Sellier replied that the Tribunal merely observed the forms necessary to the protection of the innocent. "Bah! bah!" said Robespierre; "that is how you are

before the Revolutionary Tribunal were denied all rights of defence; no advocates were to be allowed, no witnesses called, and the penalty imposed in all cases was to be death.

The "Loi du 22 Prairial" was undoubtedly Robespierre's bid for absolute power. Two days earlier he had presided at the "Feast of the Supreme Being," where he had thrown off his disguise of austerity and appeared before the people curled and powdered, in his pale-blue coat and nankin breeches, holding in his hands an enormous bouquet of flowers and wheat-ears. In order to make his entry more impressive, he had kept the immense crowd waiting for half-an-hour before he made his appearance, and as a storm of applause greeted his arrival a glow of triumph overspread the sallow countenance of the Incorruptible. At this moment, writes one who looked on, "he believed himself to be King and God."¹ The plaudits of the multitude mounted to his head like wine, and it was under the influence of this intoxication that he ventured on his great coup—the passing of the law that was to place in his hands the power of life and death.

Yet if it is to Robespierre that the system of the Terror in Paris must be mainly attributed, we should be mistaken in regarding him as the most sanguinary of the Terrorists. On the contrary, everything goes to prove that Robespierre and his principal ally, St. Just, did not love bloodshed for its own sake; they regarded it merely as a means to an end—the establishment of a harmonious democracy on the plan they had devised. But, however exalted may have been the ideal at which they aimed, it was obviously impossible for them to find idealists exclusively to co-operate with them or to execute their scheme, and they were therefore obliged to throw in their lot with a band of men so atrocious that by comparison they themselves seem almost humane. These men were to be found amongst their colleagues in the Comité de Salut Public and their instruments in the Comité de Sûreté Générale and the Revolutionary Tribunal.

The Comité de Sûreté Générale had been created in 1789 by the National Assembly as a "committee of information," and only took its later name on the 30th of May 1792. Although supposed to be subordinate to the Comité de Salut Public, and in accord with it, the Comité de Sûreté Générale had in reality become its rival, and each committee was in turn divided into

with your forms! Wait, before long the Committee will have a law passed that will clear the way for the Tribunal and then we shall see!" (evidence of J. L. M. Villam d'Aubigny, ex-Adjoint au Ministre de la Guerre, etc., *Procès de Fouquier*, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 410).

¹ *Mémoires de Fieuvée* (edition de Lescure), p. 162.

rival factions. These factions, and the mysterious names they bore, have been described by S  nart, and when tabulated in the following manner throw a strange light on the workings of the Terror :

COMIT   DE SALUT PUBLIC

Robespierre	} <i>Les Gens de la Haute Main.</i>	Bar��re	} <i>Les Gens R��volution- naires.</i>	Carnot	} <i>Les Gens d'Examen.</i>
Couthon		Billaud		Prieur	
St. Just		Collot		Lindet	

COMIT   DE S  RET   G  N  RALE

Vadier	} <i>Les Gens d'Exp��- dition.</i>	David } <i>Les</i>	} <i>Les Gens de Con- tre-poids.</i>
Voulland			
Amar		Lebas } <i>��couteurs.</i>	
Jagot			
Louis du Bas Rhin			
		Mo��se Bayle	} <i>Les Gens de Con- tre-poids.</i>
		Lavicomterie	
		Elie Lacoste	
		Dubarran	

By means of this table the really sanguinary authors of the Terror can be seen at a glance ; these were the " Gens R  volutionnaires " of the first committee, and the " Gens d'Exp  dition " of the second. For innate ferocity, for real bloodthirstiness—bloodthirstiness without any ultimate purpose—we must look, not to the triumvirate formed by Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just, but to that infamous trio who afterwards overthrew them—Bar  re de Vieuzac, Billaud-Varenne, and Collot d'Herbois. Was it not Billaud who had presided at the massacres in the prisons, and urged the assassins on to violence ? Was it not Collot who had declared these same massacres of September to be the " Credo " of liberty, and who, as the ally of Chali  r, had organized the atrocities that took place at Lyon ? And it was Bar  re, that miserable " chameleon," now Feuillant, now Jacobin, now aristocrat, now revolutionary, " atheist in the evening, deist in the morning,"¹ who in one atrocious phrase epitomized the plan of depopulation into which no one had entered more heartily than he. One day, Vilate relates, Bar  re, looking out of a window in the Tuileries towards the city, said, " Paris is too large ; it is to the Republic, by means of its monstrous population, what a violent rush of blood is to the heart of a man—a suffocation that withers the other organs and leads to death." And to Dupin he added : " Do you know, Dupin, that the idea of Nero, when he set fire to Rome in order to have the pleasure of re-building it, was a really revolutionary idea ? " ²

The former phrase became current coin amongst the Terrorists ; it was continually on their lips, says Mercier, and they

¹ *Causes secr  tes de la R  volution*, by Vilate (edition de Lescure), p. 224.

² *Ibid.* p. 262.

would observe that, in order to counteract this unhealthy rush of blood to the heart, one should have recourse to "phlebotomy."¹

At his pleasure-house of Clichy, Barère met twice a decade² with his allies, the "Gens d'Expédition" of the Comité de Sûreté Générale, to plan fresh *fournées* for the guillotine.

It was these monsters—Vadier, Voulland, Amar, Jagot, Louis du Bas Rhin, names long since forgotten, yet in their day names of dread and horror—who lent to the Terror that spirit of ghoulish ferocity that makes the history of the period unique in the annals of mankind. This hideous band that Sénart describes with fearful realism in his *Mémoires* reminds one of nothing so much as a pack of jackals breaking the stillness of a Himalayan night with their dreary howling after blood. Thus Sénart relates :

"There had been one evening a great number of people guillotined ; Louis du Bas Rhin said :

" ' It is going well ; the baskets are filling.' "

" ' Then,' answered Voulland, ' let us make a provision of game. . . . '

" Vadier said to Voulland : ' I saw you on the Place de la Révolution near the guillotine.' "

" ' I went to laugh at the faces those rascals make at the window.' "

" ' Ho ! ' said Vadier, ' it is a funny passage—the little window. They give a good sneeze into the sack. It amuses me, I have taken quite a liking for it. I often go there.' "

" ' Go to-morrow,' resumed Amar, ' there will be a great show ; I was at the Tribunal to-day.' "

" ' Let us go there,' said Vadier.

" ' I'll go for certain,' retorted Voulland."

Sénart declares that during this conversation he pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming ; he felt as if he were between a tiger, a panther, and a bear.

Now it is remarkable that none of Robespierre's many enemies ever attributed to him sentiments of this atrocious kind, though had they done so they would have been readily believed. Yet amongst all the witnesses who afterwards came forward at the trial of Fouquier Tinville to testify to the system of the Terror, and Robespierre's share in it, none asserted that he had appeared to take delight in the sufferings of his victims or that he had even assisted at the spectacle of the guillotine. Indeed, all evidence goes to show that Robespierre took the first opportunity to disassociate himself from the men

¹ Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, ii. 132.

² Decade=10 days, the measure of time which in the Revolutionary Calendar was substituted for weeks.

he had set in motion ; and it was thus that five days after the passing of the "Loi du 22 Prairial" he ceased to attend the meetings of the Comité de Salut Public. But to argue from this, as Robespierre's panegyrists have done, that he now wished to arrest the course of the Terror is quite another matter. No, Robespierre did not wish to arrest the Terror—of this there can be no possible doubt. Was not the law that inaugurated those last terrible six weeks of his own making? And if he no longer took part in the discussions of the Comité de Salut Public, were not the sanguinary Commune and the police of Paris entirely under his control?¹ If, therefore, Robespierre withdrew from the committee, it was either because he disapproved the manner in which his more ferocious colleagues carried out the system of the Terror, or, more probably, because he had begun to see in Billaud, Collot, and Barère a faction that threatened not only his supremacy but his life. After the "Loi du 22 Prairial," says Vilate, "Robespierre became more sombre, his scowling air repelled every one, he talked only of assassination, again of assassination, always of assassination. He was afraid that his shadow would assassinate him."

Already he believed that an attempt had been made to murder him. In the evening of the 25th of May Cécile Renault, the daughter of a small stationer, had entered the gloomy courtyard of the carpenter's house in the Rue Saint-Honoré and asked to see Robespierre. When told that he was out she showed temper and, evidently disbelieving the assertion, answered that a public functionary should be willing to receive all those who asked to see him. On these words she was led to the Comité de Sûreté Générale, and, by way of making her condemnation absolutely certain, observed that "under the Old Régime when one presented oneself to the King one was allowed to enter at once." "Then would you rather have a king?" they asked her, and she answered boldly, "I would shed all my blood to have one. . . . That is my opinion; you are only tyrants." She had gone to Robespierre, she told the Committee, "in order to see what a tyrant was like."

They found on her two little penknives, and in a basket she had left at a lemonade-seller's near-by a change of linen, which she explained she had brought with her, as she expected to be sent to prison and thence to the scaffold.

Before the Revolutionary Tribunal she declared that she had not intended to kill Robespierre, but persisted in expressing

¹ Schmidt, ii. 208; *Mémoires sur les Prisons*, i. 237. "Robespierre," says Michelet, "no longer went to the Comité de Salut Public, but he kept his power of signature, he signed at home; a number of orders signed by his hand are still in existence" (*Histoire de la Révolution Française*, ix. 196).

her devotion to Louis XVI. : " I said I wept for our good King, yes, I said it, and I wish he were still living. Are you not five hundred kings, and all more insolent and more despotic than the one you killed ? "

This, of course, sealed the fate of Cécile Renault, and since on the same day a man named Amiral had really attempted to shoot Collot d'Herbois, the revolutionary committees seized the opportunity to proclaim that a " vast conspiracy " had been discovered. On the proposal of Louis du Bas Rhin of the Comité de Sûreté Générale, they further decided to represent this conspiracy as originating in England. Once again it was Pitt—solemnly declared by the Convention ten months earlier to be " the enemy of the human race "—who had instigated the papermaker's daughter to assassinate Robespierre. This ludicrous fable offered Barère an occasion to pour forth furious diatribes against the English¹—" that treacherous and ferocious people, a slave at home, a despot on the Continent, and a pirate at sea " ; at the same time it afforded Robespierre a pretext for sending an enormous batch of victims to the guillotine. Amongst these were included, not only Cécile Renault's father, the papermaker, her young brother, and an aunt who had been a nun, but all kinds of men and women, some belonging to the nobility, some to the people—the heretofore Prince of Rohan-Rochefort, the beautiful Émilie de Sartines, and her mother, Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe, four administrators of police, a grocer, a lemonade-seller, a concierge, and two domestic servants—sixty-one in all.

The most pathetic of these conspirators was a little seamstress of seventeen, known as " la petite Nicholle," too poor even to afford herself a bedstead, and when Sénart, secretary to the Comité de Sûreté Générale, sought her in her attic on the seventh floor, he found her lying on a straw mattress laid upon the boards. " Voulland," says Sénart, " wished for her death, because he said she took food to the woman Grandmaison "—an actress included in the same *fournée*—" ' and for that reason,' said the hypocrite Louis du Bas Rhin, ' she will go with her.' I was assured of her innocence. . . . "

It was also Louis du Bas Rhin who proposed that, in order to make the procession more imposing, all the victims should

¹ It was on this occasion that the Convention passed the decree that all English and Hanoverian prisoners should be shot. " Fortunately," says Taine, " the French soldiers feel the nobility of their profession, and on the order to shoot the prisoners a brave sergeant replies, ' We will not shoot them ; send them to the Convention ; if the representatives take pleasure in killing a prisoner, they can kill him themselves and eat him too, like the savages they are.' This sergeant, an uncultivated man, could not rise to the heights of the Comité or of Barère. . . ." (*La Révolution*, vii. 309).

be sent to the scaffold in the scarlet dress of assassins, "for," said he, "small things lead to great ones, appearances create illusions, and it is by illusions that the people are led." At this Vadier, fearing that his prey was to be snatched from him and the whole affair to end in a vain parade, cried out, "But we must have reality, we must have blood!" Louis du Bas Rhin answered reassuringly, "Poets represent the sage to us as sheltered by a wall of brass; let us raise a wall of heads between ourselves and the people." What despot, asks Sénart, had ever said, "Raise a wall of heads between myself and my subjects?" On the day of execution the jackals were there to watch the procession pass, and it was then that Voulland, turning to his companions, uttered his famous *bon mot*: "Come, let us go to the high altar and see the celebration of the Red Mass." Fouquier, too, was determined not to miss the spectacle; from a window in the Conciergerie he had watched the scarlet-clad figures ascending the tumbrils and, irritated by the sang-froid of Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe, exclaimed, "See how brazen they are! I must go and see them mount the scaffold, even if I have to miss my dinner!"¹

The calm invariably displayed by the victims was a source of continual annoyance to the jackals of the Comité de Sûreté Générale and their allies in the Revolutionary Tribunal. One evening as they met at their favourite tavern—Chrétien, on the Place du Théâtre Favart—to drink punch and liqueurs, to smoke and laugh over the executions, and boast of the way they invented accusations against innocent people, Renaudin, one of the most ferocious members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, referring to a certain victim, remarked, "There was nothing against him." "When there is nothing," said Vilate, "one invents." "As for me," said Foucault, "I find nobles everywhere, even amongst cobblers." Prieur then observed, "There is one thing that puts me in a temper, and that is the courage with which all these counter-revolutionaries go to their death. If I were in the place of the Public Accuser, I would have all the condemned people bled before their execution, so as to break down their insolent bearing." "Bravo, my friend," cried Leroy, known under the sobriquet of "Dix Août," "I will undertake to speak of it to Fouquier!"²

After the great *fournée* of the Chemises Rouges things moved faster, yet still not fast enough to satisfy the members of the two committees, and it was then decided to have recourse once more to the old device that had succeeded so admirably in

¹ Evidence of Robert Wolf, clerk of the Court at the Revolutionary Tribunal, *Procès de Fouquier*, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 447.

² *Histoire secrète du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, by Proussinalle, ii. 175, 181.

September 1792, and to announce that vast conspiracies were being formed in all the prisons. The pretext, which seems to have been concerted between Robespierre and Hermann, president of the Revolutionary Tribunal,¹ was, however, this time not so plausible, for the successes of the Republican armies made it impossible to represent the prisoners as a danger to the country through collusion with invading legions.² In order, therefore, to give some colour to the story, an attempt was made by means of systematic ill-treatment—by taking from them all their possessions, feeding them abominably, and waking them up repeatedly in the night—to drive the prisoners to form some plan of revolt which could be called a conspiracy.³ But the unhappy captives bore all their sufferings with complete resignation; not the faintest shadow of a conspiracy could be detected in any of the prisons. Yet in each prison in turn—Bicêtre, the Luxembourg, the Carmes, Saint-Lazare, and La Force—it was announced that a conspiracy had been formed, and on this pretext people of all kinds, men and women, deaf, blind, or paralysed, were condemned to death *en masse*. Many of these conspirators, accused of having conferred together, met for the first time in the tumbrils on the way to execution.

The hecatombs now became appalling. During the last six weeks before the fall of Robespierre, that is to say between the passing of the "Loi du 22 Prairial" on June 10 and July 27, the period which constitutes "The Great Terror," no less than 1366 victims perished, and amongst these by far the largest proportion was taken from amongst either "the people" or the *petite bourgeoisie*.⁴ "One saw before this Tribunal of Blood," it was said later in the trial of Fouquier Tinville, "labouring men who tilled the soil, whose rags hardly covered their nakedness, ascending the rows of seats (of the Tribunal), and

¹ Evidence of Grandpré, chief of police, *Procès de Fouquier*, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 432.

² Evidence of Sauvebœuf: "Our victories no longer permitted of the renewal of this pretext" (*ibid.* p. 372).

³ Evidence of Sauvebœuf and of Réal, counsel, *ibid.* pp. 372, 389.

⁴ I have shown elsewhere (*The Chevalier de Boufflers*, p. 377) the proportion of victims amongst the middle- or working-classes to have been approximately 2110 out of the total of 2800. Mr. Croker places the total at 2730, and calculates that of these 650 were "rich people," rather over 1000 were middle-class, and 1000 *working-class*. M. Louis Blanc (*Histoire de la Révolution*, xi. 155) accepts this statement, but endeavours to clear his idol Robespierre from guilt by saying that he protested against the massacre of poor people. This is a pure invention—Robespierre never once uttered such a protest. See his speeches against "indulgence" on June 10, July 9, 11, and 14, and especially his protest against showing sensibility on July 1 (13th Messidor) just after the execution of seventy-two victims, nearly all working-men (Michelet, ix. 196).

being led to the scaffold for having in a moment of anger, or perhaps of drunkenness, made some observation, or for having, through want of education (!), opposed the removal of their church bells.”¹

In order to swell the numbers of the condemned, poor people were dragged to Paris from all parts of France and butchered without any explanation being given them.² “Twenty women of Poitou,” writes an eye-witness, “poor peasants mostly, were assassinated all together. I see them still, those unhappy victims, lying out in the courtyard of the Conciergerie, overcome with fatigue after a long journey—sleeping on the paving-stones. Their glances, which betrayed no understanding of the fate that threatened them, resembled those of oxen herded together in the market-place, looking around them fixedly and without comprehension. They were all executed a few days after their arrival. At the moment of going to death, some one tore from the breast of one of these unfortunate women the child that she was nursing. . . . Oh ! cries of maternal anguish, how piercing you were, but you were in vain. Some of the women died in the cart and they guillotined the corpses.”³

In this case the victims were condemned all in a batch, without specific grounds of accusations being brought against them individually ; where men and women of the people were condemned singly some trumped-up charge was usually forthcoming. The following entries taken at random from Wallon’s records of the Revolutionary Tribunal give an idea of the pretexts on which these poor creatures were done to death :

1. Françoise Bridier, widow Loreu, aged 72, domestic servant, accused of having hidden 12 ells of linen cloth required for the clothing of the volunteers.

2. Anne Thérèse Raffé, widow Coquet, denounced by the citizen Folatre to whom she had wished to give a note of 50 livres which he did not need.

3. Germaine Quetier, the wife of Charbonnier, who said that she wanted a *rouet* (spinning-wheel), which she pronounced like “roi.”⁴

But it must be admitted that some of the victims brought their fate on themselves. “Aristocracy” was still rampant amongst certain classes of the people, and nothing could persuade them to keep silent. Thus Madame Blanchet, the old servant

¹ Notes by the reporter of the trial of Fouquier, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 487.

² Evidence of Grandpré, *ibid.* p. 427.

³ *Mémoires de Riouffe*, i. 87 ; *Letters of Helen Maria Williams* (1795), p. 108. Helen Maria Williams, who had so rejoiced over the 10th of August, was now in prison, her revolutionary ardour considerably cooled. •

⁴ Wallon, *Histoire du Tribunal révolutionnaire*, iv. 402.

of the Abbé de Salamon—she who had turned over the corpses in the courtyard of the Abbaye in her search for her master during the massacres of September—still continued to speak her mind very freely. Blanchet was therefore imprisoned at the “Anglaises,” where she found herself amongst a number of *ci-devants* who had sympathized with the Revolution. One of these ladies, the Duchesse d’Anville la Rochefoucauld, taunted Blanchet, saying, “Citizeness Blanchet, you will be guillotined like us!” “I know that well,” Blanchet answered, “but there is a difference between us. I shall die for your cause, which you yourself have abandoned, and you, you will die for having embraced the cause of the patriots. . . . It will be much more degrading to perish thus. . . . No one will be sorry for you, but for me all honourable people who learn of my sad fate will weep. . . . I have always been an aristocrat myself, and you, you were always the friend of that contemptible Condorcet about whom I could tell you fine things!”¹

But it was not only the “respectable poor” like Blanchet who entertained aristocratic sentiments. Some of the disreputable women of the people were violently Royalist. The Comtesse de Bohm has described a number of these poor creatures, mostly street criers, who were her fellow-prisoners at the Conciergerie, and “carried Royalism to excess.” When, as frequently happened, they became noisily drunk, “their songs, their toasts, were constantly intermingled with cries of ‘Vive le Roi!’” “These resounding exclamations,” writes Madame de Bohm, “annoyed the gaolers, who, unable to make them keep silence, daily threatened and struck these drunken women. This bold, free, and exalted way of showing one’s feelings, of preferring death to constraint, indicates a certain greatness of soul, a savage independence which contrasted strangely with the baseness, the coarseness, and the obscene habits of my neighbours. . . . I sometimes represented to them the dangers they were incurring. ‘Oh well, my girl, we shall be guillotined! One can only die once!’ The turnkeys, tired of these vociferations, denounced them; and after being judged and condemned they mounted the scaffold, crying deafeningly, ‘Vive le Roi!’”

The temptation to commit suicide by uttering this fatal cry proved irresistible to certain women; thus Marie Corrié, a young laundress of twenty-three, from sheer “gaiety of heart” opened her window and shouted loudly, “Vive le Roi!” Before the Revolutionary Tribunal she frankly admitted the offence, declaring that she would always cry “Vive le Roi!” and “Vive Louis XVII.!” The guillotine silenced her at last.

¹ *Mémoires de Monseigneur de Salamon*, p. 206. Blanchet survived the Terror and died in her master’s arms eleven years later.

It seems, indeed, that throughout this fearful period of the Terror some mysterious spirit of exaltation was abroad; the utter uncertainty in which one lived, the breathless suspense that kept the nerves at concert pitch, the bridging over of the chasm that divides life from death effected by the daily spectacle of those slow-moving "hearses of the living" conveying youth and age, virility and beauty, to the other world, even the tropical heat of the weather, all combined to produce an abnormal state of mind which drove people of ardent imaginations to throw their lives recklessly away.

But whatever the cause, the courage displayed by the women of all classes during the Reign of Terror must eternally remain one of the most glorious episodes in the history of France. Amongst the hundreds that perished one alone, poor old Madame du Barry, showed weakness; all the rest, without exception, faced the scaffold with unfaltering courage.

In the women of the aristocratic classes this heroism is the less surprising, for they were trained from infancy to hide their feelings and to live up to their traditions. To these bearers of great names, dying for a cause that was their own, the Terror must have appeared as a mighty drama in which each one felt herself called to play her part worthily, knowing full well that every word, every smile or glance or gesture would be noticed and recorded, her last words handed down from generation to generation, the lock of hair she gave preserved as a sacred relic amongst her descendants.

But for the women of the people, where was the incentive to courage? To these poor souls, suddenly and roughly hurried out of life for no apparent reason, the Terror can have presented nothing in the least dramatic—merely a black horror they could not understand. The Revolution, they were told, was for the good of the people; yet were they not the people? Surely to be butchered in the name of democracy was a thousand times more maddening than to fall a victim to the tyranny of the Old Régime! It cannot be too often repeated—the people were the chief sufferers in the Terror. Even in the prisons the aristocrats fared better than they. For there, as everywhere else during the reign of equality, money could buy alleviations, and the wealthier prisoners were able, by the payment of four or five livres a day, to secure cells and pallet-beds, wretched enough in truth, yet infinitely to be preferred to the dreadful *Souricière* or "Mouse-Trap" of the Conciergerie, where the unhappy members of the people were flung upon filthy straw to be devoured by rats and poisoned with pestilential odours.¹

Why did the people submit to this régime? How, in the

¹ *Paris Révolutionnaire*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 350.

words of Vilate, are we to understand "the blind docility of the most enlightened of nations in allowing itself to be taken piecemeal and butchered *en masse* like a stupid herd led to the shambles? History will ask this question."

The answer is surely that the despotism of the demagogues was organized, whilst the people were composed of solitary units that could not coalesce. To form an effectual opposition it would have been necessary to meet in consultation, to draw up some plan of campaign, and any such attempts would have been instantly crushed. The people, therefore, felt themselves helpless; no one dared to break line, to take the first step, uncertain whether he would get a backing from his fellows or whether those very men who seemed most eager to rebel would not at the last moment be stricken with panic and betray their allies.

Fear, indeed, held all hearts in its grip. *The Terrorists themselves were terrorized.* They lived in dread now less of the people than of each other. The revolutionary committees were divided against themselves. Robespierre had his spies in the Comité de Sûreté Générale; meanwhile Vadier of this committee employed an agent to shadow Robespierre. From this mutual distrust and suspicion arose much of the frenzy that characterized the Terror; each man and each faction strove to outdo the other—"to kill in order not to be killed" became the plan of one and all.

Meanwhile the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal were driven onwards by the same haunting terror; Fouquier Tinville himself trembled perpetually lest his zeal should be deemed unsufficing. This was afterwards clearly proved at his trial, when all the workings of the Terror were laid bare.

Fouquier, it then transpired, was in the habit of going regularly every night during the time that he occupied the post of Public Accuser to receive his orders first from the Comité de Salut Public, then from the Comité de Sûreté Générale.¹ It was then that the fate of the prisoners was decided and the *fournée* of the morrow arranged, after which Fouquier, armed with his lists, returned to the Conciergerie at one o'clock in the morning, or even later. Against these decisions of the committees there was no appeal: "Do you not know," Fouquier said to Sénart, "that when the Comité de Salut Public has decided on the death of any one, patriot or aristocrat, no matter, he has got to go?"²

That Fouquier knew exactly the number of the condemned

¹ *Mémoire* written by Fouquier in his own defence, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 234.

² Evidence of Villam d'Aubigny, ex-Adjoint au Ministre de la Guerre, *Procès de Fouquier*, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 412.

before they were brought to trial was proved conclusively. One day, Sénart related, he was waiting in an ante-chamber outside Fouquier's room at the Conciergerie, when one of the executioner's employés arrived, and Fouquier at this moment making his appearance the man said to him, "I have come, citizen, to ask you how many carts are wanted." Fouquier counting on his fingers murmured, "Eight — ten — twelve — eighteen — twenty-four — thirty — there will be thirty heads to-day." Sénart thereupon said to Fouquier, "What? the trial has not yet begun, and you know beforehand the number of heads?" "Bah! bah!" answered Fouquier, "I know what I am about, and besides, sir, that is none of your business. I know how to silence the 'moderates.'"¹ And he went off into his office saying suavely, "Au revoir, my fine gentleman!"²

Fouquier at his trial, confronted with this incident, stammered out that the witness could not be relied on; but whether Sénart is to be absolutely believed or not, the undeniable fact remains that the tumbrils arrived regularly in the courtyard of the Conciergerie every morning between nine and ten o'clock, before the trial began, and were found after it had ended to provide precisely the accommodation required.³

This detail, moreover, corresponds exactly with Fouquier's own repeated statement that he was merely "a cog in the wheel of the revolutionary machine,"⁴ that he was perpetually goaded on to greater activity by the committees, threatened with dire consequences if he failed to provide a sufficient number of heads.

But that Fouquier was, as he also declared, an *unwilling* instrument in the hands of the committees it is impossible to believe; overwhelming evidence goes to prove that, like his allies the jackals of the Comité de Sûreté Générale, Fouquier warmed to the work and, once put on the scent, followed it up with all the fury of a beast of prey. "Heads are falling like tiles," he said exultingly to Héron, who answered him, "Oh, things will go still better—do not worry!"⁵ Sometimes during the so-called trials Fouquier would enliven the proceedings with jests; thus when a woman, paralysed even to her tongue, appeared before the Tribunal, he observed gaily, "It is not her tongue, but her head we need."⁶

¹ At the trial Sénart said that Fouquier added, "Do you think I do not know the number of those who will be condemned?"

² *Mémoires de Sénart*.

³ Evidence of Grandpré, *Procès de Fouquier*, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 427.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 293.

⁵ Evidence of Sénart, *ibid.* p. 307.

⁶ Evidence of Retz, *ibid.* p. 135.

Yet it seems that there were moments when Fouquier, like Charles IX. on his death-bed, was overcome with horror at the thought of the innocent blood he had shed. One night as he passed over the Pont Neuf with Sénart he looked down at the Seine and cried uncontrollably, "Ah, how red it is! How red!" Then turning to Sénart he said, "I live unquietly; I am tormented by the shades of those whom I have had guillotined—yet they had to die; the political system required it." Sénart took this opportunity to ask him why he condemned victims without proof instead of making inquiries, to which Fouquier replied, "That would be the way to get myself guillotined."¹

Spurred on by this fear Fouquier redoubled his activities. Often after his interviews with the committees he would go into the tap-room of the Conciergerie to nerve himself for his fearful task with copious draughts of beer. It was then that he confided to his colleagues of the Revolutionary Tribunal the instructions he had received for further *fournées*: "Things are not going fast enough. . . . We must have 200 to 250 heads a decade; the Government wishes it."² Then when this figure had been achieved—exceeded—"We are not keeping up the pace. . . . The last decade was not bad, but this one must go to 400 or 450. . . . *Il faut que cela aille.*"³

And it *went*—with fearful rapidity. During the month of Messidor the number of victims had risen to 796; in the first nine days of Thermidor alone it reached no less than 342. At this rate Fouquier's 450 a decade would speedily be attained. Plans, indeed, had been made on a far larger scale; the size of the guillotines was to be increased so that four heads could be severed at a blow; an amphitheatre capable of containing 150 victims was to be erected at the Revolutionary Tribunal, and of this number each *fournée* for the guillotine was to be composed.⁴ Already an immense *sangueduct* had been constructed in the Place Saint-Antoine, to which the guillotine had been removed on the 21st of Prairial, in order to carry away the torrents of blood that flowed from the scaffold, and an operation of the same kind was in progress at the Barrière du Trône, which had now become the place of execution.⁵

For as a spectacle the guillotine had long since lost its

¹ *Mémoires de Sénart* (edition de Lescure), p. 114.

² Evidence of Auvray, usher to the Revolutionary Tribunal, of Bucher and of Tavernier, clerks of the court, *Procès de Fouquier*, Buchez et Roux, xxxv. 9, 12, 15.

³ Evidence of Robert Wolf, *ibid.* xxxiv. 448; of Tavernier, *ibid.* xxxv. 2.

⁴ *Mémoires de Riouffe*, i. 84; Taine, viii. 133.

⁵ *Mémoires de Riouffe*, ii. 196.

popularity; none but the *tricoteuses*, the hired "furies of the guillotine," now applauded the executions; even the populace of Paris were sickened with the sight of bloodshed.¹

Directly after the passing of the "Loi du 22 Prairial" the inhabitants of the Rue Saint-Honoré petitioned for the removal of the guillotine from the Place de la Révolution near-by, for not only had the spectacle of the tumbrils daily passing under their windows become intolerable to the dwellers in this street, but the whole neighbourhood had become infected with the odour of carnage—the very oxen drawing country-carts refused to pass over the blood-soaked soil of the Place de la Révolution. Accordingly the scaffold had been erected in the Place Saint-Antoine, but Saint-Antoine too had complained of its propinquity, and again it was found necessary to remove the instrument of death—decidedly La Sainte-Guillotine had lost favour with the public.

Sanson, the executioner, himself was growing weary, and declared that "the immense and unremitting work" to which he and his aides were subjected was enough "to lay low the most robust of men," consequently he now desired to end his term of service.²

At the Conciergerie, too, the officials were beginning to find the strain unendurable; one entering the office cried out to his comrades, "It is finished, no one is being judged any longer; we shall all go the same way, we are all lost!" and a porter of the prison, named Blanchard, bursting into tears, declared that he could bear it no longer, that he "was not the sort to occupy such a post, and that it made him ill."³

Everywhere throughout the city the same sense of horror prevailed; the Palais Royal, once the hotbed of revolution, was silent and deserted—the courtesans that had filled its arcades had retired into hiding, the taverns were empty, the booksellers displayed no pamphlets;⁴ people moved fearfully about the streets, afraid to speak, to smile, even to whisper. In a word, Paris was once more on the verge of a *crise de nerfs*.

¹ "We must say that for more than six months before the 9th of Thermidor the public no longer applauded condemnations, but loudly manifested its joy and satisfaction at all acquittals. If furies of the guillotine, led astray, corrupted and *paid* by the faction of the murderers, often insulted the victims who walked to death with the calm of innocence, we must declare it was never the people of Paris; this people never asked for blood. . . ." (Notes of reporter at trial of Fouquier, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 488).

² *La Guillotine*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 181.

³ *Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, by G. Lenôtre, p. 280.

⁴ "Nothing was published. In the enormous collection of revolutionary pamphlets we find this interval (between the Fête du l'Être Suprême and the fall of Robespierre) almost a blank" (Croker's *Essays on the French Revolution*, p. 404).

As usual, at nearly every great crisis of the Revolution, the weather was hot to suffocation. From the 4th of Thermidor the temperature rose steadily until by the 8th Paris had become a furnace—men and animals dropped dead from the heat. So physically and morally the storm gathered, then burst with a mighty thunderclap over the affrighted city on that momentous day—the Neuf Thermidor.

LE NEUF THERMIDOR

Ever since the Feast of the Supreme Being Robespierre had understood that the time was approaching when he must engage in a life-and-death struggle with his rivals of the Comité de Salut Public, and it was in preparation for this contingency that, after ceasing to frequent the meetings of the committee, he allied himself more closely with the Commune and the Jacobin Club. By this means he had succeeded in organizing a formidable opposition, and it seems probable that he had planned a rising for the 10th of Thermidor, by which the revolutionary committees were to be overthrown and the triumvirate of Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just left in sole possession of the field.

On the 8th of Thermidor (the 26th of July) Robespierre judged that the moment had come to open the campaign against his enemies. Ascending the tribune of the Convention he embarked on a denunciation of the two revolutionary committees—the Comité de Sûreté Générale must be purged and subordinated to the Comité de Salut Public; the latter committee must likewise submit to purgation, the traitors must be punished. In other words, both committees were to be entirely subordinated to that virtuous and incorruptible trio—Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just. The rival faction, instantly taking up the gauntlet, retorted with accusations against the Incorruptible. "One man only," cried Cambon, "paralyses the will of the Convention—that man is Robespierre!"

Robespierre, undismayed, went on after the sitting of the Convention to the Jacobin Club and delivered a further oration, this time openly attacking Billaud and Collot, who were present at the meeting and found themselves obliged to escape for their lives amidst the angry howls of the Jacobins. Encouraged by this demonstration Robespierre retired peacefully to bed, whilst St. Just spent the night at the Comité de Salut Public, writing out the act of accusation which was to be brought against the opponents of the triumvirate on the morrow.

The 9th of Thermidor dawned sultry and lowering—no sun, and a sky of molten lead. But Robespierre and St. Just appeared

at the Convention dressed as for a gala—Robespierre in the light-blue coat which had made its début at the Feast of the Supreme Being, St. Just in a coat of chamois colour with an immense and carefully arranged cravat, white waistcoat, and breeches of delicate grey. The tribunes, still Robespierriste, greeted these apparitions with frenzied applause.

Then St. Just ascended the tribune to deliver his speech of indictment, and once again reverted to the surgical simile which ever since the massacres of September had haunted the imagination of each revolutionary leader in turn : “ I had been charged to make a report to you on the scandalous deviations that for some time have tormented public opinion, but the remedies I wished to propose to you were powerless to heal the ills of the Republic ; a little balm will not suffice for so difficult a cure, we must carve down to the quick and cut off the gangrened limbs.”¹

At these words Tallien rose indignantly, and rushing at the tribune thrust aside St. Just : “ I demand that the curtain be drawn aside ! ” Tallien was quickly followed by Billaud-Varenne, crying out that a plot had been formed to murder the Convention : “ The Convention will perish if it shows weakness ! ”

Then from all sides a tremendous uproar arose ; members waved their hats, the audience shouted, “ Long live the Convention ! Long live the Comité de Salut Public ! ”

Collot, the president on this day, pealed his bell to restore order ; Tallien flourished a dagger—sent him, it was said, by Térésia Cabarrus, now in prison awaiting death—and threatened to pierce the heart of “ the new Cromwell ” if the Convention did not decree his arrest ; Robespierre dashed frantically at the tribune, but his voice was drowned in cries of “ Down with the tyrant ! ”

Then one after another, Tallien, Fréron, Billaud, Collot, Barère, once the servile accomplices of Robespierre, now his cowardly assailants, rose to denounce him : he whom they had hailed as the “ Incorruptible ” had become “ the new Catilina ” ; with St. Just and Couthon he had intended to establish a triumvirate after the manner of Sylla ; one accused Robespierre of befriending Danton, another of murdering him. Meanwhile the wretched Vadier interposed perpetually with his story of Catherine Théot, the crazy old woman who called herself the mother of God, and under whose mattress a letter to Robespierre had been found addressing him as the Messiah.

Amidst all this wild medley of accusations Robespierre and

¹ This last phrase, given by Beaulieu and by Fantin Désodoards, which alone explains the uproar created in the Convention, is omitted by Buchez et Roux, who give the speech of St. Just as it was written, not as it was delivered. The *Moniteur* does not report it at all.

his allies vainly strove to obtain a hearing ; once the thin voice of the Incorruptible raised itself above the tumult in a despairing appeal : " For the last time will you let me speak, president of assassins ? " But the words he would have spoken died away in his throat : " The blood of Danton chokes him ! " cried Garnier de l'Aube. " Ah, then, it is Danton you wish to avenge ? " began Robespierre, but again his voice was drowned in angry clamour. An obscure member named Louchet called out for his arrest, and the proposal being put to the vote was unanimously adopted. Other members followed, demanding the decree to be extended to his brother, Augustin Robespierre, to St. Just, Couthon, and Lebas, and these demands again met with unanimous approval. So at half-past five, as the sitting ended, the police entered the hall and led away the five arrested deputies to the prisons assigned to them.

But the Commune, which still remained faithful to Robespierre, prevented the execution of this project ; word had already been sent out by Fleuriot Lescot, the mayor of Paris, to the concierges of the different prisons forbidding them to admit the Robespierristes, who were then—again by the order of the mayor—conveyed triumphantly to the Hôtel de Ville. Meanwhile Fleuriot Lescot ordered the tocsin to be sounded, and summoned the Jacobins to the rescue of " the martyrs."

But now that the moment for action had come Robespierre displayed the same fatal irresolution that had characterized the leaders of each party in turn at the moment of crisis. Like Louis XVI. on the 10th of August, the Girondins on the 2nd of June, Danton on the 5th of April, Robespierre could find no stirring words wherewith to inspire his supporters, could decide on no heroic course of action that might have rallied the hesitating multitude around him.

There were no great men in the Revolution, contemporaries declare ; amongst the many leaders of the people was not one Cromwell,¹ and when we consider the end of all these men whom historians have magnified into giants, and observe the total inability of one and all to play a losing game, we are forced to the same conclusion. Whilst still on the crest of the wave—whither they had been carried by circumstances rather than by personal ability—they could display vigour, audacity, resolution, but the moment the tide turned forcibly against them, they allowed themselves to be engulfed almost without a struggle.

¹ *Mémoires de Frénilly*, p. 166. And Mounier : " Nature in giving us for this Revolution so many men with the heart of Cromwell did not produce one with his head " (*Appel au Tribunal de l'Opinion publique*, p. 291). And Madame Roland : " France seemed exhausted of *men* ; it is a really surprising thing the dearth of them in this Revolution, there have been hardly anything but pigmies " (*Mémoires*, i. 235).

As late as seven o'clock on that evening of the 9th of Thermidor the day was not lost for Robespierre and his adherents—Hanriot that afternoon had triumphantly escorted “a batch” of forty-two to the guillotine—nearly all obscure and humble members of the *petite bourgeoisie* or the people—ruthlessly cutting down the crowd with his sabre when for the first and last time they attempted to intervene and save the victims ;¹ and since still at the head of his troops, the Commune had reason to hope that he would repeat his success of the 31st of May by keeping the Hôtel de Ville in a state of siege. But Robespierre, instead of concerting with Hanriot on the measures to be taken, left the commander to his own devices, which, on this fateful day, consisted in getting gloriously drunk and galloping about Paris shouting, “Kill the policemen !”

Hanriot's wild career was brought to an abrupt conclusion in the Place de Palais Royal, where he fell from his horse and was seized by the police, who placed him under arrest. Later in the evening, Coffinhal, vice-president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, came to his rescue with 200 gunners and delivered him, but the wretched man had now completely lost his head, and instead of rallying the crowd merely succeeded in terrifying it by his maniacal aspect and behaviour.

All this time the Faubourgs were waiting for orders. Accustomed throughout the Revolution to march only at the word of command, they were now quite incapable of independent action, and had no idea whether they were to support the Commune or the Convention. Sainte-Antoine at last wrote naïvely to the magistrates of the Commune explaining the dilemma, and if Robespierre or any of his supporters had only gone in person to rouse the district, they could undoubtedly have mustered the men of the Faubourg around them.² Instead of this Robespierre could do nothing but talk, leaving the field open to his adversaries, who thereupon circulated a rumour in Saint-Marceau that he was a Royalist conspirator, for a seal with a *fleur de lys* had been found in his possession.³

The Faubourgs, thus left without a leader, abandoned the Commune and went over to the Convention.

Meanwhile the crowd collected on the Place de Grève outside the Hôtel de Ville showed no more decision than the Faubourgs, and only awaited events in order to throw its weight into the scale on either side. Already, however, its confidence in the Commune had been shaken by the deranged behaviour of Hanriot,

¹ Beaulieu, v. 497 ; Dauban, *Paris en 1794*, p. 446. This incident provides further proof that Robespierre did not disapprove of the butchery of poor people, for Hanriot was absolutely under his orders.

² Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 58.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 59, 84.

and to this Paris populace that always worships strength the news that Robespierre and his party had been outlawed by the Convention served finally to alienate any lingering sympathy it entertained for the defeated faction. When at midnight the storm that all day had been gathering burst over the city in a torrent of rain, the crowd, damped both in mind and body, took the opportunity to disperse, leaving the Robespierristes to their fate.

It was thus that Barras, placed by the Convention in command of the troops, was able to advance through the deserted Place de Grève without encountering any resistance, and Léonard Bourdon at the head of the armed police went forward into the Hôtel de Ville to re-arrest the five deputies.

Then Hanriot, losing his head completely, rushed into the Salle de Conseil where Robespierre and his party were assembled, crying out that all was lost, whereupon Coffinhal overwhelmed him with reproaches, and finally seizing him round the body hurled him out of the window into the courtyard below. There a manure heap broke his fall, and the besotted commander was able to crawl into a sewer, where he remained until the following day.

Close on the heels of Hanriot, Léonard Bourdon and his policemen entered the Salle de Conseil, and at this sight the Robespierristes gave way to despair. A scene of wild confusion followed. Maximilien Robespierre, seated at a table where he had begun to write out an order summoning the Section des Piques to his rescue, fell forward suddenly shot through the jaw—whether by his own hand or by that of the policeman Merda, who afterwards boasted of the deed, is uncertain;¹ his brother Augustin climbed out of the window, and running along an outside ledge flung himself down on to the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, where he lay, mutilated and bleeding; Couthon dragged his paralysed limbs beneath a table, whence he was dislodged and brutally flung down the staircase by the commissioners of the Convention. St. Just, according to certain contemporaries, alone remained immovable; according to others, he asked Lebas to shoot him, but Lebas responded, "Coward! I have other things to do!" and forthwith blew out his own brains.

Early in the morning of the 10th of Thermidor a part of this human wreckage was gathered up and carried to the Tuileries, where the Convention still remained sitting: first of all Maximilien Robespierre borne on a stretcher, his eyes closed, his

¹ On this point opinions are almost equally divided. Merda (or Méda) declared he shot Robespierre; others present at the scene declared that they saw Robespierre shoot himself. See the conflicting evidence collected by M. Biré in the *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, v. 387-392.

naturally bilious countenance wearing the livid hue of death, and so apparently lifeless that the Assembly refused to admit "the corpse of the tyrant," and the stretcher-bearers were obliged to go on to the Comité de Salut Public and deposit their burden on a table—according to Barras, the famous green-covered table around which the committee gathered nightly to draw up their lists of proscriptions.

Here, then, on the very spot where he had ordained the slaughter of countless human beings, Robespierre lay himself, a piteous object now, with his head resting on a wooden box, and the blood flowing from his fractured jaw over the white frilled shirt and the pale-blue coat. For seven hours, racked with agony, the man before whom all France had trembled endured the jeers and insults of the soldiers and policemen he had believed to be devoted to his cause. At one moment a working-man approached and, looking long and closely into the shattered face of the tyrant, murmured in awe-struck tones, "Yes, there is a God!"¹

After a while St. Just, still erect and impassive, was led in with Dumas, their hands tightly bound, and later more stretchers arrived at the foot of the staircase leading to the committee-room on which lay the mangled forms of Couthon and Augustin Robespierre.

At ten o'clock, whilst the criers went through the streets calling out, "The Great Arrest of Catilina Robespierre and his accomplices!" the prisoners were all transferred to the Conciergerie—"the ante-chamber of death." No trial was to be accorded them, for with the downfall of each faction the revolutionary government took a further step in illegality, and, the Robespierristes having been declared outlaws, the Convention held it necessary only to bring them before the Revolutionary Tribunal for purposes of identification, a process that occupied a bare half-hour. The whole band, to the number of twenty-two, including, besides Robespierre and his accomplices, the miserable cobbler Simon, to whom the little Dauphin had been confided, Fleuriot Lescot, and twelve members of the Commune, were sentenced to be executed the same afternoon on the Place de la Révolution. For on this great day no fear was entertained of wounding the susceptibilities of the dwellers in the Rue Saint-Honoré and the surrounding district by the spectacle of the guillotine, and the Place de la Révolution alone could accommodate the crowds that hastened from all quarters of Paris to celebrate the death of the tyrant.

When in the late afternoon the four tumbrils emerged from the courtyard of the Conciergerie, all Paris had turned out to

¹ Toulangeon, iv. ; *Moniteur*, xxi. 385.

see them pass, and to the wondering multitude the sight presented by the men who had so long held them under the sway of the Terror seemed awe-inspiring evidence of "the justice of God."¹

So had the mighty fallen! Robespierre the all-powerful, a crushed and broken thing, the livid countenance swathed in its bloodstained bandages, the sky-blue coat torn and discoloured; Couthon lying helplessly on the straw of the tumbril trampled by the feet of his companions; Hanriot, who but yesterday had cleared the way for the forty-two poor victims, cutting down the people with his sabre, now a ghastly spectacle, with one eye falling from its socket, his face bleeding, his clothes tattered and covered with filth from the sewer whence he had been dragged. St. Just alone retained his habitual calm. The voluminous cravat was gone, leaving his neck bare for execution, but the delicate chamois-coloured coat still remained unspotted, the wide expanse of white waistcoat still fresh and uncrumpled, whilst in his buttonhole there glowed a red carnation. So with head erect St. Just, that strange enigma of the Terror, passed to his death, a marble statue to the last.

As the procession slowly made its way along the Rue Saint-Honoré it was not only joy that greeted its progress but fury—the long-pent-up fury of a crushed and suffering people. The tyrant had fallen, but could his downfall give them back their dead? Everywhere in that vast crowd were men and women who had lost their all, in whose hearts was no room for rejoicing, only for reviling. One such grief-racked creature—a woman—sprang on to the back of the cart that held Robespierre and, clinging to the bars, cried out in a voice of agony:

"Monster vomited by Hell, thy torment intoxicates me with joy! I have only one regret—that thou hast not a thousand lives so that I might enjoy the spectacle of seeing them torn from thee one by one! Go, scoundrel, go down to the tomb with the curses of all wives and of all mothers!"

Thus amidst the maledictions of the people, whose servile courtier he had been, Maximilien Robespierre passed to his death. Those amongst the crowd around the scaffold who desired to see him suffer—and they were many²—were gratified by the horrible scene that took place on the platform of the guillotine when the executioner, roughly tearing off the bandage that bound the head of Robespierre, loosed the fractured jaw, which fell, leaving a gaping chasm, and wrung from the tortured

¹ *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, by Edmond Biré, v. 399.

² Beaulieu, v. 502: "The greater number of those who were present at his execution would have liked to see him suffer the tortures of Damiens, to whom he was said to be related."

victim a roar of agony "like that of a dying tiger which could be heard in the furthest extremities of the square."

As at the death of Hébert, the brutality of the executioner delighted the spectators, and when a moment later the mutilated head was raised aloft, the vast multitude that filled the Place de la Révolution and overflowed into the Tuileries and the Champs Élysées broke into a perfect thunder of applause that rose and fell and rose again, whilst men and women fell into each other's arms crying out, "At last we are free! The tyrant is no more!"

But this time it was no sudden madness such as had seized a part of the crowd gathered around the scaffold of the King, and which had been immediately succeeded by reaction; on this 10th of Thermidor the people really did go home rejoicing with a joy that throughout the days that followed grew in intensity, transforming Paris from a place of gloom and mourning into a gala city of new-found delights. Only to be able to walk abroad at liberty, to hold one's head up in the sunshine, to greet one's fellow-men, to speak one's thoughts aloud—what strange and wondrous happiness! At the street corners, in the public squares, the theatres, the cafés, long-lost friends whom terror had kept apart clasped each other's hands, embraced with tears of joy—it was a delirium, an ecstasy of bliss!

Why had the death of Robespierre brought about this marvellous transformation? Robespierre and his allies were, as we have seen, by no means the sole authors of the Terror—nor indeed the most ferocious. Barère, Billaud, Collot, Fréron, Tallien—henceforth to be known as the Thermidoriens—still remained; Fouquier still sat making up his lists in his tower at the Conciergerie; the jackals of the Comité de Sûreté Générale still prowled at large about the city. Until the 10th of Thermidor it does not appear that one of these men had any thought of ending or even modifying the Terror. It was certainly not from any disapproval of the system they had attacked Robespierre. For amongst all the accusations brought against him at the Convention by the Thermidoriens, not one related even remotely to the matter of bloodshed; on the contrary, he had been reproached for not loving Marat or Chaliier, the author of the atrocities at Lyon and the object of Collot's ardent admiration.

These facts have given the panegyrists of Robespierre a further opportunity to declare that he wished to end the Terror, and that the Thermidoriens were alone to blame for its continuance. But to suppose this is to deny Robespierre any motive in originally organising it. If, as we have seen, he had embarked on it with a purpose—a system of depopulation which was to produce a harmonious democracy—why should he wish to arrest

it at this stage? The execution of 2800 people could not be said to have sensibly diminished the population of Paris, nor could the death-roll for all France—even if it amounted to the figure of 1,025,711 given by Prudhomme—be considered as more than a step towards the reduction of the French nation to the eight millions generally advocated by the leaders. There is, therefore, every reason to suppose that by the 9th of Thermidor the Terror was really only beginning, and that if the division had not taken place on this day between the Terrorists the hecatombs would have reached colossal proportions.

With this scheme, however, the Thermidoriens were heartily in accord. How, then, did it come to pass that the downfall of the Robespierristes resulted in the ending of the Terror? The simplest explanation seems to be that the system of the Terror gave way under the weight of public opinion. For to the people of Paris, who always identified each régime with a personality, Robespierre and the Terror were synonymous, and consequently to their minds the end of Robespierre meant the end of the Terror—hence their outburst of rejoicing.

The Thermidoriens realizing this, and finding themselves greeted on the morning of the 10th of Thermidor by a rapturous crowd as the deliverers of France, were quick to see that their best chance of popularity lay in accepting the rôle assigned to them. If the people thought that in overthrowing Robespierre they had intended to overthrow the system of the Terror, well, they would stop the Terror and shift all the blame for the past from their own shoulders by making Robespierre the scape-goat of the whole Terrorist party. For the purpose that had inspired the Robespierristes to reduce the population these Opportunists cared nothing, and they were ready to fall in with any régime provided only they themselves could cling to place and power.

The Thermidorien reaction was thus not the work of a political party, but a really popular movement brought about by the force of the people's will, which, for the first time since the beginning of the Revolution, triumphed over the designs of the demagogues.

Although the 9th of Thermidor had removed only a portion of the Terrorists, the growing force of public opinion rendered the downfall of the remainder inevitable. On the 27th of November, Carrier, the "depopulator of Nantes," was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, where he protested his innocence and declared that he had acted only from motives of the purest patriotism. A more plausible line of defence consisted in his plea that his methods had received the approval both of the

Comité de Salut Public and of the Convention,¹ and that no reproaches had been addressed to him until after the Terror had ended.² The apologists of Robespierre have attempted to prove that Carrier was recalled from Nantes on account of the atrocities he committed there; the truth is that he incurred the displeasure of the Incorruptible, not by his fearful cruelty towards the people, but by his corrupt and vicious manner of life, and also by his threatening attitude towards Robespierre's protégé, young Jullien, who, terrified for his own safety, wrote to the Comité de Salut Public to complain. Moreover, in the letter from the Comité summoning him back to Paris not the faintest disapproval was expressed, and Carrier was merely informed—amidst assurances of fraternal good-will—that his arduous labours had entitled him to a little rest and that another mission would be given him. It was, therefore, in no way a chastened or repentant Carrier who returned to Paris on February 16, 1793—that is to say, more than three months after he had inaugurated the *noyades*. On his arrival he received the compliments of the Jacobin Club, and met with not a word of remonstrance from the Convention, where he resumed his place as a respected member and of which he was elected secretary three months later. But to the people Carrier, like Robespierre, embodied the system of the Terror, and he was condemned to death amidst universal applause. On the 16th of December 1794 an immense crowd once more assembled to watch the passage of the cart containing Carrier and two of his accomplices—Grandmaison, a member of the revolutionary committee of Nantes, convicted of having sabred the drowning victims of the *noyades* as they struggled in the water, and Pinard, leader of the negro legion that had outraged and murdered women and children. If the people had expected a wild-beast show they were not disappointed, for although Carrier, fortified by the conviction that he was a martyr dying for his country, faced his end with serenity, and Grandmaison only sobbed with helpless rage, Pinard presented a terrifying spectacle as, with flaming eyes and foaming lips, he spat upon the crowd, or when the jolts of the tumbril threw him against Carrier attempted to tear him with his teeth, overwhelming him with invectives for the

¹ Campardon, *Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, ii. 118; *J. B. Carrier*, by A. Lallié, p. 258. In a memoir presented to the Comité de Salut Public by Lequinio (another emissary to the provinces) on the 12th of Germinal, An II., the question is asked whether it would be advantageous to continue the *plan of total destruction*; Carrier, quoting this letter at his trial, remarked that it proved this plan of destruction to have existed (Campardon, ii. 122). As M. Lallié points out, he was therefore only one of the agents ordered to execute it.

² Campardon, ii. 121.

fate he had brought on them all. It is said that as Carrier lay strapped to the plank of the guillotine a clarionet struck up the air of the "Ça ira !" and at this last insult the wretched man raised his head and darted a look of fury at the jeering multitude. The musician continued to play gaily until the blade had fallen.

On the 1st of May 1795 the Public Prosecutor of Paris followed the same road to the Place de Grève. Fouquier too protested his innocence : " I acted only in accordance with the laws passed by an all-powerful Convention." If he, the instrument, was brought to justice, should not the authors of the system, the remaining members of the revolutionary committees, be summoned before the Tribunal? True, and the subsequent condemnation of Collot, Billaud, and Barère to mere transportation for life was only one more miscarriage of justice in the history of the iniquitous tribunal.

The spirit that animated the multitude around the tumbrils which bore Fouquier and his accomplices to the scaffold was less one of "ferocious joy," says a police report, than of "curiosity to see extraordinary monsters"; the truth is, perhaps, that Paris was now too hungry to rejoice uproariously at anything. But when the carts approached the Place de Grève there burst forth shouts of fury : "Go and join your victims, scoundrel !" "Give me back my brother, my friend, my father, my wife, my mother, my children !" As at the execution of Robespierre, a woman, half demented with grief, clung to the bars of the tumbril cursing the murderer of her husband. Fouquier, looking forth with bloodshot eyes at the starving people, returned insult for insult, jeered at their misery in incoherent words of which the following only were distinguishable : "Vile rabble, go and look for bread ! (*Vile canaille, va chercher du pain !*)."

Fouquier, reserved to the end as the *pièce de résistance* of the day, heard the blade descend fifteen times whilst in an agony of terror he waited his turn at the foot of the scaffold. As each head was held up to the wondering gaze of the multitude a mighty sigh of relief rose from amongst them like the moan of a troubled sea, but when that last frightful trophy was raised aloft the people, struck with horror as at a Gorgon's head, were frozen to silence.

RESULTS OF THE TERROR

The Terror, then, had ended, and what had it done for the people? It is to Carrier that we owe the famous phrase, "France was saved by the Terror,"¹ a phrase eagerly adopted

¹ *Procès de Carrier*, Buchez et Roux, xxxiv. 208.

by revolutionary historians, and that by force of repetition has almost come to be believed.

But from what was France saved by the Terror? From hunger? From misery? From oppression? Alas, no, all these evils, which, as we have seen, flourished more luxuriantly during the Terror than ever before it, increased steadily after it had ended. Throughout the lean years that followed Paris was reduced to the lowest pitch of wretchedness; people fainted in the streets for want of food,¹ or in desperation threw themselves into the Seine; women, maddened at the sight of their starving children, cried out for death to end their sufferings;² and when at last bands of women invaded the Convention as they had once invaded Versailles clamouring for bread, they were met this time with no tears of compassion, but were driven out with whips.³

What wonder, then, that the people "incessantly compared their condition with that of 1788,"⁴ that the women said to each other in the streets: "We need a good father of a family to feed us as we had before; how can we love the Republic that makes us die of hunger?"⁵

Not only did the people suffer from official mismanagement and indifference, but from the lack of all private effort to relieve distress—benevolence had vanished with the Old Régime. "Every day offers the proof of a sad truth," says the *Républicain Français*, "which is that the *parvenus*, the new rich, have harder hearts than those born in affluence. The latter used to share their superfluity with the poor, and nothing was commoner in this town than to see delicately bred women carrying soup, money, and consolations into garrets and prisons. To-day one dies of hunger and grief amidst these new millionaires enriched by our spoils; one dies without experiencing a single moment of pity."

It will be urged that it was from external danger that the Terror saved France; that if the people suffered the State prospered, the defences of the country had been made secure. To judge of the truth of this statement let us refer to the descrip-

¹ Schmidt, ii. 337.

² "The 6th of Germinal (An III.) several women asked for knives with which to stab themselves." The 30th of Brumaire "a woman in a frenzy came to ask a baker to kill her children as she had nothing to feed them with" (*ibid.*).

³ On the 12th of Germinal, and again on the 1st of Prairial, An III. (April 1 and May 20, 1795), Schmidt, ii. 308, 327.

⁴ Schmidt, ii. 462.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 481. See also p. 298: "The public said loudly, 'We are going to have a king and we shall be much happier; we shall not suffer so much.'"

tion of the condition of France at the end of the Terror, given by one of the revolutionaries themselves—Larevellière Légeaux, a member of the Directory :

“The National Treasury was entirely empty ; not a *sou* remained. *Assignats* were without value . . . public revenues were nil, no plan of finance existed. . . . Enfuriated stock-jobbing had taken the place of loyal and productive commerce ; it corrupted all classes of society . . . there was not a sack of corn in the granaries nor even a single grain of wheat. . . . Hospitals were without revenues, without resources or administration ; public relief of every kind was reduced almost to nothing. The canals were ruined, many bridges broken down, the roads impassable . . . communications of all kinds had become extremely difficult. . . . Public instruction, so to speak, no longer existed. . . . The insolent cynicism of the leaders of anarchy had created oblivion to all decency . . . what was the state of the army ? Disorganization was complete . . . in a word, the army, whether in the interior or on the frontiers, was without discipline, without provisions, without pay, without clothing, without equipment. As a climax of misfortune these beaten and discouraged armies had lost all the fruit of their successes beyond the Rhine. . . . As to the navy . . . our fleets were humiliated, beaten, blockaded in our ports, tormented by insubordination . . . ruined by desertion.”

Such, then, was the state to which France was reduced by the Terror. Can we doubt that if it had continued she must eventually have fallen a prey to a stronger power ? And what prevented this ? One thing only—the advent of the strong man for whom during ten long years she had waited in vain ; the man who put down with an iron hand the tyranny and corruption of the Directory and rallied the French around the standard of the Empire. The truth is then that France was saved from dismemberment, not by the Terror, but by *Imperialism*, whilst she was saved from internal ruin and disruption, *in spite of the Terror*, by the indomitable spirit of her *people*.

THE COURSE OF THE INTRIGUES

Whilst France was brought to the verge of ruin, and her people were dying of starvation, the great intrigues continued their course with unabated ardour. Orléanisme, though momentarily checked by the execution of Philippe Égalité and the banishment of his sons, was to see its efforts rewarded thirty-six years later ; Prussia, rid of the most formidable obstacle to her power—the Franco-Austrian alliance—could afford to bide her time in spite of military defeats in order to realize her

dreams of European domination ; Anarchy, which had already triumphed under Marat and the Hébertistes, had become a force that has never since ceased to threaten the peace of the world. These consequences must be dealt with more fully in a concluding chapter amongst the results of the Revolution as a whole.

Alone of the four great intrigues, that of the English Jacobins received a serious check in the Reign of Terror. This was, however, not owing to any modification in the sentiments of our revolutionaries ; the frightful period of bloodshed and horror that had overtaken France served merely to stimulate their ardour for revolutionary doctrines, and right up to the 9th of Thermidor they never relaxed their efforts to bring about the same order of things in our own country. True, the outbreak of war between England and France, followed by Pitt's timely introduction of the Traitorous Correspondence Act, considerably hampered their relations with the French Jacobins, and open addresses of congratulation were rendered impossible ; nevertheless the intrigue between the Subversives in both countries was still clandestinely carried on, and mutual support was given throughout the Terror : Danton, by means of his connections in London, actively co-operated in the attempt to overthrow the British monarchy ;¹ Fox assured the Comité de Salut Public of his sympathy and approval,² and later publicly applauded British reverses ; whilst Lord Stanhope continued to maintain an affectionate correspondence with Barère, the arch-enemy of his country,³ and to applaud the atrocities committed in France. This last flagrant betrayal of the interests not only of the English people but of the human race roused even the indignation of men who had formerly sympathized with the Revolution, and in April 1794 we find William Miles, once a member of the Jacobin Club in Paris, writing these words of remonstrance to Lord Stanhope :

" In the name of Heaven, my Lord, what frenzy is this that stimulates you to qualify as improvement what has proved fatal to millions ? Whichever way you direct your attention you find affluence and content, freedom and happiness. In France every tree is a gibbet and every other man you meet a hangman. Yet your Lordship stands forth avowedly an admirer of crimes which desolate the earth and dishonour humanity." ⁴

But the people of England expressed their disapproval in a

¹ *Danton Émigré*, by Dr. Robinet, p. 90.

² See remark of Vergniaud to Mrs. Elliott at the Comité de Salut Public : " Mr. Fox is our friend . . . he loves our revolution, and we have it here under his own hand-writing " (*Journal of Mrs. Elliott*, p. 146).

³ *The Life of Charles, third Earl of Stanhope*, by Ghita Stanhope and G. P. Gooch, p. 134.

⁴ *Ibid.*

more emphatic manner, and on the night of the 10th to the 11th of June, whilst London was celebrating Lord Howe's victory over the French, the crowd, enraged by Lord Stanhope's revolutionary sentiments, set fire to his house, and the unhappy peer was obliged to escape for his life over the roofs. The same thing had happened three years earlier at Birmingham, when the so-called Constitutional Society of that town, headed by Dr. Priestley, had issued "inflammatory handbills of Republican tendency." When on the 14th of July the Society met at a dinner to celebrate the fall of the Bastille, an angry crowd assembled and burnt down both the meeting-houses of the sect; Dr. Priestley's house was attacked and he himself had to fly from door to door for refuge. The riots went on for three days, and the magistrates were powerless to interfere. It is, therefore, as much of an error to imagine that the failure to produce revolution in England was owing to the uninflammable character of the English as it is to attribute its success in France to the inflammable character of the French. It was precisely because the great majority of the French people were *uninflammable*, because they passively submitted to the domination of a handful of demagogues, that the Revolution was able to assume such frightful proportions. And it was because the English people beneath their apparent calm were in reality highly inflammable, were ready to oppose an active and even violent resistance to subversive doctrines, that the revolutionary movement could make no headway amongst them. Nor was this the result of servile submission to the existing order of things; the people of England were well aware that great and drastic reforms were needed, but because they understood the meaning of true liberty it was not to Jacobinism that they looked for salvation.

Thus England at this supreme crisis in her history was saved from anarchy and ruin, not only by the statesmanship of Pitt and the eloquence of Burke, but *by the sound common sense of the British people.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

IN the foregoing chapter we have seen the results of the great revolutionary climax, the Reign of Terror; and although at the close of this frightful epoch the Revolution was not yet ended, it is impossible within the limits of this book to follow it throughout its final convulsions. To judge of the ultimate results of the movement by the state of France in 1795 would, however, be inconclusive; at this date, it might reasonably be urged, the country was still in a transition stage; a period of chaos was bound to follow on the great upheaval before matters could readjust themselves and the beneficial effects of the Revolution become apparent. To this argument the only reply is a brief summary of the succeeding régimes in France during the century that followed; it will then be seen, not as a matter of opinion but of fact, how far the new order proved permanently satisfying to the nation.

The *Directory* that succeeded to the Convention lasted four years, from 1795 to 1799, during which period two *coups d'état* took place. The Directory was then abolished on account of its tyranny, corruption, and mismanagement.

In 1799 the *Consulate* was formed, with Napoleon Bonaparte as First Consul, but five years later the Republic was declared a failure as "unequal to the exigencies of the country."

Accordingly in 1804 Napoleon was made *Emperor*, and by re-establishing despotism—a rigorous system of conscription, the abolition of the liberty of the press, etc.—he succeeded in restoring order. It is needless to enumerate the disasters that followed on this brief spell of glory—the retreat from Moscow during which thousands of Frenchmen perished in the snows of Russia; the invasion of France by Russians, Austrians, and Prussians; the overthrow of Napoleon for "having violated the rights and liberties of the people and the laws of the Constitution."

Then France, sickened with anarchy, republicanism, and imperialism all in turn, reverted to *monarchy*, and in 1814 Louis XVIII. was called to the throne only to be driven away by Napoleon six months later. Fresh disasters followed—the

defeat of Waterloo, the second entry of foreign armies into Paris, the payment of an indemnity of twenty-eight millions.

Once more Louis XVIII. was recalled, and the nine years of "legitimist" monarchy that followed was the only government since the Revolution that did not come to a violent end, but ceased with the death of the King in 1824.

The reign of Charles X., the unpopular Comte d'Artois, was foredoomed to failure, and the Legitimist dynasty was overthrown in 1830 by a fresh rising of the Orléanistes.

But now that at last the conspiracy had achieved the purpose for which forty-one years earlier it had plunged France into the horrors of revolution, and the succession was transferred to the *House of Orleans*, it became apparent that Louis Philippe firmly seated on the throne of France was a very different person from the Duc de Chartres sitting in the tribune of a revolutionary assembly and calling out for "lanterns." The liberty that the change of dynasty was to confer proved, like all the other visions of liberty offered by the Revolution, only a mirage, and after eighteen years of unrest Louis Philippe was driven from the throne he had usurped.

In this third revolution of 1848 fresh scenes of bloodshed took place; led by Socialists the workmen of Paris broke out into violent insurrection, the national workshops were suppressed, and finally a *Second Republic* was proclaimed.

Let us leave it to a Frenchman who lived through that time to tell the rest of the tragic story.

"We see this ephemeral Republic," says M. François St. Maur, "perishing beneath an audacious *coup d'état*; France hungering for rest and order, throwing herself at the feet of a representative of a great name (Louis Napoleon); the *Second Empire* established and soon shattered; a series of wars ending with the most terrible of all; Napoleon III. conquered and a prisoner, and the *Third Republic* proclaimed without having been asked or desired by the nation; anarchy, despotism, and licence under the name of liberty . . . a bold and incapable dictatorship profiting by the disasters of the country to seize the reins of power . . . a frightful insurrection holding Paris for two months under the sway of the Terror, living and dying in murder, pillage, and burning; the grossest instincts glorified and triumphant, the most odious crimes evading just repression, *the Revolution always armed*, right trampled under foot . . . such is the history of that mournful period."¹

In spite of such incidents as the Affaire Boulanger, the Affaire Dreyfus, frequent strikes of workmen, the strife of factions, this Third Republic, the Republic of to-day, has nevertheless held

¹ Preface to the *Mémoires de Hua*.

her own for nearly fifty years, and now, after gloriously retrieving the disasters of 1870, we fervently hope will at last give peace to France.

The sequel to the great French Revolution was thus eighty years of unrest. That this unrest was the direct outcome of the Revolution it is impossible to deny. To attribute it to the unstable character of the French people is as illogical and unjust as to attribute the crimes and follies of the Revolution to their passions. The French people had not proved fickle or unstable under their former government; were they not the same people who had proved passionately loyal to their kings during fourteen centuries? If after the Revolution they became restless and unstable, it was simply that the Revolution itself had produced this change in the national character. For by that gigantic demolition France lost the habit of stability, the power of remaining content with any form of government; the spell exercised by the monarchy once broken she lost faith in all rulers, and through eight succeeding forms of government never found one to satisfy her permanently. As M. de Loménie has expressed it: "The persistence of subversive Utopias is at the same time the cause and the natural consequence of all those abortive strokes that make up our history since 1789; a vicious circle in which France turns and mentally exhausts herself." ¹

Yet, if the century that followed had proved a millennial age of contentment, if the Republic established in 1792 had never been overthrown but had continued to this day to satisfy the desires of the French people, the panegyrists of the Revolution could not have pronounced it a more unqualified success. For in spite of subsequent upheavals, they hasten to assure us, great and lasting reforms were brought about by the Revolution—reforms so immense as to atone for all the crimes and follies that attended their birth. Contrary to all previous experience in the history of the world, this time, we are asked to believe, men *did* gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles, and from the hatred, the lust, and the corruption that marked the whole revolutionary period there sprang up a harvest of love and liberty and justice.

If this were so, morality might well be proclaimed a fraud, and the divine ordering of the universe a delusion. Mercifully it is as untrue as all the other deductions of revolutionary sophists.

The immense reforms brought about during the revolutionary era were not the result of the Revolution. It was to the King and his enlightened advisers, as I have shown in this book, that the reforms in government were primarily due; it was the *noblesse* that dealt the death-blow to the feudal system; it was the Royalist Democrats, abhorred of the revolutionary leaders, who drew up

¹ *La Comtesse de Rochefort*, by L. de Loménie, p. 288.

the Declaration of the Rights of Man and framed the Constitution. The work of the Revolution was to destroy all these reforms—to abolish the liberty of the press, liberty of conscience, personal liberty, to replace the comparatively mild feudalism of the Old Régime by the most frightful tyranny the world had ever seen, and finally to annul the Constitution demanded by the people in favour of a Constitution that could never be enforced, that lasted exactly twenty-six months, and was followed by no less than six others in the eighty years that followed.

Of all the measures passed by revolutionary legislation one alone can be quoted with some show of reason by historians to have resulted in permanent benefit to the people; this was the law passed in 1793 conferring a greater proportion of the land on the peasants by the sale of "national goods"—that is to say, property formerly owned by the nobility and clergy. Thus although, as M. Louis Madelin points out, "the workman was the principal victim of the Revolution,"¹ the peasant proprietor profited by it. "The peasant alone," writes a contemporary, "is happy; he alone has gained."

But how far was this happiness a reality, or did it, like his pre-revolutionary "misery," exist largely on paper? To judge of this we must refer to the accounts of eye-witnesses who record their impressions after the revolutionary storm had subsided. Thus, for example, we may compare the following passage in the journal of an Englishwoman who travelled through France in 1802 with the descriptions given by Dr. Rigby of dancing French peasants quoted at the beginning of this book:

"Breteuil, *July* 8.—Where is the gaiety we have heard of from our infancy as the distinguishing characteristic of this nation? Where is the original of Sterne's picture of a French Sunday? I have seen to-day no cessation from toil, no intermixture of devotion, and repose, and pleasure. I have seen no dance, I have heard no song. But I have seen the pale labourer bending over the plentiful fields, of which he does not seem, if one may judge by his looks, ever to have enjoyed the produce; I have seen groups of men, women, and children working under the influence of the burning sun . . . and others giving to toil

¹ Not only did the working-classes suffer from unemployment and the suppression of their trades unions, but when employed they were obliged to work much harder than before, owing to the fact that all the feasts of the Church (Easter, Christmas, etc.), and all the saints days which, with the day following each, were holidays under the monarchy had now been done away with, whilst Sunday had been replaced by *décadi* that occurred once in ten days instead of seven. See the amusing article in the *Moniteur* for September 9, 1794, congratulating the Revolution for putting an end to "national idleness" by "consecrating to work at least 120 days" that the Old Régime devoted to "unemployment"—i.e. to rest and recreation—thus leaving the people only thirty-six holidays in the year.

the hours destined to repose, even so late as ten o'clock at night," etc.¹ By dint of this capacity for unremitting labour, combined with his inherent thrift, the peasant of France has contrived to make a living out of the soil, but certainly not under the millennial conditions promised him by the revolutionary leaders. A still more striking comparison might be made between the accounts given by Arthur Young of the peasant's lot in 1789 and that of his successor in agricultural lore, Mr. Rowland Prothero, in his *Pleasant Land of France*, written precisely one hundred years later. After describing in detail the wretchedness of the French peasant's food and dwelling which he witnessed during a tour through France in 1889, Mr. Prothero concludes with the words: "The position of the peasant thus miserably lodged and poorly fed is said to be precarious and perilous. He is a proprietor only in name. The real owner is the money-lender, and the peasant proprietor is a veritable serf."²

If this, then, was all that the one purely revolutionary reform did for the peasant of France, we may well ask whether it was worth the seas of blood shed to effect it.

But whilst the benefits resulting to France from the Revolution may be comprised in so small a compass—peasant proprietorship on an increased scale—the evils of which it was the cause are immeasurable.

"The Revolution," wrote Hua, who had lived all through it, "was terrible because it was neither in the interests nor in the character of the people . . . it had a million soldiers killed, 200,000 to 300,000 citizens butchered. . . . I shall be told: 'You are wrong, confused . . . one must not place on the score of the Revolution all the errors, the mistakes, or even the crimes of which it was the occasion, not the cause. . . .' But what is this idea of separating the Revolution from the ills it produced? To what other cause must they be attributed? It is to it, to it alone, that they are due; these effects were not accidents but consequences. The tree has borne its fruits. This is what many people will not see."³

We are told that it was with the Revolution that ideas of liberty originated in France. Nothing is further from the truth. France had a far clearer conception of liberty, even of democracy, during the years that preceded the Revolution than in those that followed after, in the days when Rousseau said that "liberty would be too dearly bought with the blood of one French citizen" than when Mirabeau demanded that "liberty should have for her bed mattresses of corpses," or when Raynal declared that "a country could only be regenerated in a bath of blood." No,

¹ *The Remains of Mrs. Richard Trench*, edited by her son, the Dean of Westminster (1862).

² Exactly confirmed by Prince Kropotkin, *Paroles d'un Revolté*, pp. 325-327 (1882).

³ *Mémoires de Hua*, p. 46.

it was not ideas of liberty that the Revolution bequeathed to France, but a legacy of bitterness, of envy, and of strife.

I am convinced that the day will come when the world, enlightened by the principles of true democracy, will recognise that the French Revolution was not an advance towards democracy but a directly anti-democratic and reactionary movement, that it was not a struggle for liberty but an attempt to strangle liberty at its birth ; the leaders will then be seen in their true colours as the cruellest enemies of the people, and the people, no longer condemned for their ferocity, will be pitied as the victims of a gigantic conspiracy. It was this conspiracy, or rather this combination of conspiracies, that alone triumphed in the Revolution ; it was the same great intrigues at work amongst the people in 1789 that survived all the storms that followed after and that now once again threaten the peace of the world.

THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE INTRIGUES

Of the first great intrigue of the French Revolution—the Orléaniste conspiracy—little more remains to be said, for although it was the cause of the Revolution of 1830, and again made itself felt as recently as 1889 in the *Affaire Boulanger*, it claims at the present day so few supporters that it may be described as dead. It is therefore with the other three intrigues, now more alive than ever, that we need concern ourselves.

That the French Revolution proved a triumphant success for Prussia might be proved in half-a-dozen ways—the severing of the Franco-Austrian alliance, the alarm created amongst the smaller German sovereigns that caused them to rally around Prussia, the overthrow of the Bourbons who had constituted the chief rivals to the ambitions of the Hohenzollerns and the removal of whom enabled Germany to place the offspring of her royal houses on all the thrones of Europe, the destruction of the French Court which, as the centre of art and learning, formed the greatest safeguard of civilisation and the strongest antidote to militarism, and, on the other hand, the rise to power of Napoleon I., who in the rôle of an aggressor alienated from France the sympathies of all Europe, the decline in the population¹ which weakened the

¹ It should be noted that this decline in the birth-rate dates from the Revolution. Before 1789 France was the most thickly populated of all European countries ; since that date the rate of increase in the populations of France and England offers this striking contrast :

	1789.	1918.
France	25,000,000	40,000,000
England and Ireland	12,000,000	45,000,000

Thus England under a monarchy has nearly quadrupled her population, whilst France under a Republic has increased hers by only three-fifths.

military strength of France,—these are only a few of the benefits reaped by Prussia from the harvest of sedition she had sown.

But perhaps the principal advantage that Prussia gained by the Revolution was the propagation of those doctrines of socialism and anti-patriotism that, first circulated by the revolutionaries of France, have paralysed the resistance of Prussia's enemies. Before 1870 it was the Socialists of France who opposed the reorganisation of the army; it was Michelet, the great panegyrist of the Revolution, who, on the very eve of the Franco-Prussian war, hailed the rising power of Germany, and in the great war that has just ended it was the Radical Socialists of France and the corresponding factions in all the countries of the allies who have displayed the least resentment of Prussian aggression. Thus the immense paradox has been created that amongst the so-called democrats of Europe Prussian autocracy has found its most valuable allies.

From the eighteenth century onwards Prussia has never relinquished the policy of Frederick the Great—that of encouraging social unrest in the countries she wishes to subdue. The first experiment was made in France, the second in Belgium during the same period, the third, at an interval of a century and a quarter—during which period German philosophers and writers ceaselessly disseminated those subversive doctrines so rigorously suppressed in the land of their birth—was to have taken place in Ireland during the spring of 1914. This effort proving temporarily abortive Germany concentrated all her energies on Russia, and by the fearful cataclysm that ensued very nearly succeeded in turning the tide of the war irretrievably against the Allies.

But it would seem that Prussia had played with fire too long, that the fire she had fanned so assiduously abroad had all the while been smouldering within her own borders, and now threatens to envelop her in the general conflagration. If indeed the present revolution in Germany is genuine and the power of the Hohenzollerns has been finally overthrown, it is surely the most amazing case of being "hoist with one's own petard" in the history of the world.

For side by side with the intrigue of the Hohenzollerns that other intrigue has gone forward—the scheme that, originating with the Illuminati of Bavaria in 1776, is now being actively carried out by their successors. The plan of world revolution devised by Weishaupt has at last been realised. Can we believe that it is by mere coincidence that the Spartacists of Munich have adopted the pseudonym of their fellow-countryman and predecessor, Spartacus-Weishaupt, the inaugurator of class warfare? Is it a mere coincidence that their doctrines are the same as his?

We have only to study the course of the revolutionary movement in Europe during the last 130 years to realise that it has been the direct continuation of the scheme of the Illuminati, that the doctrines and the aims of the sect have been handed down without a break through the succeeding groups of revolutionary Socialists. Thus, for example, if we compare the confession of faith issued by Bakunin in the name of the International Social Democratic Alliance of 1866 with the creed of the Illuminati quoted on page 20 of this book, they will be found to be almost identical :

“ The Alliance professes atheism ; it aims at the abolition of religious services, the replacement of belief by knowledge and divine by human justice, the abolition of marriage as a political, religious, and civic arrangement. Before all it aims at the definite and complete abolition of all classes and the political, economic, and social equality of the individual of either sex, the abolition of inheritance. All children to be brought up on a uniform system so that artificial inequalities may disappear. . . . It aims directly at the triumph of the cause of labour over capital. It repudiates so-called patriotism and the rivalry of nations, and desires the universal association of all local associations by means of freedom.”

Indeed Prince Kropotkin, one of the leading spirits of the “ Internationale,” admits that there was “ a direct filiation between this association and the ‘ Enragés ’ of 1793 and the secret societies of 1795.” Now, since we know that ever since 1866, and still at the present day, it is in secret societies and at meetings of spurious Freemasons ¹ that revolutionary doctrines have been propagated, can we doubt that these associations are also the direct continuations of the Illuminati, and that it is on the doctrines of Weishaupt, the inventor of “ world revolution,” that the thing we now call “ Bolshevism ” is founded ? Can we doubt, moreover, that many of the terrible secrets of engineering popular tumults have been handed down to these societies from those that organised the first experiments in France ? The art of working on the public mind by calumny, corruption and terror, the seduction of the soldiery by women in the pay of the agitators, the fabrication of pretexts by which the people were made to carry out the designs of the leaders, the holding up or destruction of food supplies in order to drive them by hunger to violence, and at the same time the distribution of fiery liquor to inflame their passions, the hiring of foreign assassins to lead them on to

¹ Notably the “ Grand Orient ” of France, an order in no way to be confounded with British freemasonry, by which it was repudiated in 1885 in consequence of its rejection of the fundamental doctrine of true masonry—a belief in God, “ the Great Architect of the Universe,” and in the immortality of the soul.

bloodshed,—all these diabolical methods employed by the Jacobins of France, indoctrinated by the Illuminati, have been repeated in Russia with terrible effect. Moreover, not only in its secret organisation but in its outward manifestations the Russian Revolution has obviously been inspired by the French—the September massacres in the prisons of Petrograd by those in the prisons of Paris, the drownings in the Black Sea by the *noyades de Nantes*, the desecration of the Kremlin by the desecration of Notre Dame; the very phraseology of the leaders is the same, the Bolshevik tirades against the *bourgeoisie* are copied almost verbatim from the diatribes of Robespierre.

The danger that threatens civilisation is therefore no new danger but dates from before the French Revolution. The blaze kindled by Weishaupt has never ceased to smoulder; France was only the place of its first conflagration. The same doctrines again put into practice must inevitably lead to the same result as surely as the fusion of the same gases must produce the same explosion. For the Terror, as I have shown, was not a frightful accident but the logical consequence of attempting to establish by force a system of equality not demanded by the nation. It matters not how averse to violence the leaders of such a movement may be, or how exalted the ideals which inspire them, they will find themselves obliged to resort to violent methods in order to maintain themselves in power, firstly, because by no other means can resistance be overcome, and secondly, because a period of anarchy is unavoidable for the destruction of the existing order, and this must inevitably rally round them men who are not Idealists at all but simply criminals whose ferocity they will be unable to control. “Whoever stops half-way in revolution,” said St. Just, “digs his own grave.” So just as Robespierre, who in 1791 had proposed the abolition of capital punishment, and later still had shuddered at the sanguinary schemes of Marat, found himself obliged to adopt the system of depopulation and to ally himself with Collot, Billaud, Barère, and the Jackals of the Comité de Sûreté Générale in order to carry out his scheme of equality and to save his own head; just as Babeuf, who had denounced the atrocious methods of Robespierre, came to see that the triumph of Socialism could be ensured by no other means; just as Lenin, who has likewise been described as an Idealist, is forced to permit—if not to ordain—wholesale massacre, and to associate himself with the dregs of the Russian underworld in order to make his position and his system secure, so in any country the attempt to establish Socialism by means of revolution must inevitably be accompanied by a Reign of Terror, not merely for the subjugation of the people as a whole, but as a means of defence against rival revolutionary factions.

For with the sweeping away of the Old Order the conflict will only have begun and must then enter on its further phase—the war between the factions that from the outset has divided the forces of revolution. The quarrel that took place between “Spartacus” and “Philo” was repeated in the perpetual dissensions between the disciples of the Illuminati throughout the whole French Revolution, and recurred again continually between the various revolutionary groups during the last century. Broadly speaking these groups have been divided into two opposing camps—the State Socialists and the Anarchists, that is to say, on the one hand the faction which aims at the supremacy of the State and the subjugation of the individual, and on the other hand the faction that would do away with the State and proclaim the complete liberty of the individual—policies which, of course, are diametrically opposed. It was this difference of opinion which in its embryonic stage caused the feud between the Robespierristes and Hébertistes, which broke out later between the revolutionaries of 1869—the State Socialists, Karl Marx, Engels, and Louis Blanc, violently separating themselves from the Anarchists, Proudhon and Bakunin—and that finally led to the rupture in the “Internationale.” So still to-day the same feud rages in Russia, for it is towards Anarchists such as Kropotkin that the State Socialist Lenin has displayed the greatest severity. The hatred entertained by the believers in these opposing creeds has throughout been even fiercer than that of either party for the upholders of the Old Régime; the same furious animosity that led Robespierre to ordain the death of Hébert flamed out again in Proudhon’s denunciations of Robespierre, in Marx’s diatribes against Proudhon, in Bakunin’s detestation of Marx. In Marx it would seem that not only the policy but the very spirit of Robespierre lived again. “His vanity,” wrote Bakunin, “knew no bounds, a veritable Jew’s vanity. . . . This vanity, already very great, was considerably increased by the adulation of his friends and disciples. Very personal, very jealous, very susceptible and very vindictive, like Jehovah, the God of his people, Marx cannot suffer one to acknowledge any other God but himself. . . . Proudhon . . . became the *bête noire* of Marx. To praise Proudhon in his presence was to offer him a mortal affront deserving of all the natural consequences of his enmity, and these consequences are at first hatred, then the foulest calumnies. Marx has never recoiled before falsehood, however odious, however perfidious it might be.”¹

Such, in the opinion of one of his most intimate associates, was the prophet now held up by the exponents of revolutionary

¹ *Michael Bakunin, eine Biographie*, by Max Nettlau, p. 69. See also *L'Anarchia*, by Ettore Zocchi, pp. 107, 108.

Socialism to the admiration of the English people, and such is the conflict on which they are invited to enter at the very moment when real and far-reaching reforms are actually within their grasp. Could they but realise the true character of the men whose gospel is offered them as their one hope of salvation, could they but study the history of the revolutionary movement in Europe, the miserable quarrels that took place between the leaders, the grotesque failure of every attempt to put their theories into practice—notably in such experiments as “the New Harmony” and “the New Australia” carried out by Lane and Owen—it is inconceivable that they could lend an ear to such counsels. But all these things are unknown to the working-classes in our country—the true history of revolution has very carefully been kept from them by the propagandists on whom they depend for instruction, and who, in no way blind leaders of the blind but guides endowed with the clearest powers of vision, will lead them not into a ditch but over the brink of an abyss.

For whichever revolutionary party succeeds in establishing its domination over the people it will be all over with democracy, since neither in the plan of the State Socialists which entails autocratic control of every department of life—that is to say, Prussianism of the most intolerable kind—nor in the scheme of the Anarchists which consists in the absence of all control, and must necessarily end in rule by the strongest, can any element of liberty be found. The ideal of true democracy, rule by the will of the majority, must then in either case be finally abandoned, and the people must submit to the domination of bureaucratic minorities or return to a state of savagery.

Naturally this is not the programme placed before the nation, for, just as in the French Revolution, the people are invited to co-operate on some perfectly plausible pretext—the redressing of their real grievances and the improvement in the conditions of labour—but are not admitted to the secrets of the leaders. Indeed it is probable that those of the extremists amongst the leaders who are of British birth and origin little realise whither they themselves are being led. It is on these supposed leaders, mainly middle-class men posing as representatives of labour, that the makers of world revolution have founded their hopes. The “extraordinary simplicity and want of acquaintance with Continental thought” which the German, Karl Hillebrand, long ago detected in the attitude of “the rising Radical school” in England towards the French Revolution,¹ which characterised the correspondence of their prototypes the “English Jacobins” with their brethren in France, and that is still to be found in the

¹ Karl Hillebrand, *Aus und über England*, p. 339.

utterances of our Pacifists and Internationalists to-day, makes them the ready dupes of subtler Continental minds. For it is not they but their allies of foreign blood who are the real directors of the movement—Prussian exponents of democracy who entertain the secret hope of building up their shattered military machine once more on the ruins of civilisation, German merchants who see their chance to corner the markets of the world by paralysing industry in the countries of their rivals, Cosmopolitan Jewish financiers who hope by the overthrow of the existing order to place all capital beneath their own control, Anarchists from the east of Europe animated solely by a passion for destruction—who have all adapted Weishaupt's scheme of world revolution to their own particular purpose. Of all these conspiracies it might be said, as Robison said of the Illuminati: "Their first and immediate aim is to get the possession of riches, power, and influence, without industry; and to accomplish this they want to abolish Christianity; and then dissolute manners and universal profligacy will procure them the adherence of all the wicked, and enable them to overturn all the civil governments of Europe; after which they will think of further conquests, and extend their operations to the other quarters of the globe, till they have reduced mankind to the state of one undistinguishable chaotic mass." Over this helpless mass each conspiracy hopes to establish its ascendancy, thereby bringing the peoples of the world under an iron tyranny unequalled in the annals of the human race. With each conspiracy, moreover, militant atheism forms an integral part of the scheme. Beginning with Weishaupt, continuing with Cloutz, with Büchner and with Bakunin, hatred of religion, above all of Christianity, has characterised all the instigators of world revolution, since it is essential to their purpose that the doctrine of hatred should be substituted for the doctrine of love. We have only to replace the old word Jacobinism by its modern equivalent Bolshevism in this prophetic warning written by the Abbé Barruel in 1797 on the "universal explosion" devised by "Spartacus-Weishaupt" to understand the danger that now threatens the whole civilised world:

"To whatever government, to whatever religion, to whatever rank of society you belong, if Jacobinism wins the day, if the projects and oaths of the sect are accomplished, it is all over with your religion, with your priesthood, with your government and your laws, with your properties and your magistrates. Your riches, your fields, your houses, even to your cottages, all will cease to be yours. You thought the Revolution ended in France, and the Revolution in France was only the first attempt of the Jacobins. In the desires of a terrible and formidable sect, you have only reached the first stage of the plans it has formed for

that general Revolution which is to overthrow all thrones, all altars, annihilate all property, efface all law, and end by dissolving all society."

It rests with the people to prevent the execution of this project in our country. Can we believe that at this hour they will fail to play their part as the champions of liberty? Can we believe that the working-men of England who put down with an iron hand all attempts to establish Jacobinism in their midst throughout the French Revolution, amongst whom Marx himself for more than thirty years laboured in vain to obtain a following, whom Kropotkin left in anger and disgust after his failure to win them over to his schemes of anarchy, will now be persuaded by the agents of Lenin to accept that which their sturdy forefathers rejected and to become the instruments of their own ruin? Is it possible that the "English Jacobins," so ignominiously defeated in 1793, will now triumph over the good sense of their fellow-countrymen? Will that "isle of serenity," whose soil the *émigrés* fell on their knees to kiss when flying from the horrors of their own unhappy country, after another century and a quarter of civilisation become the scene of kindred disorders? Shall we, the freest people on earth, whose laws and Constitution have been for countless generations the envy and the admiration of the world, now consent to be taught liberty by men nurtured under Kaiserdom and Tsardom, or by a race without a country of its own on which to experiment in government? Shall we, in the words of Arthur Young, "imitate the example of France, and by tampering with that Constitution to which we owe all our prosperity hazard so immense a stake of happiness"?

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE DUC D'ORLÉANS ON THE 6TH OF OCTOBER

AT the Procédure du Chatelet the following witnesses came forward to testify to the presence of the duke amongst the crowd during the invasion of the Château on the morning of October 6 :

The Vicomte de la Châtre, witness CXXVII., and two men-servants (Eudeline and Gueniffey, witnesses CXXXIII. and CXXXVI.), who were with him, swore to having seen the Duc d'Orléans amongst the crowd in the courtyard of the Château in the morning of the 6th whilst the Guards were being massacred, adding that the duke had a switch in his hand and " never ceased laughing."

De Guillermy of the bodyguard, witness CXLIX., testified to seeing the duke in the crowd at the same moment.

The Chevalier de la Serre, witness CCXXVI., brigadier in the King's army and a *chevalier de Saint-Louis*, stated that " at six o'clock in the morning of the 6th he went to the Château by the Place des Armes, where he perceived a great movement of the people . . . that he then ran to the Cour Royale, there he joined the people and with them ascended the great staircase (the Escalier de Marbre), that these people were uttering imprecations, saying, ' Our father is with us, let us march ! ' that he asked one of these men who was this father ? This man answered him, ' Ah, Sacredieu, do you not know him ? It is the Duc d'Orléans ? ' that he asked this man, ' Where is he ? Is he here ? ' The witness had then reached the first flight of the great staircase ; this man answered him by indicating with a gesture of his arm that he (the duke) was at the top of the staircase. ' Eh ! f. . . , do you not see him ? He is there, he is there ! ' Then the witness raising his head and rising on tip-toe saw the Duc d'Orléans at the head of the people making a gesture with his arm to indicate the hall of the Queen's bodyguard, and that the Duc d'Orléans then turned to the left to reach the King's apartments."

The Marquis de Digoine du Palais, witness CLXVIII., stated that just after the rush of the crowd up the Escalier de Marbre he went down the Escalier de Princes leading to the King's apartments, and at the foot of this staircase he met the Duc d'Orléans.

Morlet, witness CCCLXXXIII., the sentinel on guard outside the King's apartments, related that the duke presented himself at this door and that he refused him admittance,

After this, that is to say between seven and eleven in the morning, the duke was seen amongst the crowd in the courtyards of the Château by six other witnesses—De la Borde (cxcv.), Quence (ccliv.), a coachman, Jobert (cclvi.), a valet and hairdresser, Mme. Tillet (ccclxv.), wife of a restaurant-keeper, Brayer (ccxvii.), an upholsterer, and De Frondeville (clxxvii.), King's Councillor and deputy of the Assembly. The duke was described by these witnesses as being dressed in a grey frock-coat, carrying a switch in his hand and smiling at the people who followed him crying out, "Vive notre Roi d'Orléans!"¹

It is true that in the published report of the Procédure du Châtelet the Chevalier de la Serre was the only eye-witness who testified to seeing D'Orléans actually on the staircase pointing to the Queen's rooms, but De Nampy (witness lxxxviii.), captain in the Régiment de Flandre, stated that he had heard Degroix, one of the bodyguard, say that he saw "the Duc d'Orléans in a grey coat pointing out to the people the great staircase of the Château, and signing to them to turn to the right, and that he heard the people cry, 'Vive le Roi d'Orléans!'"

Moreover, according to Madame Campan, several other witnesses at the Procédure du Châtelet declared that they had themselves seen the duke at the head of the staircase pointing the way to the Queen's apartments, and the English contemporary Robison asserts that the most important evidence on the duke's complicity was not printed.²

But the obvious answer to these accusations would have been to prove an alibi. If, as revolutionary historians would have us believe, all the witnesses above quoted were not only liars but perjurers—for their evidence was given on oath—when they declared that they had seen the duke in the courtyards or on the staircase, then where was he? According to his own statement he was at the Palais Royal and did not start for Versailles till just on eight o'clock in the morning, but the only witnesses he could produce were some of his own servants and three obscure people (whose names only were given but whose identity was not stated), who said that they had passed him at Auteuil at 7.30, *i.e.* half-an-hour before the time at which he himself said he had left Paris. Yet one other alibi was afterwards provided by his friend Mrs. Elliot, and since it is on this evidence that certain historians have founded their exoneration of

¹ This evidence was recently confirmed in the *Mémoires* of Madame de la Tour du Pin, who was in the Château at Versailles on the 6th of October, and relates that early in the morning her *bonne* Marguerite rushed into her room and told her that on going down into the courtyard where the guards had just been massacred she had seen a *monsieur* arrive on the scene "with very muddy boots and a whip in his hand, who was no other than the Duc d'Orléans, whom she knew quite well from having often seen him, that also the wretches surrounding him showed their joy, crying out, 'Vive notre Roi d'Orléans!' whilst he signed to them with his hand to be silent" (*Journal d'une Femme de Cinquante Ans*, i. 229).

² Robison's *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, p. 392.

the duke, it should be compared with the duke's own account of his movements given in his *Exposé de la Conduite*, drawn up by him in London :

The Duke's Account

There was no Assembly on Sunday the 4th, and I had started off according to my custom on Saturday evening for Paris, intending to return on Monday morning to Versailles, but I was kept by work which certain people of my household had to do with me. I learnt in succession throughout the day (*i.e.* the 5th) of the effervescence taking place in Paris, of the start for Versailles of a considerable quantity of the people with arms and even with cannons, and at last the departure of a great number of the Parisian Guards. I knew nothing else of what was going on at Versailles until the following morning, when M. le Brun,¹ Captain of a company of the National Guard . . . and Inspector of the Palais Royal, had me awoken and came to tell me that an express of the National Guard had come to bring his bodyguard news of Versailles. . . . The same day (*i.e.* the 6th), *towards eight o'clock in the morning, I started for the National Assembly.* . . . Between Sèvres and Versailles I met some carts laden with provisions and escorted by a detachment of the National Guard. . . . The officer in command of the detachment . . . gave me two men as escorts. . . . These two cavaliers escorted me in fact to my house (*i.e.* the Hôtel de Vergennes at Versailles). . . . I left again immediately to go to the National Assembly. I found a number of deputies in the Avenue. They told me the King would hold the Assembly in the Salon d'Hercule; I went up to the Château and to his Majesty (*Exposé de la Conduite de M. le Duc d'Orléans*² *redigé par lui-même à Londres* (June 1790), pp. 17-19).

Mrs. Elliott's Account

Soon after came the 5th of October, a memorable and dreadful day. But I must here do justice to the Duke of Orleans. He certainly was not at Versailles on that dreadful morning, for he breakfasted with company at my house when he was accused of being in the Queen's apartments disguised. He told us then that he heard the fish-women had gone to Versailles with some of the Faubourgs, and that the people said they were gone to bring the King again to Paris. He informed us that he had heard this from some of his own servants from the Palais Royal. He said that he was the more surprised at this, as he had left the Palais Royal at nine o'clock of the night before, and all then seemed perfectly quiet. . . . He stayed at my house till half-past one o'clock. *I have no reason to suppose that he went to Versailles till late in the day when he went to the States*, as everybody knows. I have entered into this subject that I may have an opportunity of declaring that I firmly believe the Duke of Orléans was innocent of the cruel events of that day and night, and that Lafayette was the author and instigator of the treatment the August Royal Family then met with. . . . The Duke of Orléans was even tried on this account, but the proofs were so absurd that it was dropped. And indeed it was clear to everybody that Lafayette and his party were the only guilty people (*Journal of Mrs. Elliott*, pp. 37, 38).

¹ Note that Le Brun did not appear as a witness at the Châtelet to substantiate this statement.

It will be seen that between these two accounts there is no resemblance whatever. In the first place, the Duc d'Orléans says nothing about breakfasting with Mrs. Elliott either on the 5th or 6th; on the contrary, he distinctly states that he was in his own house, the Palais Royal, early in the morning of both days. Mrs. Elliott says he breakfasted with her on the 5th, "when he was accused of being in the Queen's apartments disguised"; but he was never accused of being there on the morning of the 5th, for the mob did not start for Versailles till the middle of the day; and if this was a mere slip of the pen, and Mrs. Elliott really intended to say the 6th, this does not tally either, for the Duke says he left the Palais Royal at eight o'clock and went straight to Versailles, where he remained till the Assembly met, which was about eleven o'clock in the morning. Nor was he ever accused of being disguised as were his followers, and all eye-witnesses were agreed in their description of his dress on that morning. Mrs. Elliott's story, like several other passages in her journal, is evidently a tissue of inaccuracies, or of deliberate mis-statements, but the accusation against Lafayette can only be attributed to Orléaniste influence. No one at the time thought of accusing Lafayette of complicity with the events of October 5 and 6; this charge was brought against him only by the real authors of the day—the members of the Orléaniste conspiracy.¹ Yet it is on this obviously trumped up story that revolutionary historians found their exoneration of the duke! In the absence, therefore, of any convincing alibi, and in the face of the overwhelming evidence brought forward at the Procédure du Châtelet, it seems to me impossible to doubt that the Duc d'Orléans was actually with the crowd at Versailles when they invaded the Château on the 6th of October.

ROTONDO AND THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE

The document preserved amongst the Chatham Papers at the Record Office (where it has been wrongly dated in pencil 1791) consists of a series of questions and answers in French written by two different hands, and accompanied by a letter signed only L., saying that the sender has the honour of forwarding the answers to Mr. Pitt's questions. The inquiry concerning Rotondo runs thus:

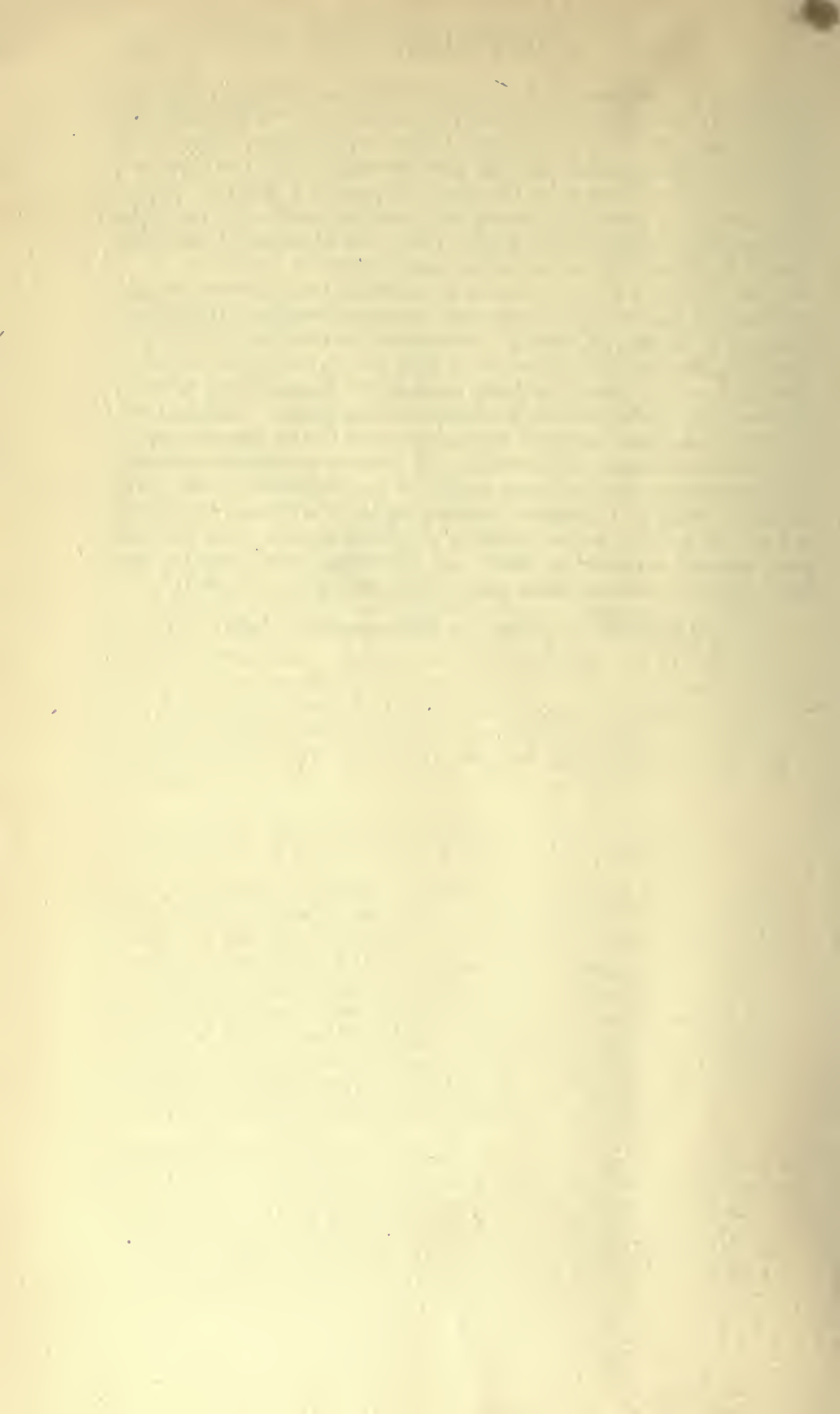
(*Question*) "Qui est Rotondo? Est-ce son nom de guerre ou de famille? A-t-on quelques notions sur ce qu'il faisait avant la Révolution? Depuis quand est-il ici? [*i.e.* evidently in London]. A-t-il avec lui quelque autre chef connu des Travailleurs?"

¹ See the letter of Laclos to Latouche quoted by Montjoie (*Conjuraton de d'Orléans*, iii. 72), in which this phrase occurs in connection with the events of October 6: "Remember above all that it is only by the discredit and degradation of M. de Lafayette that Monseigneur (the Duc d'Orléans) will triumph." The democratic historian Fantin Désodoards quotes this same letter (*Histoire Philosophique*, i. 287), of which he declares that he has seen the original.

(Answer) " Rotondo est un maître italien, c'est son nom de famille : il mourait de faim avant la Révolution. Il est arrivé ici le 24 ou le 25 8^{bre}, il a remplacé Chevy (?), que l'on a envoyé au Portugal : son assesseur est un nommé tillaïe (sic) an^{ien} avocat ; beau-frère de la femme de Danton. Rotondo est l'ami de Barbaroux, le fameux marseillais qui vendait des Bas dans la cour de l'hôtel de Penthièvre et mari d'une fille de cuisine de Madame de Lamballe qui l'a éventrée après qu'on lui eut coupé la tête."

This reveals a curious web of revolutionary intrigue—Rotondo, the friend of Barbaroux, who first sent for the Marseillais ; Barbaroux, a lawyer by profession, selling stockings in the courtyard of the Duc de Penthièvre,¹ father-in-law of the Princess de Lamballe and with whom she lived ; Rotondo sent officially to London—by whom ? Evidently by the leaders of the Orléaniste conspiracy. Incidentally, this correspondence provides further proof of Pitt's non-complicity with the revolutionary movement ; if he had encouraged sedition is it possible that after three years of revolution he would have known nothing of Rotondo, a leading agitator who was frequently in London, and, as we see, officially employed there ? The Travailleurs referred to were evidently an association for watching the movements of the revolutionaries and reporting them to Pitt.

¹ A fact confirmed by Peltier, *La Révolution du 10 Août*, i. 121.



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THE END

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Secret Societies and Subversive Movements

Part I

" There is in Italy a power which we seldom mention in this House... I mean the secret societies.... It is useless to deny, because it is impossible to conceal, that a great part of Europe-the whole of Italy and France and a great portion of Germany, to say nothing of other countries-is covered with a network of those secret societies, just as the superficies of the earth is now being covered with railroads. And what are their objects? They do not attempt to conceal them. They do not want constitutional government: they do not want ameliorated institutions... they want to change the tenure of land, to drive out the present owners of the soil and to put an end to ecclesiastical establishments. Some of them may go further..."

— (DISRAELI in the House of Commons, July 14, 1856.)

PREFACE

It is a matter of some regret to me that I have been so far unable to continue the series of studies on the French Revolution of which *The Chevalier de Boufflers* and *The French Revolution, a Study in Democracy* formed the first two volumes. But the state of the world at the end of the Great War seemed to demand an enquiry into the present phase of the revolutionary movement, hence my attempt to follow its course up to modern times in *World Revolution*. And now before returning to that first cataclysm I have felt impelled to devote one more book to the Revolution as a whole by going this time further back into the past and attempting to trace its origins from the first century of the Christian era. For it is only by taking a general survey of the movement that it is possible to understand the causes of any particular phase of its existence. The French Revolution did not arise merely out of conditions or ideas peculiar to the eighteenth century, nor the Bolshevik Revolution out of political and social conditions in Russia or the teaching of Karl Marx. Both these explosions were produced by forces which, making use of popular suffering and discontent, had long been gathering strength for an onslaught not only on Christianity, but on all social and moral order.

It is of immense significance to notice with what resentment this point of view is met in certain quarters. When I first began to write on revolution a well-known London publisher said to me, "Remember that if you take an anti-revolutionary line you will have the whole literary world against you." This appeared to me extraordinary. Why would the literary world sympathize with a movement which from the French Revolution onwards has always been directed against literature, art, and science, and has openly proclaimed its aim to exalt the manual workers over the intelligentsia? "Writers must be proscribed as the most dangerous enemies of the people," said Robespierre; his colleague Dumas said all clever men should be guillotined. "The system of persecution against men of talents was organized.... They cried out in the sections [of Paris], 'Beware of that man for he has written a book !'" (1) Precisely the same policy has been followed in Russia. Under Moderate Socialism in Germany the professors, not the "people," are starving in garrets. Yet the whole press of our country is permeated with subversive influences. Not merely in partisan works, but in manuals of history or literature for use in schools! Burke is reproached for warning us against the French Revolution and Carlyle's panegyric is applauded. And whilst every slip on the part of an anti-revolutionary writer is seized on by the critics and held up as an example of the whole, the most glaring errors not only of conclusions but of facts pass unchallenged if they happen to be committed by a partisan of the movement. The principle laid down by Collot d'Herbois still holds good: "Tout est permis pour quiconque agit dans sens de la révolution."

All this was unknown to me when I first embarked on my work. I knew that French writers of the past had distorted facts to suit their own political views, that a conspiracy of history is still directed by certain influences in the masonic lodges and the Sorbonne; I did not know that this conspiracy was being carried on in this country. Therefore the publisher's warning did not daunt me. If I was wrong either in my conclusions or facts I was prepared to be challenged. Should not years of laborious historical research meet either with recognition or with reasoned and scholarly refutation? But although my book received a great many generous and appreciative reviews in the press, criticisms which were hostile took a form which I had never anti-

cipated. Not a single honest attempt was made to refute either my French Revolution or World Revolution by the usual methods of controversy; statements founded on documentary evidence were met with flat contradiction unsupported by a shred of counter evidence. In general the plan adopted was not to disprove, but to discredit by means of flagrant misquotations, by attributing me views I had never expressed, or even by means of offensive personalities. It will surely be admitted that this method of attack is unparalleled in any other sphere of literary controversy.

It is interesting to notice that precisely the same line was adopted a hundred years ago with regard to Professor Robison and the Abbé Barruel, whose works on the secret causes of the French Revolution created an immense sensation in their day. The legitimate criticism that might have been made on their work find no place in the diatribes levelled against them; their enemies content themselves merely with calumnies and abuse. A contemporary American writer, Seth Payson, thus describes the methods employed to discredit them:

The testimony of Professor Robison and Abbé Barruel would doubtless have been considered as ample in any case which did not interest the prejudices and passions of men against them. The scurrility and odium with which they have been loaded is perfectly natural and what the nature of their testimony would have led one to expect. Men will endeavour to invalidate that evidence which tends to unveil their dark designs: and it cannot be expected that those who believe that "the end sanctifies the means" will be very scrupulous as to their measures. Certainly he was not who invented the following character and arbitrarily applied it to Dr. Robison, which might have been applied with as much propriety to any other person in Europe or America. The character here referred to, is taken from the American Mercury, printed at Hartford, September 26, 1799, by E. Babcock. In this paper, on the pretended authority of professor Ebeling, we are told "that Robison had lived to fast for his income, and to supply deficiencies had undertaken to alter a bank bill, that he was detected and fled to France; that having been expelled the Lodge in Edinburgh, he applied in France for a second grade, but was refused; that he made the same attempt in Germany and afterwards in Russia, but never succeeded; and from this entertained the bitterest hatred to masonry; that after wandering about Europe for two years, by writing to Secretary Dundas, and presenting a copy of his book which, it was judged, would answer certain purposes of the ministry, the prosecution against him was stopped, the Professor returned in triumph to his country, and now lives upon a handsome pension, instead of suffering the fate of his predecessor Dodd.(2)

Payson goes on to quote a writer in The National Intelligencer of January 1801, who styles himself a "friend to truth" and speaks of Professor Robison as "a man distinguished by abject dependence on a party, by the base crimes of forgery and adultery, and by frequent paroxysms of insanity." Mounier goes further still, and in his pamphlet *De l'influence attribuée aux Philosophes, ... Franks-maçons et... Illuminés, etc.*, inspired by the Illuminatus Bode, quotes a story that Robison suffered from a form of insanity which consisted in his believing that the posterior portion of his body was made of glass !(3)

In support of all this farrago of nonsense there is of course no foundation of truth; Robison was a well-known savant who lived sane and respected to the end of his days. On his death Watt wrote of him: "He was a man of the clearest head and the most science of anybody I have ever known." (4) John Playfair, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1815, whilst criticizing his *Proofs of a Conspiracy*—though at the same time admitting he had himself never had access to the documents Robison had consulted—paid the following tribute to his character and erudition:

His range in science was most extensive; he was familiar with the whole circle of the accurate sciences.... Nothing can add to the esteem which they [i.e. "those who were personally acquainted with him"] felt for his talents and worth or to the respect in which they now hold his memory.(5)

Nevertheless, the lies circulated against both Robison and Barruel were not without effect. Thirteen years later we find another American, this time a Freemason, confessing "with shame and grief and indignation" that he had been carried away by "the flood of vituperation poured upon Barruel and Robison during the past thirty years," that the title pages of their works "were fearful to him," and that although "wishing calmly and candidly to investigate the character of Freemasonry he refused for months to open their books." Yet when in 1827 he read them for the first time he was astonished to find that they showed "a manifest tendency towards Freemasonry." Both Barruel and Robison, he now realized, were "learned men, candid men, lovers of their country, who had a reverence for truth and religion. They give the reasons for their opinions, they quote their authorities, naming the author and page, like honest people; they both had a wish to rescue British Masonry from the condemnation and fellowship of continental Masonry and appear to be sincerely actuated by the desire of doing good by giving their labours to the public."(6)

That the author was right in his description of Barruel's attitude to Freemasonry is shown by Barruel's own words on the subject:

England above all is full of those upright men, excellent citizens, men of every kind and in every condition of life, who count it an honour to be masons, and who are distinguished from other men only by ties which seem to strengthen those of benevolence and fraternal charity. It is not the fear of offending a nation amongst which I have found a refuge which prompts me to make this exception. Gratitude would prevail with me over all such terrors and I should say in the midst of London "England is lost, she will not escape the French Revolution if the masonic lodges resemble those I have to unveil. I would even say more: government and all Christianity would long ago have been lost in England if one could suppose its Freemasons to be initiated into the last mysteries of the sect."(7)

In another passage Barruel observes that Masonry in England is " a society composed of good citizens in general whose chief object is to help each other by principles of equality which for them is nothing else but universal fraternity."(8) And again: " Let us admire it [the wisdom of England] for having known how to make a real source of benefit to the State out of those same mysteries which elsewhere conceal a profound conspiracy against the State and religion."(9)

The only criticism British Freemasons may make on this verdict is that Barruel regards Masonry as a system which originally contained an element of danger that has been eliminated in England whilst they regard it as a system originally innocuous into which a dangerous element was inserted on the Continent. Thus according to the former conception Freemasonry might be compared to one of the brass shell-cases brought back from the battle-fields of France and converted into a flower-pot holder, whilst according to the latter it resembles an innocent brass flowerpot holder which has been used as a receptacle for explosives. The fact is that, as I shall endeavour to show in the course of this book, Freemasonry being a composite system there is some justification for both these theories. In either case it will be seen that Continental Masonry alone stands condemned.

The plan of representing Robison and Barruel as the enemies of British Masonry can therefore only be regarded as a method for discrediting them in the eyes of British Freemasons, and consequently for bringing the latter over to the side of their antagonists. Exactly the same method of attack has been directed against those of us who during the last few years have attempted to warn the world of the secret forces working to destroy civilization; in my own case even the plan of accusing me of having attacked British Masonry has been adopted without the shadow of a foundation. From the beginning I have always differentiated between British and Grand Orient Masonry, and have numbered high British Masons amongst my friends.

But what is the main charge brought against us? Like Robison and Barruel, we are accused of raising a false alarm of creating a bogey, or of being the victims of an obsession. Up to a point this is comprehensible. Whilst on the Continent the importance of secret societies is taken as a matter of course and the libraries of foreign capitals teem with books on the question, people in this country really imagine that secret societies are things of the past-articles to this effect appeared quite recently in two leading London newspapers-whilst practically nothing of any value has been written about them in our language during the last hundred years. Hence ideas that are commonplaces on the Continent here appear sensational and extravagant. The mind of the Englishman does not readily accept anything he cannot see or even sometimes anything he can see which is unprecedented in his experience, that like the West American farmer, confronted for the first time by the sight of a giraffe, his impulse is to cry out angrily: " I don't believe it ! "

But whilst making all allowance for honest ignorance and incredulity, it is impossible not to recognize a certain method in the manner in which the cry of " obsession " or " bogey " is raised. For it will be noticed that people who specialize on other subjects are not described as " obsessed." We do not hear, for example, that Professor Einstein has Relativity " on the brain " because he writes and lectures exclusively on this question, nor do we hear it suggested that Mr. Howard Carter is obsessed with the idea of Tutankhamen and that it would be well if he were to set out for the South Pole by way of a change. Again, all those who warn the world concerning eventualities they conceive to be a danger are not accused of creating bogeys. Thus although Lord Roberts was denounced as a scaremonger for urging the country to prepare for defence against a design openly avowed by Germany both in speech and print, and the Duke of Northumberland was declared to be the victim of a delusion for believing in the existence of a plot against the British Empire which had been proclaimed in a thousand revolutionary harangues and pamphlets, people who, without bothering to produce a shred of documentary evidence, have recently sounded the alarm on the menace of " French Imperialism " and asserted that our late Allies are now engaged in building a vast fleet of aeroplanes in order to attack our coasts, are not held to be either scaremongers or insane. On the contrary, although some of these same people were proved by events to have been completely wrong in their prognostications at the begin-

ning of the Great War, they are still regarded as oracles and sometimes even described as " thinking for half Europe."

Another instance of this kind may be cited in the case of Mr. John Spargo, author of a small book entitled *The Jew and American Ideals*. On page 37 of this work Mr. Spargo in refuting the accusations brought against the Jews observes: Belief in widespread conspiracies directed at individuals or the state is probably the commonest form assumed by the human mind when it loses its balance and its sense of proportion.

Yet on page 6 Mr. Spargo declares that when visiting this country in September and October 1920: " I found in England great nation-wide organizations, obviously well financed, devoted to the sinister purpose of creating anti-Jewish feeling and sentiment. I found special articles in influential newspapers devoted to the same evil purpose. I found at least one journal, obviously well financed again, exclusively devoted to the fostering of suspicion, fear, and hatred against the Jew... and in the bookstores I discovered a whole library of books devoted to the same end."

It will be seen then that a belief in widespread conspiracies is not always to be regarded as a sign of loss of mental balance, even when these conspiracies remain completely invisible to the general public. For those of us who were in London during the period of Mr. Spargo's visit saw nothing of the things he here describes. Where, we ask, were these " great nation-wide organizations " striving to create anti-Jewish sentiments? What were their names? By whom were they led? It is true, however, that there were nation-wide organizations in existence here at this date instituted for the purpose of combating Bolshevism. Is anti-Bolshevism then synonymous with " anti-Semitism "?(10) This is the conclusion to which one is inevitably led. For it will be noticed that anyone who attempts to expose the secret forces behind the revolutionary movement, whether he mentions Jews in this connexion or even if he goes out of his way to exonerate them, will incur the hostility of the Jews and their friends and will still be described as " anti-Semite." The realization of this fact has led me particularly to include the Jews in the study of secret societies.

The object of the present book is therefore to carry further the enquiry I began in *World Revolution*, by tracing the course of revolutionary ideas through secret societies from the earliest times, indicating the rôle of the Jews only where it is to be clearly detected, but not seeking to implicate them where good evidence is not forthcoming. For this reason I shall not base assertions on merely " anti-Semite " works, but principally on the writings of the Jews themselves. In the same way with regard to secret societies I shall rely as far as possible on the documents and admissions of their members, on which point I have been able to collect a great deal of fresh data entirely corroborating my former thesis. It should be understood that I do not propose to give a complete history of secret societies, but only of secret societies in their relation to the revolutionary movement. I shall therefore not attempt to describe the theories of occultism nor to enquire into the secrets of Freemasonry, but simply to relate the history of these systems in order to show the manner in which they have been utilized for a subversive purpose. If I then fail to convince the incredulous that secret forces of revolution exist, it will not be for want of evidence.

— Nesta H. Webster.

1. Moniteur for the 14th Fructidor, An II.
2. Seth Payson, Proofs of the Real Existence and Dangerous Tendency of Illuminism (Charleston, 1802), pp. 5-7.
3. Ibid., p. 5 note.
4. Quoted in the Life of John Robison (1739-1805) by George Stronach in the Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. XLIX. p. 58.
5. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Vol. VII, pp. 538, 539 (1815).
6. Freemasonry, its Pretensions Exposed... by a Master Mason, p. 275 (New York, 1828).
7. Mémoires sur la Jacobinisme, II. 195 (1818 edition).
8. Barruel, op. cit., II. 208.
9. Ibid., II. 311.
10. I use the word " anti-Semitism " here in the sense in which it has come be used-that is to say, anti-Jewry, but place it in inverted commas cause it is in reality a misnomer coined by the Jews in order to create a false impression. The word anti-Semite literally signifies a person who adopts a hostile attitude towards all the descendants of Shem-the Arabs, and the entire twelve tribes of Israel. To apply the term to a person who is merely antagonistic to that fraction of the Semitic race known as the Jews is therefore absurd, and leads to the ridiculous situation that one may be described as " anti-Semitic and pro-Arabian." This expression actually occurred in The New Palestine (New York), March 23, 1923. One might as well speak of being " anti-British and pro-English."

THE ANCIENT SECRET TRADITION

The East is the cradle of secret societies. For whatever end they may have been employed, the inspiration and methods of most of those mysterious associations which have played so important a part behind the scenes of the world's history will be found to have emanated from the lands where the first recorded acts of the great human drama were played out—Egypt, Babylon, Syria, and Persia. On the one hand Eastern mysticism, on the other Oriental love of intrigue, framed the systems later on to be transported to the West with results so tremendous and far-reaching.

In the study of secret societies we have then a double line to follow—the course of associations enveloping themselves in secrecy for the pursuit of esoteric knowledge, and those using mystery and secrecy for an ulterior and, usually, a political purpose.

But esotericism again presents a dual aspect. Here, as in every phase of earthly life, there is the *revers de la médaille*—white and black, light and darkness, the Heaven and Hell of the human mind. The quest for hidden knowledge may end with initiation into divine truths or into dark and abominable cults. Who knows with what forces he may be brought in contact beyond the veil? Initiation which leads to making use of spiritual forces, whether good or evil, is therefore capable of raising man to greater heights or of degrading him to lower depths than he could ever have reached by remaining on the purely physical plane. And when men thus unite themselves in associations, a collective force is generated which may exercise immense influence over the world around. Hence the importance of secret societies.

Let it be said once and for all, secret societies have not always been formed for evil purposes. On the contrary, many have arisen from the highest aspirations of the human mind—the desire for a knowledge of eternal verities. The evil arising from such systems has usually consisted in the perversion of principles that once were pure and holy. If I do not insist further on this point, it is because a vast literature has already been devoted to the subject, so that it need only be touched on briefly here.

Now, from the earliest times groups of Initiates or "Wise Men" have existed, claiming to be in possession of esoteric doctrines known as the "Mysteries," incapable of apprehension by the vulgar, and relating to the origin and end of man, the life of the soul after death, and the nature of God or the gods. It is this exclusive attitude which constitutes the essential difference between the Initiates of the ancient world and the great Teachers of religion with whom modern occultists seek to confound them. For whilst religious leaders such as Buddha and Mohammed sought for divine knowledge in order that they might impart it to the world, the Initiates believed that sacred mysteries should not be revealed to the profane but should remain exclusively in their own keeping. So although the desire for initiation might spring from the highest aspiration, the gratification, whether real or imaginary, of this desire often led to spiritual arrogance and abominable tyranny, resulting in the fearful trials, the tortures physical and mental, ending even at times in death, to which the neophyte was subjected by his superiors.

The Mysteries

According to a theory current in occult and masonic circles, certain ideas were common to all the more important "Mysteries," thus forming a continuous tradition handed down through succeeding groups of Initiates of different ages and countries. Amongst these ideas is said to have been the conception of the unity of God. Whilst to the multitude it was deemed advisable to preach polytheism, since only in this manner could the plural aspects of the Divine be apprehended by the multitude, the Initiates themselves believed in the existence of one Supreme Being, the Creator of the Universe, pervading and governing all things. Le Plongeon, whose object is to show an affinity between the sacred mysteries of the Mayas and of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Greeks, asserts that "The idea of a sole and omnipotent Deity, who created all things, seems to have been the universal belief in early ages, amongst all the nations that had reached a high degree of civilization. This was the doctrine of the Egyptian priests." (1) The same writer goes on to say that the "doctrine of a Supreme Deity composed of three parts distinct from each other yet forming one, was universally prevalent among the civilized nations of America, Asia, and the Egyptians," and that the priests and learned men of Egypt, Chaldea, India, or China "... kept it a profound secret and imparted it only to a few select among those initiated in the sacred mysteries." (2) This view has been expressed by many other writers, yet lacks historical proof.

That monotheism existed in Egypt before the days of Moses is, however, certain. Adolf Erman asserts that "even in early times the educated class" believed all the deities of the Egyptian religion to be identical

and that " the priests did not shut their eyes to this doctrine, but strove to grasp the idea of the one God, divided into different persons by poesy and myth.... The priesthood, however, had not the courage to take the final step, to do away with those distinctions which they declared to be immaterial, and to adore the one God under the one name." (3) It was left to Amenhotep IV, later known as Ikhnaton, to proclaim this doctrine openly to the people. Professor Breasted has described the hymns of praise to the Sun God which Ikhnaton himself wrote on the walls of the Amarna tomb-chapels:

They show us the simplicity and beauty of the young king's faith in the sole God. He had gained the belief that one God created not only all the lower creatures but also all races of men, both Egyptians and foreigners. Moreover, the king saw in his God a kindly Father, who maintained all his creatures by his goodness.... In all the progress of men which we have followed through thousands of years, no one had ever before caught such a vision of the great Father of all. (4)

May not the reason why Ikhnaton was later described as a " heretic " be that he violated the code of the priestly hierarchy revealing this secret doctrine to the profane? Hence, too, perhaps the necessity in which the King found himself of suppressing the priesthood, which by persisting in its exclusive attitude kept what he perceived to be the truth from the minds of the people.

The earliest European centre of the Mysteries appears to have been Greece, where the Eleusinian Mysteries existed at a very early date. Pythagoras, who was born in Samos about 582 B.C. spent some years in Egypt, where he was initiated into the Mysteries of Isis. After his return to Greece, Pythagoras is said to have been initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries and attempted to found a secret society in Samos; but this proving unsuccessful, he journeyed to Crotona in Italy, where he collected around him a great number of disciples and finally established his sect. This was divided into two classes of Initiates-the first admitted only into the exoteric doctrines of the master, with whom they were not allowed to speak until after a period of five years' probation; the second consisting of the real Initiates, whom all the mysteries of the esoteric doctrines of Pythagoras were unfolded. This course of instruction, given after the manner of the Egyptians, by means of images and symbols, began with geometrical science, in which Pythagoras during his stay in Egypt had become an adept, and led up finally to abstruse speculations concerning the transmigration of the soul and the nature of God, who was represented under the conception of a Universal Mind diffused through all things. It is however, as the precursor of secret societies formed later in the West of Europe that the sect of Pythagoras enters into the scope of this book. Early masonic tradition traces Freemasonry partly to Pythagoras, who is said to have travelled in England, and there certainly some reason to believe that his geometrical ideas entered into the system of the operative guilds of masons.

The Jewish Cabala(5)

According to Fabre d'Olivet, Moses, who " was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," drew from the Egyptian Mysteries a part of the oral tradition which was handed down through the leaders of the Israelites. (6) That such an oral tradition, distinct from the written word embodied in the Pentateuch, did descend from Moses and that it was later committed to writing in the Talmud and the Cabala is the opinion of many Jewish writers. (7)

The first form of the Talmud, called the Mishna, appeared in about the second or third century A.D.; a little later a commentary was added under the name of the Gemara. These two works compose the Jerusalem Talmud, which was revised in the third to the fifth century. This later edition was named the Babylonian Talmud and is the one now in use.

The Talmud relates mainly to the affairs of everyday life - the laws of buying and selling, of making contracts-also to external religious observances, on all of which the most meticulous details are given. As a Jewish writer has expressed it:

... the oddest rabbinical conceits are elaborated through many volumes with the finest dialectic, and the most absurd questions are discussed with the highest efforts of intellectual power; for example, how many white hairs may a red cow have, and yet remain a red cow; what sort of scabs require this or that purification; whether a louse or a flea may be killed on the Sabbath-the first being allowed, while the second is a deadly sin; whether the slaughter of an animal ought to be executed at the neck or the tail; whether the high priest put on his shirt or his hose first; whether the Jabam, that is, the brother of a man who died childless, being required by law to marry the widow, is relieved from his obligation if he falls off a roof and sticks in the mire. (8)

But it is in the Cabala, a Hebrew word signifying " reception," that is to say " a doctrine orally received," that the speculative and philosophical or rather the theosophical doctrines of Israel are to be found. These

are contained in two books, the Sepher Yetzirah and the Zohar.

The Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of the Creation, is described by Edersheim as a monologue on the part of Abraham, in which, by the contemplation of all that is around him, he ultimately arrives at the conclusion of the unity of God"(9); but since this process is accomplished by an arrangement of the Divine Emanations under the name of the Ten Sephiroths, and in the permutation of numerals and of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, it would certainly convey no such idea-nor probably indeed any idea at all-to the mind uninitiated into Cabalistic systems. The Sepher Yetzirah is in fact admittedly a work of extraordinary obscurity(10) and almost certainly of extreme antiquity. Monsieur Paul Vulliaud, in his exhaustive work on the Cabala recently published,(11) says that its date has been placed as early as the sixth century before Christ and as late as the tenth century A.D., but that it is at any rate older than the Talmud is shown by the fact that in the Talmud the Rabbis are described as studying it for magical purposes.(12) The Sepher Yetzirah is also said to be the work referred to in the Koran under the name of the " Book of Abraham."(13)

The immense compilation known as the Sepher-Ha-Zohar, or Book of Light, is, however, of greater importance to the study of Cabalistic philosophy. According to the Zohar itself the " Mysteries of Wisdom " were imparted to Adam by God whilst he was still in the Garden of Eden, in the form of a book delivered by the angel Razael. From Adam the book passed on to Seth, then to Enoch, to Noah, to Abraham, and later to Moses, one of its principal exponents.(14) Other Jewish writers declare, however, that Moses received it for the first time on Mount Sinai and communicated it to the Seventy Elders, by whom it was handed down to David and Solomon, then to Ezra and Nehemiah, and finally to the Rabbis of the early Christian era.(15)

Until this date the Zohar had remained a purely oral tradition, but now for the first time it is said to have been written down by the disciples of Simon ben Jochai. The Talmud relates that for twelve years the Rabbi Simon and his son Eliezer concealed themselves in a cavern, where, sitting in the sand up to their necks, they meditated on the sacred law and were frequently visited by the prophet Elias.(16) In this way, Jewish legend adds, the great book of the Zohar was composed and committed to writing by the Rabbi's son Eliezer and his secretary the Rabbi Abba.(17)

The first date at which the Zohar is definitely known to have appeared is the end of the thirteenth century, when it was committed to writing by a Spanish Jew, Moses de Leon, who, according to Dr. Ginsburg, said he had discovered and reproduced the original document of Simon ben Jochai; his wife and daughter, however, declared that he had composed it all himself.(18) Which is the truth? Jewish opinion is strongly divided on this question, one body maintaining that the Zohar is the comparatively modern work of Moses de Leon, the other declaring it to be of extreme antiquity. M. Vulliaud, who has collated all these views in the course of some fifty pages, shows that although the name Zohar might have originated with Moses de Leon, the ideas it embodied were far older than the thirteenth century. How, he asks pertinently, would it have been possible for the Rabbis of the Middle Ages to have been deceived into accepting as an ancient document a work that was of completely modern origin? (19) Obviously the Zohar was not the composition of Moses de Leon, but a compilation made by him from various documents dating from very early times. Moreover, as Vulliaud goes on to explain, those who deny its antiquity are the anti-Cabalists, headed by Graetz, whose object is to prove the Cabala to be at variance with orthodox Judaism. Theodore Reinach goes so far as to declare the Cabala to be " a subtle poison which enters into the veins of Judaism and wholly infests it "; Salomon Reinach calls it " one of the worst aberrations of the human mind."(20) This view, many a student of the Cabala will hardly dispute, but to say that it is foreign to Judaism is another matter. The fact is that the main ideas of the Zohar find confirmation in the Talmud. As the Jewish Encyclopædia observes, " the Cabala is not really in opposition to the Talmud," and " many Talmudic Jews have supported and contributed to it."(21) Adolphe Franck does not hesitate to describe it as " the heart and life of Judaism."(22) " The greater number of the most eminent Rabbis of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries believed firmly sacredness of the Zohar and the infallibility of its teaching."(23)

The question of the antiquity of the Cabala is therefore in reality largely a matter of names. That a mystical tradition existed amongst the Jews from remote antiquity will hardly be denied by anyone (24); it is therefore, as M Vulliaud observes, "only a matter of knowing at what moment Jewish mysticism took the name of Cabala."(25) Edersheim asserts that-

It is undeniable that, already at the time of Jesus Christ, there existed an assemblage of doctrines and speculations that were carefully concealed from the multitude. They were not even revealed to ordinary scholars, for fear of leading them towards heretical ideas. This kind bore the name of Kabbalah, and as the term (of Kabbalah, to receive, transmit) indicates, it represented the spiritual traditions transmitted from the earliest ages, although mingled in the course of time with impure or foreign elements.(26)

Is the Cabala, then, as Gougenot des Mousseaux asserts, older than the Jewish race, a legacy handed down from the first patriarchs of the world? (27) We must admit this hypothesis to be incapable of proof, yet it is one that has found so much favour with students of occult traditions that it cannot be ignored. The Jewish Cabala itself supports it by tracing its descent from the patriarchs-Adam, Noah, Enoch, and Abraham-who lived before the Jews as a separate race came into existence. Eliphas Lévi accepts this genealogy, and relates that " the Holy Cabala" was the tradition of the children of Seth carried out of Chaldea by Abraham, who was " the inheritor of the secrets of Enoch and the father of initiation in Israel." (28)

According to this theory, which we find again propounded by the American Freemason, Dr. Mackey, (29) there was, besides the divine Cabala of the children of Seth, the magical Cabala of the children of Cain, which descended to the Sabeists. or star-worshippers, of Chaldea, adepts in astrology and necromancy. Sorcery, as we know, had been practised by the Canaanites before the occupation of Palestine by the Israelites; Egypt, India, and Greece also had their soothsayers and diviners. In spite of the imprecations against sorcery contained in the law of Moses, the Jews, disregarding these warnings, caught the contagion and mingled the sacred tradition they had inherited with magical ideas partly borrowed from other races partly of their own devising. At the same time the speculative side of the Jewish Cabala borrowed from the philosophy of the Persian Magi, of the Neo-Platonists, (30) and of the Neo-Pythagoreans. There is, then, some justification for the anti-Cabalists' contention that what we know to-day as the Cabala is not of purely Jewish origin.

Gougenot des Mousseaux, who had made a profound study of occultism, asserts that there were therefore two Cabalas: the ancient sacred tradition handed down from the first patriarchs of the human race; and the evil Cabala, wherein the sacred tradition was mingled by the Rabbis with barbaric superstitions, combined with their own imaginings and henceforth marked with their seal. (31) This view also finds expression in the remarkable work of the converted Jew Drach, who refers to-

The ancient and true Cabala, which... we distinguish from the modern Cabala, false, condemnable, and condemned by the Holy See, the work of the Rabbis, who have falsified and perverted the Talmudic tradition. The doctors of the Synagogue trace it back to Moses, whilst at the same time admitting that the principal truths it contains were those known by revelation to the first patriarchs of the world. (32)

Further on Drach quotes the statement of Sixtus of Sienna, another converted Jew and a Dominican, protected by Pius V:

Since by the decree of the Holy Roman Inquisition all books appertaining to the Cabala have lately been condemned, one must know that the Cabala is double; that one is true, the other false. The true and pious one is that which... elucidates the secret mysteries of the holy law according to the principle of anagogy (i.e. figurative interpretation). This Cabala therefore the Church has never condemned. The false and impious Cabala is a certain mendacious kind of Jewish tradition, full of innumerable vanities and falsehoods, differing but little from necromancy. This kind of superstition therefore, improperly called Cabala, the Church within the last few years has deservedly condemned. (33)

The modern Jewish Cabala presents a dual aspect- theoretical and practical; the former concerned with theosophical speculations, the latter with magical practices. It would be impossible here to give an idea of Cabalistic theosophy with its extraordinary imaginings on the Sephiroths, the attributes and functions of good and bad angels, dissertations on the nature of demons, and minute details on the appearance of God under the name of the Ancient of Ancients, from whose head 400,000 worlds receive the light. " The length of this face from the top of the head is three hundred and seventy times ten thousand worlds. It is called the ' Long Face,' for such is the name of the Ancient of Ancients." (34) The description of the hair and beard alone belonging to this gigantic countenance occupies a large place in the Zoharic treatise, *Idra Raba*. (35)

According to the Cabala, every letter in the Scriptures contains a mystery only to be solved by the initiated. (36) By means of this system of interpretation passages of the Old Testament are shown to bear meanings totally unapparent to the ordinary reader. Thus the Zohar explains that Noah was lamed for life by the bite of a lion whilst he was in the ark, (37) the adventures of Jonah inside the whale are related with an extraordinary wealth of imagination, (38) whilst the beautiful story of Elisha and the Shunnamite woman is travestied in the most grotesque manner. (39)

In the practical Cabala this method of " decoding " is reduced to a theurgic or magical system in which the healing of diseases plays an important part and is effected by means of the mystical arrangement of numbers and letters, by the pronunciation of the Ineffable Name, by the use of amulets and talismans, or by compounds supposed to contain certain occult properties.

All these ideas derive from very ancient cults; even the art of working miracles by the use of the Divine Name, which after the appropriation of the Cabala by the Jews became the particular practice of Jewish mir-

acle-workers, appears to have originated in Chaldea.(40) Nor can the insistence on the Chosen People theory, which forms the basis of all Talmudic and Cabalistic writings, be regarded as of purely Jewish origin; the ancient Egyptians likewise believed themselves to be " the peculiar people specially loved by the gods."(41) But in the hands of the Jews this belief became a pretension to the exclusive enjoyment of divine favour. According to the Zohar, " all Israelites will have a part in the future world," (42) and on arrival there will not be handed over like the goyim (or non-Jewish races) to the hands of the angel Douma and sent down to Hell.(43) Indeed the goyim are even denied human attributes. The Zohar again explains that the words of the Scripture " Jehovah Elohim made man " mean that He made Israel.(44) The seventeenth-century Rabbinical treatise Emek ha Melek observes: " Our Rabbis of blessed memory have said: ' Ye Jews are mea because of the soul ye have from the Supreme Man (i.e. God). But the nations of the world are not styled men because they have not, from the Holy and Supreme Man, the Neschama (or glorious soul), but they have the Nephesh (soul) from Adam Belial, that is the malicious and unnecessary man, called Sammael, the Supreme Devil.' " (45)

In conformity with this exclusive attitude towards the rest of the human race, the Messianic idea which forms the dominating theme of the Cabala is made to serve purely Jewish interests. Yet in its origins this idea was possibly not Jewish. It is said by believers in an ancient secret tradition common to other races besides the Jews, that a part of this tradition related to a past Golden Age when man was free from care and evil non-existent, to the subsequent fall of Man and the loss of this primitive felicity, and finally to a revelation received from Heaven foretelling the reparation of this loss and the coming of a Redeemer who should save the world and restore the Golden Age. According to Drach:

The tradition of a Man-God who should present Himself as the teacher and liberator of the fallen human race was constantly taught amongst all the enlightened nations of the globe. *Vetus et constans opinio*, as Suetonius says. It is of all times and of all places.(46)

And Drach goes on to quote the evidence of Volney, who had travelled in the East and declared that-

The sacred and mythological traditions of earlier times had spread throughout all Asia the belief in a great Mediator who was to come, of a future Saviour, King, God, Conqueror, and Legislator who would bring back the Golden Age to earth and deliver men from the empire of evil.(47)

All that can be said with any degree of certainty with regard to this belief is that it did exist amongst the Zoroastrians of Persia as well as amongst the Jews. D'Herbelot, quoting Abulfaraj, shows that five hundred years before Christ, Zerdasht, the leader of the Zoroastrians, predicted the coming of the Messiah, at whose birth a star would appear. He also told his disciples that the Messiah would be born of a virgin, that they would be the first to hear of Him, and that they should bring Him gifts.(48)

Drach believes that this tradition was taught in the ancient synagogue,(49) thus explaining the words of St. Paul that unto the Jews " were committed the oracles of God " (50):

This oral doctrine, which is the Cabala, had for its object the most sublime truths of the Faith which it brought back incessantly to the promised Redeemer, the foundation of the whole system of the ancient tradition.(51)

Drach further asserts that the doctrine of the Trinity formed a part of this tradition:

Whoever has familiarized himself with that which was taught by the ancient doctors of the Synagogue, particularly those who lived before the coming of the Saviour, knows that the Trinity in one God was a truth admitted amongst them from the earliest times.(52)

M. Vulliaud points out that Graetz admits the existence of this idea in the Zohar: " It even taught certain doctrines which appeared favourable to the Christian dogma of the Trinity ! " And again: " It is incontestable that the Zohar makes allusions to the beliefs in the Trinity and the Incarnation." (53) M. Vulliaud adds: " The idea of the Trinity must therefore play an important part in the Cabala, since it has been possible to affirm that ' the characteristic of the Zohar and its particular conception is its attachment to the principle of the Trinity,' " (54) and further quotes Edersheim as saying that " a great part of the explanation given in the writings of the Cabalists resembles in a surprising manner the highest truths of Christianity." (55) It would appear, then, that certain remnants of the ancient secret tradition lingered on in the Cabala. The Jewish Encyclopedia, perhaps unintentionally, endorses this opinion, since in deriding the sixteenth-century Christian Cabalists for asserting that the Cabala contained traces of Christianity, it goes on to say that what appears to be Christian in the Cabala is only ancient esoteric doctrine.(56) Here, then, we have it on the authority of modern Jewish scholars that the ancient secret tradition was in harmony with Christian teaching. But in the teaching of the later synagogue the philosophy of the earlier sages was narrowed down to suit the exclusive

system of the Jewish hierarchy and the ancient hope of a Redeemer who should restore Man to the state of felicity he had lost at the Fall was transformed into the idea of salvation for the Jews alone (57) under the ægis of a triumphant and even an avenging Messiah.(58) It is this Messianic dream perpetuated in the modern Cabala which nineteen hundred years ago the advent of Christ on earth came to disturb.

The Coming Of The Redeemer

The fact that many Christian doctrines, such as the conception of a Trinity, the miraculous birth and murder of a Deity, had found a place in earlier religions has frequently been used as an argument to show that the story of Christ was merely a new version of various ancient legends, those of Attis, Adonis, or of Osiris, and that consequently the Christian religion is founded on a myth. The answer to this is that the existence of Christ on earth is an historical fact which no serious authority has ever denied. The attempts of such writers as Drews and J. M. Robertson to establish the theory of the " Christ-Myth " which find an echo in the utterances of Socialist orators,(59) have been met with so much able criticism as to need no further refutation. Sir John Frazer, who will certainly not be accused of bigoted orthodoxy, observes in this connexion:

The doubts which have been cast on the historical reality of Jesus are, in my judgement, unworthy of serious attention.... To dissolve the founder of Christianity into a myth, as some would do is hardly less absurd than it would be to do the same for Mohammed, Luther, and Calvin.(60)

May not the fact that certain circumstances in the life of Christ were foreshadowed by earlier religions indicate, as Eliphas Lévi observes, that the ancients had an intuition of Christian mysteries? (61)

To those therefore who had adhered to the ancient tradition, Christ appeared as the fulfilment of a prophecy as old as the World. Thus the Wise Men came from afar to worship the babe of Bethlehem, and when they saw His star in the East they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. In Christ they hailed not only Him who was born King of the Jews, but the Saviour of the whole human race.(62)

In the light of this great hope, that wondrous night in Bethlehem is seen in all its sublimity. Throughout the ages the seers had looked for the coming of the Redeemer, and lo ! He was here; but it was not to the mighty in Israel, to the High Priests and the Scribes, that His birth was announced, but to humble shepherds watching their flocks by night. And these men of simple faith, hearing from the angels " the good tidings of great joy " that a Saviour, " Christ the Lord," was born went with haste to see the babe lying in the manger, and returned " glorifying and praising God." So also to the devout in Israel, to Simeon and to Anna the prophetess, the great event appeared in its universal significance, and Simeon, departing in peace, knew that his eyes had seen the salvation that was to be " a light to lighten the Gentiles " as well as the glory of the people of Israel.

But to the Jews, in whose hands the ancient tradition had been turned to the exclusive advantage of the Jewish race, the Rabbis, who had, moreover, constituted themselves the sole guardians within this nation of the said tradition, the manner of its fulfilment was necessarily abhorrent. Instead a resplendent Messiah who should be presented by them to the people, a Saviour was born amongst the people themselves and brought to Jerusalem to be presented to the Lord; a Saviour moreover who, as time went on, imparted His divine message to the poor and humble and declared that His Kingdom was not of this world. This was clearly what Mary meant when she said that God had " scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts," that He had " put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." Christ was therefore doubly hateful to the Jewish hierarchy in that He attacked the privilege of the race to which they belonged by throwing open the door to all mankind, and the privilege of the caste to which they belonged by revealing sacred doctrines to the profane and destroying their claim to exclusive knowledge.

Unless viewed from this aspect, neither the antagonism displayed by the Scribes and Pharisees towards our Lord nor the denunciations He uttered against them can be properly understood. " Woe unto you, Lawyers ! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.... Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in your selves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." What did Christ mean by the key of knowledge? Clearly the sacred tradition which, as Drach explains, foreshadowed the doctrines of Christianity.(63) It was the Rabbis who perverted that tradition, and thus " the guilt of these perfidious Doctors consisted in their concealing from the people the traditional explanation of the sacred books by means of which they would have been able to recognize the Messiah in the person of Jesus Christ." (64) Many of the people, however, did recognize Him; indeed, the multitude acclaimed Him, spreading their garments before Him and crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David ! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord ! " Writers who have cited the choice of Barabbas in the place of Christ as an instance of misguided

popular judgement, overlook the fact that this choice was not spontaneous; it was the Chief Priests who delivered Christ "from envy" and who " moved the people that Pilate should rather release unto them Barab-bas." Then the people obediently cried out, " Crucify Him ! "

So also it was the Rabbis who, after hiding from the people the meaning of the sacred tradition at the moment of its fulfilment, afterwards poisoned that same stream for future generations. Abominable calumnies on Christ and Christianity occur not only in the Cabala but in the earlier editions of the Talmud. In these, says Barclay-

Our Lord and Saviour is " that one," " such a one," " a fool," "the leper," " the deceiver of Israel," etc. Efforts are made to prove that He is the son of Joseph Pandira before his marriage with Mary. His miracles are attributed to sorcery, the secret of which He brought in a slit in His flesh out of Egypt. He is said to have been first stoned and then hanged on the eve of the Passover. His disciples are called heretics and opprobrious names. They are accused of immoral practices, and the New Testament is called a sinful book. The references to these subjects manifest the most bitter aversion and hatred.(65)

One might look in vain for passages such as these in English or French translations of the Talmud, for the reason that no complete translation exists in these languages. This fact is of great significance. Whilst the sacred books of every other important religion have been rendered into our own tongue and are open to everyone to study, the book that forms the foundation of modern Judaism is closed to the general public. We can read English translations of the Koran, of the Dhammapada, of the Sutta Nipata, of the Zend Avesta, of the Shu King, of the Laws of Manu, of the Bhagavadgita, but we cannot read the Talmud. In the long series of Sacred Books of the East the Talmud finds no place. All that is accessible to the ordinary reader consists, on one hand, in expurgated versions or judicious selections by Jewish and pro-Jewish compilers, and, on the other hand, in " anti-semitic " publications on which it would be dangerous to place reliance. The principal English translation by Rodkinson is very incomplete, and the folios are nowhere indicated, so that it is impossible to look up a passage.(66) The French translation by Jean de Pavly professes to present the entire text of the Venetian Talmud of 1520, but it does nothing of the kind.(67) The translator, in the Preface, in fact admits that he has left out " sterile discussions " and has throughout attempted to tone down " the brutality of certain expressions which offend our ears." This of course affords him infinite latitude, so that all passages likely to prove displeasing to the " Hébraïsants," to whom his work is particularly dedicated, are discreetly expunged. Jean de Pauly's translation of the Cabala appears, however, to be complete.(68) But a fair and honest rendering of the whole Talmud into English or French still remains to be made.

Moreover, even the Hebrew scholar is obliged to exercise some discrimination if he desires to consult the Talmud in its original form. For by the sixteenth century, when the study of Hebrew became general amongst Christians, the anti-social and anti-Christian tendencies of the Talmud attracted the attention of the Censor, and in the Bâle Talmud of 1581 the most obnoxious passages and the entire treatise Abodah Zara were suppressed.(69)

In the Cracow edition of 1604 that followed, these passages were restored by the Jews, a proceeding which aroused so much indignation amongst Christian students of Hebrew that the Jews became alarmed. Accordingly a Jewish synod, assembled in Poland in 1631, ordered the offending passages be expunged again, but-according to Drach-to be replaced by circles which the Rabbis were to fill in orally when giving instruction to young Jews.(70) After that date the Talmud was for a time carefully bowdlerized, so that in order to discover its original form it is advisable to go back to the Venetian Talmud of 1520 before any omissions were made, or to consult a modern edition. For now that the Jews no longer fear the Christians, these passages are all said to have been replaced and no attempt is made, as in the Middle Ages, to prove that they do not refer to the Founder of Christianity.(71)

Thus the Jewish Encyclopædia admits that Jewish legends concerning Jesus are found in the Talmud and Midrash and " the life of Jesus (Toledot Yeshu) that originated in the Middle Ages. It is the tendency of all these sources to belittle the person of Jesus by ascribing to Him illegitimate birth, magic, and a shameful death."(72)

The last work mentioned, the Toledot Yeshu, or the Sepher Toldos Jeschu, described here as originating in the Middle Ages, probably belongs in reality to a much earlier period. Eliphas Lévi asserts that " the Sepher Toldos, to which the Jews attribute a great antiquity and which they hid from the Christians with such precautions that this book was for a long while unfindable, is quoted for the first time by Raymond Martin of the Order of the Preaching Brothers towards the end of the thirteenth century.... This book was evidently written by a Rabbi initiated into the mysteries of the Cabala."(73) Whether then the Toledot Yeshu had existed for many centuries before it was first brought to light or whether it was a collection of Jewish

traditions woven into a coherent narrative by a thirteenth-century Rabbi, the ideas it contains can be traced back at least as far as the second century of the Christian era. Origen, who in the middle of the third century wrote his reply to the attack of Celsus on Christianity, refers to a scandalous story closely resembling the Toledot Yeshu, which Celsus, who lived towards the end of the second century, had quoted on the authority of a Jew.(74) It is evident, therefore, that the legend it contains had long been current in Jewish circles, but the book itself did not come into the hands of Christians until it was translated into Latin by Raymond Martin. Later on Luther summarized it in German under the name of Schem Hamphorasch; Wagenseil in 1681 and Huldreich in 1705 published Latin translations.(75) It is also to be found in French in Gustave Brunet's *Evangelies Apocryphes*.

However repugnant it is to transcribe any portion of this blasphemous work, its main outline must be given here in order to trace the subsequent course of the anti-Christian secret tradition in which, as we shall see, it has been perpetuated up to our own day. Briefly, then, the Toledot Yeshu relates with the most indecent details that Miriam, a hairdresser of Bethlehem,(76) affianced to a young man named Jochanan, was seduced by a libertine, Joseph Panther or Pandira, and gave birth to a son whom she named Jehosuah or Jeschu. According to the Talmudic authors of the Sota and the Sanhedrim, Jeschu was taken during his boyhood to Egypt, where he was initiated into the secret doctrines of the priests, and on his return to Palestine gave himself up to the practice of magic.(77) The Toledot Yeshu, however, goes on to say that on reaching manhood Jeschu learnt the secret of illegitimacy, on account of which he was driven out of the Synagogue and took refuge for a time in Galilee. Now, there was in the Temple a stone on which was engraved the Tetragrammaton or Schem Hamphorasch, that is to say, the Ineffable Name of God; this stone had been found by King David when the foundations of the Temple were being prepared and was deposited by him in the Holy of Holies. Jeschu, knowing this, came from Galilee and, penetrating into the Holy of Holies, read the Ineffable Name, which he transcribed on to a piece of parchment and concealed in an incision under his skin. By this means he was able to work miracles and to persuade the people that he was the son of God foretold by Isaiah. With the aid of Judas, the Sages of the Synagogue succeeded in capturing Jeschu, who was then led before the Great and Little Sanhedrim, by which he was condemned to be stoned to death and finally hanged.

Such is the story of Christ according to the Jewish Cabalists, which should be compared not only with the Christian tradition but with that of the Moslems. It is perhaps not sufficiently known that the Koran, whilst denying the divinity of Christ and also the fact of His crucifixion,(78) nevertheless indignantly denounces the infamous legends concerning Him perpetuated by the Jews, and confirms in beautiful language the story of the Annunciation and the doctrine of the Miraculous Conception.(79) "Remember when the angels said, 'O Mary ! verily hath God chosen thee and purified thee, and chosen thee above the women of the worlds.'... Remember when the angels said: 'O Mary ! verily God announceth to thee the Word from Him: His name shall be Messiah, Jesus the son of Mary, illustrious in this world, and in the next, and one of those who have near access to God.' "

The Mother of Jesus is shown to have been pure and to have " kept her maidenhood " (80); it was the Jews who spoke against Mary "a grievous calumny." (81) Jesus Himself is described as " strengthened with the Holy Spirit," and the Jews are reproached for rejecting "the Apostle of God, " (82) to whom was given " the Evangel with its guidance and light confirmatory of the preceding Law." (83)

Thus during the centuries that saw the birth of Christianity, although other non-Christian forces arrayed themselves against the new faith, it was left to the Jews to inaugurate a campaign of vilification against the person of its Founder, whom Moslems this day revere as one of the great teachers of the world.(84)

The Essenes

A subtler device for discrediting Christianity and undermining belief in the divine character of our Lord has been adopted by modern writers, principally Jewish, who set out to prove that He belonged to the sect of the Essenes, a community of ascetics holding all goods in common, which had existed in Palestine before the birth of Christ. Thus the Jewish historian Graetz declares that Jesus simply appropriated to himself the essential features of Essenism, and that primitive Christianity was " nothing but an offshoot of Essenism." (85) The Christian Jew Dr. Ginsburg partially endorses this view in a small pamphlet (86) containing most of the evidence that has been brought forward on the subject, and himself expresses the opinion that " it will hardly be doubted that our Saviour Himself belonged to this holy brotherhood." (87) So after representing Christ as a magician in the Toledot Yeshu and the Talmud, Jewish tradition seeks to explain His miraculous works as those of a mere healer—an idea that we shall find descending right through the secret societies to this day. Of course if this were true, if the miracles of Christ were simply due to a know-

ledge of natural law and His doctrines were the outcome of a sect, the whole theory of His divine power and mission falls to the ground. This is why it is essential to expose the fallacies and even the bad faith on which the attempt to identify Him with the Essenes is based.

Now, we have only to study the Gospels carefully in order to realize that the teachings of Christ were totally different from those peculiar to the Essenes.(88) Christ did not live in a fraternity, but, as Dr. Ginsburg himself points out, associated with publicans and sinners. The Essenes did not frequent the Temple and Christ was there frequently. The Essenes disapproved of wine and marriage, whilst Christ sanctioned marriage by His presence at the wedding of Cana in Galilee and there turned water into wine. A further point, the most conclusive of all, Dr. Ginsburg ignores, namely, that one of the principal traits of the Essenes which distinguished them from the other Jewish sects of their day was their disapproval of ointment, which they regarded as defiling, whilst Christ not only commended the woman who brought the precious jar of ointment, but reproached Simon for the omission: " My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment." It is obvious that if Christ had been an Essene but had departed from His usual custom on this occasion out of deference to the woman's feelings, He would have understood why Simon had not offered Him the same attention, and at any rate Simon would have excused himself on these grounds. Further if His disciples had been Essenes, would they not have protested against this violation of their principles, instead of merely objecting that the ointment was of too costly a kind?

But it is in attributing to Christ the Communistic doctrines of the Essenes that Dr. Ginsburg's conclusions are the most misleading—a point of particular importance in view of the fact that it is on this false hypothesis that so-called "Christian Socialism" has been built up. " The Essenes," he writes, had all things in common, and appointed one of the brethren as steward to manage the common bag; so the primitive Christians (Acts ii. 44, 45, iv. 32-4; John xii. 6, xiii. 29)." It is perfectly true that, as the first reference to the Acts testifies, some of the primitive Christians after the death of Christ formed themselves into a body having all things in common, but there is not the slightest evidence that Christ and His disciples followed this principle. The solitary passage in the Gospel of St. John, which are all that Dr. Ginsburg can quote in support of this contention, may have referred to an alms-bag or a fund for certain expenses, not to a common pool of all monetary wealth. Still less is there any evidence that Christ advocated Communism to the world in general. When the young man having great possessions asked what he should do to inherit eternal life, Christ told him to follow the commandments, but on the young man asking what more he could do, answered: " If thou wilt be perfect go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor." Renunciation but not the pooling of all wealth was thus a counsel of perfection for the few who desired to devote their lives to God, as monks and nuns have always done, and bore no relation to the Communistic system of the Essenes.

Dr. Ginsburg goes on to say: " Essenism put all its members on the same level, forbidding the exercise of authority of one over the other and enjoining mutual service; so Christ (Matt. xx. 25-8; Mark ix. 35-7, x. 42-5). Essenism commanded its disciples to call no man master upon the earth, so Christ (Matt. xxiii. 8-10)." As a matter of fact, Christ strongly upheld the exercise of authority, not only in the oft-quoted passage, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," but His approval of the Centurion's speech. " I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and the another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." Everywhere Christ commends the faithful servant and enjoins obedience to masters. If we look up the reference to the Gospel of St. Matthew where Dr. Ginsburg says that Christ commanded His disciples to call no man master on earth, we shall find that he has not only perverted the sense of the passage but reversed the order of the words, which, following a denunciation of the Jewish Rabbis, runs thus: " But not ye called Rabbi: for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.... Neither be ye called masters: one is your master, even Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant." The apostles were, therefore, never ordered to call no man master, but not to be called master themselves. Moreover, if we refer to the Greek text we shall see that this was meant in a spiritual and not a social sense. The word for " master " here given is in the first verse i.e. teacher, in the second, literally guide, and the word for servant is. When masters and servants in the social sense are referred to in the Gospels, the word employed for master is and for servant. Dr. Ginsburg should have been aware of this distinction and that the passage in question had therefore no bearing on his argument. As a matter of fact it would appear that some of the apostles kept servants, since Christ commends them for exacting strict attention to duty:

Which of you, having a servant ploughing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he is come from the field, Go and sit down to meat? And will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterwards thou shalt eat and drink? Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded to him? I trow not.(89)

This passage would alone suffice to show that Christ and His apostles did not inhabit communities where all were equal, but followed the usual practices of the social system under which they lived, though adopting certain rules, such as taking only one garment and carrying no money when they went on journeys. Those resemblances between the teaching of the Essenes and the Sermon on the Mount which Dr. Ginsburg indicates refer not to the customs of a sect, but to general precepts for human conduct—humility meekness, charity, and so forth.

At the same time it is clear that if the Essenes in general conformed to some of the principles laid down by Christ, certain of their doctrines were completely at variance with those of Christ and of primitive Christians, in particular their custom of praying to the rising sun and their disbelief in the resurrection of the body.(90) St. Paul denounces asceticism, warning the brethren that " in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils,... forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving... If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ."

This would suggest that certain Essenean ideas had crept into Christian communities and were regarded by those who remembered Christ's true teaching as a dangerous perversion.

The Essenes were therefore not Christians, but a secret society, practising four degrees of initiation, and bound by a terrible oaths not to divulge the sacred mysteries confided to them. And what were those mysteries but those of the Jewish secret tradition which we now know as the Cabala? Dr. Ginsburg throws an important light on Essenism when, in one passage alone, he refers to the obligation of the Essenes " not to divulge the secret doctrines to anyone,... carefully to preserve the books belonging to their sect and names of the angels or the mysteries connected with the Tetragrammaton and the other names of God and angels, comprised in the theosophy as well as with the cosmogony which also played so important a part among the Jewish mystics and the Kabbalists." (91) The truth is clearly that the Essenes were Cabalists, though doubtless Cabalists of a superior kind. The Cabala they possessed very possibly descended from pre-Christian times and had remained uncontaminated by the anti-Christian strain introduced into it by the Rabbis after the death of Christ.(92)

The Essenes are of importance to the subject of this book as the first of the secret societies from which a direct line of tradition can be traced up to the present day. But if in this peaceful community no actually anti-Christian influence is to be discerned, the same cannot be said of the succeeding pseudo-Christian sects which, whilst professing Christianity, mingled with Christian doctrines the poison of the perverted Cabala, main source of the errors which henceforth rent the Christian Church in twain.

The Gnostics

The first school of thought to create a schism in Christianity was the collection of sects known under the generic name of Gnosticism. In its purer forms Gnosticism aimed at supplementing faith by knowledge of eternal verities and at giving a wider meaning to Christianity by linking it up with earlier faiths. " The belief that the divinity had been manifested in the religious institutions of all nations " (93) thus led to the conception of a sort of universal religion containing the divine elements of all.

Gnosticism, however, as the Jewish Encyclopædia points out, " was Jewish in character long before it became Christian."(94) M. Matter indicates Syria and Palestine as its cradle and Alexandria as the centre by which it was influenced at the time of its alliance with Christianity. This influence again was predominantly Jewish. Philo and Aristobulus, the leading Jewish philosophers of Alexandria, " wholly attached to the ancient religion of their fathers, both resolved to adorn it with the spoils of other systems and to open to Judaism the way to immense conquests." (95) This method of borrowing from other races and religions those ideas useful for their purpose has always been the custom of the Jews. The Cabala, as we have seen, was made up of these heterogeneous elements. And it is here we find the principal progenitor of Gnosticism. The Freemason Ragon gives the clue in the words: The Cabala is the key of the occult sciences. The Gnostics were born of the Cabalists."(96)

For the Cabala was much older than the Gnostics. Modern historians who date it merely from the publication of the Zohar by Moses de Leon in the thirteenth century or from the school of Luria in the sixteenth century obscure this most important fact which Jewish savants have always clearly recognized.(97) The Jewish Encyclopædia, whilst denying the certainty of connexion between Gnosticism and the Cabala, nevertheless admits that the investigations of the anti-Cabalist Graetz " must be resumed on a new basis," and it goes on to show that " it was Alexandria of the first century, or earlier, with her strange commingling of

Egyptian, Chaldean, Judean, and Greek culture which furnished soil and seeds for that mystic philosophy," (98) But since Alexandria was at the same period the home of Gnosticism, which was formed from the same elements enumerated here, the connexion between the two systems is clearly evident. M. Matter is therefore right in saying that Gnosticism was not a defection from Christianity but a combination of systems into which a few Christian elements were introduced. The result of Gnosticism was thus not to Christianize the Cabala, but to cabalize Christianity by mingling its pure and simple teaching with theosophy and even magic. The Jewish Encyclopædia quotes the opinion that " the central doctrine of Gnosticism-a movement closely connected with Jewish mysticism-was nothing else than the attempt to liberate the soul and unite it with God "; but as this was apparently to be effected " through the employment of mysteries, incantations, names of angels," etc., it will be seen how widely even this phase of Gnosticism differ from Christianity and identifies itself with the magical Cabala of the Jews.

Indeed, the man generally recognized as the founder of Gnosticism, a Jew commonly known as Simon Magus, was not only a Cabalist mystic but avowedly a magician, who with a band of Jews, including his master Dositheus and his disciples Menander and Cerinthus, instituted a priesthood of the Mysteries and practised occult arts and exorcisms.(99) It was this Simon of whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles that he " bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one: to whom they all gave heed from the least to the greatest, saying, This man is the great power of God," and who sought to purchase the power of the laying on of hands with money. Simon, indeed, crazed by his incantations and ecstasies, developed megalomania in an acute form, arrogating to himself divine honours and aspiring to the adoration of the whole world. According to a contemporary legend, he eventually became sorcerer to Nero and ended his life in Rome.(100)

The prevalence of sorcery amongst the Jews during the first century of the Christian era is shown by other passages in the Acts of the Apostles; in Paphos the " false prophet," a Jew, whose surname was Bar-Jesus, otherwise known as " Elymas the sorcerer," opposed the teaching of St. Paul and brought on himself the imprecation: " O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? "

Perversion is the keynote of all the debased forms of Gnosticism. According to Eliphas Lévi, certain of the Gnostics introduced into their rites that profanation of Christian mysteries which was to form the basis of black magic in the Middle Ages.(101) The glorification of evil, which plays so important a part in the modern revolutionary movement, constituted the creed of the Ophites, who worshipped the Serpent () because he had revolted against Jehovah, to whom they referred under the Cabalistic term of the " demiurgus," (102) and still more of the Cainites, so-called from their cult of Cain, whom, with Dathan and Abiram, the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, and finally Judas Iscariot, they regarded as noble victims of the demiurgus.(103) Animated by hatred of all social and moral order, the Cainites " called upon all men to destroy the works of God and to commit every kind of infamy."(104)

These men were therefore not only the enemies of Christianity but of orthodox Judaism, since it was against the Jehovah of the Jews that their hatred was particularly directed. Another Gnostic sect the Carpocratians, followers of Carpocrates of Alexandria and his son Epiphanius-who died from his debaucheries and was venerated as a god(105)-likewise regarded all written laws, Christian or Mosaic, with contempt and recognised only the or knowledge given to the great men of every nation-Plato and Pythagoras, Moses and Christ-which " frees one from all that the vulgar call religion" and " makes man equal to God."(106)

So in the Carpocratians of the second century we find already the tendency towards that deification of humanity which forms the supreme doctrine of the secret societies and of the visionary Socialists of our day. The war now begins between the two contending principles: the Christian conception of man reaching up to God and the secret society conception of man as God, needing no revelation from on high and no guidance but the law of his own nature. And since that nature is in itself divine, all that springs from it is praiseworthy, and those acts usually regarded as sins are not to be condemned. By this line of reasoning the Carpocratians arrived at much the same conclusions as modern Communists with regard to the ideal social system. Thus Epiphanius held that since Nature herself reveals the principle of the community and the unity of all things, human laws which are contrary to this law of Nature are so many culpable infractions of the legitimate order of things. Before these laws were imposed on humanity everything was in common-land, goods, and women. According to certain contemporaries, the Carpocratians returned to this primitive system by instituting the community of women and indulging in every kind of licence.

The further Gnostic sect of Antitacts, following this same cult of human nature, taught revolt against all positive religion and laws and the necessity for gratifying the flesh; the Adamites of North Africa, going a step further in the return to Nature, cast off all clothing at their religious service so as to represent the prim-

itive innocence of the garden of Eden-a precedent followed by the Adamites of Germany in the fifteenth century.(107)

These Gnostics, says Eliphas Lévi, under the pretext of " spiritualizing matter, materialized the spirit in the most revolting ways.... Rebels to the hierarchic order,... they wished to substitute the mystical licence of sensual passions to wise Christian sobriety and obedience to laws.... Enemies of the family, they wished to produce sterility by increasing debauchery."(108)

By way of systematically perverting the doctrines of the Christian faith the Gnostics claimed to possess the true versions of the Gospels, and professed belief in these to the exclusion of all the others.(109) Thus the Ebionites had their own corrupted version of the Gospel of St. Matthew founded on the " Gospel of the Hebrews," known earlier to the Jewish Christians; the Marcosians had their version of St. Luke, the Cainites their own " Gospel of Judas," and the Valentinians their " Gospel of St. John." As we shall see later, the Gospel of St. John is the one that throughout the war on Christianity has been specially chosen for the purpose of perversion.

Of course this spirit of perversion was nothing new; many centuries earlier the prophet Isaiah had denounced it in the words: " Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness ! " But the rôle of the Gnostics was to reduce perversion to a system by binding men together into sects working under the guise of enlightenment in order to obscure all recognized ideas of morality and religion. It is this which constitutes their importance in the history of secret societies.

Whether the Gnostics themselves can be described as a secret society, or rather as a ramification of secret societies, is open to question. M. Matter, quoting a number of third century writers, shows the possibility that they had mysteries and initiations; the Church Fathers definitely asserted this to be the case. (110) According to Tertullian, the Valentinians continued, or rather perverted, the mysteries of Eleusis, out of which they made a " sanctuary of prostitution."(111)

The Valentinians are known to have divided their members into three classes-the Pneumatics, the Psychics, and the Hylics (i.e. materialists); the Basilideans are also said to have possessed secret doctrines known to hardly one in a thousand of the sect. From all this M. Matter concludes that:

1. The Gnostics professed to hold by means of tradition a secret doctrine superior to that contained in the public writings of the apostles. 2. That they did not communicate this doctrine to everyone.... 3. That they communicated it by means of emblems and symbols, as the Diagram of the Ophites proves. 4. That in these communications they imitated the rites and trials of the mysteries of Eleusis.(112)

This claim to the possession of a secret oral tradition, whether known under the name of or of Cabala, confirms the conception of the Gnostics as Cabalists and shows how far they had departed from Christian teaching. For if only in this idea of " one doctrine for the ignorant and another for a initiated," the Gnostics had restored the very system which Christianity had come to destroy.(113)

Manicheism

Whilst we have seen the Gnostic sects working for more or less subversive purposes under the guise of esoteric doctrines, we find in the Manicheans of Persia, who followed a century later, a sect embodying the same tendencies and approaching still nearer to secret society organization.

Cubricus or Corbicius, the founder of Manicheism, was born in Babylonia about the year A.D. 216. Whilst still a child he is said to have been bought as a slave by a rich widow of Ctesiphon, who liberated him and on her death left him great wealth. According to another story-for the whole history of Manes rests on legends-he inherited from a rich old woman the books of a Saracen named Scythianus on the wisdom of the Egyptians. Combining the doctrines these books contained with ideas borrowed from Zoroastrianism, Gnosticism, and Christianity, and also with certain additions of his own, he elaborated a philosophic system which he proceeded to teach. Cubricus then changed his name to Mani or Manes and proclaimed himself the Paraclete promised by Jesus Christ. His followers were divided into two classes-the outer circle of hearers or combatants, and the inner circle of teachers or ascetics described as the Elect. As evidence of their resemblance with Freemasons, it has been said that the Manicheans made use of secret signs, grips, and passwords, that owing to the circumstances of their master's adoption they called Manes " the son of the widow " and themselves " the children of the widow," but this is not clearly proved. One of their customs is, however, interesting in this connexion. According to legend, Manes undertook to cure the son of the King of Persia who had fallen ill, but the prince died, whereupon Manes was flayed alive by order of the king and his corpse hanged up at the city gate. Every year after this, on Good Friday, the Manicheans carried out a mourning ce-

remony known as the Bema around the catafalque of Manes, whose real sufferings they were wont to contrast with the unreal sufferings of Christ.

The fundamental doctrine of Manicheism is Dualism- that is to say, the existence of two opposing principles in the world, light and darkness, good and evil-founded, however, not on the Christian conception of this idea, but on the Zoroastrian conception of Ormuzd and Ahriman, and so perverted and mingled with Cabalistic superstitions that it met with as vehement denunciation by Persian priests as by Christian Fathers. Thus, according to the doctrine of Manes, all matter is absolute, the principle of evil is eternal, humanity itself of Satanic origin, and the first human beings, Adam and Eve, are represented as the offspring of devils. (114) Much the same idea may be found in the Jewish Cabala, where it is said that Adam, after other abominable practices, cohabited with female devils whilst Eve consoled herself with male devils, so that whole races of demons were born into the world. Eve is also accused of cohabiting with the Serpent.(115) In the Yalkut Shimoni it is also related that during the 130 years that Adam lived apart from Eve, " he begat a generation of devils, spirits, and hobgoblins "(116) Manichean demonology thus paved the way for the placation of the powers of darkness practised by the Euchites at the end of the fourth century and later by the Paulicians, the Bogomils and the Luciferians.

So it is in Gnosticism and Manicheism that we find evidence of the first attempts to pervert Christianity. The very fact that all such have been condemned by the Church as "heresies" has tended to enlist sympathy in their favour, yet even Eliphas Lévi recognizes that here the action of the Church was right, for the " monstrous gnosis of Manes " was a desecration not only of Christian doctrines but of pre-Christian sacred traditions.

1. August le Plongeon, *Sacred mysteries among the Mayas and the Quiches*, p. 53 (1909).
2. *Ibid.*, pp. 56, 58.
3. Adolf Erman, *Life in Ancient Egypt*, p. 45 (1894).
4. J.H. Breasted, *Ancient Times: a History of the Early World*, p. 92 (1916).
5. This word is spelt variously by different writers thus: Cabala, Cabbala, Kabbala, Kabbalah, Kabalah. I adopt the first spelling as being the one employed in the *Jewish Encyclopædia*.
6. Fabre d'Olivet, *La Langue Hébraïque*, p. 28 (1815).
7. According to the Jewish view God had given Moses on Mount Sinai alike the oral and the written Law, that is, the Law with all its interpretations and applications."-Alfred Edersheim, *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, I. 99 (1883), quoting other Jewish authorities.
8. Solomon Maimon: an Autobiography, translated from the German by J. Clark Murray, p. 28 (1888). The original appeared in 1792.
9. Alfred Edersheim, *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, II. 689 (1883).
10. " There exists in Jewish literature no book more difficult to understand than the *Sepher Yetzirah*."-Phineas Mordell in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, New Series, Vol. II. p. 557.
11. Paul Vulliaud, *La Kabbale Juive: histoire et doctrine*, 2 vols. (Émile Nourry, 62 Rue des Écoles, Paris, 1923). This book, neither the work of a Jew nor of an " anti-Semite," but of a perfectly impartial student, is invaluable for a study of the Cabala rather as a vast compendium of opinions than as an expression of original thought.
12. " Rab Hanina and Rab Oschaya were seated on the eve of every Sabbath studying the *Sepher Ietsirah*; they created a three-year-old heifer and ate it "-Talmud treatise *Sanhedrim*, folio 65.
13. Koran, Sura LXXXVII. 10.
14. Zohar, section *Bereschith*, folio 55, and section *Lekh-Lekha*, folio 76 (De Pauly's translation, Vol. I. pp. 431, 446).
15. Adolphe Franck, *La Kabbale*, p. 39; J.P. Stehelin, *The Traditions of the Jews*, I. 145 (1748).
16. Adolphe Franck, *op. cit.*, p. 68, quoting Talmud treatise *Sabbath*, folio 34; Dr. Christian Ginsburg, *The Kabbalah*, p. 85; Drach, *De l'Harmonie entre l'Église et la Synagogue*, I. 457.
17. Adolphe Franck, *op. cit.*, p. 69.
18. Dr. Christian Ginsburg (1920), *The Kabbalah*, pp. 172, 173.
19. Vulliaud, *op. cit.*, I. 253.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 21, quoting Theodore Reinach, *Histoire des Israélites*, p. 221, and Salomon Reinach, *Orpheus*, p. 299.
21. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Cabala.
22. Adolphe Franck, *op. cit.*, p. 288.
23. Vulliaud, *op. cit.*, I. 256, quoting Greenstone, *The Messiah Idea*, p. 229.
24. H. Loewe, in an article on the Kabbala in *Hastings' Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, says: " This secret mysticism was no late growth. Difficult though it is to prove the date and origin of this system of philosophy and the influences and causes which produced it, we can be fairly certain that its roots stretch back very far and that the mediæval and Geonic Kabbala was the culmination and not the inception of Jewish esoteric mysticism. From the time of Graetz it has been the fashion to decry the Kabbala and to regard it as a later incrustation, as something of which Judaism had reason to be ashamed." The writer goes on to express the opinion that " the recent tendency requires adjustment. The Kabbala, though later in form than is claimed by its adherents, is far older in material than is allowed by its detractors."
25. Vulliaud, *op. cit.*, I. 22.
26. *Ibid.*, I. 13, 14, quoting Edersheim, *La Société Juive au temps de Jésus-Christ* (French translation), pp. 363-4.

27. See chapters on this question by Gougenot des Mousseaux in *Le Juif, Judaïsme et la Judaïsation des Peuples Chrétiens*, pp. 499 and following (2nd edition, 1886). The first edition of this book, published in 1869, is said to have been bought up and destroyed by the Jews, and the author died sudden death before the second edition could be published.
28. Eliphas Levi, *Histoire de la Magie*, pp. 46, 105. (Eliphas Lévi was the pseudonym of the celebrated nineteenth-century occultist the Abbé Constant.)
29. *Lexicon of Freemasonry*, p. 323.
30. Ginsburg, *op. cit.*, p. 105; *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Cabala.
31. Gougenot des Mousseaux, *Le Juif, le judaïsme et la Judaïsation des Peuples Chrétiens*, p. 503 (1886).
32. P.L.B. Drach, *De l'Harmonie entre l'Église et la Synagogue*, Vol. I. p. xiii (1844). M. Vulliaud (*op. cit.*, II. 245) points out that, as far as he can discover, Drach's work has never met with any refutation from the Jews, by whom it was received in complete silence. The *Jewish Encyclopædia* has an article on Drach in which it says he was brought up in a Talmudic school and afterwards became converted to Christianity, but makes no attempt to challenge his statements.
33. Drach, *op. cit.*, Vol. II. p. xix.
34. Franck, *op. cit.*, p. 127.
35. De Pauly's translation, Vol. V. pp. 336-8, 343-6.
36. Zohar, treatise Beschala, folio 59b (De Pauly, III. 265).
37. Zohar, Toldoth Noah, folio 69a (De Pauly, I. 408).
38. Zohar, treatise Beschala, folio 48a (De Pauly, III. 219).
39. *Ibid.*, folio 44a (De Pauly, III. 200).
40. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Cabala.
41. Adolf Erman, *Life in Ancient Egypt*, p. 32.
42. Zohar, treatise Toldoth Noah, folio 59b (De Pauly, I. 347).
43. Zohar treatise Lekh-Lekha, folio 94a (De Pauly, I. 535).
44. Zohar treatise Bereschith, folio 26a (De Pauly, I 161).
45. The Emek ha Melek is the work of the Cabalist Naphtali, a disciple of Luria.
46. Drach, *De l'Harmonie entre l'Église et la Synagogue*, I. 272.
47. *Ibid.*, p. 273.
48. D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale* (1778), article on Zerdascht.
49. *Ibid.*, I. 18.
50. Rom. iii. 2.
51. Drach, *De l'Harmonie entre l'Église et la Synagogue*, II. 19.
52. *Ibid.*, I. 280.
53. Vulliaud, *op. cit.*, II. 255, 256.
54. *Ibid.*, p. 257, quoting Karppe, *Études sur les Origines du Zohar*, p. 494.
55. *Ibid.*, I. 13, 14. In Vol. 11. p. 411, M. Vulliaud quotes Isaac Meyer's assertion that "the triad of the ancient Cabala is Kether, the Father; Binah, the Holy Spirit or the Mother; and Hochmah, the Word or the Son." But in order to avoid the sequence of the Christian Trinity this arrangement has been altered in the modern Cabala of Luria and Moses of Cordovero, etc.
56. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Cabala, p. 478.
57. "... All that Israel hoped for, was national restoration and glory. Everything else was but means to these ends; the Messiah Himself only the grand instrument in attaining them. Thus viewed, the picture presented would be of Israel's exaltation, rather than of the salvation of the world.... The Rabbinical ideal of the Messi-

ah was not that of 'a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel 'the satisfaction of the wants of humanity, and the completion of Israel's mission-but quite different even to contrariety."- Eder-sheim, *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, 164 (1883).

58. Zohar, section Schemoth, folio 8; cf. *ibid.*, folio 9b: "The period when the King Messiah will declare war on the whole world" (De Pauly, III. 32, 36)

59. A blasphemous address entitled *The God Man*, given by Tom Anderson, the founder of the Socialist Sunday Schools, on Glasgow Green to an audience of over 1,000 workers in 1922 and printed in pamphlet form, was founded entirely on this theory.

60. J.G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, Part VI. "Scapegoat," p. 412 (1914 edition); E.R. Bevan endorses this view.

61. *Histoire de la Magie*, p. 69.

62. The Magi or Wise Men are generally believed to have come from Persia this would accord with the Zoroastrian prophecy quoted above.

63. Drach, *op. cit.*, II. p. 32.

64. *Ibid.*, II. p. xxiii.

65. Joseph Barclay, *The Talmud*, pp. 38, 39; cf. Drach, *op. cit.*, I. 167.

66. *The Talmud*, by Michael Rodkinson (alias Michael Levy Rodkinssohn).

67. *Le Talmud de Babylone*, (1900).

68. *Le Zohar*, translation in 8 vols. by Jean de Pauly, published in 1909 by Emile Lafuma-Giraud. Wherever possible in quoting the Talmud or the Cabala I shall give a reference to one of the translations here mentioned.

69. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article Talmud.

70. Drach, *op. cit.*, I. 168, 169. The text of this encyclical is given by Drach in Hebrew and also in translation, thus: "This is why we enjoin you, under pain of excommunication major, to print nothing in future editions, whether of the Mishna or of the Gemara, which relates whether for good or evil to the acts of Jesus the Nazarene, and to substitute instead a circle like this O, which will warn the Rabbis and schoolmasters to teach the young these passages only viva voce. By means of this precaution the savants amongst the Nazarenes will have no further pretext to attack us on this subject." Cf. Abbé Chiarini, *Le Talmud de Babylone*, p. 45 (1831).

71. On this point see Appendix I.

72. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on "Jesus."

73. Eliphaz Lévi, *La Science des Esprits*, p. 40.

74. Origen, *Contra Celsum*.

75. S. Baring-Gould, *The Counter-Gospels*, p. 69 (1874).

76. Cf. Baring-Gould, *op. cit.*, quoting Talmud, treatise Sabbath, folio 104.

77. *Ibid.*, p. 55, quoting Talmud, treatise Sanhedrim, folio 107, and Sota, folio 47; Eliphaz Lévi, *La Science des Esprits*, pp. 32, 33.

78. According to the Koran, it was the Jews who said, "' Verily we have slain the Messiah, Jesus the son of Mary, an apostle of God.' Yet they slew him not, and they crucified him not, but they had only his likeness.... No sure knowledge had they about him, but followed an opinion, and they did not really slay him, but God took him up to Himself."-Sura iv. 150. See also Sura iii. 40. The Rev. J. M. Rodwell, in his translation of the Koran observes in a footnote to the latter passage: "Muhammad probably believed that God took the dead body of Jesus to Heaven-for three hours, according to some,-while the Jews crucified a man who resembled him."

79. Sura iii. 30, 40.

80. Sura xxi. 90.

81. Sura iv. 150.

82. Sura ii. 89, 250; v. 100

83. Sura v. 50.

84. In the masonic periodical *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum*, Vol. XXIV, a Freemason (Bro. Sydney T. Klein) observes: " It is not generally known that one of the reasons why the Mohammedans removed their Kiblah from Jerusalem to Mecca was that they quarrelled with the Jews over Jesus Christ, and the proof of this may still be seen in the Golden Gate leading into the sacred area of the Temple, which was bricked up by the Mohammedans and is bricked up to this day, because they declared that nobody should enter through that portal until Jesus Christ comes to judge the world, and this is stated in the Koran." I cannot trace this passage in the Koran, but much the same idea is conveyed by the Rev. J. M. Rodwell, who in the note above quoted adds: " The Muhammadans believe that Jesus on His return to earth at the end of the world will slay the Antichrist, die, and be raised again. A vacant place is reserved for His body in the Prophet's tomb at Medina."

85. Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, III. 216-52.

86. *The Essenes: their History and Doctrines*, an essay by Christian D. Ginsburg, LL.D. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1864).

87. *Ibid.*, p. 24.

88. Edersheim (*op. cit.*, I. 325) ably refutes both Graetz and Ginsburg on this point and shows that " the teaching of Christianity was in a direction opposite from that of Essenism." M. Vulliaud (*op. cit.*, I. 71) dismisses the Essene origin of Christianity as unworthy of serious attention. " To maintain the Essenism of Jesus is a proof of frivolity or of invincible ignorance."

89. Luke xvii. 7-9.

90. Ginsburg, *op. cit.*, pp. 15, 22, 55.

91. Ginsburg, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

92. Fabre d'Olivet thinks this tradition had descended to the Essenes from Moses: " If it is true, as everything attests, that Moses left an oral law, it is amongst the Essenes that it was preserved. The Pharisees, who flattered themselves so highly on possessing it, only had its outward forms (apparences), as Jesus reproaches them at every moment. It is from these latter that the modern Jews descend, with the exception of a few real savants whose secret tradition goes back to the Essens."-*La Langue Hébraïque*, p. 27 (1815).

93. Matter, *Histoire du Gnosticisme*, I. 44 (1844).

94. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Cabala.

95. Matter, *op. cit.*, II. 58.

96. Ragon, *Maçonnerie Occulte*, p. 78.

97. " The Cabala is anterior to the Gnosis, an opinion which Christian writers little understand, but which the erudites of Judaism profess with a legitimate assurance."-Matter, *op. cit.*, Vol. I. p. 12.

98. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Cabala.

99. John Yarker, *The Arcane Schools*, p. 167; Matter, *op. cit.*, II. 365, quoting Irenæus.

100. Eliphas Lévi, *Histoire de la Magie*, p. 189.

101. Eliphas Lévi, *op. cit.*, p. 218.

102. Dean Milman, *History of the Jews* (Everyman's Library edition), II. 491.

103. Matter, II. 171; E. de Faye, *Gnostiques et Gnosticisme*, p. 349 (1913).

104. De Luchet, *Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés*, p. 6.

105. *Manuel d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*, par R.P. Albers, S.J., adapté par René Hedde, O.P., p. 125 (1908); Matter, *op. cit.*, II. 197.

106. Matter, *op. cit.*, II. 188.

107. Matter, *op. cit.*, II. 199, 215.

108. Eliphas Lévi, *Histoire de la Magie*, pp. 217, 218.

109. Matter, *op. cit.*, II. 115, III. 14; S. Baring-Gould, *The Lost and Hostile Gospels* (1874).

- 110. Matter, *op. cit.*, II. 364.
- 111. *Ibid.*, p. 365.
- 112. *Ibid.*, p. 369.
- 113. Some Notes on Various Gnostic Sects and their Possible Influence on Freemasonry, by D.F. Ranking, republished from *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum* (Vol. XXIV, p. 202, 1911) in pamphlet form, p. 7.
- 114. Hastings, *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, article on Manicheism.
- 115. Zohar, treatise Bereschith, folio 54 (De Pauly's translation, I. 315).
- 116. The Yalkut Shimoni is a sixteenth-century compilation of Haggadic Midrashim.

THE REVOLT AGAINST ISLAM(1)

WE have followed the efforts of subversive sects hitherto directed against Christianity and orthodox Judaism; we shall now see this attempt, reduced by gradual stages to a working system of extraordinary efficiency, organized for the purpose of undermining all moral and religious beliefs in the minds of Moslems. In the middle of the seventh century an immense schism was created in Islam by the rival advocates of successors to the Prophet, the orthodox Islamites known by the name of Sunnis adhering to the elected Khalifas Abu Bakr, Omar, and Othman, whilst the party of revolt, known as the Shiahs, claimed the Khalifate for the descendants of Mohammed through Ali, son of Abu-Talib and husband of Fatima, the Prophet's daughter. This division ended in open warfare; Ali was finally assassinated, his elder son Hasan was poisoned in Medina, his younger son Husain fell at the battle of Kerbela fighting against the supporters of Othman. The deaths of Hasan and Husain are still mourned yearly by the Shiahs at the Moharram.

The Ismailis

The Shiahs themselves split again over the question of Ali's successors into four factions, the fourth of which divided again into two further sects. Both of these retained their allegiance to the descendants of Ali as far as Jafar-as-Sadik but whilst one party, known as the Imamias or Isna-Asharias i.e. the Twelvers), supported the succession through his younger son Musa to the twelfth Imam Mohammed, son of Askeri, the Ismailis (or Seveners) adhered to Ismail, the elder son of Jafar-as-Sadik.

So far, however, in spite of divisions, no body of Shiahs had ever deviated from the fundamental doctrines of Islamism but merely claimed that these had been handed down through a different line from that recognized by the Sunnis. The earliest Ismailis, who formed themselves into a party at about the time of the death of Mohammed, son of Ismail (i.e.circ. A.D. 770) still remained believers, declaring only that the true teaching of the Prophet had descended to Mohammed, who was not dead but would return in the fullness of time and that he was the Mahdi whom Moslems must await. But in about A.D. 87, an intriguer of extraordinary subtlety succeeded in capturing the movement, which, hitherto merely schismatic, now became definitely subversive, not only of Islamism, but of all religious belief.

This man, Abdullah ibn Maymn, the son of a learned and free-thinking doctor in Southern Persia, brought up in the doctrines of Gnostic Dualism and profoundly versed in all religions, was in reality, like his father, a pure materialist. By professing adherence to the creed of orthodox Shi-ism, and proclaiming a knowledge of the mystic doctrines which the Ismailis believed to have descended through Ismail to his son Mohammed, Abdullah succeeded in placing himself at the head of the Ismailis.

His advocacy of Ismail was thus merely a mask, his real aim being materialism, which he now proceeded to make into a system by founding a sect known as the Batinis with seven degrees of initiation. Dozy has given the following description of this amazing project: To link together into one body the vanquished and the conquerors; to unite in the form of a vast secret society with many degrees of initiation free-thinkers-who regarded religion only as curb for the people-and bigots of all sects; to make tools of believers in order to give power to sceptics; to induce conquerors to overturn the empires they had founded; to build up a party, numerous, compact, and disciplined, which in due time would give the throne, if not to himself, at least to his descendants, such was Abdullah ibn Maymn's general aim-an extraordinary conception which he worked out with marvellous tact, incomparable skill, and profound knowledge of the human heart. The means which he adopted were devised with diabolical cunning....

It was... not among the Shi-ites that he sought his true supporters, but among the Ghebers, the Manicheans, the pagans of Harran, and the students of Greek philosophy; on the last alone could he rely, to them alone could he gradually unfold the final mystery, and reveal that Imams, religions, and morality were nothing but an imposture and an absurdity. The rest of mankind-the " asses," as Abdullah called them-were incapable of understanding such doctrines. But to gain his end he by no means disdained their aid; on the contrary, he solicited it, but he took care to initiate devout and lowly souls only in the first grades of the sect. His missionaries, who were inculcated with the idea that their first duty was to conceal their true sentiments and adapt themselves to the views of their auditors, appeared in many guises, and spoke, as it were, in a different language to each class. They won over the ignorant vulgar by feats of legerdemain which passed for miracles or excited their curiosity by enigmatical discourse. In the presence of the devout they assumed the mask of virtue and piety. With mystics they were mystical, and unfolded the inner meanings of phenomena, or explained allegories and the figurative sense of the allegories themselves....

By means such as these the extraordinary result was brought about that a multitude of men of diverse beliefs were all working together for an object known only to a few of them....(2) I quote this passage at length because it is of immense importance in throwing a light on the organization of modern secret societies. It does not matter what the end may be, whether political, social, or religious, the system remains the same—the setting in motion of a vast number of people and making them work in a cause unknown to them. That this was the method adopted by Weishaupt in organizing the Illuminati and that it came to him from the East will be shown later on. We shall now see how the system of the philosopher Abdullah paved the way for bloodshed by the most terrible sect the world had ever seen.

The Karmathites

The first open acts of violence resulting from the doctrines of Abdullah were carried out by the Karmathites, a new development of the Ismailis. Amongst the many Dais sent out by the leader—which included his son Ahmed and Ahmed's son—was the Dai Hosein Ahwazi, Abdullah's envoy to Irak in Persia, who initiated a certain Hamdan surnamed Karmath into the secrets of the sect. Karmath, who was a born intriguer and believed in nothing, became the leader of the Karmathites in Arabia, where a number of Arabs were soon enlisted in the society. With extraordinary skill he succeeded in persuading these dupes to make over all their money to him, first by means of small contributions, later by larger sums, until at last he convinced them of the advantages of abolishing all private property and establishing the system of the community of goods and wives. This principle was enforced by the passage of the Koran: "Remember the grace of God in that whilst you were enemies, He has united your hearts, so that by His grace you have become brothers...." De Sacy thus transcribes the methods employed as given by the historian Nowairi: When Karmath had succeeded in establishing all this, and everyone had agreed to conform to it, he ordered the Dais to assemble all the women on a certain night so that they should mingle promiscuously with all the men. This, he said, was perfection and the last degree of friendship and fraternal union. Often a husband led his wife and presented her himself to one of his brothers when that gave him pleasure. When he (Karmath) saw that he had become absolute master of their minds, had assured himself of their obedience, and found out the degree of their intelligence and discernment, he began to lead them quite astray. He put before them arguments borrowed from the doctrines of the Dualists. They fell in easily with all that he proposed, and then he took away from them all religion and released them from all those duties of piety, devotion, and the fear of God that he prescribed for them in the beginning. He permitted them pillage, and every sort of immoral licence, and taught them to throw off the yoke of prayer, fasting, and other precepts. He taught them that they were held by no obligations, and that they could pillage the goods and shed the blood of their adversaries with impunity, that the knowledge of the master of truth to whom he had called them took the place of everything else, and that with this knowledge they need no longer fear sin or punishment.

As the result of these teachings the Karmathites rapidly became a band of brigands, pillaging and massacring all those who opposed them and spreading terror throughout all the surrounding districts.

Peaceful fraternity was thus turned into a wild lust for conquest; the Karmathites succeeded in dominating a great part of Arabia and the mouth of the Euphrates, and in A.D. 920 extended their ravages westwards. They took possession of the holy city of Mecca, in the defence of which 30,000 Moslems fell. "For a whole century," says von Hammer, "the pernicious doctrines of Karmath raged with fire and sword in the very bosom of Islamism, until the widespread conflagration was extinguished in blood."

But in proclaiming themselves revolutionaries the Karmathites had departed from the plan laid down by the originator of their creed, Abdullah ibn Maymn, which had consisted not in acts of open violence but in a secret doctrine which should lead to the gradual undermining of all religious faith and a condition of mental anarchy rather than of material chaos. For violence, as always, had produced counter violence, and it was thus that while the Karmathites were rushing to their own destruction through a series of bloody conflicts, another branch of the Ismailis were quietly reorganizing their forces more in conformity with the original method of their founder. These were the Fatimites, so-called from their professed belief that the doctrine of the Prophet had descended from Ali, husband of Fatima, Mohammed's daughter. Whilst less extreme than the Karmathites, or than their predecessor Abdullah ibn Maymn, the Fatimites, according to the historian Makrizi, adopted the method of instilling doubts into the minds of believers and aimed at the substitution of a natural for a revealed religion. Indeed, after the establishment of their power in Egypt, it is difficult to distinguish any appreciable degree of difference in the character of their teaching from the anarchic code of Abdullah and his more violent exponent Karmath.

The Fatimites

The founder of the Fatimite dynasty of the Khalifas was one Ubeidallah, known as the Mahdi, accused of Jewish ancestry by his adversaries the Abbasides, who declared - apparently without truth - that he was the son or grandson of Ahmed, son of Abdullah ibn Maymn, by a Jewess. Under the fourth Fatimite Khalifa Egypt fell into the power of the dynasty and, before long, bi-weekly assemblages of both men and women known as "societies of wisdom" were instituted in Cairo. In 1004 these acquired a greater importance by the establishment of the Dar ul Hikmat, or the House of Knowledge, by the sixth Khalifa Hakim, who was raised to a deity after his death and is worshipped to this day by the Druses. Under the direction of the Dar ul Hikmat or Grand Lodge of Cairo, the Fatimites continued the plan of Abdullah ibn Maymn's secret society with the addition of two more degrees making nine in all. Their method of enlisting proselytes and stem of initiation - which, as Claudio Jannet points out, "are absolutely those which Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati, prescribed to the 'Insinuating Brothers'" (3) - were transcribed by the fourteenth-century historian Nowairi in a description that may be briefly summarized thus (4):

The proselytes were broadly divided into two classes, the learned and the ignorant. The Dai was to agree with the former, applauding his wisdom, and to impress the latter with his own knowledge by asking him perplexing questions on the Koran. Thus in initiating him into the first degree the Dai assumed an air of profundity and explained that religious doctrines were too abstruse for the ordinary mind, but must be interpreted by men who, like the Dais, had a special knowledge of this science. The initiate was bound to absolute secrecy concerning the truths to be revealed to him and obliged to pay in advance for these revelations. In order to pique his curiosity, the Dai would suddenly stop short in the middle of a discourse, and should the novice finally decline to pay the required sum, he was left in a state of bewilderment which inspired him with the desire to know more.

In the second degree the initiate was persuaded that all his former teachers were wrong and that he must place his confidence solely in those Imams endowed with authority from God; in the third he learnt that these Imams were those of the Ismailis, seven in number ending with Mohammed, son of Ismail, in contradistinction to the twelve Imams of the Imamias who supported the claims of Ismail's brother Musa; in the fourth he was told that the prophets preceding the Imams descending from Ali were also seven in number - namely Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, the first Mohammed, and finally Mohammed son of Ismail.

So far, then, nothing was said to the initiate in contradiction to the broad tenets of orthodox Islamism. But with the fifth degree the process of undermining his religion began, he was now told to reject tradition and to disregard the precepts of Mohammed; in the sixth he was taught that all religious observances - prayer, fasting, etc. - were only emblematic that in fact all these things were devices to keep the common herd of men in subordination; in the seventh the doctrines of Dualism, of a greater and a lesser deity, were introduced and the unity of God - fundamental doctrine of Islamism - was destroyed; in the eighth a great vagueness was expressed on the attributes of the first and greatest of these deities, and it was pointed out that real prophets were those who concerned themselves with practical matters - political institutions and good forms of government; finally, in the ninth, the adept was shown that all religious teaching was allegorical and the religious precepts need only be observed in so far as it is necessary to maintain order, but the man who understands the truth may disregard all such doctrines. Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and the other prophets were therefore only teachers who had profited by the lessons of philosophy. All belief in revealed religion was thus destroyed. It will be seen then that in the last degrees the whole teaching of the first five was reversed and therefore shown to be a fraud. Fraud in fact constituted the system of the society; in the instructions to the Dais every artifice is described for enlisting proselytes by misrepresentation: Jews were to be won by speaking ill of Christians, Christians by speaking ill of Jews and Moslems alike, Sunnis by referring with respect to the orthodox Khalifas Abu Bakr and Omar and criticizing Ali and his descendants. Above all, care was to be taken not to put before proselytes doctrines that might revolt them, but to make them advance step by step. By these means they would be ready to obey any commands. As the instructions express it: If you were to give the order to whoever it might be to take from him all that he holds most precious, above all his money, he would oppose none of your orders, and if death surprised him he would leave you all that he possesses in his will and make you his heir. He will think that in the whole world he cannot find a man more worthy than you.

Such was the great secret society which was to form the model for the Illuminati of the eighteenth century, to whom the summary of von Hammer might with equal truth apply: To believe nothing and to dare all was, in two words, the sum of this system, which annihilated every principle of religion and morality, and had no other object than to execute ambitious designs with suitable ministers who, daring all and knowing nothing, since they consider everything a cheat and nothing forbidden, are the best tools of an infernal

policy. A system which, with no other aim than the gratification of an insatiable lust for domination, instead of seeking the highest of human objects, precipitates itself into the abyss, and mangling itself, is buried amidst the ruins of thrones and altars, the wreck of national happiness, and the universal execration of mankind.(5)

The Druses

The terrible Grand Lodge of Cairo before long became the centre of a new and extraordinary cult. Hakim sixth Fatimite Khalifa and founder of the Dar ul Hikmat—a monster of tyranny and crime whose reign can only be compared to that of Caligula or Nero—was now raised to the place of a divinity by one Ismail Darazi, a Turk who in 1016 announced in a mosque in Cairo that the Khalifa should be made an object of worship. Hakim, who "believed that divine reason was incarnate in him," four years later proclaimed itself a deity, and the cult was finally established by one of his viziers, the Persian mystic Hamza ibn Ali. Hakim's cruelties, however, had so outraged the people of Egypt that a year later he was murdered by a band of malcontents, led, it is said, by his sister, who afterwards concealed his body—circumstance which gave his followers the opportunity to declare that the divinity had merely vanished in order to test the faith of believers, but would reappear in time and punish apostates. This belief became the doctrine of the Druses of Lebanon, whom Darazi had won over to the worship of Hakim.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of this strange religion, which still persists to-day in the range of Lebanon; suffice it to say that, although the outcome of the Ismailis, the Druses do not appear to have embraced the materialism of Abdullah ibn Maymn, but to have grafted on a primitive form of Nature-worship and of Sabeism the avowed belief of the Ismailis in the dynasty of Ali and his successors, and beyond this an abstruse, esoteric creed concerning the nature of the Supreme Deity. God they declare to be "Universal Reason," who manifests Himself by a series of "avatars." Hakim was the last of the divine embodiments, and "when evil and misery have increased to the predestined height he will again appear, to conquer the world and to make his religion supreme."

It is, however, as a secret society that the Druses enter into the scope of this book, for their organization presents several analogies with that which we now know as "masonic." Instead of the nine degrees instituted by the Lodge of Cairo, the Druses are divided into only three—Profanes, Aspirants, and Wise—to whom their doctrines are gradually unfolded under seal of the strictest secrecy, to ensure which signs and pass words are employed after the manner of Freemasonry. A certain degree of duplicity appears to enter into their scheme much resembling that enjoined to the Ismaili Dais when enlisting proselytes belonging to other religions: thus in talking to Mohammedans, the Druses profess to be followers of the Prophet; with Christians, they pretend to hold the doctrines of Christianity, an attitude they defend on the score that it is unlawful to reveal the secret dogmas of their creed to a "Black," or unbeliever.

The Druses are in the habit of holding meetings where, as in the Dar ul Hikmat, both men and women assemble and religious and political questions are discussed; the uninitiated, however, are allowed to exercise no influence on decisions, which are reached by the inner circle, to which only the "Wise" are admitted. The resemblance between this organization and that of Grand Orient Freemasonry is clearly apparent. The Druses also have modes of recognition which are common to Freemasonry, and M. Achille Laurent has observed: "The formula or catechism of the Druses resembles that of the Freemasons; one can learn it only from the Akals (or Akels = Intelligent, a small group of higher initiates), who only reveal its mysteries after having subjected one to tests and made one take terrible oaths."

I shall refer again later in this book to the affinity between the Druses and Freemasons of the Grand Orient.

The Assassins

It will be seen that the Druses, distinguishing themselves from other Ismaili sects by their worship of Hakim, yet retaining genuine religious beliefs, had not carried on the atheistical tradition of Abdullah ibn Maymn and of the Grand Lodge of Cairo. But this tradition was to find in 1090 an exponent in the Persian Hasan Saba, a native of Khorasan, the son of Ali, a strict Shiah, who, finding himself suspected heretical ideas, ended by declaring himself a Sunni. Hasan brought up in this atmosphere of duplicity, was therefore well fitted to play the Machiavellian rôle of an Ismaili Dai.

Von Hammer regards Hasan as a mighty genius, one of a splendid triad, of which the two others were his schoolfellows the poet Omar Khayyám and Nizam ul Mulk, Grand Vizier under the Seljuk Sultan, Malik Shah. Hasan, having through the protection of Nizam ul Mulk secured titles and revenues and finally risen to

office at the Court of the Sultan attempted to supplant his benefactor and eventually retired in disgrace, vowing vengeance against the Sultan and vizier. At this juncture he encountered several Ismailis, one of whom, a Dai named Mumin, finally converted him to the principles of his sect, and Hasan, declaring himself now to be a convinced adherent of the Fatimite Khalifas, journeyed to Cairo, where he was received with honour by the Dar ul Hikmat and also by the Khalifa Mustansir, to whom he became counsellor. But his intrigues once more involving him in disgrace, he fled to Aleppo and laid the foundations of his new sect. After enlisting proselytes in Bagdad, Ispahan, Khusistan, and Damaghan, he succeeded in obtaining by strategy the fortress of Alamut in Persia on the Caspian Sea, where he completed the plans for his great secret society which was to become for ever infamous under the name of the Hashishiyn, or Assassins.

Under the pretence of belief in the doctrines of Islam and also of adherence to the Ismaili line of succession from the Prophet, Hasan Saba now set out to pave his way to power and in order to achieve this and adopted the same method as Abdullah ibn Maymn. But the terrible efficiency of Hasan's society consisted in the fact that a system of physical force was now organized in a manner undreamt of by his predecessor. As von Hammer has observed in an admirable passage: Opinions are powerless, so long as they only confuse the brain, without arming the hand. Scepticism and free-thinking, as long as they occupied only the minds of the indolent and philosophical, have caused the ruin of no throne, for which purpose religious and political fanaticism are the strongest levers in the hands of nations. It is nothing to the ambitious man what people believe, but it is everything to know how he may turn them for the execution of his projects.(6)

Thus, as in the case of the French Revolution, " whose first movers," von Hammer also observes, " were the tools or leaders of secret societies," it was not mere theory but the method of enlisting numerous dupes and placing weapons in their hands that brought about the " Terror " of the Assassins six centuries before that of their spiritual descendants, the Jacobins of 1793.

Taking as his groundwork the organization of the Grand Lodge of Cairo, Hasan reduced the nine degrees to their original number of seven, but these now received a definite nomenclature, and included not only real initiates but active agents.

Descending downwards, the degrees of the Assassins were thus as follows: first, the Grand Master, known as the Shaikh-al-Jabal or " Old Man of the Mountain "-owing to the fact that the Order always possessed itself of castles in mountainous regions; second, the Dail Kebir or Grand Priors; third, the fully initiated Dais, religious nuncios and political emissaries; fourth, the Rafiqs or associates, in training for the higher degrees; fifth, the Fadais or " devoted," who undertook to deliver the secret blow on which their superiors had decided; sixth, the Lasiqus, or lay brothers; and lastly the " common people," who were to be simply blind instruments. If the equivalents to the words " Dai," " Rafiqs," and " Fadais " given by von Hammer and Dr. Bussell as " Master Masons," " Fellow Crafts," and " Entered Apprentices " are accepted, an interesting analogy with the degrees Freemasonry is provided.

Designs against religion were, of course, not admitted by the Order; " strict uniformity to Islam was demanded from all the lower rank of uninitiated, but the adept was taught to see through the deception of ' faith and works.' He believed in nothing and recognized that all acts or means were indifferent and the (secular) end alone to be considered."(7)

Thus the final object was domination by a few men consumed with the lust of power " under the cloak of religion and piety," and the method by which this was to be established was the wholesale assassination of those who opposed them.

In order to stimulate the energy of the Fadais, who were required to carry out these crimes, the superiors of the Order had recourse to an ingenious system of delusion. Throughout the territory occupied by the Assassins were exquisite gardens with fruit trees, bowers of roses, and sparkling streams. Here are arranged luxurious resting-places with Persian carpets and soft divans, around which hovered black-eyed " houris " bearing wine in gold and silver drinking-vessels, whilst soft music mingled with the murmuring water and the song of birds. The young man whom the Assassins desired to train for a career of crime was introduced to the Grand Master of the Order and intoxicated with haschisch-hence the name " Hashishiyn " applied to the sect, from which the word assassin is derived. Under the brief spell of unconsciousness induced by this seductive drug the prospective Fadai was then carried into the garden, where on awaking he believed himself to be in Paradise. After enjoying all its delights he was given a fresh dose of the opiate, and, once more unconscious, was transported back to the presence of the Grand Master, who assured him that he had never left his side but had merely experienced a foretaste of the Paradise that awaited him if he obeyed the orders of his chiefs. The neophyte, thus spurred on by the belief that he was carrying out the commands of the Prophet, who would reward him with eternal bliss, eagerly entered into the schemes laid down for him and

devoted his life to murder. Thus by the lure of Paradise the Assassins enlisted instruments for their criminal work and established a system of organized murder on a basis of religious fervour. " ' Nothing is true and all is allowed ' was the ground of their secret doctrine, which, however, being imparted but to few and concealed under the veil of the most austere religionism and piety, restrained the mind under the yoke of blind obedience." (8) To the outside world all this remained a profound mystery; fidelity to Islam was proclaimed as the fundamental doctrine of the sect, and when the envoy of Sultan Sajar was sent to collect information on the religious beliefs of the Order he was met with the assurance: " We believe in the unity of God, and consider that only as true wisdom which accords with His word and the commands of the prophet."

Von Hammer, answering the possible contention that, as in the case of the Templars and the Bavarian Illuminati these methods of deception might be declared a calumny on the Order, points out that in the case of the Assassins no possible doubt existed, for their secret doctrines were eventually revealed by the leaders themselves, first by Hasan II, the third successor of Hasan Saba, and later by Jalal-ud-din Hasan, who publicly anathematized the founders of the sect and ordered the burning of the books that contained their designs against religion—a proceeding which, however, appears to have been a strategical manœuvre for restoring confidence in the Order and enabling him to continue the work of subversion and crime. A veritable Reign of Terror was thus established throughout the East; the Rafiqs and Fadaïs " spread themselves in troops over the whole of Asia and darkened the face of the earth "; and " in the annals of the Assassins is found the chronological enumeration of celebrated men of all nations who have fallen the victims of the Ismailis to the joy of their murderers and the sorrow of the world." (9)

Inevitably this long and systematic indulgence in blood lust recoiled on the heads of the leaders, and the Assassins like the Terrorists of France, ended by turning on each other. The Old Man of the Mountain himself was murdered by his brother-in-law and his son Mohammed; Mohammed, in his turn, whilst " aiming at the life of his son Jalal-ud-din, was anticipated by him with poison, which murder was again avenged by poison " so that from " Hasan the Illuminator " down to the last of his line the Grand Masters fell by the hands of their next-of-kin, and " poison and the dagger prepared the grave which the Order had opened for so many." (10) Finally in 1256 the conquering hordes of the Mongol Mangu Khan swept away the dynasty of the Assassins.

But, although as reigning powers the Assassins and Fatimites ceased to exist, the sects from which they derived have continued up to the present day; still every year at the celebration of the Moharram the Shiahhs beat their breasts and besprinkle themselves with blood, calling aloud on the martyred heroes Hasan and Husain; the Druses of the Lebanon still await the return of Hakim, and in that inscrutable East, the cradle of all the mysteries, the profoundest European adept of secret society intrigue may find himself outdistanced by pastmasters in the art in which he believed himself proficient.

The sect of Hasan Saba was the supreme model on which all systems of organized murder working through fanaticism, such as the Carbonari and the Irish Republican Brotherhood were based, and the signs, the symbols, the initiations, of the Grand Lodge of Cairo formed the groundwork for the great secret societies of Europe.

How came this system to be transported to the West? By what channel did the ideas of these succeeding Eastern sects penetrate to the Christian world? In order to answer this question we must turn to the history of the Crusades.

1. Principal authorities consulted for this chapter: Joseph von Hammer, *The History of the Assassins* (Eng. trans., 1835); Silvestre de Sacy, *Exposé de la Religion des Druses* (1838) and *Mémoires sur la Dynastie des Assassins* in *Mémoires de l'Institut Royal de France*, Vol. IV. (1818) *Hastings' Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*; Syed Ameer Ali, *The Spirit of Islam* (1922); Dr.W. Bussell, *Religious Thought and Heresy in the Middle Ages* (1918).
2. Reinhart Dozy, *Spanish Islam* (Eng. trans.), pp. 403-5.
3. Claudio Jannet, *Les Précurseurs de la Franc-Maçonnerie*, p. 58 (1887).
4. The following account is given by de Sacy in connexion with Abdullah ibn Maymn (op. cit., I. lxxiv), and Dr. Bussell (*Religious Thought and Heresy in the Middle Ages*, p. 353) includes it in his chapter on the Karmathites. Von Hammer, however, gives it as the programme of the Dar ul Hikmat, and this seems more probable since the initiation consists of nine degrees and Abdullah's society of Batinis, into which Karmath had been initiated, included only seven. Yarker (*The Arcane Schools*, p. 185) says two additional degrees were added by the Dar ul Hikmat. It would appear then that de Sacy, in placing this account before his description of the Karmathites, was anticipating. The point is immaterial, the fact being that the same system was common to all these ramifications of Ismailis, and that of the Dar ul Hikmat varied but little from that of Abdullah and Karmath.
5. Von Hammer, op. cit. (Eng. trans.), pp. 36, 37.
6. Von Hammer, *The History of the Assassins*, pp. 45, 46.
7. Dr. F.W. Bussell, *Religious Thought and Heresy in the Middle Ages*, p. 368.
8. Von Hammer, op. cit., p. 55.
9. Von Hammer, op. cit., pp. 83, 89.
10. Ibid., p. 164.

CHAPTER III

THE TEMPLARS

IN the year 1118-nineteen years after the first crusade had ended with the defeat of the Moslems, the capture of Antioch and Jerusalem, and the instalment of Godefroi de Bouillon as king of the latter city—a band of nine French gentilshommes, led by Hugues de Payens and Godefroi de Saint-Omer, formed themselves into an Order for the protection of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. Baldwin II, who at this moment succeeded the throne of Jerusalem, presented them with a house near the site of the Temple of Solomon—hence the name of Knights Templar under which they were to become famous. In 1128 the Order was sanctioned by the Council of Troyes and by the Pope, and a rule was drawn up by St. Bernard under which the Knights Templar were bound by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

But although the Templars distinguished themselves by many deeds of valour, the regulation that they were to live solely on alms led to donations so enormous that, abandoning their vow of poverty, they spread themselves over Europe, and by the end of the twelfth century had become a rich and powerful body. The motto that the Order had inscribed upon its banner, "Non nobis, Domine, sed nomini tuo da gloriam," was likewise forgotten, for, their faith waxing gold, they gave themselves up to pride and ostentation. Thus, as an eighteenth-century masonic writer has expressed it:

The war, which for the greater number of warriors of good faith proved the source of weariness, of losses and misfortunes, became for them (the Templars) only the opportunity for booty and aggrandizement, and if they distinguished themselves by a few brilliant actions, their motive soon ceased to be a matter of doubt when they were seen to enrich themselves even with the spoils of the confederates, to increase their credit by the extent of the new possessions they had acquired, to carry arrogance to the point of rivalling crowned princes in pomp and grandeur, to refuse their aid against the enemies of the faith, as the history of Saladin testifies, and finally to ally themselves with that horrible and sanguinary prince named the Old Man of the Mountain Prince of the Assassins.[1]

The truth of the last accusation is, however, open to question. For a time, at any rate, the Templars had been at war with the Assassins. When in 1152 the Assassins murdered Raymond, Comte de Tripoli, the Templars entered their territory and forced them to sign a treaty by which they were to pay a yearly tribute of 12,000 gold pieces in expiation of the crime. Some years later the Old Man of the Mountain sent an ambassador to Amaury, King of Jerusalem, to tell him privately that if the Templars would forgo the payment of this tribute he and his followers would embrace the Christian faith. Amaury accepted, offering at the same time to compensate the Templars, but some of the Knights assassinated the ambassador before he could return to his master. When asked for reparations the Grand Master threw the blame on an evil one-eyed Knight named Gautier de Maisnil.[2]

It is evident, therefore, that the relations between the Templars and the Assassins were at first far from amicable; nevertheless, it appears probable that later on an understanding was brought about between them. Both on this charge and on that of treachery towards the Christian armies, Dr. Bussell's impartial view of the question may be quoted:

When in 1149 the Emperor Conrad III failed before Damascus, the Templars were believed to have a secret understanding with the garrison of that city;... in 1154 they were said to have sold, for 60,000 gold pieces, a prince of Egypt who had wished to become a Christian; he was taken home to suffer certain death at the hands of his fanatical family. In 1166 Amaury, King of Jerusalem, hanged twelve members of the Order for betraying a fortress to Nureddin.

And Dr. Bussell goes on to say that it cannot be disputed that they had "long and important dealings" with the Assassin "and were therefore suspected (not unfairly) of imbibing their precepts and following their principles." [3]

By the end of the thirteenth century the Templars had become suspect, not only in the eyes of the clergy, but of the general public. "Amongst the common people," one of their latest apologists admits, "vague rumours circulated. They talked of the covetousness and want of scruple of the Knights, of their passion for aggrandizement and their rapacity. Their haughty insolence was proverbial. Drinking habits were attributed to them; the saying was already in use 'to drink like a Templar.' The old German word Tempelhaus indicated house of ill-fame." [4]

The same rumours had reached Clement V even before his accession to the papal throne in 1305,[5] and in this same year he summoned the Grand Master of the Order, Jacques du Molay, to return to France from

the island of Cyprus, where he was assembling fresh forces to avenge the recent reverses of the Christian armies.

Du Molay arrived in France with sixty other Knights Templar and 150,000 gold florins, as well as a large quantity of silver that the Order had amassed in the East.[6]

The Pope now set himself to make enquiries concerning the charges of "unspeakable apostasy against God, detestable idolatry, execrable vice, and many heresies" that had been "secretly intimated" to him. But, to quote his own words:

Because it did not seem likely nor credible that men of such religion who were believed often to shed their blood and frequently expose their persons to the peril of death for Christ's name and who showed such great and many signs of devotion both in divine offices as well as in facts, as in other devotional observances, should be so forgetful of their salvation as to do these things, we were unwilling... to give ear to this kind of insinuation... (*hujusmodi insinuacioni ac delacioni ipsorum... aurem noluimus inclinare*).[7]

The King of France, Philippe le Bel, who had hitherto been the friend of the Templars, now became alarmed and urged the Pope to take action against them; but before the Pope was able to find out more about the matter, the King took the law into his own hands and had all the Templars in France arrested on October 13, 1307. The following charges were then brought against them by the Inquisitor for France before whom they were examined:

1. The ceremony of imitation into their Order was accompanied by insults to the Cross, the denial of Christ, and gross obscenities.
2. The adoration of an idol which was said to be the image of the true God.
3. The omission of the words of consecration at Mass.
4. The right that the lay chiefs arrogated to themselves of giving absolution.
5. The authorization of unnatural vice.

To all these infamies a great number of the Knights, including Jacques du Molay, confessed in almost precisely the same terms; at their admission into the Order, they said, they had been shown the cross on which was the figure of Christ, and had been asked whether they believed in Him, when they answered yes, they were told in some cases that this was wrong (*dixit sibi quod male credebat*)[8] because He was not God, He was a false prophet (*quia falsus propheta erat, nec erat Deus*).[9] Some added that they were then shown an idol or a bearded head which they were told to worship[10]; one added that this was of such "a terrible aspect that it seemed to him to be the face of some devil, called in French *un maufé*, and that whenever he saw it he was so overcome with fear that he could hardly look at it without fear and trembling." [11] All who confessed declared that they had been ordered to spit on the crucifix, and very many that they had received the injunction to commit obscenities and to practise unnatural vice. Some said that on their refusal to carry out these orders they had been threatened with imprisonment, even perpetual imprisonment; a few said they had actually been incarcerated[12]; one declared that he had been terrorized, seized by the throat, and threatened with death.[13]

Since, however, a number of these confessions were made under torture, it is more important to consider the evidence provided by the trial of the Knights at the hands of the Pope, where this method was not employed.

Now, at the time the Templars were arrested, Clement V, deeply resenting the King's interference with an Order which existed entirely under papal jurisdiction, wrote in the strongest terms of remonstrance to Philippe le Bel urging their release and even after their trial, neither the confessions of the Knights nor the angry expostulations of the King could persuade him to believe in their guilt.[14] But as the scandal concerning the Templars was increasing, he consented to receive in private audience "a certain Knight of the Order, of great nobility and held by the said Order in no slight esteem," who testified to the abominations that took place on the reception of the Brethren, the spitting on the cross, and other things which were not lawful nor, humanly speaking, decent.[15]

The Pope then decided to hold an examination of seventy-two French Knights at Poitiers in order to discover whether the confessions made by them before the Inquisitor at Paris could be substantiated, and at this examination, conducted without torture or pressure of any kind in the presence of the Pope himself, the witnesses declared on oath that they would tell "the full and pure truth." They then made confession which were committed to writing in their presence, and these being afterwards read aloud to them, they expressly and willingly approved them (*perseverantes in illis eas expresse et sponte, prout recitate fuerunt approbarunt*).[16]

Besides this, an examination of the Grand Master, Jacques du Molay, and the Preceptors of the Order was held in the presence of "three Cardinals and four public notaries and many other good men." These wit-

nesses, says the official report, " having sworn with their hands on the Gospel of God " (*ad sancta dei evangelia ab iis corporaliter tacta*) that-

they would on all the aforesaid things speak the pure and full truth, they, separately, freely, and spontaneously, without any coercion and fear, deposed and confessed among other things, the a denial of Christ and spitting upon the cross when they were received into the Order of the Temple. And some of them (deposed and confessed) that under the same form, namely, with denial of Christ and spitting on the cross, they had received many Brothers into the Order. Some of them too confessed certain other horrible and disgusting things on which we are silent.... Besides this, they said and confessed that those things which are contained in the confessions and depositions of heretical depravity which they made lately before the Inquisitor (of Paris) were true.

Their confessions, being again committed to writing, were approved by the witnesses, who then with bended knees and many tears asked for and obtained absolution.[17]

The Pope, however, still refused to take action against the whole Order merely because the Master and Brethren around him had " gravely sinned," and it was decided to hold a papal commission in Paris. The first sitting took place in November 1309, when the Grand Master and 231 Knights were summoned before the pontifical commissioners. " This enquiry," says Michelet, " was conducted slowly, with much consideration and gentleness (*avec beaucoup de ménagement et de douceur*) by high ecclesiastical dignitaries, an archbishop, several bishops, etc." [18] But although a number of the Knights, including the Grand Master, now retracted their admissions, some damning confessions were again forthcoming. It is impossible within the scope of this book to follow the many trials of the Templars that took place in different countries-in Italy, at Ravenna, Pisa, Bologna, and Florence, where torture was not employed and blasphemies were admitted,[19] or in Germany, where torture was employed but no confessions were made and a verdict was given in favour of the Order. A few details concerning the trial in England may, however, be of interest.

It has generally been held that torture was not applied in England owing to the humanity of Edward II, who at first, absolutely refused to listen to any accusations against the Order.[20] On December 10, 1307, he had written to the Pope in these terms:

And because the said Master or Brethren constant in the purity of he Catholic faith have been frequently commended by us, and by all our kingdom, both in their life and morals, we are unable to believe in suspicious stories of this kind until we know with greater certainty about these things.

We, therefore, pity from our souls the suffering and losses of the Sd. Master and brethren, which they suffer in consequence of such infamy, and we supplicate most affectionately your Sanctity if it please you, that considering with favour suited to the good character of the Master and brethren, you may deem fit to meet with more indulgence the detractions, calumnies and charges by certain envious and evil disposed persons, who endeavour to turn their good deeds into works of perverseness opposed to divine teaching; until the said charges attributed to them shall have been brought legally before you or your representatives here and more fully proved.[21]

Edward II also wrote in the same terms to the Kings of Portugal, Castile, Aragon, and Sicily. But two years later, after Clement V had himself heard the confessions of the Order and a Papal Bull had been issued declaring that " the unspeakable wickednesses and abominable crimes of notorious heresy " had now " come to the knowledge of almost everyone," Edward II was persuaded to arrest the Templars and order their examination. According to Mr. Castle, whose interesting treatise we quote here, " the King would not allow torture to be employed, with the result that the Knights denied all charges; but later, it is said, he allowed himself to be overpersuaded, and torture appears to have been applied on one or two occasions "[22] with the result that three Knights confessed to all and were given absolution.[23] At Southwark, however, " a considerable number of brethren " admitted that " they had been strongly accused of the crimes of negation and spitting, they did not say they were guilty but that they could not purge themselves... and therefore they abjured these and all other heresies." [24] Evidence was also given against the Order by outside witnesses, and the same stories of intimidation at the ceremony of reception were told.[25] At any rate, the result of the investigation was not altogether satisfactory, and the Templars were finally suppressed in England as elsewhere by the Council of Vienne in 1312.

In France more rigorous measures were adopted and fifty-four Knights who had retracted their confessions were burnt at the stake as " relapsed heretics " on May 12, 1310. Four years later, on March 14, 1314, the Grand Master, Jacques du Molay, suffered the same fate.

Now, however much we must execrate the barbarity of this sentence-as also the cruelties that had preceded it-this is no reason why we should admit the claim of the Order to noble martyrdom put forward by

the historians who have espoused their cause. The character of the Templars is not rehabilitated by condemning the conduct of the King and Pope. Yet this the line of argument usually adopted by the defenders of the Order. Thus the two main contentions on which they base their defence are, firstly, that the confessions of the Knights were made under torture, therefore they must be regarded as null and void; and, secondly, that the whole affair was a plot concerted between the King and Pope in order to obtain possession of the Templars' riches. Let us examine these contentions in turn.

In the first place, as we have seen, all confessions were not made under torture. No one, as far as I am aware, disputes Michelet's assertion that the enquiry before the Papal Commission in Paris, at which a number of Knights adhered to the statements they had made to the Pope, was conducted without pressure of any kind. But further, the fact that confessions are made under torture does not necessarily invalidate them as evidence. Guy Fawkes also confessed under torture, yet it is never suggested that the whole story of the Gunpowder Plot was a myth. Torture, however much we may condemn it, has frequently proved the only method for overcoming the intimidation exercised over the mind of a conspirator; a man bound by the terrible obligations of a confederacy and fearing the vengeance of his fellow-conspirators will not readily yield to persuasion, but only to force. If, then, some of the Templars were terrorized by torture, or even by the fear of torture, it must not be forgotten that terrorism was exercised by both sides. Few will deny that the Knights were bound by oaths of secrecy, so that on one hand they were threatened with the vengeance of the Order if they betrayed its secrets, and on the other faced with torture if they refused to confess. Thus they found themselves between the devil and the deep sea. It was therefore not a case of a mild and unoffending Order meeting with brutal treatment at the hands of authority, but of the victims of a terrible autocracy being delivered into the hands of another autocracy.

Moreover, do the confessions of the Knights appear to be the outcome of pure imagination such as men under the influence of torture might devise? It is certainly difficult to believe that the accounts of the ceremony of initiation given in detail by men in different countries, all closely resembling each other, yet related in different phraseology, could be pure inventions. Had the victims been driven to invent they would surely have contradicted each other, have cried out in their agony that all kinds of wild and fantastic rites had taken place in order to satisfy the demands of their interlocutors. But no, each appears to be describing the same ceremony more or less completely, with characteristic touches that indicate the personality of the speaker, and in the main all the stories tally.

The further contention that the case against the Templars was manufactured by the King and Pope with a view to obtaining their wealth is entirely disproved by facts. The latest French historian of mediæval France, whilst expressing disbelief in the guilt of the Templars, characterizes this counter-accusation as "puerile." "Philippe the Fair," writes M. Funck-Brentano, "has never been understood; from the beginning people have not been just to him. This young prince was one of the greatest kings and the noblest characters that have appeared in history." [26]

Without carrying appreciation so far, one must nevertheless accord to M. Funck-Brentano's statement of facts the attention it merits. Philippe has been blamed for debasing the coin of the realm; in reality he merely ordered it to be mixed with alloy; as a necessary measure after the war with England, [27] precisely as our own coinage was debased in consequence of the recent war. This was done quite openly and the coinage was restored at the earliest opportunity. Intensely national, his policy of attacking the Lombards, exiling the Jews, and suppressing the Templars, however regrettable the methods by which it was carried out, resulted in immense benefits to France; M. Funck-Brentano has graphically described the prosperity of the whole country during the early fourteenth century—the increase of population, flourishing agriculture and industry. "In Provence and Languedoc one meets swineherds who have vineyards, simple cowherds who have town houses." [28]

The attitude of Philippe le Bel towards the Templars must be viewed in this light—ruthless suppression of any body of people who interfered with the prosperity of France. His action was not that of arbitrary authority; he "proceeded," says M. Funck-Brentano, "by means of an appeal to the people. In his name Nogaret (the Chancellor) spoke to the Parisians in the garden of the Palace (October 13, 1307). Popular assemblies were convoked all over France"; [29] "the Parliament of Tours, with hardly a dissentient vote, declared the Templars worthy of death. The University of Paris gave the weight of their judgement as to the fullness and authenticity of the confessions." [30] Even assuming that these bodies were actuated by the same servility as that which has been attributed to the Pope, how are we to explain the fact that the trial of the Order aroused no opposition among the far from docile people of Paris? If the Templars had indeed, as they professed, been leading noble and upright lives, devoting themselves to the care of the poor, one might surely expect their arrest to be followed by popular risings. But there appears to have been no sign of this.

As to the Pope, we have already seen that from the outset he had shown himself extremely reluctant to condemn the Order, and no satisfactory explanation is given of his change of attitude except that he wished to please the King. As far as his own interests are concerned, it is obvious that he could have nothing to gain by publishing to the world a scandal that must inevitably bring opprobrium on the Church. His lamentations to this effect in the famous Bull [31] clearly show that he recognized this danger and therefore desired at all cost to clear the accused Knights, if evidence could be obtained in their favour. It was only when the Templars made damning admissions in his presence that he was obliged to abandon their defence.[32] Yet we are told that he did this out of base compliance with the wishes of Philippe le Bel.

Philippe le Bel is thus represented as the arch-villain of the whole piece, through seven long years hounding down a blameless Order—from whom up to the very moment of their arrest he had repeatedly received loans of money—solely with the object of appropriating their wealth. Yet after all we find that the property of the Templars was not appropriated by the King, but was given by him to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem !

What was the fate of the Templars' goods? Philippe le Bel decided that they should be handed over to the Hospitallers. Clement V states that the Orders given by the King on this subject were executed. Even the domain of the Temple in Paris... up to the eve of the Revolution was the property of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The royal treasury kept for itself certain sums for the costs of the trial. These had been immense.[33]

These facts in no way daunt the antagonists of Philippe, who, we are now assured—again without any proof whatever—was overruled by the Pope in this matter. But setting all morality aside, as a mere question of policy, is it likely that the King would have deprived himself of his most valuable financial supporters and gone to the immense trouble of bringing them to trial without first assuring himself that he would benefit by the affair? Would he, in other words, have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs without any guarantee that the body of the goose would remain in his possession? Again, if, as we are told, the Pope suppressed the Order so as to please the King, why should he have thwarted him over the whole purpose the King had in view? Might we not expect indignant remonstrances from Philippe at thus being baulked of the booty he had toiled so long to gain? But on the contrary, we find him completely in agreement with the Pope on this subject. In November 1309 Clement V distinctly stated that " Philippe the Illustrious, King of France," to whom the facts concerning the Templars had been told, was " not prompted by avarice since he desired to keep or appropriate for himself no part of the property of the Templars, but liberally and devotedly left them to us and the Church to be administered," etc.[34]

Thus the whole theory concerning the object for which the Templars were suppressed falls to the ground—a theory which on examination is seen to be built up entirely on the plan of imputing motives without any justification in facts. The King acted from cupidity, the Pope from servility, and the Templars confessed from fear of torture—on these pure hypotheses defenders of the Order base their arguments.

The truth is, far more probably, that if the King had any additional reason for suppressing the Templars it was not envy of their wealth but fear of the immense power their wealth conferred; the Order dared even to defy the King and to refuse to pay taxes. The Temple in fact constituted an imperium in imperio that threatened not only the royal authority but the whole social system.[35] An important light is thrown on the situation by M. Funck-Brentano in this passage:

As the Templars had houses in all countries, they practised the financial operations of the international banks of our times; they were acquainted with letters of exchange, orders payable at sight, they instituted dividends and annuities on deposited capital, advanced funds, lent on credit, controlled private accounts, undertook to raise taxes for the lay and ecclesiastical seigneurs.[36]

Through their proficiency in these matters—acquired very possibly from the Jews of Alexandria whom they must have met in the East—the Templars had become the " international financiers " and " international capitalists " of their day; had they not been suppressed, all the evils now denounced by Socialists as peculiar to the system they describe as " Capitalism "—trusts, monopolies, and " corners "—would in all probability have been inaugurated during the course of the fourteenth century in a far worse form than at the present day, since no legislation existed to protect the community at large. The feudal system, as Marx and Engels perceived, was the principal obstacle to exploitation by a financial autocracy.[37]

Moreover, it is by no means improbable that this order of things would have been brought about by the violent overthrow of the French monarchy—indeed, of all monarchies; the Templars, " those terrible conspirators," says Eliphaz Lévi, threatened the whole world with an immense revolution." [38]

Here perhaps we may find the reason why this band of dissolute and rapacious nobles has enlisted the

passionate sympathy of democratic writers. For it will be noticed that these same writers who attribute the King's condemnation of the Order to envy of their wealth never apply this argument to the demagogues of the eighteenth century and suggest that their accusations against the nobles of France were inspired by cupidity, nor would they ever admit that any such motive may enter into the diatribes against private owners of wealth to-day. The Templars thus remain the only body of capitalists, with the exception of the Jews, to be not only pardoned for their riches but exalted as noble victims of prejudice and envy. Is it merely because the Templars were the enemies of monarchy? Or is it that the world revolution, whilst attacking private owners of property, has never been opposed to International finance, particularly when combined with anti-Christian tendencies?

It is the continued defence of the Templars which, to the present writer, appears the most convincing evidence against them. For even if one believes them innocent of the crimes laid to their charge, how is it possible to admire them in their later stages? The fact that cannot be denied is that they were false to their obligations, that they took the vow of poverty and then grew not only rich but arrogant; that they took the vow of chastity and became notoriously immoral.[39] Are all these things then condoned because the Templars formed a link in the chain of world revolution?

At this distance of time the guilt or innocence of the Templars will probably never be conclusively established either way; on the mass of conflicting evidence bequeathed to us by history no one can pronounce a final judgement.

Without attempting to dogmatize on the question, I would suggest that the real truth may be that the Knights were both innocent and guilty, that is to say, that a certain number were initiated into the secret doctrine of the Order whilst the majority remained throughout in ignorance. Thus according to the evidence of Stephen de Stapelbrugge, an English Knight, "there were two modes of reception, one lawful and good and the other contrary to the Faith." [40] This would account for the fact that some of the accused declined to confess even under the greatest pressure. These may really have known nothing of the real doctrines of the Order, which were confided orally only to those whom the superiors regarded as unlikely to be revolted by them. Such have always been the methods of secret societies, from the Ismailis onward.

This theory of a double doctrine is put forward by Loiseleur, who observes:

If we consult the statutes of the Order of the Temple as they have come down to us, we shall certainly discover there is nothing that justifies the strange and abominable practices revealed at the Inquiry. But... besides the public rule, had not the Order another one, whether traditional or written, authorizing or even prescribing these practices—a secret rule, revealed only to the initiates? [41]

Eliphaz Lévi also exonerates the majority of the Templars from complicity in either anti-monarchical or anti-religious designs:

These tendencies were enveloped in profound mystery and the Order made an outward profession of the most perfect orthodoxy. The Chiefs alone knew whither they were going; the rest followed unsuspectingly. [42]

What, then, was the Templar heresy? On this point we find a variety of opinions. According to Wilcke, Ranke, and Weber it was "the unitarian deism of Islam" [43]; Lecouteux de Canteleu thinks, however, it was derived from heretical Islamic sources, and relates that whilst in Palestine, one of the Knights, Guillaume de Montbard, was initiated by the Old Man of the Mountain in a cave of Mount Lebanon. [44] That a certain resemblance existed between the Templars and the Assassins has been indicated by von Hammer, [45] and further emphasized by the Freemason Clavel:

Oriental historians show us, at different periods, the Order of the Templars maintaining intimate relations with that of the Assassins, and they insist on the affinity that existed between the two associations. They remark that they had adopted the same colours, white and red; that they had the same organization, the same hierarchy of degrees, those of fedavi, refik, and dai in one corresponding to those of novice, professed, and knight in the other; that both conspired for the ruin of the religions they professed in public, and that finally both possessed numerous castles, the former in Asia, the latter in Europe. [46]

But in spite of these outward resemblances it does not appear from the confessions of the Knights that the secret doctrine of the Templars was that of the Assassins or of any Ismaili sect by which, in accordance with orthodox Islamism, Jesus was openly held up as a prophet, although, secretly, indifference to all religion was inculcated. The Templars, as far as can be discovered, were anti-Christian deists; Loiseleur considers that their ideas were derived from Gnostic or Manichean dualists—Cathari, Paulicians, or more particularly Bogomils, of which a brief account must be given here.

The Paulicians who flourished about the seventh century A.D., bore a resemblance to the Cainites and Ophites in their detestation of the Demiurgus and in the corruption of their morals. Later, in the ninth century, the Bogomils, whose name signifies in Slavonic " friends of God," and who had migrated from Northern Syria and Mesopotamia to the Balkan Peninsula, particularly Thrace, appeared as a further development of Manichean dualism. Their doctrine may be summarized thus:

God, the Supreme Father, has two sons, the elder Satanael, the younger Jesus. To Satanael, who sat on the right hand of God, belonged the right of governing the celestial world, but, filled with pride, he rebelled against his Father and fell from Heaven. Then, aided by the companions of his fall, he created the visible world, image of the celestial, having like the other its sun, moon, and stars, and last he created man and the serpent which became his minister. Later Christ came to earth in order to show men the way to Heaven, but His death was ineffectual, for even by descending into Hell He could not wrest the power from Satanael, i.e. Satan.

This belief in the impotence of Christ and the necessity therefore for placating Satan, not only " the Prince of this world," but its creator, led to the further doctrine that Satan, being all-powerful, should be adored. Nicetas Choniates, a Byzantine historian of the twelfth century, described the followers of this cult as " Satanists," because "considering Satan all-powerful they worshipped him lest he might do them harm"; subsequently they were known as Luciferians, their doctrine (as stated by Neuss and Vitoduranus) being that Lucifer was unjustly driven out of Heaven, that one day he will ascend there again and be restored to his former glory and power in the celestial world.

The Bogomils and Luciferians were thus closely akin, but whilst the former divided their worship between God and His two sons, the latter worshipped Lucifer only, regarding the material world as his work and holding that by indulging the flesh they were propitiating their Demon-Creator. It was said that a black cat, the symbol of Satan, figured in their ceremonies as an object of worship, also that at their horrible nocturnal orgies sacrifices of children were made and their blood used for making the Eucharistic bread of the sect.[47]

Loiseleur arrives at the conclusion that the secret doctrine of the Templars was derived from the Bogomils:

Thus the Templars recognize at the same time a good god, incommunicable to man and consequently without symbolic representation, and a bad god, to whom they give the features of an idol of fearful aspect. [48]

Their most fervent worship was addressed to this god of evil, who alone could enrich them. " They said with the Luciferians: ' The elder son of God, Satanael or Lucifer alone has a right to the homage of mortals; Jesus his younger brother does not deserve this honour.' "[49]

Although we shall not find these ideas so clearly defined in the confessions of the Knights, some colour is lent to this theory by those who related that the reason given to them for not believing in Christ was " that He was nothing, He was a false prophet and of no value, and that they should believe in the Higher God of Heaven who could save them." [50] According to Loiseleur, the idol they were taught to worship, the bearded head known to history as Baphomet, represented " the inferior god, organizer and dominator of the material world, author of good and evil here below, him by whom evil was introduced into creation." [51]

The etymology of the word Baphomet is difficult to discover; Raynouard says it originated with two witnesses heard at Carcassonne who spoke of " Figura Baffometi," and suggests that it was a corruption of " Mohammed," whom the Inquisitors wished to make the Knights confess they were taught to adore.[52] But this surmise with regard to the intentions of the Inquisitors seems highly improbable, since they must have been well aware that, as Wilcke points out, the Moslems forbid all idols.[53] For this reason Wilcke concludes that the Mohammedanism of the Templars was combined with Cabalism and that their idol was in reality the macroprosopos, or head of the Ancient of Ancients, represented as an old man with a long beard, or sometimes as three heads in one, which has already been referred to under the name of the Long Face in the first chapter of this book—a theory which would agree with Eliphas Lévi's assertion that the Templars were initiated into the mysterious doctrines of the Cabala." [54] But Lévi goes on to define this teaching under the name of Johannism. It is here that we reach a further theory with regard to the secret doctrine of the Templars—the most important of all, since it emanates from masonic and neo-Templar sources, thus effectually disposing of the contention that the charge brought against the Order of apostasy from the Catholic faith is solely the invention of Catholic writers.

In 1842 the Freemason Ragon related that the Templars learnt from the " initiates of the East " a certain Judaic doctrine which was attributed to St. John the Apostle; therefore " they renounced the religion of St.

Peter and became Johannites.[55] Eliphas Lévi expresses the same opinion.

Now, these statements are apparently founded on a legend which was first published early in the nineteenth century, when an association calling itself the *Ordre du Temple* and claiming direct descent from the original Templar Order published two works, the *Manuel des Chevaliers de l'Ordre du Temple* in 1811, and the *Lévitikon*, in 1831, together with a version of the Gospel of St. John differing from the Vulgate. These books, which appear to have been printed only for private circulation amongst the members and are now extremely rare, relate that the Order of the Temple had never ceased to exist since the days of Jacques du Molay, who appointed Jacques de Larménie his successor in office, and from that time onwards a line of Grand Masters had succeeded each other without a break up to the end of the eighteenth century, when it ceased for a brief period but was reinstituted under a new Grand Master, Fabré Palaprat, in 1804. Besides publishing the list of all Grand Masters, known as the "Charter of Larmenius," said to have been preserved in the secret archives of the Temple, these works also reproduce another document drawn from the same repository describing the origins of the Order. This manuscript, written in Greek on parchment, dated 1154, purports to be partly taken from a fifth-century MS. and relates that Hugues de Payens, first Grand Master of the Templars, was initiated in 1118—that is to say, in the year the Order was founded—into the religious doctrine of "the Primitive Christian Church" by its Sovereign Pontiff and Patriarch, Theoclet, sixtieth in direct succession from St. John the Apostle. The history of the Primitive Church is then given as follows:

Moses was initiated in Egypt. Profoundly versed in the physical, theological, and metaphysical mysteries of the priests, he knew how to profit by these so as to surmount the power of the Magi and deliver his companions. Aaron, his brother, and the chiefs of the Hebrews became the depositaries of his doctrine....

The Son of God afterwards appeared on the scene of the world.... He was brought up at the school of Alexandria.... Imbued with a spirit wholly divine, endowed with the most astounding qualities (dispositions), he was able to reach all the degrees of Egyptian initiation. On his return to Jerusalem, he presented himself before the chiefs of the Synagogue.... Jesus Christ, directing the fruit of his lofty meditations towards universal civilization and the happiness of the world, rent the veil which concealed the truth from the peoples. He preached the love of God, the love of one's neighbour, and equality before the common Father of all men....

Jesus conferred evangelical initiation on his apostles and disciples. He transmitted his spirit to them, divided them into several orders after the practice of John, the beloved disciple the apostle of fraternal love, whom he had instituted Sovereign Pontiff and Patriarch....

Here we have the whole Cabalistic legend of a secret doctrine descending from Moses, of Christ as an Egyptian initiate and founder of a secret order—a theory, of course, absolutely destructive of belief in His divinity. The legend of the *Ordre du Temple* goes on to say:

Up to about the year 1118 (i.e. the year the Order of the Temple was founded) the mysteries and the hierarchic Order of the initiation of Egypt, transmitted to the Jews by Moses, then to the Christians by J.C., were religiously preserved by the successors of St. John the Apostle. These mysteries and initiations, regenerated by the evangelical initiation (or baptism), were a sacred trust which the simplicity of the primitive and unchanging morality of the Brothers of the East had preserved from all adulteration....

The Christians, persecuted by the infidels, appreciating the courage and piety of these brave crusaders, who, with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other, flew to the defence of the holy places, and, above all, doing striking justice to the virtues and the ardent charity of Hugues de Payens, held it their duty to confide to hands so pure the treasures of knowledge acquired throughout so many centuries, sanctified by the cross, the dogma and the morality of the Man-God. Hugues was invested with the Apostolic Patriarchal power and placed in the legitimate order of the successors of St. John the apostle or the evangelist.

Such is the origin of the foundation of the Order of the Temple and of the fusion in this Order of the different kinds of initiation of the Christians of the East designated under the title of Primitive Christians or Johannites.

It will be seen at once that all this story is subtly subversive of true Christianity, and that the appellation of Christians applied to the Johannites is an imposture. Indeed Fabré Palaprat, Grand Master of the *Ordre du Temple* in 1804, who in his book on the Templars repeats the story contained in the *Lévitikon* and the *Manuel des Chevaliers du Temple*, whilst making the same profession of "primitive Christian" doctrines descending from St. John through Theoclet and Hugues de Payens to the Order over which he presides, goes on to say that the secret doctrine of the Templars "was essentially contrary to the canons of the Church of Rome and that it is principally to this fact that one must attribute the persecution of which history has preserved the memory." [56] The belief of the Primitive Christians, and consequently that of the Templars, with

regard to the miracles of Christ is that He " did or may have done extraordinary or miraculous things," and that since " God can do things incomprehensible to human intelligence," the Primitive Church venerates " all the acts of Christ as they are described in the Gospel, whether it considers them as acts human science or whether as acts of divine power."[57] Belief in the divinity of Christ is thus left an open question, and the same attitude is maintained towards the Resurrection, of which the story is omitted in the Gospel of St. John possessed by the Order. Fabré Palaprat further admits that the gravest accusations brought against the Templars were founded on facts which he attempts to explain away in the following manner:

The Templars having in 1307 carefully abstracted all the manuscripts composing the secret archives of the Order from the search made by authority, and these authentic manuscripts having been preciously preserved since that period, we have to-day the certainty that the Knights endured a great number of religious and moral trials before reaching the different degrees of initiation: thus, for example, the recipient might receive the injunction under pain of death to trample on the crucifix or to worship an idol, but if he yielded to the terror which they sought to inspire in him he was declared unworthy of being admitted to the higher grades of the Order. One can imagine in this way how beings, too feeble or too immoral to endure the trials of initiation, may have accused the Templars of giving themselves up to infamous practices and of having superstitious beliefs.

It is certainly not surprising that an Order which gave such injunctions as these, for whatever purpose, should have become the object of suspicion.

Eliphas Lévi, who, like Ragon, accepts the statements of the *Ordre du Temple* concerning the " Johannite " origin of the Templars' secret doctrine, is, however, not deceived by these professions of Christianity, and boldly asserts that the Sovereign Pontiff Theoclet initiated Hugues de Payens " into the mysteries and hopes of his pretended Church, he lured him by the ideas of sacerdotal sovereignty and supreme royalty, he indicated him finally as his successor. So the Order of the Knights of the Temple was stained from its origin with schism and conspiracy against Kings."[58] Further, Lévi relates that the real story told to initiates concerning Christ was no other than the infamous Toledot Yeshu described in the first chapter of this book, and which the Johannites dared to attribute to St. John.[59] This would accord with the confession of the Catalan Knight Templar, Galcerandus de Teus, who stated that the form of absolution in the Order was: " I pray God that He may pardon your sins as He pardoned St. Mary Magdalene and the thief on the cross "; but the witness went on to explain:

By the thief of which the head of the Chapter speaks, is meant, according to our statutes, that Jesus or Christ who was crucified by the Jews because he was not God, and yet he said he was God and the King of the Jews, which was an outrage to the true God who is in Heaven. When Jesus, a few moments before his death, had his side pierced by the lance of Longinus, he repented of having called himself God and King of the Jews and he asked pardon of the true God; then the true God pardoned him. It is thus that we apply to the crucified Christ these words: " as God pardoned the thief on the cross."[60]

Raynouard, who quotes this deposition, stigmatizes it as " singular and extravagant "; M. Matter agrees that it is doubtless extravagant, but that " it merits attention. There was a whole system there, which was not the invention of Galcerant."[61] Eliphas Lévi provides the clue to that system and to the reason why Christ was described as a thief, by indicating the Cabalistic legend wherein He was described as having stolen the sacred Name from the Holy of Holies. Elsewhere he explains that the Johannites " made themselves out to be the only people initiated into the true mysteries of the religion of the Saviour. They professed to know the real history of Jesus Christ, and by adopting part of Jewish traditions and the stories of the Talmud, they made out that the facts related in the Gospels "-that is to say, the Gospels accepted by the orthodox Church- " were only allegories of which St. John gives the key."[62]

But it is time to pass from legend to facts. For the whole story of the initiation of the Templars by the " Johannites " rests principally on the documents produced by the *Ordre du Temple* in 1811. According to the Abbés Grégoire and Münter the authenticity and antiquity of these documents are beyond dispute. Grégoire, referring to the parchment manuscript of the *Lévitikon* and Gospel of St. John, says that " Hellenists versed in palaeography believe this manuscript to be of the thirteenth century, others declare it to be earlier and to go back to the eleventh century."[63] Matter, on the other hand, quoting Münter's opinion that the manuscripts in the archives of the modern Templars date from the thirteenth century, observes that this is all a tissue of errors and that the critics, including the learned Professor Thilo of Halle, have recognized that the manuscript in question, far from belonging to the thirteenth century, dates from the beginning of the eighteenth. From the arrangement of the chapters of the Gospel, M. Matter arrives at the conclusion that it was intended to accompany the ceremonies of some masonic or secret society.[64] We shall return to this possibility in a later chapter.

The antiquity of the manuscript containing the history of the Templars thus remains an open question on which no one can pronounce an opinion without having seen the original. In order, then, to judge of the probability of the story that this manuscript contained it is necessary to consult the facts of history and to discover what proof can be found that any such sect as the Johannites existed at the time of the Crusades or earlier. Certainly none is known to have been called by this name or by one resembling it before 1622, when some Portuguese monks reported the existence of a sect whom they described as " Christians of St. John " inhabiting the banks of the Euphrates. The appellation appears, however, to have been wrongly applied by the monks, for the sectarians in question, variously known as the Mandæans, Mandaites, Sabians, Nazoreans, etc. called themselves Mandaï Iyahi, that is to say, the disciples, or rather the wise men, of John, the word mandaï being derived from the Chaldean word manda, corresponding to the Greek word , or wisdom.[65] The multiplicity of names given to the Mandæans arises apparently from the fact that in their dealings with other communities they took the name of Sabians, whilst they called the wise and learned amongst themselves Nazoreans.[66] The sect formerly inhabited the banks of the Jordan, but was driven out by the Moslems, who forced them to retire to Mesopotamia and Babylonia, where they particularly affected the neighbourhood of rivers in order to be able to carry out their peculiar baptismal rites.[67]

There can be no doubt that the doctrines of the Mandæans do resemble the description of the Johannite heresy as given by Eliphas Lévi, though not by the Ordre du Temple, in that, the Mandæans professed to be the disciples of St. John-the Baptist, however, not the Apostle-but were at the same time, the enemies of Jesus Christ. According to the Mandæans' Book of John (Sidra d'Yahya), Yahya, that is to say, St. John, baptized myriads of men during forty years in the Jordan. By a mistake-or in response to a written mandate from heaven saying, " Yahya, baptize the liar in the Jordan "-he baptized the false prophet Yishu Meshiha (the Messiah Jesus), son of the devil Ruha Kadishta.[68] The same idea is found in another book of the sect called the " Book of Adam," which represents Jesus as the perverter of St. John's doctrine and the disseminator of iniquity and perfidy throughout the world.[69] The resemblance between all this and the legends of the Talmud, the Cabala, and the Toledot Yeshu is at once apparent; moreover, the Mandæans claim for the " Book of Adam " the same origin as the Jews claimed for the Cabala, namely, that it was delivered to Adam by God through the hands of the angel Razael.[70] This book, known to scholars as the Codex Nasaræus, is described by Münter as " a sort of mosaic without order, without method, where one finds mentioned Noah, Abraham, Moses, Solomon, the Temple of Jerusalem, St. John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, the Christians, and Mohammed." M. Matter, whilst denying any proof of the Templar succession from the Mandæans, nevertheless gives good reason for believing that the sect itself existed from the first centuries of the Christian era and that its books dated from the eighth century[71]; further that these Mandæans or Nazoreans-not to be confounded with the pre-Christian Nazarenes or Christian Nazarenes-were Jews who revered St. John the Baptist as the prophet of ancient Mosaism, but regarded Jesus Christ as a false Messiah sent by the powers of darkness.[72] Modern Jewish opinion confirms this affirmation of Judaic inspiration and agrees with Matter in describing the Mandæans as Gnostics: " Their sacred books are in an Aramaic dialect, which has close affinities with that of the Talmud of Babylon." The Jewish influence is distinctly visible in the Mandæan religion. It is essentially of the type of ancient Gnosticism, traces of which are found in the Talmud, the Midrash, and in a modified form the later Cabala."[73]

It may then be regarded as certain that a sect existed long before the time of the Crusades corresponding to the description of the Johannites given by Eliphas Lévi in that it was Cabalistic, anti-Christian, yet professedly founded on the doctrines of one of the St. Johns. Whether it was by this sect that the Templars were indoctrinated must remain an open question. M. Matter objects that the evidence lacking to such a conclusion lies in the fact that the Templars expressed no particular reverence for St. John; but Loiseleur asserts that the Templars did prefer the Gospel of St. John to that of the other evangelists, and that modern masonic lodges claiming descent from the Templars possess a special version of this Gospel said to have been copied from the original on Mount Athos.[74] It is also said that " Baphomets " were preserved in the masonic lodges of Hungary, where a debased form of Masonry, known as Johannite Masonry, survives to this day. If the Templar heresy was that of the Johannites, the head in question might possibly represent that of John the Baptist, which would accord with the theory that the word Baphomet was derived from Greek words signifying baptism of wisdom. This would, moreover, not be incompatible with Loiseleur's theory of an affinity between the Templars and the Bogomils, for the Bogomils also possessed their own version of the Gospel of St. John, which they placed on the heads of their neophytes during the ceremony of initiation, giving as the reason for the peculiar veneration they professed for its author that they regarded St. John as the servant of the Jewish God Satanael.[75] Eliphas Lévi even goes so far as to accuse the Templars of following the occult practices of the Luciferians, who carried the doctrines of the Bogomils to the point of pay-

ing homage to the powers of darkness:

Let us declare for the edification of the vulgar... and for the greater glory of the Church which has persecuted the Templars, burned the magicians and excommunicated the Free-Masons, etc., let us say boldly and loudly, that all the initiates of the occult sciences... have adored, do and will always adore that which is signified by this frightful symbol [the Sabbatic goat].[76] Yes, in our profound conviction, the Grand Masters of the Order of the Templars adored Baphomet and caused him to be adored by their initiates.[77]

It will be seen, then, that the accusation of heresy brought against the Templars does not emanate solely from the Catholic Church, but also from the secret societies. Even our Freemasons, who, for reasons I shall show later, have generally defended the Order, are now willing to admit that there was a very real case against them. Thus Dr. Ranking, who has devoted many years of study to the question, has arrived at the conclusion that Johannism is the real clue to the Templar heresy. In a very interesting paper published in the masonic Journal *Ars Qautuor Coronatorum*, he observes that " the record of the Templars in Palestine is one long tale of intrigue and treachery on the part of the Order," and finally:

That from the very commencement of Christianity there has been transmitted through the centuries a body of doctrine incompatible with Christianity in the various official Churches...

That the bodies teaching these doctrines professed to do so on the authority of St. John, to whom, as they claimed, the true secrets had been committed by the Founder of Christianity.

That during the Middle Ages the main support of the Gnostic bodies and the main repository of this knowledge was the Society of the Templars.[78]

What is the explanation of this choice of St. John for the propagation of anti-Christian doctrines which we shall find continuing up to the present day? What else than the method of perversion which in its extreme form becomes Satanism, and consists in always selecting the most sacred things for the purpose of desecration? Precisely then because the Gospel of St. John is the one of all the four which most insists on the divinity of Christ, the occult anti-Christian sects have habitually made it the basis of their rites.

1. Développement des abus introduits dans la Franc-maçonnerie, p.56(1780).
2. Jules Loiseleur, La doctrine secrète des Templiers, p. 89
3. Dr. F.W. Bussell, D.D., Religious Thought And Heresy in the Middle Ages, pp. 796, 797 note.
4. G. Mollat, Les Papes d'Avignon, p. 233 (1912).
5. Michelet, Procès des Templiers, I.2 (1841). This work largely consists of the publication in Latin of the Papal bulls and trials of the Templars before the Papal Commission in Paris contained in the original document once reserved at Notre Dame. Michelet says that another copy was sent to the Pope and kept under the triple key of the Vatican. Mr. E.J. Castle, K.C, however, says that he has enquired about the whereabouts of this copy and it is no longer in the Vatican (Proceedings against the Templars in France and in England for Heresy, republished from *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum*, Vol. XX. Part III. p. 1).
6. M. Raynouard, Monuments historiques relatifs à la condamnation des Chevaliers du Temple et de l'abolition de leur Ordre, p, 17 (1813).
7. Michelet, op. cit. I. 2 (1841).
8. Michelet, Procès des Templiers, II. 333.
9. Ibid., 295, 333.
10. Ibid., 290, 299, 300.
11. " Dixit per juramentum suum quod ita est terribilis figure et aspectus quod videbatur sibi quod esset figura cujusdam demonis, dicendo gallice d'un maufé, et quod quocienscumque videbat ipsum tantus timor eum invadebat, quod vix poterat illud respicere nisi cum maximo timore et tremore."-Ibid., p. 364.
12. Ibid, pp. 284, 338. " Ipse minabatur sibi quod nisi faceret, ipse poneretur in carcere perpetuo."-Ibid., p. 307.
13. " Et fuit territus plus quam unquam fuit in vita sua: et statim unus eum accepit per guttur, dicens quod oportebat quod hoc faceret, vel moreretur."-Ibid., p. 296.
14. Mollat, op. cit., p. 241.
15. Procès des Templiers, I. 3: Mr. E.J. Castle, op. cit. Part III. p. 3. (It should be noted that Mr. Castle's paper is strongly in favour of the Templars.)
16. Ibid., I. 4.
17. Procès des Templiers, I. 5.
18. Michelet in Preface to Vol. I. of Procès des Templiers.
19. Jules Loiseleur, La Doctrine Secrète des Templiers, p. 40 (1872).
20. Ibid., p. 16.
21. Proceedings against the Templars in France and England for Heresy, by E.J. Castle Part I. p. 16, quoting Rymer, Vol. III. p. 37.
22. Ibid., Part II. p.1.
23. Ibid., Part II. pp. 25-7.
24. Ibid., Part II. p. 30.
25. " Another witness of the Minor Friars told the Commissioners he had heard from Brother Robert of Tukenham that a Templar had a son who saw through a partition that they asked one professing if he believed in the Crucified, showing him the figure, whom they killed upon his refusing to deny Him, but the boy, some time after, being asked if he wished to be a Templar said no, because he had seen this thing done. Saying this, he was killed by his father.... The twenty-third witness, a Knight, said that his uncle entered the Order healthy and joyfully, with his birds and dogs, and the third day following he was dead, and he suspected it was on account of the crimes he had heard of them; and that the cause of his death was he would not consent to the evil deeds perpetrated by other brethren."-Ibid, Part II. p. 13.
26. F. Funck-Brentano, Le Moyen Age, p. 396 (1922).

27. Ibid., p. 384.
28. F. Funck-Brentano, op. cit., p. 396.
29. Ibid., p. 387.
30. Dean Milman, History of Latin Christianity, VII. 213.
31. E.J. Castle, op. cit., Part I. p. 22.
32. Thus even M. Mollat admits: " En tout cas leurs dépositions, défavorables à l'Ordre, l'impressionnèrent si vivement que, par une série de graves mesures, il abandonna une à une toutes ses oppositions."-Les Papes d'Avignon, p. 242.
33. F. Funck-Brentano, op. cit., p. 392.
34. E.J. Castle, Proceedings against the Templars, A.Q.C., Vol. XX. Part III. p. 3.
35. Even Raynouard, the apologist of the Templars (op. cit., p. 19), admits that, if less unjust and violent measures had been adopted, the interest of the State and the safety of the throne might have justified the abolition of the Order.
36. Funck-Brentano, op. cit., p. 386.
37. " The bourgeoisie, whenever it has conquered power, has destroyed all feudal, patriarchal, and idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder all the many-coloured feudal bonds which united men to their ' natural superiors,' and has left no tie twixt man and man but naked self-interest and callous cash payment."-The Communis Manifesto.
38. Eliphas Lévi, Histoire de la Magie, p. 273.
39. E.J. Castle, op. cit., A.Q.C., Vol. XX. Part I. p. 11.
40. Ibid., Part II. p. 24.
41. Loiseleur, op. cit., pp. 20, 21.
42. Histoire de la Magie, p. 277.
43. Dr. F.W. Bussell, Religious Thought and Heresy in the Middle Ages, p. 803.
44. Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes, p. 85.
45. History of the Assassins, p. 80.
46. F.T.B. Clavel, Histoire Pittoresque de la Franc-Maçonnerie, p. 356 (1843).
47. Loiseleur, op. cit., p. 66.
48. Ibid., p. 143.
49. Ibid., p. 141.
50. " Dixit sibi quod non crederet in eum, quia nichil erat, et quod erat quidam falsus propheta, et nichil valebat; immo crederet in Deum Celi superiorem qui poterat salvare."-Michelet, Procès des Templiers, II. 404. Cf. ibid., p. 384: " Quidem falsus propheta est; credas solummodo in Deum Celi, et non in istum."
51. Loiseleur, op. cit. p. 37.
52. Raynouard, op. cit., p. 301.
53. Wilhelm Ferdinand Wilcke, Geschichte des Tempelherrenordens, II. 302-12 (1827).
54. Eliphas Lévi, Histoire de la Magie, p. 273.
55. J. M. Ragon, Cours Philosophique et Interprétatif des Initiations anciennes et modernes, édition sacrée à l'usage des Loges et des Maçons SEULEMENT (5,842), p. 37. In a footnote on the same page Ragon, however, refers to John the Baptist in this connexion.
56. J.B. Fabré Palaprat, Recherches historiques sur les Templiers, p. 31 (1835).
57. Ibid., p. 37.

58. Eliphas Lévi, *Histoire de la Magie*, p. 277.
59. Eliphas Lévi, *La Science des Esprits*, pp. 26-9, 40, 41.
60. Raynouard, *op. cit.*, p. 281.
61. Matter, *Histoire du Gnosticisme*, III. 330.
62. Eliphas Lévi, *Histoire de la Magie*, p. 275.
63. M. Grégoire, *Histoire des Sectes religieuses*, II. 407 (1828).
64. Matter, *Histoire du Gnosticisme*, III. 323.
65. *Ibid.*, III. p. 120.
66. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Mandæans.
67. Grégoire, *op. cit.*, IV. 241.
68. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, and *Hastings' Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, articles on Mandæans.
69. *Codex Nasaræus, Liber Adam appellatus*, trans. from the Syriac into Latin by Matth. Norberg (1815), Vol. I. 109: " Sed, Johanne hac ætate Hierosolymæ nato, Jordanumque deinceps legente, et baptismum per-agente, veniet Jeschu Messias, summis se gerens, ut baptismo Johannis baptizetur, et Johannis per sapien-tiam sapiat. Pervertet vero doctrinam Johannis et mutato Jordani baptismo, perversisque justitiæ dictis, iniquitatem et perfidiam per mundum disseminabit."
70. Article on the *Codex Nasar us* by Silvestre de Sacy in the *Journal des Savants* for November 1819, p. 651; cf. passage in the *Zohar*, section *Bereschith*, folio 55.
71. Matter, *op. cit.*, III. 119, 120. De Sacy (*op. cit.*, p. 654) also attributes the *Codex Nasar us* to the eighth century.
72. Matter, *op. cit.*, III. 118.
73. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Mandæans.
74. Loiseleur, *op. cit.*, p. 52.
75. *Ibid.*, p. 51; Matter, *op. cit.*, III. 305.
76. The Sabbatic goat is clearly of Jewish origin. Thus the *Zohar* relates that " Tradition teaches us that when the Israelites evoked evil spirits, these appeared to them under the form of he-goats and made known to them all that they wished to learn."-Section *Ahre Moth*, folio 70a (de Pauly, V. 191).
77. Eliphas Lévi, *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, II. 209.
78. *Some Notes on various Gnostic Sects and their Possible Influence on Free-masonry*, by D.F. Ranking, reprinted from *A.Q.C.*, Vol. XXIV. pp. 27, 28 (1911).

THREE CENTURIES OF OCCULTISM

IT has been shown in the foregoing chapters that from very early times occult sects had existed for two purposes-esoteric and political. Whilst the Manicheans, the early Ismailis, the Bogomils, and the Luciferians had concerned themselves mainly with religious or esoteric doctrines, the later Ismailis, the Fatimites, the Karmathites, and Templars had combined secrecy and occult rites with the political aim of domination. We shall find this double tradition running through all the secret society movement up to the present day.

The Dualist doctrines attributed to the Templars were not, however, confined to this Order in Europe, but had been, as we have seen, those professed by the Bogomils and also by the Cathari, who spread westwards from Bulgaria and Bosnia to France. It was owing to their sojourn in Bulgaria that the Cathari gained the popular nickname of " Bulgars " or " Bougres," signifying those addicted to unnatural vice. One section of the Cathari in the South of France became known after 1180 as the Albigenses, thus called from the town of Albi, although their headquarters were really in Toulouse. Christians only in name, they adhered in secret to the Gnostic and Manichean doctrines of the earlier Cathari, which they would appear to have combined with Johannism, since, like this Eastern sect, they claimed to possess their own Gospel of St. John.(1)

Although not strictly a secret society, the Albigenses were divided after the secret society system into initiates and semi-initiates. The former, few in number, known as the Perfecti, led in appearance an austere life, refraining from meat and professing abhorrence of oaths or of lying. The mystery in which they enveloped themselves won for them the adoring reverence of the Credentes, who formed the great majority of the sect and gave themselves up to every vice, to usury, brigandage, and perjury, and whilst describing marriage as prostitution, condoning incest and all forms of licence.(2) The Credentes, who were probably not fully initiated into the Dualist doctrines of their superiors, looked to them for salvation through the laying-on of hands according to the system of the Manicheans.

It was amongst the nobles of Languedoc that the Albigenses found their principal support. This " Juda of France," as it has been called, was peopled by a medley of mixed races, Iberian, Gallic, Roman, and Semitic.(3) The nobles, very different from the " ignorant and pious chivalry of the North," had lost all respect for their traditions. " There were few who in going back did not encounter some Saracen or Jewish grandmother in their genealogy."(4) Moreover, many had brought back to Europe the laxity of morals they had contracted during the Crusades. The Comte de Comminges practised polygamy, and, according to ecclesiastical chronicles, Raymond VI, Comte de Toulouse, one of the most ardent of the Albigense Credentes, had his harem.(5) The Albigensian movement has been falsely represented as a protest merely against the tyranny of the Church of Rome; in reality it was a rising against the fundamental doctrines of Christianity-more than this, against all principles of religion and morality. For whilst some of the sect openly declared that the Jewish law was preferable to that of the Christians,(6) to others the God of the Old Testament was as abhorrent as the " false Christ " who suffered at Golgotha; the old hatred of the Gnostics and Manicheans for the demiurgus lived again in these rebels against the social order. Forerunners of the seventeenth century Libertines and eighteenth-century Illuminati, the Albigense nobles, under the pretext of fighting the priesthood, strove to throw off all the restraints the Church imposed.

Inevitably the disorders that took place throughout the South of France led to reprisals, and the Albigenses were suppressed with all the cruelty of the age-a fact which has afforded historians the opportunity to exalt them as noble martyrs, victims of ecclesiastical despotism. But again, as in the case of the Templars, the fact that they were persecuted does not prove them innocent of the crimes laid to their charge.

Satanism

At the beginning of the fourteenth century another development of Dualism, far more horrible than the Manichean heresy of the Albigenses, began to make itself felt. This was the cult of Satanism, or black magic. The subject is one that must be approached with extreme caution, owing to the fact that on one hand much that has been written about it is the result of medieval superstition, which sees in every departure from the Roman Catholic Faith the direct intervention of the Evil One, whilst on the other hand the conspiracy of history, which denies in toto the existence of the Occult Power, discredits all revelations on this question, from whatever source they emanate, as the outcome of hysterical imagination.(7) This is rendered all the easier since the subject by its amazing extravagance lends itself to ridicule.

It is, however, idle to deny that the cult of evil has always existed; the invocation of the powers of darkness was practised in the earliest days of the human race and, after the Christian era, found its expression, as

we have seen, in the Cainites the Euchites, and the Luciferians. These are not surmises, but actual facts of history. Towards the end of the twelfth century Luciferianism spread eastwards through Styria, the Tyrol, and Bohemia, even as far as Brandenburg; by the beginning of the thirteenth century it had invaded western Germany, and in the fourteenth century reached its zenith in that country as also in Italy and France. The cult had now reached a further stage in its development, and it was not the mere propitiation of Satanael as the prince of this world practised by the Luciferians, but actual Satanism—the love of evil for the sake of evil—which formed the doctrine of the sect known in Italy as *la vecchia religione* or the "old religion." Sorcery was adopted as a profession, and witches, not, as is popularly supposed, sporadic growths, were trained in schools of magic to practise their art. These facts should be remembered when the Church is blamed for the violence it displayed against witchcraft—it was not individuals, but a system which it set out to destroy.

The essence of Satanism is desecration. In the ceremonies for infernal evocation described by Eliphas Lévi we read: "It is requisite to profane the ceremonies of the religion one belongs to and to trample its holiest symbols under foot."⁽⁸⁾ This practice found a climax in desecrating the Holy Sacrament. The consecrated wafer was given as food to mice, toads, an pigs, or defiled in unspeakable ways. A revolting description of the Black Mass may be found in Huysmans's book *Là-bas*. It is unnecessary to transcribe the loathsome details here. Suffice it, then, to show that this cult had a very real existence and if any further doubt remains on the matter, the life of Gilles de Rais supplies documentary evidence of the visible results of black magic in the Middle Ages.

Gilles de Rais was born at Machecoul in Brittany about the year 1404. The first period of his life was glorious; the companion and guide of Jeanne d'Arc, he became *Maréchal* of France and distinguished himself by many deeds of valour. But after dissipating his immense fortune, largely on Church ceremonies carried out with the wildest extravagance, he was led to study alchemy, partly by curiosity and partly as a means for restoring his shattered fortunes. Hearing that Germany and Italy were the countries where alchemy flourished, he enlisted Italians in his service and was gradually drawn into the further region of magic. According to Huysmans, Gilles de Rais had remained until this moment a Christian mystic under the influence of Jeanne d'Arc, but after her death—possibly in despair—he offered himself to the powers of darkness. Evokers of Satan now flocked to him from every side, amongst them *Prelati*, an Italian, by no means the old and wrinkled sorcerer of tradition, but a young and attractive man of charming manners. For it was from Italy that came the most skilful adepts in the art of alchemy, astrology, magic, and infernal evocation, who spread themselves over Europe, particularly France. Under the influence of these initiators Gilles de Rais signed a letter to the devil in a meadow near Machecoul asking him for "knowledge, power, and riches," and offering in exchange anything that might be asked of him with the exception of his life or his soul. But in spite of this appeal and of a pact signed with the blood of the writer, no Satanic apparitions were forthcoming.

It was then that, becoming still more desperate, Gilles de Rais had recourse to the abominations for which his name has remained infamous—still more frightful invocations, loathsome debaucheries, perverted vice in every form, Sadic cruelties, horrible sacrifices, and, finally, holocausts of little boys and girls collected by his agents in the surrounding country and put to death with the most inhuman tortures. During the years 1432-40 literally hundreds of children disappeared. Many of the names of the unhappy little victims were preserved in the records of the period. Gilles de Rais met with a well deserved end: in 1440 he was hanged and burnt. So far he does not appear to have found a panegyrist to place him in the ranks of noble martyrs.

It will, of course, be urged that the crimes here described were those of a criminal lunatic and not to be attributed to any occult cause; the answer to this is that Gilles was not a isolated unit, but one of a group of occultists who cannot all have been mad. Moreover, it was only after his invocation of the Evil One that he developed these monstrous proclivities. So also his eighteenth-century replica, the Marquis de Sade, combined with his abominations and impassioned hatred of the Christian religion.

What is the explanation of this craze for magic in Western Europe? Deschamps points to the Cabala, "that science of demoniacal arts, of which the Jews were the initiators," and undoubtedly in any comprehensive review of the question the influence of the Jewish Cabalists cannot be ignored. In Spain, Portugal, Provence, and Italy the Jews by the fifteenth century had become a power; as early as 1450 they had penetrated into the intellectual circles of Florence, and it was also in Italy that, a century later, the modern Cabalistic school was inaugurated by Isaac Luria (1533-72), whose doctrines were organized into a practical system by the Hasidim of Eastern Europe for the writing of amulets, the conjuration of devils, mystical jugglery with numbers and letters, etc.⁽⁹⁾ Italy in the fifteenth century was thus a centre from which Cabalistic influences radiated, and it may be that the Italians who indoctrinated Gilles de Rais had drawn their inspiration

from this source. Indeed Eliphas Lévi, who certainly cannot be accused of "Anti-Semitism," declares that "the Jews, the most faithful trustees of the secrets of the Cabala, were almost always the great masters of magic in the Middle Ages,"(10) and suggests that Gilles de Rais took his monstrous recipes for using the blood of murdered children "from some of those old Hebrew grimoires (books on magic)) which, if they had been known, would have sufficed to hold up the Jews to the execration of the whole earth."(11) Voltaire, in his *Henriade*, likewise attributes the magical blood-rites practised in the sixteenth century to Jewish inspiration: Dans l'ombre de la nuit, sous une vote obscure, Le silence conduit leur assemblée impure. A la pâle lueur d'un magique flambeau S'élève un vil autel dressé sur un tombeau. C'est la que des deux rois on plaça les images, Objets de leur terreur, objets de leurs outrages. Leur sacrilèges mains ont mêlé sur l'autel A des noms infernaux le non de l'Éternel. Sur ces murs ténébreux des lances sont rangées, Dans des vases de sang leurs pointes sont plongées; Appareil menaçant de leur mystère affreux. Le prêtre de ce temple est un de ces Hébreux Qui, proscrits sur la terre et citoyens du monde, Portent de mers en mers leur misère profonde, Et, d'un antique ramas de superstitions, Ont rempli dès longtemps toutes les nations, etc.

Voltaire adds in a footnote: "It was ordinarily Jews that were made use of for magical operations. This ancient superstition comes from the secrets of the Cabala, of which the Jews called themselves the sole depositaries. Catherine de Medicis, the Maréchal d'Ancre, and many others employed Jews for these spells."

This charge of black magic recurs all through the history of Europe from the earliest times. The Jews are accused of poisoning wells, of practising ritual murder, of using stolen church property for purposes of desecration, etc. No doubt there enters into all this a great amount of exaggeration, inspired by popular prejudice and medieval superstition. Yet, whilst condemning the persecution to which the Jews were subjected on this account, it must be admitted that they laid themselves open to suspicion by their real addiction to magical arts. If ignorant superstition is found on the side of the persecutors, still more amazing superstition is found on the side of the persecuted. Demonology in Europe was in fact essentially a Jewish science, for although a belief in the spirits existed from the earliest times and has always continued to exist amongst primitive races, and also amongst the ignorant classes in civilized countries, it was mainly through the Jews that these dark superstitions were imported to the West, where they persisted not merely amongst the lower strata of the Jewish population, but formed an essential part of Jewish tradition. Thus the Talmud says:

If the eye could perceive the demons that people the universe, existence would be impossible. The demons are more numerous than we are: they surround us on all sides like trenches dug round vineyards. Every one of us has a thousand on his left hand and ten thousand on his right. The discomfort endured by those who attend rabbinical conferences... comes from the demons mingling with men in these circumstances. Besides, the fatigue one feels in one's knees in walking comes from the demons that one knocks up against at every step. If the clothing of the Rabbis wears out so quickly, it is again because the demons rub up against them. Whoever wants to convince himself of their presence has only to surround his bed with sifted cinders and the next morning he will see the imprints of cocks' feet.(12)

The same treatise goes on to give directions for seeing demon by burning portions of a black cat and placing the ashes in one's eye: "then at once one perceives the demons." The Talmud also explains that devils particularly inhabit the water spouts on houses and are fond of drinking out of water-jugs, therefore it is advisable to pour a little water out of a jug before drinking, so as to get rid of the unclean part.(13)

These ideas received a fresh impetus from the publication of the Zohar, which, a Jewish writer tells us, "from the fourteenth century held almost unbroken sway over the minds of the majority of the Jews. In it the Talmudic legends concerning the existence and activity of the shedhim (demons) are repeated and amplified, and a hierarchy of demons was established corresponding to the heavenly hierarchy.... Manasseh [ben Israel]'s *Nishmat Hayim* is full of information concerning belief in demons.... Even the scholarly and learned Rabbis of the seventeenth century clung to the belief."(14)

Here, then, it is not a case of ignorant peasants evolving fantastic visions from their own scared imaginations, but of the Rabbis, the acknowledged leaders of a race claiming civilized traditions and a high order of intelligence, deliberately inculcating in their disciples the perpetual fear of demoniacal influences. How much of this fear communicated itself to the Gentile population? It is at any rate a curious coincidence to notice the resemblances between so-called popular superstitions and the writings of the Rabbis. For example, the vile confessions made both by Scotch and French peasant women accused of witchcraft concerning the nocturnal visits paid them by male devils(15) find an exact counterpart in passages of the Cabala, where it is said that "the demons are both male and female, and they also endeavour to consort with human beings—a conception from which arises the belief in incubi and succubi."(16) Thus, on Jewish authority, we learn the Judaic origin of this strange delusion.

It is clearly to the same source that we may trace the magical formul for the healing of diseases current at the same period. From the earliest times the Jews had specialized in medicine, and many royal personages insisted on employing Jewish doctors,(17) some of whom may have acquired medical knowledge of a high order. The Jewish writer Margoliouth dwells on this fact with some complacency, and goes on to contrast the scientific methods of the Hebrew doctors with the quackeries of the monks:

In spite of the reports circulated by the monks, that the Jews were sorcerers (in consequence of their superior medical skill), Christian patients would frequent the houses of the Jewish physicians in preference to the monasteries, where cures were pretended to have been effected by some extraordinary relics, such as the nails of St. Augustine, the extremity of St. Peter's second toe,... etc. It need hardly be added that the cures effected by the Jewish physicians were more numerous than those by the monkish impostors.(18)

Yet in reality the grotesque remedies which Margoliouth attributes to Christian superstition appear to have been part derived from Jewish sources. The author of a further article on Magic in Hastings' Encyclopædia goes on to say that the magical formul handed down in Latin in ancient medical writings and used by the monks were mainly of Eastern origin, derived from Babylonish, Egyptian, and Jewish magic. The monks therefore " played merely an intermediate rôle." (19) Indeed, if we turn to the Talmud we shall find cures recommended no less absurd than those which Margoliouth derides. For example: The eggs of a grasshopper as a remedy for toothache, the tooth of a fox remedy for sleep, viz. the tooth of a live fox to prevent sleep and of a dead one to cause sleep, the nail from the gallows where a man was hanged, as a remedy for swelling.(20)

A strongly " pro-Semite " writer quotes a number of Jewish medical writings of the eighteenth century, republished as late as the end of the nineteenth, which show the persistence of these magical formul amongst the Jews. Most of these are too loathsome to transcribe; but some of the more innocuous are as follows: " For epilepsy kill a cock and let it putrefy." " In order to protect yourself from all evils, gird yourself with the rope with which a criminal has been hung." Blood of different kinds also plays an important part: " Fox's blood and wolf's blood are good for stone in the bladder, ram's blood for colic, weasel blood for scrofula," etc.-these to be externally applied.(21)

But to return to Satanism. Whoever were the secret inspirers of magical and diabolical practices during the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries, the evidence of the existence of Satanism during this long period is overwhelming and rests on the actual facts of history. Details quite as extravagant and revolting as those contained in the works of Eliphas Lévi(22) or in Huysmans's *Là-bas* are given in documentary form by Margaret Alice Murray in her singularly passionless work relating principally to the witches of Scotland.(23)

The cult of evil is a reality-by whatever means we may seek to explain it. Eliphas Lévi, whilst denying the existence of Satan " as a superior personality and power," admits this fundamental truth: " Evil exists; it is impossible to doubt it. We can do good or evil. There are beings who knowingly and voluntarily do evil." (24) There are also beings who love evil. Lévi has admirably described the spirit that animates such beings in his definition of black magic:

Black magic is really but a combination of sacrileges and murders graduated with a view to the permanent perversion of the human will and the realization in a living man of the monstrous phantom of the fiend. It is, therefore, properly speaking, the religion of the devil, the worship of darkness, the hatred of goodness exaggerated to the point of paroxysm; it is the incarnation of death and the permanent creation of hell.(25)

The Middle Ages, which depicted the devil fleeing from holy water, were not perhaps quite so benighted as our superior modern culture has led us to suppose. For that " hatred of goodness exaggerated to the point of paroxysm," that impulse to desecrate and defile which forms the basis of black magic and has manifested itself in successive phases of the world revolution, springs from fear. So by their very hatred the powers of darkness proclaim the existence of the powers of light and their own impotence. In the cry of the demoniac: " What have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth? art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God," do we not hear the unwilling tribute of the vanquished to the victor in the mighty conflict between good and evil?

The Rosicrucians

In dealing with the question of Magic it is necessary to realize that although to the world in general the word is synonymous with necromancy, it does not bear this significance in the language of occultism, particularly the occultism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Magic at this date was a term employed to cover many branches of investigation which Robert Fludd, the English Rosicrucian, classified under various headings, of which the first three are as follows: (1) " Natural Magic,... that most occult and secret depart-

ment of physics by which the mystical properties of natural substances are extracted "; (2) Mathematical Magic, which enables adepts in the art to " construct marvellous machines by means of their geometrical knowledge "; whilst (3) Venefic Magic " is familiar with potions, philtres, and with various preparations of poisons."(26)

It is obvious that all these have now passed into the realms of science and are no longer regarded as magical arts; but the further categories enumerated by Fludd and comprised under the general heading of Necromantic Magic retain the popular sense of the term. These are described as (1) Goetic, which consists in " diabolical commerce with unclean spirits, in rites of criminal curiosity, in illicit songs and invocations, and in the evocation of the souls of the dead "; (2) Maleficent, which is the adjuration of the devils by the virtue of Divine Names; and (3) Theurgic, purporting " to be governed by good angels and the Divine Will, but its wonders are most frequently performed by evil spirits, who assume the names of God and of the angels." (4) " The last species of magic is the Thaumaturgic, begetting illusory phenomena; by this art the Magi produced their phantoms and other marvels." To this list might be added Celestial Magic, or knowledge dealing with the influence of the heavenly bodies, on which astrology is based.

The forms of magic dealt with in the preceding part of this chapter belong therefore to the second half of these categories, that is to say, to Necromantic Magic. But at the same period another movement was gradually taking shape which concerned itself with the first category enumerated above, that is to say the secret properties of natural substances.

A man whose methods appear to have approached to the modern conception of scientific research was Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim, commonly known as Paracelsus, the son of a German doctor, born about 1493, who during his travels in the East is said to have acquired a knowledge of some secret doctrine which he afterwards elaborated into a system for the healing of diseases. Although his ideas were thus doubtless drawn from some of the same sources as those from which the Jewish Cabala descended, Paracelsus does not appear to have been a Cabalist, but a scientist of no mean order, and, as an isolated thinker, apparently connected with no secret association, does not enter further into the scope of this work.

Paracelsus must therefore not be identified with the school of so-called " Christian Cabalists," who, from Raymond Lulli, the " doctor illuminatus" of the thirteenth century, onward, drew their inspiration from the Cabala of the Jews. This is not to say that the influence under which they fell was wholly pernicious, for, just as certain Jews appear to have acquired some real medical skill, so also they appear to have possessed some real knowledge of natural science, inherited perhaps from the ancient traditions of the East or derived from the writings of Hippocrates, Galen, and other of the great Greek physicians and as yet unknown to Europe. Thus Eliphas Lévi relates that the Rabbi Jechiel, a Cabalistic Jew protected by St Louis, possessed the secret of ever-burning lamps,(27) claimed later by the Rosicrucians, which suggests the possibility that some kind of luminous gas or electric light may have been known to the Jews. In alchemy they were the acknowledged leaders; the most noted alchemist of the fourteenth century, Nicholas Flamel, discovered the secret of the art from the book of " Abraham the Jew, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer, an Philosopher," and this actual book is said to have passed later into the possession of Cardinal Richelieu.(28)

It was likewise from a Florentine Jew, Alemanus or Datylus that Pico della Mirandola, the fifteenth-century mystic, received instructions in the Cabala(29) and imagined that he had discovered in it the doctrines of Christianity. This delighted Pope Sixtus IV, who thereupon ordered Cabalistic writings to be translated into Latin for the use of divinity students. At the same time the Cabala was introduced into Germany by Reuchlin, who had learnt Hebrew from the Rabbi Jacob b. Jechiel Loans, court physician to Frederic III, and in 1494 published a Cabalistic treatise *De Verbo Mirifico*, showing that all wisdom and true philosophy are derived from the Hebrews. Considerable alarm appears, however, to have been created by the spread of Rabbinical literature, and in 1509 a Jew converted to Christianity, named Pfefferkorn, persuaded the Emperor Maximilian I to burn all Jewish books except the Old Testament. Reuchlin, consulted on this matter, advised only the destruction of the *Toledot Yeshu* and of the *Sepher Nizzachon* by the Rabbi Lipmann, because these works " were full of blasphemies against Christ and against the Christian religion," but urged the preservation of the rest. In this defence of Jewish literature he was supported by the Duke of Bavaria, who appointed him professor at Ingoldstadt, but was strongly condemned by the Dominicans of Cologne. In reply to their attacks Reuchlin launched his defence *De Arte Cabalistica*, glorifying the Cabala, of which the " central doctrine for him was the Messianology around which all its other doctrines grouped themselves." (30) His whole philosophical system, as he himself admitted, was in fact entirely Cabalistic, and his views were shared by his contemporary Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim. As a result of these teachings a craze for Cabalism spread amongst Christian prelates, statesmen, and warriors, and a number of Christian thinkers took up the doctrines of the Cabala and " essayed to work them over in their own way."

Athanasius Kircher and Knorr, Baron von Rosenroth, author of the *Kabbala Denudata*, in the course of the seventeenth century "endeavoured to spread the Cabala among the Christians by translating Cabalistic works which they regarded as most ancient wisdom." "Most of them," the *Jewish Encyclopædia* goes on to observe derisively, "held the absurd idea that the Cabala contained proofs of the truth of Christianity.... Much that appears Christian [in the Cabala] is, in fact, nothing but the logical development of certain ancient esoteric doctrines." (31)

The Rosicrucians appear to have been the outcome both of this Cabalistic movement and of the teachings of Paracelsus. The earliest intimation of their existence was given in a series of pamphlets which appeared at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The first of these, entitled the *Fama Fraternitatis*; or a *Discovery of the Fraternity of the most Laudable Order of the Rosy Cross*, was published at Cassel in 1614 and the *Confessio Fraternitatis* early in the following year. These contain what may be described as the "Grand Legend" of Rosicrucianism, which has been repeated with slight variation up to the present day. Briefly, this story is as follows (32): "The most godly and highly-illuminated Father, our brother C.R.," that is to say, Christian Rosenkreutz, "a German, the chief and original of our Fraternity," was born in 1378, and some sixteen years later travelled to the East with a Brother P.A.L., who had determined to go to the Holy Land. On reaching Cyprus, Brother P.A.L. died and "so never came to Jerusalem." Brother C.R., however, having become acquainted with certain Wise Men of "Damasco in Arabia," and beheld what great wonders they wrought, went on alone to Damasco. Here the Wise Men received him, and he then set himself to study Physick and Mathematics and to translate the Book M into Latin. After three years he went to Egypt, whence he Journeyed on to Fez, where "he did get acquaintance with those who are called the Elementary inhabitants, who revealed to him many of their secrets.... Of those of Fez he often did confess that their Magia was not altogether pure and also that their Cabala was defiled with their religion, but notwithstanding he knew how to make good use of the same." After two years Brother C.R. departed the city Fez and sailed away with many costly things into Spain, where he conferred with the learned men and being "ready bountifully to impart all his arts and secrets" showed them amongst other things how there might be a society in Europe which might have gold, silver, and precious stones sufficient for them to bestow on kings for their necessary uses and lawful purposes...."

Christian Rosenkreutz then returned to Germany, where "there is nowadays no want of learned men, Magicians, Cabalists, Physicians, and Philosophers." Here he "builded himself a fitting and neat habitation in the which he ruminated his voyage and philosophy and reduced them together in a true memorial." At the end of five years' meditation there "came again into his mind the wished-for Reformation" accordingly, he chose "some few adjoynd with him," the Brethren G.V., I.A., and I.O.-the last of whom "was very expert and well learned in Cabala as his book H witnesseth "-to form a circle of initiates. "After this manner began the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross." Five other Brethren were afterwards added, all Germans except I.A., and these eight constituted his new building called Sancti Spiritus. The following agreement was then drawn up: * First, that none of them should profess any other thing than to cure the sick, and that gratis. * Second, none of the posterity should be constrained to wear one certain kind of habit, but therein to follow the custom of the country. * Third, that every year, upon the day C., they should meet together at the house Sancti Spiritus, or write the cause of his absence. * Fourth, every Brother should look about for a worthy person who after his decease, might succeed him. * Fifth, the word C.R. should be their seal, mark, and character. * Sixth, the Fraternity should remain secret one hundred years.

Finally Brother C.R. died, but where and when, or in what country he was buried, remained a secret. The date, however, is generally given as 1484. In 1604 the Brethren who then constituted the inner circle of the Order discovered a door on which was written in large letters 'Post 120 Annos Patebo.'

On opening the door a vault was disclosed to view, where beneath a brass tablet the body of Christian Rosenkreutz was found, "whole and unconsumed," with all his "ornaments and attires," and holding in his hand the parchment "I" which "next unto the Bible is our greatest treasure," whilst beside him lay a number of books, amongst others the *Vocabulario* of Paracelsus, who, however, the *Fama* observes, earlier "was one of our Fraternity." (33)

The Brethren now knew that after a time there would be "a general reformation both of divine and human things." While declaring their belief in the Christian faith, the *Fama* goes on to explain that: Our Philosophy is not a new invention, but as Adam after his fall hath received it and as Moses and Solomon used it,... wherein Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and others did hit the mark and wherein Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Solomon, did excel, but especially wherewith that wonderful Book the Bible agreeth.

It will be seen that, according to this Manifesto, Rosicrucianism was a combination of the ancient secret tradition handed down from the patriarchs through the philosophers of Greece and of the first Cabala of the Jews.

The " Grand Legend " of Rosicrucianism rests, however, on no historical evidence; there is, in fact, not the least reason to suppose that any such person as Christian Rosenkreutz ever existed. The Illuminatus von Knigge in the eighteenth century asserted that: It is now recognized amongst enlightened men that no real Rosicrucians have existed, but that the whole of what is contained in the Fama and the Universal Reformation of the World [another Rosicrucian pamphlet which appeared in the same year] was only subtle allegory of Valentine Andrea, of which afterwards partly deceivers (such as the Jesuits) and partly visionaries made use in order to realize this dream.(34)

What, then, was the origin of the name Rose-Cross? According to one Rosicrucian tradition, the word " Rose " does not derive from the flower depicted on the Rosicrucian cross, but from the Latin word *ros*, signifying " dew," which was supposed to be the most powerful solvent of gold, whilst *crux*, the cross, was the chemical hieroglyphic for " light." (35) It is said that the Rosicrucians interpreted the initials of the cross INRI by the sentence " *Ignem Nitrum Roris Invenitur*." (36) Supposing this derivation to be correct, it would be interesting to know whether any connexion could be traced between the first appearance of the word Rosie Cross in the Fama Fraternitatis at the date of 1614 and the cabalistic treatise of the celebrated Rabbi of Prague, Shabbethai Sheftel Horowitz, entitled *Shefa Tal*, that is to say, " The Effusion of Dew," which appeared in 1612. (37) Although this book has often been reprinted, no copy is to be found in the British Museum, so I am unable to pursue this line of enquiry further. A simpler explanation may be that the Rosy Cross derived from the Red Cross of the Templars. Mirabeau, who as a Freemason and an Illuminatus was in a position to discover many facts about the secret societies of Germany during his stay in the country, definitely asserts that " the Rose Croix Masons of the seventeenth century were only the ancient Order of the Templars secretly perpetuated." (38)

Lecouteulx de Canteleu is more explicit: In France the Knights (Templar) who left the Order, henceforth hidden, and so to speak unknown, formed the Order of the Flaming Star and of the Rose-Croix, which in the fifteenth century spread itself in Bohemia and Silesia. Every Grand officer of these Orders had all his life to wear the Red Cross and to repeat every day the prayer of St. Bernard. (39)

Eckert states that the ritual, symbols, and names of the Rose-Croix were borrowed from the Templars, and that the Order was divided into seven degrees, according to the seven days of creation, at the same time signifying that their " principal aim was that of the mysterious, the investigation of Being and of the forces of nature." (40)

The Rosicrucian Kenneth Mackenzie, in his *Masonic Cyclopædia*, appears to suggest the same possibility of Templar origin. Under the heading of Rosicrucians he refers enigmatically to an invisible fraternity that has existed from very ancient times, as early as the days of the Crusades, " bound by solemn obligations of impenetrable secrecy," and joining together in work for humanity and to " glorify the good." " At various periods of history this body has emerged into a sort of temporary light; but its true name has never transpired and is only known to the innermost adepts and rulers of the society." " The Rosicrucians of the sixteenth century finally disappeared and re-entered this invisible fraternity "-from which they had presumably emerged. Whether any such body really existed or whether the above account is simply an attempt at mystification devised to excite curiosity, the incredulous may question. The writer here observes that it would be indiscreet to say more, but elsewhere he throws out a hint that may have some bearing on the matter, for in his article on the Templars he says that after the suppression of the Order it was revived in a more secret form and subsists to the present day. This would exactly accord with Mirabeau's statement that the Rosicrucian were only the Order of the Templars secretly perpetuated. Moreover, as we shall see later, according to a legend preserved by the Royal Order of Scotland, the degree of the Rosy Cross had been instituted by that Order in conjunction with the Templars in 1314, and it would certainly be a remarkable coincidence that a man bearing the name of Rosenkreutz should happen to have inaugurated a society, founded, like the Templars, on Eastern secret doctrines during the course of the same century, without any connexion existing between the two.

I would suggest, then, that Christian Rosenkreutz was a purely mythical personage, and that the whole legend concerning his travels was invented to disguise the real sources whence the Rosicrucians derived their system, which would appear to have been a compound of ancient esoteric doctrines of Arabian and Syrian magic, and of Jewish Cabalism, partly inherited from the Templars but reinforced by direct contact with Cabalistic Jews in Germany. The Rose-Croix, says Mirabeau " were a mystical, Cabalistic, theological, and magical sect," and Rosicrucianism thus became in the seventeenth century the generic title by which

everything of the nature of Cabalism, Theosophy, Alchemy, Astrology, and Mysticism was designated. For this reason it has been said that they cannot be regarded as the descendants of the Templars. Mr. Waite, in referring to " the alleged connexion between the Templars and the Brethren of the Rosy Cross," observes: The Templars were not alchemists, they had no scientific pretensions, and their secret, so far as it can be ascertained, was a religious secret of an anti-Christian kind. The Rosicrucians, on the other hand, were pre-eminently a learned society and they were also a Christian sect.(41)

The fact that the Templars do not appear to have practised alchemy is beside the point; it is not pretended that the Rosicrucians followed the Templars in every particular, but that they were the inheritors of a secret tradition passed on to them by the earlier Order. Moreover, that they were a learned society, or even a society at all, is not at all certain for they would appear to have possessed no organization like the Templars or the Freemasons, but to have consisted rather of isolated occultists bound together by some tie of secret knowledge concerning natural phenomena. This secrecy was no doubt necessary at a period when scientific research was able to be regarded as sorcery, but whether the Rosicrucians really accomplished anything is extremely doubtful. They are said to have been alchemists; but did they ever succeed in transmuting metals? They are described as learned, yet do the pamphlets emanating from the Fraternity betray any proof of superior knowledge? " The Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosenkreutz," which appeared in 1616, certainly appears to be the purest nonsense-magical imaginings the most puerile kind; and Mr. Waite himself observes that the publication of the *Fama* and the *Confessio Fraternitatis* will not add new lustre to the Rosicrucian reputations: We are accustomed to regard the adepts of the Rosy Cross as beings of sublime elevation and preternatural physical powers, masters of Nature, monarchs of the intellectual world.... But here in their own acknowledged manifestos they avow themselves a mere theosophical offshoot of the Lutheran heresy, acknowledging the spiritual supremacy of a temporal prince, and calling the Pope anti-Christ.... We find them intemperate in their language, rabid in their religious prejudices, and instead of towering giant-like above the intellectual average of their age, we see them buffeted by the same passions and identified with all opinions of the men by whom they were environed. The voice which addresses us behind the mystical mask of the Rose-Croix does not come from an intellectual throne....

So much for the Rosicrucians as a " learned society."

What, then, of their claim to be a Christian body? The Rosicrucian student of the Cabala, Julius Sperber, in his *Echo of the Divinely Illuminated Fraternity of the Admirable Order of the R.C.* (1615), has indicated the place assigned to Christ by the Rosicrucians. In De Quincey's words: Having maintained the probability of the Rosicrucian pretension on the ground that such magnalia Dei had from the creation downwards been confided to the keeping of a few individuals-agreeably to which he affirms that Adam was the first Rosicrucian of the Old Testament and Simeon the last-he goes on to ask whether the Gospel put an end to the secret tradition? By no means, he answers: Christ established a new " college of magic " among His disciples and the greater mysteries were revealed to St. John and St. Paul.

John Yarker, quoting this passage, adds: " This, Brother Findel points out, was a claim of the Carpocratian Gnostics "; it was also, as we have seen, a part of the Johannite tradition which is said to have been imparted to the Templars. We shall find the same idea of Christ as an " initiate " running all through the secret societies up to the present day.

These doctrines not unnaturally brought on the Rosicrucians the suspicion of being an anti-Christian body. The writ of a contemporary pamphlet published in 1624, declares that " this fraternity is a stratagem of the Jews and Cabalistic Hebrews, in whose philosophy, says Pic de la Mirandole, all things are... as if hidden in the majesty of truth or as... in very sacred Mysteries."(42)

Another work, *Examination of the Unknown and Novel Cabala of the Brethren of the Rose-Cross*, agrees with the assertion that the chief of this " execrable college is Satan, that its first rule is denial of God, blasphemy against the most simple and undivided Trinity, trampling on the mysteries of the redemption, spitting in the face of the mother of God and of all the saints." The sect is further accused of compact with the devil, sacrifices of children, of cherishing toads, making poisonous powders, dancing with fiends, etc.

Now, although all this would appear to be quite incompatible with the character of the Rosicrucians as far as it is known, we have already seen that the practices here described were by no means imaginary; in this same seventeenth century, when the fame of the Rosicrucians was first noised abroad, black magic was still, as in the days of Gilles de Rais, a horrible reality not only in France but in England, Scotland, and Germany, where sorcerers of both sexes were continually put to death.(43) However much we may deplore the methods employed against these people or question the supernatural origin of their cult, it would be idle to deny that the cult itself existed.

Moreover, towards the end of the century it assumed in France a very tangible form in the series of mysterious dramas known as the "Affaire des Poisons," of which the first act took place in 1666, when the celebrated Marquis de Brinvillier embarked on her amazing career of crime in collaboration with her lover Sainte-Croix. This extraordinary woman, who for ten years made a hobby of trying the effects of various slow poisons on her nearest relations, thereby causing the death of her father and brothers, might appear to have been merely an isolated criminal of the abnormal type but for the sequel to her exploits in the epidemic of poisoning which followed and during twenty years kept Paris in a state of terror. The investigation of the police finally led to the discovery of a whole band of magicians and alchemists—"a vast ramification of malefactors covering all France"—who specialized in the art of poisoning without fear of detection.

Concerning all these sorcerers, alchemists, compounders of magical powders and philtres, frightful rumours circulated, "pacts with the devil were talked of, sacrifices of new-born babies, incantations, sacrilegious Masses and other practices as disquieting as they were lugubrious." (44) Even the King's mistress, Madame de Montespan, is said to have had recourse to black Masses in order to retain the royal favour through the agency of the celebrated sorceress La Voisin, with whom she was later implicated in an accusation of having attempted the life of the King.

All the extraordinary details of these events have recently been described in the book of Madame Latour, where the intimate connexion between the poisoners and the magicians is shown. In the opinion of contemporaries, these were not isolated individuals: Their methods were too certain, their execution of crime too skilful and too easy for them not to have belonged, either directly or indirectly, to a whole organization of criminals who prepared the way, and studied the method of giving to crime the appearance of illness, of forming, in a word, a school. (45)

The author of the work here quoted draws an interesting parallel between this organization and the modern traffic in cocaine, and goes on to describe the three degrees into which it was divided: firstly, the Heads, cultivated and intelligent men, who understood chemistry, physics, and nearly all useful sciences, "invisible counsellors but supreme, without whom the sorcerers would have been powerless"; secondly, the visible magicians employing mysterious processes, complicated rites and terrifying ceremonies; and thirdly, the crowd of nobles and plebeians who flocked to the doors of the sorcerers and filled their pockets in return for magic potions, philtres, and, in certain cases, insidious poisons. Thus La Voisin must be placed in the second category; "in spite of her luxury, her profits, and her fame," she "is only a subaltern agent in this vast organization of criminals. She depends entirely for her great enterprises on the intellectual chiefs of the corporation...." (46)

Who were these intellectual chiefs? The man who first initiated Madame de Brinvilliers' lover Sainte-Croix into the art of poisoning was an Italian named Exili or Eggidi; but the real initiate from whom Eggidi and another Italian poisoner had learnt their secrets is said to have been Glaser, variously described as a German or a Swiss chemist, who followed the principles of Paracelsus and occupied the post of physician to the King and the Duc d'Orléans. (47) This man, about whose history little is known, might thus have been a kind of Rosicrucian. For since, as has been said, the intellectual chiefs from whom the poisoners derived their inspiration were men versed in chemistry, in science, in physics, and the treatment of diseases, and since, further, they included alchemists and people professing to be in possession of the Philosopher's Stone, their resemblance with the Rosicrucians is at once apparent. Indeed, in turning back to the branches of magic enumerated by the Rosicrucian Robert Fludd, we find not only Natural Magic, "that most occult and secret department of physics by which the mystical properties of natural substances are extracted," but also Venefic Magic, which "is familiar with potions, philtres, and with various preparations of poisons."

The art of poisoning was therefore known to the Rosicrucians and, although there is no reason to suppose it was ever practised by the heads of the Fraternity, it is possible that the inspirers of the poisoners may have been perverted Rosicrucians, that is to say, students of those portions of the Cabala relating to magic both of the necromantic and venefic varieties, who turned the scientific knowledge which the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross used for healing to a precisely opposite and deadly purpose. This would explain the fact that contemporaries like the author of the Examination of the Unknown and Novel Cabala of the Brethren of the Rose-Cross should identify these brethren with the magicians and believe them to be guilty of practices deriving from the same sources as Rosicrucian knowledge—the Cabala of the Jews. Their modern admirers would, of course, declare that they were the poles asunder, the difference being between white and black magic. Huysmans, however, scoffs at this distinction and says the use of the term "white magic" was a ruse of the Rose-Croix.

But of the real doctrines of the Rosicrucians no one can speak with certainty. The whole story of the Fraternity is wrapped in mystery. Mystery was avowedly the essence of their system; their identity, their

aims, their doctrines, are said to have been kept a profound secret from the world. Indeed it is said that no real Rosicrucian ever allowed himself to be known as such. As a result of this systematic method of concealment, sceptics on the one hand have declared the Rosicrucians to have been charlatans and impostors or have denied their very existence, whilst on the other hand romancers have exalted them as depositaries of supernatural wisdom. The question is further obscured by the fact that most accounts of the Fraternity-as, for example, those of Eliphas Lévi, Hargrave Jennings, Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr. A.E. Waite Dr. Wynn Westcott, and Mr. Cadbury Jones-are the work of men claiming or believing themselves to be initiated into Rosicrucianism or other occult systems of a kindred nature and as such in possession of peculiar and exclusive knowledge. This pretension may at once be dismissed as an absurdity; nothing is easier than for anyone to make a compound out of Jewish Cabalism and Eastern theosophy and to label it Rosicrucianism, but no proof whatever exists of any affiliation between the self-styled Rosicrucians of to-day and the seventeenth-century " Brothers of the Rosy Cross."(48)

In spite of Mr. Waite's claim, " The Real History of the Rosicrucians " still remains to be written, at any rate in the English language. The book he has published under this name is merely a superficial study of the question largely composed of reprints of Rosicrucian pamphlets accessible to any student. Mr. Wigston and Mrs. Pott merely echo Mr. Waite. Thus everything that has been published hitherto consists in the repetition of Rosicrucian legends or in unsubstantiated theorizings on their doctrines. What we need are facts. We want to know who were the early Rosicrucians, when the Fraternity originated, and what were its real aims. These researches must be made, not by an occultist weaving his own theories into the subject, but by a historian free from any prejudices for or against the Order, capable of weighing evidence and of bringing a judicial mind to bear on the material to be found in the libraries of the Continent-notably the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal in Paris. Such a work would be a valuable contribution to the history of secret societies in our country.

But if the Continental Brethren of the Rose-Croix form but a shadowy group of " Invisibles" whose identity yet remains a mystery, the English adepts of the Order stand forth in the light of day as philosophers well known to their age and country. That Francis Bacon was initiated into Rosicrucianism is now recognized by Freemasons, but a more definite link with the Rosicrucians of the Continent was Robert Fludd, who after travelling for six years in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain-where he formed connexions with Jewish Cabalists(49)-was visited by the German Jew Rosicrucian Michel Maier-doctor to the Emperor Rudolf-by whom he appears to have been initiated into further mysteries.

In 1616 Fludd published his *Tractatus Apologeticus*, defending the Rosicrucians against the charges of " detestable magic and diabolical superstition " brought against them by Libavius. Twelve years later Fludd was attacked by Father Mersenne, to whom a reply was made " by Fludd or a friend of Fludd's " containing a further defence of the Order. " The Book," says Mr. Waite, " treats of the noble art of magic, the foundation and nature of the Cabala, the essence of veritable alchemy, and of the Causa Fratrum Rosae Crucis. It identifies the palace or home of the Rosicrucians with the Scriptural House of Wisdom."

In further works by English writers the Eastern origin of the Fraternity is insisted on. Thus Thomas Vaughan, known as Eugenius Philalethes, writing in praise of the Rosicrucians in 1652, says that " their knowledge at first was not purchased by their own disquisitions, for they received it from the Arabians, amongst whom it remained as the monument and legacy of the Children of the East. Nor is this at all improbable, for the Eastern countries have been always famous for magical and secret societies."

Another apologist of the Rosicrucians, John Heydon, who travelled in Egypt, Persia, and Arabia, is described by a contemporary as having been in " many strange places among the Rosie Crucians and at their castles, holy hoses, temples, sepulchres, sacrifices." Heydon himself, whilst declaring that he is not a Rosicrucian, says that he knows members of the Fraternity and its secrets, that they are sons of Moses, and that " this Rosie Crucian Physick or Medicine, I happily and unexpectedly alight upon in Arabia." These references to castles, temples, sacrifices, encountered in Egypt, Persia, and Arabia inevitably recall memories of both Templars and Ismailis. Is there no connexion between " the Invisible Mountains of the Brethren " referred to elsewhere by Heydon and the Mountains of the Assassins and the Freemasons? between the Scriptural " House of Wisdom " and the Dar-ul-Hikmat or Grand Lodge of Cairo, the model for Western masonic lodges?

It is as the precursors of the crisis that arose in 1717 that the English Rosicrucians of the seventeenth century are of supreme importance. No longer need we concern ourselves with shadowy Brethren laying dubious claim to supernatural wisdom, but with a concrete association of professed Initiates proclaiming their

existence to the world under the name of Freemasonry.

1. " Their meetings were held in the most convenient spot, often on mountains or in valleys; the only essentials were a table, a white cloth, and a copy of the Gospel of St. John, that is, their own version of it."-Dr. Ranking, op. cit., p. 15 (A.Q.C., Vol. XXIV.). Cf. Gabriele Rossetti, *The Anti-Papal Spirit*, I. 230, where it is said " the sacred books, and especially that of St. John, were wrested by this sect into strange and perverted meanings."
2. Michelet, *Histoire de France*, III. 18, 19 (1879 edition).
3. Michelet, op. cit., p. 10. " L'élément sémitique, juif et arabe, était fort en Languedoc." Cf. A.E. Waite, *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*, I. 118: " The South of France was a centre from which went forth much of the base occultism of Jewry as well as its theosophical dreams."
4. Michelet, op. cit., p. 12.
5. Ibid., p. 15.
6. Graetz, *History of the Jews*, III. 517.
7. Thus Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* omits all reference to Satanism before 1880 and observes: " The evidence of the existence of either Satanists or Palladist consists entirely of the writings of a group of men in Paris." It then proceeds to devote five columns out of the six and a half which compose the article to describing the works of two notorious romancers, Léo Taxil and Bataille. There is not a word of real information to be found here.
8. *Précis of Eliphas Lévi's writings* by Arthur E. Waite, *The Mysteries of Magic*, p. 215.
9. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Cabala.
10. *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, II. 220 (1861). It is curious to notice that Sir James Frazer, in his vast compendium on magic *The Golden Bough*, never once refers to any of the higher adepts-Jews, Rosicrucians, Satanists, etc., or to the Cabala as a source of inspiration. The whole subject is treated as if the cult of magic were the spontaneous outcome of primitive or peasant mentality.
11. *Histoire de la Magie*, p. 289.
12. Talmud, treatise Berakhoth, folio 6. The Talmud also gives direction on the manner of guarding against occult powers and the onslaught of disease. The tract Pesachim declares that he who stands naked before a candle is liable to be seized with epilepsy. The same tract also states that " a man should not go out alone on the night following the fourth day or on the night following the Sabbath, because an evil spirit, called Agrath, the daughter of Ma'hloth, together with one hundred and eighty thousand other evil spirits, go forth into the world and have the right to injure anyone they should chance to meet."
13. Talmud, treatise Hullin, folios 143, 144.
14. Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, article on Jewish Magic by M. Gaster.
15. Margaret Alice Murray, *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*, and Jules Garinet, *Histoire de la Magie en France*, p. 163 (1818).
16. Hastings' *Encyclopædia*, article on Jewish Magic by M. Gaster. See the Zohar, treatise Bereschith, folio 54b, where it is said that all men are visited in their sleep by female devils. " These demons never appear under an other form but that of human beings, but they have no hair on their heads... In the same way as to men, male devils appear in dreams to women, with whom they have intercourse."
17. The Rev. Moses Margoliouth, *The History of the Jews in Great Britain*, I. 82. The same author relates further on (p. 304) that Queen Elizabeth's Hebrew physician Rodrigo Lopez was accused of trying to poison her and died a victim of persecution.
18. The Rev. Moses Margoliouth, *The History of the Jews in Great Britain*, I. 83.
19. Hastings' *Encyclopædia*, article on Teutonic magic by F. Hälsig.
20. Talmud, tract Sabbath.
21. Hermann L. Strack, *The Jews and Human Sacrifice*, Eng. Trans., pp. 140, 141 (1900).
22. See pages 215 and 216 of *The Mysteries of Magic*, by A.E. Waite.
23. See also A.S. Turberville, *Medieval Heresy and the Inquisition*, 111-12 (1920), ending with the words: " The voluminous records of the holy tribunal, the learned treatises of its members, are the great repositories

- the true and indisputable facts concerning the abominable heresies of sorcery and witchcraft."
24. *Histoire de la Magie*, p. 15.
 25. *Mysteries of Magic*, p. 221.
 26. A.E. Waite, *The Real History of the Rosicrucians*, p. 293.
 27. *Histoire de la Magie*, p. 266.
 28. John Yarker, *The Arcane Schools*, p. 205.
 29. Drach (*De l'Harmonie entre l'Église et la Synagogue*, II. p. 30) says that Pico della Mirandola paid a Jew 7,000 ducats for the Cabalistic MSS. from which he drew his thesis.
 30. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, articles on Cabala and Reuchlin.
 31. *Ibid.*, article on Cabala.
 32. The following résumé is taken from the recent reprint of the *Fama and Confessio* brought out by the "*Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia*," and printed by W.J. Parrett (Margate, 1923). The story, which, owing to the extraordinary confusion of the text, is difficult to resume as a coherent narrative is given in the *Fama*; the dates are given in the *Confessio*.
 33. Incidentally Paracelsus was not born until 1493, that is to say nine years after Christian Rosenkreutz is supposed to have died.
 34. *Nachtrag von weitem Originalschriften des Illuminatenordens*, Part II. p. 148 (Munich, 1787).
 35. Mackey, *Lexicon of Freemasonry*, p. 265.
 36. *Ibid.*, p. 150.
 37. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on Shabbethai Horowitz.
 38. Mirabeau, *Histoire de la Monarchie Prussienne*, V. 76.
 39. Lecouteulx, de Canteleu, *Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes*, p. 97.
 40. Eckert, *La Franc-Maçonnerie dans sa véritable signification*, II. 48.
 41. A.E. Waite, *The Real History of the Rosicrucians*, p. 216.
 42. "Tracté des Athéistes, Déistes, Illuminez d'Espagne et Nouveaux Prétendus Invisibles, dits de la Confrérie de la Croix-Rosaire, élevez depuis quelques années dans le Christianisme," forming the second part of the "*Histoire Générale de Progrès et Décadence de l'Hérésie Moderne-A la suite du Premier*" de M. Florimond de Raemon, Conseiller du Roy, etc.
 43. See G.M. Trevelyan, *England under the Stuarts*, pp. 32, 33, and James Howell, *Familiar Letters* (edition of 1753), pp. 49, 435. James Howell was clerk to the Privy Council of Charles I.
 44. Th.-Louis Latour, *Princesses, Dames et Aventurières du Règne de Louis XIV*, p. 278 (Eugne Figuire, Paris, 1923).
 45. *Ibid.*, p. 297.
 46. *Ibid.*, p. 306.
 47. *Oeuvres complètes de Voltaire*, Vol. XXI. p. 129 (1785 edition); *Biographie Michaud*, article on Glaser.
 48. This assertion finds confirmation in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* article on the Rosicrucians, which states: "In no sense are modern Rosicrucians derived from the Fraternity of the seventeenth century."
 49. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, article on the Cabala.

ORIGINS OF FREEMASONRY

" THE origin of Freemasonry," says a masonic writer of the eighteenth century, " is known to Freemasons alone." (1) If this was once the case, it is so no longer, for, although the question would certainly appear to be one on which the initiated should be most qualified to speak, the fact is that no official theory on the origin of Freemasonry exists; the great mass of the Freemasons do not know or care to know anything about the history of their Order, whilst Masonic authorities are entirely disagreed on the matter. Dr. Mackey admits that " the origin and source whence first sprang the institution of Freemasonry has given rise to more difference of opinion and discussion among masonic scholars than any other topic in the literature of the institution." (2) Nor is this ignorance maintained merely in books for the general public, since in those specially addressed to the Craft and at discussions in lodges the same diversity of opinion prevails, and no decisive conclusions appear to be reached. Thus Mr. Albert Churchward, a Freemason of the thirtieth degree, who deplores the small amount of interest taken in his matter by Masons in general, observes: Hitherto there have been so many contradictory opinions and theories in the attempt to supply the origin and the reason whence, where, and why the Brotherhood of Freemasonry came into existence, and all the " different parts " and various rituals of the " different degrees." All that has been written on this has hitherto been theories, without any facts for their foundation. (3)

In the absence, therefore, of any origin universally recognized by the Craft, it is surely open to the lay mind to speculate on the matter and to draw conclusions from history as to which of the many explanations put forward seems to supply the key to the mystery.

According to the Royal Masonic Cyclopædia, no less than twelve theories have been advanced as to the origins of the Order, namely, that Masonry derived: " (1) From the patriarchs. (2) From the mysteries of the pagans. (3) From the construction of Solomon's Temple. (4) From the Crusades. (5) From the Knights Templar. (6) From the Roman Collegia of Artificers. (7) From the operative masons of the middle ages. (8) From the Rosicrucians of the sixteenth century. (9) From Oliver Cromwell. (10) From Prince Charles Stuart for political purposes. (11) From Sir Christopher Wren, at the building of St. Paul's. (12) From Dr. Desaguliers and his friends in 1717."

This enumeration is, however, misleading, for it implies that in one of these various theories the true origin of Freemasonry may be found. In reality modern Freemasonry is a dual system, a blend of two distinct traditions—of operative masonry, that is to say the actual art of building, and of speculative theory on the great truths of life and death. As a well-known Freemason, the Count Goblet d'Alviella, has expressed it: " Speculative Masonry" (that is to say, the dual system we now know as Freemasonry) " is the legitimate offspring of a fruitful union between the professional guild of medieval Masons and of a secret group of philosophical Adepts, the first having furnished the form and the second the spirit." (4) In studying the origins of the present system we have therefore (1) to examine separately the history of each of these two traditions, and (2) to discover their point of junction.

Operative Masonry

Beginning with the first of these two traditions, we find that guilds of working masons existed in very ancient times. Without going back as far as ancient Egypt or Greece, which would be beyond the scope of the present work, the course of these associations may be traced throughout the history of Western Europe from the beginning of the Christian era. According to certain masonic writers, the Druids originally came from Egypt and brought with them traditions relating to the art of building. The Culdees, who later on established schools and colleges in this country for the teaching of arts, sciences, and handicrafts, are said to have derived from the Druids.

But a more probable source of inspiration in the art of building are the Romans, who established the famous Collegia of architects referred to in the list of alternative theories given in the Masonic Cyclopædia. Advocates of the Roman Collegia origin of Freemasonry may be right as far as operative masonry is concerned, for it is to the period following on the Roman occupation of Britain that our masonic guilds can with the greatest degree of certainty be traced. Owing to the importance the art of building now acquired it is said that many distinguished men, such as St. Alban, King Alfred, King Edwin, and King Athelstan were numbered amongst its partons, (5) so that in time the guilds came to occupy the position of privileged bodies and were known as " free corporations"; further that York was the first masonic centre in England, largely under the control of the Culdees, who at the same period exercised much influence over the Masonic Col-

legia in Scotland, at Kilwinning, Melrose, and Aberdeen.(6)

But it must be remembered that all this is speculation. No documentary evidence has ever been produced to prove the existence of masonic guilds before the famous York charter of A.D. 926, and even the date of this document is doubtful. Only with the period of Gothic architecture do we reach firm ground. That guilds of working masons known in France as "compagnonnages" and in Germany as "Steinmetzen" did then form close corporations and possibly possess secrets connected with their profession is more than probable. That in consequence of their skill in building the magnificent cathedrals of this period they now came to occupy a privileged position seems fairly certain.

The Abbé Grandidier, writing from Strasbourg in 1778, traces the whole system of Freemasonry from these German guilds: "This much-vaunted Society of Freemasons is nothing but a servile imitation of an ancient and useful confrérie of real masons whose headquarters was formerly at Strasbourg and of which the constitution was confirmed by the Emperor Maximilian in 1498."(7)

As far as it is possible to discover from the scanty documentary evidence the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries provide, the same privileges appear to have been accorded to the guilds of working masons in England and Scotland, which, although presided over by powerful nobles and apparently on occasion admitting members from outside the Craft, remained essentially operative bodies. Nevertheless we find the assemblies of Masons suppressed by Act of Parliament in the beginning of the reign of Henry VI, and later on an armed force sent by Queen Elizabeth to break up the Annual Grand Lodge at York. It is possible that the fraternity merely by the secrecy with which it was surrounded excited the suspicions of authority, for nothing could be more law-abiding than its published statutes. Masons were to be "true men to God and the Holy Church," also to the masters that they served. They were to be honest in their manner of life and "to do no villainy whereby the Craft or the Science may be slandered."(8)

Yet the seventeenth-century writer Plot, in his *Natural History of Staffordshire*, expresses some suspicion with regard to the secrets of Freemasonry. That these could not be merely trade secrets relating to the art of building, but that already some speculative element had been introduced to the lodges, seems the more probable from the fact that by the middle of the seventeenth century not only noble patrons headed the Craft, but ordinary gentlemen entirely unconnected with building were received into the fraternity. The well-known entry in the diary of Elias Ashmole under the date of October 16, 1646, clearly proves this fact: "I was made a Freemason at Warrington in Lancashire with Col. Henry Mainwaring of Karticham [?] in Cheshire. The names of those that were then of the Lodge, Mr. Rick. Penket, Warden, Mr. James Collier, Mr. Rich. Sankey, Henry Littler, John Ellam Rich. Ellam and Hugh Brewer." (9) "It is now ascertained," says Yarker, "that the majority of the members present were not operative masons."(10)

Again, in 1682 Ashmole relates that he attended a meeting held at Mason Hall in London, where with a number of other gentlemen he was admitted into "the Fellowship of the Freemasons," that is to say, into the second degree. We have then clear proof that already in the seventeenth century Freemasonry had ceased to be an association composed exclusively of men concerned with building, although eminent architects ranked high in the Order; Inigo Jones is said to have been Grand Master under James I, and Sir Christopher Wren to have occupied the same position from about 1685 to 1702. But it was not until 1703 that the Lodge of St. Paul in London officially announced "that the privileges of Masonry should no longer be restricted to operative Masons, but extended to men of various professions, provided they were regularly approved and initiated into the Order."(11)

This was followed in 1717 by the great coup d'état when Grand Lodge was founded, and Speculative Masonry, which we now know as Freemasonry, was established on a settled basis with a ritual, rules, and constitution drawn up in due form. It is at this important date that the official history of Freemasonry begins.

But before pursuing the course of the Order through what is known as the "Grand Lodge Era," it is necessary to go back and enquire into the origins of the philosophy that was now combined with the system of operative masonry. This is the point on which opinions are divided and to which the various theories summarized in the *Masonic Cyclopædia* relate. Let us examine each of these in turn.

Speculative Masonry

According to certain sceptics concerning the mysteries of Freemasonry, the system inaugurated in 1717 had no existence before that date, but "was devised, promulgated, and palmed upon the world by Dr. Desaguliers, Dr. Anderson, and others, who then founded the Grand Lodge of England." Mr. Paton, in an admirable little pamphlet(12) has shown the futility of this contention and also the injustice of representing the founders of Grand Lodge as perpetrating so gross a deception.

This 1717 theory ascribes to men of the highest character the invention of a system of mere imposture.... It was brought forward with pretensions which its framers knew to be false pretensions of high antiquity; whereas... it had newly been invented in their studies. Is this likely? Or is it reasonable to ascribe such conduct to honourable men, without even assigning a probable motive for it?

We have indeed only to study masonic ritual-which open to everyone to read-in order to arrive at the same conclusion, that there could be no motive for this imposture and further that these two clergymen cannot be supposed have evolved the whole thing out of their heads. Obviously some movement of a kindred nature must have led up to this crisis. And since Elias Ashmole's diary clearly proves that a ceremony of masonic initiation had existed in the preceding century, it is surely only reasonable to conclude that Dr. Anderson and Desaguliers revised but did not originate the ritual and constitutions drawn up by them.

Now, although the ritual of Freemasonry is couched in modern and by no means classical English, the ideas running through it certainly bear traces of extreme antiquity. The central idea of Freemasonry concerning a loss which has befallen man and the hope of its ultimate recovery is in fact no other than the ancient secret tradition described in the first chapter of this book. Certain masonic writers indeed ascribe to Freemasonry precisely the same genealogy as that of the early Cabala, declaring that it descended from Adam and the first patriarchs of the human race, and thence through groups of Wise Men amongst the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, and Greeks.(13) Mr. Albert Churchward insists particularly on the Egyptian origin of the speculative element in Freemasonry: " Brother Gould and other Freemasons will never understand the meaning and origin of our sacred tenets till they have studied and unlocked the mysteries of the past." This study will then reveal the fact that " the Druids, the Gymnosophists of India, the Magi of Persia, and the Chaldeans of Assyria had all the same religious rites and ceremonies as practised by their priests who were initiated to their Order, and that these were solemnly sworn to keep the doctrines a profound secret from the rest of mankind. All these flowed from one source-Egypt."(14)

Churchward further quotes the speech of the Rev. Dr. William Dodd at the opening of a masonic temple in 1794, who traced Freemasonry from " the first astronomers on the plains of Chaldea, the wise and mystic kings and priests of Egypt, the sages of Greece and philosophers of Rome," etc.(15)

But how did these traditions descend to the masons of the West? According to a large body of masonic opinion in this country which recognizes only a single source of inspiration to the system we now know as Freemasonry, the speculative as well as the operative traditions of the Order descended from the building guilds and were imported to England by means of the Roman Collegia. Mr. Churchward, however, strongly dissents from this view: In the new and revised edition of the Perfect Ceremonies according to our E. working, a theory is given that Freemasonry originated from certain guilds of workmen which are well known in history as the " Roman College of Artificers." There is no foundation of fact for such a theory. Freemasonry is now, and always was, an Eschatology, as may be proved by the whole of our signs, symbols, and words, and our rituals.(16)

But what Mr. Churchward fails to explain is how this eschatology reached the working masons, moreover why, if, as he asserts, it derived from Egypt, Assyria, India, and Persia, Freemasonry no longer bears the stamp of these countries. For although vestiges of Sabeism may be found in the decoration of the lodges, and brief references to the mysteries of Egypt and Phoenicia, to the secret teaching of Pythagoras, to Euclid, and to Plato in the Ritual and instructions of the Craft degrees-nevertheless the form in which the ancient tradition is clothed, the phraseology and pass-words employed, are neither Egyptian, Chaldean, Greek, nor Persian, but Judaic. Thus although some portion of the ancient secret tradition may have penetrated to Great Britain through the Druids or the Romans-versed in the lore of Greece and Egypt-another channel for its introduction was clearly the Cabala of the Jews. Certain masonic writers recognize this double tradition, the one descending from Egypt, Chaldea, and Greece, the other from the Israelites, and assert that it is from the latter source their system is derived.(17) For after tracing its origin from Adam, Noah, Enoch, and Abraham, they proceed to show its line of descent through Moses, David, and Solomon (18) -descent from Solomon is in fact officially recognized by the Craft and forms a part of the instructions to candidates for initiation into the first degree. But, as we have already seen, this is the precise genealogy attributed to the Cabala by the Jews. Moreover, modern Freemasonry is entirely built up on the Solomonic, or rather the Hiramic legend. For the sake of readers unfamiliar with the ritual of Freemasonry a brief résumé of this " Grand Legend" must be given here. Solomon, when building the Temple, employed the services of a certain artificer in brass, named Hiram, the son of a widow of the tribe of Naphthali, who was sent to him by Hiram, King of Tyre. So much we know from the Book of Kings, but the masonic legend goes on to relate that Hiram the widow's son, referred to as Hiram Abiff, and described as the master-builder met with an untimely end. For the purpose of preserving order the masons working on the Temple were divided into three classes, Entered

Apprentices, Fellow Crafts, and Master Masons, the first two distinguished by different pass-words and grips and paid at different rates of wages, the last consisting only of three persons-Solomon himself, Hiram King of Tyre, who had provided him with wood and precious stones and Hiram Abiff. Now, before the completion of the Temple fifteen of the Fellow Crafts conspired together to find out the secrets of the Master Masons and resolved to waylay Hiram Abiff at the door of the Temple.

At the last moment twelve of the fifteen drew back, but the remaining three carried out the fell design, and after threatening Hiram in vain in order to obtain the secrets, killed him with three blows on the head, delivered by each in turn. They then conveyed the body away to some distance from Jerusalem and buried it on Mount Moriah. Solomon, informed of the disappearance of the master-builder, sent out fifteen Fellow Crafts to seek for him; five of these, having arrived at the mountain, noticed a place where the earth had been disturbed and there discovered the body of Hiram. Leaving a branch of acacia to mark the spot, they returned with their story to Solomon, who ordered them to go and exhume the body-an order that was immediately carried out.

The murder and exhumation, or "raising," of Hiram, accompanied by extraordinary lamentations, form the climax of Craft Masonry; and when it is remembered that in all probability no such tragedy ever took place, that possibly no one known as Hiram Abiff ever existed,(19) the whole story can only be regarded as the survival of some ancient cult relating not to an actual event, but to an esoteric doctrine. A legend and a ceremony of this kind is indeed to be found in many earlier mythologies; the story of the murder of Hiram had been foreshadowed by the Egyptian legend of the murder of Osiris and the quest for his body by Isis, whilst the lamentations around the tomb of Hiram had a counterpart in the mourning ceremonies for Osiris and Adonis-both, like Hiram, subsequently "raised"-and later on in that which took place around the catafalque of Manes, who, like Hiram, was barbarously put to death and is said to have been known to the Manicheans as "the son of the widow." But in the form given to it by Freemasonry the legend is purely Judaic, and would therefore appear to have derived from the Judaic version of the ancient tradition. The pillars of the Temple, Jachin and Boaz, which play so important a part in Craft Masonry, are symbols which occur in the Jewish Cabala, where they are described as two of the ten Sephiroths.(20) A writer of the eighteenth century, referring to "fyve curiosities" he has discovered in Scotland, describes one as- The Mason word, which tho' some make a Misterie of it, I will not conceal a little of what I know. It is lyke a Rabbinical Tradition in way of Comment on Jachin and Boaz, the Two Pillars erected in Solomon's Temple with an Addition delyvered from Hand to Hand, by which they know and become familiar one with another.

This is precisely the system by which the Cabala was handed down amongst the Jews. The Jewish Encyclopædia lends colour to the theory of Cabalistic transmission by suggesting that the story of Hiram "may possibly trace back to the Rabbinic legend concerning the Temple of Solomon," that "while all the workmen were killed so that they should not build another temple devoted to idolatry, Hiram himself was raised to Heaven like Enoch."(21)

How did this Rabbinic legend find its way into Freemasonry? Advocates of the Roman Collegia theory explain it in the following manner. After the building of the Temple of Solomon the masons who had been engaged in the work were dispersed and a number made their way to Europe, some to Marseilles, some perhaps to Rome, where they may have introduced Judaic legends to the Collegia, which then passed on to the Comacini Masters of the seventh century and from these to the medieval working guilds of England, France, and Germany. It is said that during the Middle Ages a story concerning the Temple of Solomon was current amongst the *compagnonnages* of France. In one of these groups, known as "the children of Solomon," the legend of Hiram appears to have existed much in its present form; according to another group the victim of the murder was not Hiram Abiff, but one of his companions named Maître Jacques, who, whilst engaged with Hiram on the construction of the Temple, met his death at the hands of five wicked Fellow Crafts, instigated by a sixth, the Pre Soubise.(22)

But the date at which this legend originated is unknown. Clavel thinks that the "Hebraic mysteries existed as early as the Roman Collegia, which he describes as largely Judaized (23); Yarker expresses precisely the opposite view: "It is not so difficult to connect Freemasonry with the Collegia; the difficulty lies in attributing Jewish traditions to the Collegia, and we say on the evidence of the oldest charges that such traditions had no existence in Saxon times." (24) Again: "So far as this country is concerned, we know nothing from documents of a Masonry dating from Solomon's Temple until after the Crusades, when the constitution believed to have been sanctioned by King Athelstan gradually underwent a change." (25) In a discussion which took place recently at the Quatuor Coronati Lodge the Hiram legend could only be traced back-and then without absolute certainty-to the fourteenth century, which would coincide with the date indicated by Yarker.(26)

Up to this period the lore of the masonic guilds appears to have contained only the exoteric doctrines of Egypt and Greece—which may have reached them through the Roman Collegia, whilst the traditions of Masonry are traced from Adam, Jabal, Tubal Cain, from Nimrod and the Tower of Babel, with Hermes and Pythagoras as their more immediate progenitors.(27) These doctrines were evidently in the main geometrical or technical, and in no sense Cabalistic. There is therefore some justification for Eckert's statement that " the Judeo-Christian mysteries were not yet introduced into the masonic corporations; nowhere can we find the least trace of them. Nowhere do we find any classification, not even that of masters, fellow crafts, and apprentices. We observe no symbol of the Temple of Solomon; all their symbolism relates to masonic labours and to a few philosophical maxims of morality." (28) The date at which Eckert, like Yarker, places the introduction of these Judaic elements is the time of the Crusades.

But whilst recognizing that modern Craft Masonry is largely founded on the Cabala, it is necessary to distinguish between the different Cabalas. For by this date no less than three Cabalas appear to have existed: firstly, the ancient secret tradition of the patriarchs handed down from the Egyptians through the Greeks and Romans, and possibly through the Roman Collegia to the Craft Masons of Britain; secondly, the Jewish version of this tradition, the first Cabal of the Jews, in no way incompatible with Christianity, descending from Moses, David, and Solomon to the Essenes and the more enlightened Jews; and thirdly, the perverted Cabala, mingled by the Rabbis with magic, barbaric superstitions, and—after the death of Christ—with anti-Christian legends.

Whatever Cabalistic elements were introduced into Craft Masonry at the time of the Crusades appear to have belonged to the second of these traditions, the unperverted Cabala of the Jews, known to the Essenes. There are, in fact, striking resemblances between Freemasonry and Essenism—degrees of initiation, oaths of secrecy, the wearing of the apron, and certain masonic sign; whilst to the Sabeist traditions of the Essenes may perhaps be traced the solar and stellar symbolism of the lodges.(29) The Hiram legend may have belonged to the same tradition.

The Templar Tradition

If then no documentary evidence can be brought forward to show that either the Solomonian legend or any traces of Judaic symbolism and traditions existed either in the monuments of the period or in the ritual of the masons before the fourteenth century, it is surely reasonable to recognize the plausibility of the contention put forward by a great number of masonic writers—particularly on the Continent—that the Judaic elements penetrated into Masonry by means of the Templars.(30) The Templars, as we have already seen, had taken their name from the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem. What then more likely than that during the time they had lived there they had learnt the Rabbinical legends connected with the Temple? According to George Sand, who was deeply versed in the history of secret societies, the Hiram legend was adopted by the Templars as symbolic of the destruction of their Order. " They wept over their impotence in the person of Hiram. The word lost and recovered is their empire...."(31) The Freemason Ragon likewise declares that the catastrophe they lamented was the catastrophe that destroyed their Order.(32) Further, the Grand Master whose fate they deplored was Jacques du Molay. Here then we have two bodies in France at the same period, the Templar and the *compagnonnages*, both possessing a legend concerning the Temple of Solomon and both mourning a Maître Jacques who had been barbarously put to death. If we accept the possibility that the Hiram legend existed amongst the masons before the Crusades, how are we to explain this extraordinary coincidence? It is certainly easier to believe that the Judaic traditions were introduced to the masons by the Templars and grafted on to the ancient lore that the masonic guilds had inherited from the Roman Collegia.

That some connexion existed between the Templars and the working masons is indicated by the new influence that entered into building at this period. A modern Freemason comparing " the beautifully designed and deep-cut marks of the true Gothic period, say circa 1150-1350," with " the careless and roughly executed marks, many of them mere scratches, of later periods," points out that " the Knights Templars rose and fell with that wonderful development of architecture." The same writer goes on to show that some of the most important masonic symbols, the equilateral triangle and the Mason's square surmounting two pillars, came through from Gothic times.(33) Yarker asserts that the level, the flaming star, and the Tau cross, which have since passed into the symbolism of Freemasonry may be traced to the Knights Templar, as also the five-pointed star in Salisbury Cathedral, the double triangle in Westminster Abbey, Jachin and Boaz, the circle and the pentagon in the masonry of the fourteenth century. Yarker cites later, in 1556, the eye and crescent moon, the three stars and the ladder of five steps, as further evidences of Templar influence.(34) " The Templars were large builders, and Jacques du Molay alleged the zeal of his Order in decorating churches in the process against him in 1310; hence the alleged connexion of Templary and Freemasonry is bound to have a substratum of truth."(35)

Moreover, according to a masonic tradition, an alliance definitely took place between the Templars and the masonic guilds at this period. During the proceedings taken against the Order of the Temple in France it is said that Pierre d'Aumont and seven other Knights escaped to Scotland in the guise of working masons and landed in the Island of Mull. On St. John's Day, 1307, they held their first chapter. Robert Bruce then took them under his protection, and seven years later they fought under his standard at Bannockburn against Edward II, who had suppressed their Order in England. After this battle, which took place on St. John the Baptist's Day in summer (June 24), Robert Bruce is said to have instituted the Royal Order of H.R.M. (Heredom) and Knights of R.S.Y.C.S. (Rosy Cross).(36) These two degrees now constitute the Royal Order of Scotland, and it seems not improbable that in reality they were brought to Scotland by the Templars. Thus, according to one of the early writers on Freemasonry, the degree of the Rose-Croix originated with the Templars in Palestine as early as 1188 (37); whilst the Eastern origin of the word Heredom, supposed to derive from a mythical mount on an island south of the Hebrides(38) where the Culdees practised their rites, is indicated by another eighteenth-century writer, who traces it to a Jewish source.(39) In this same year of 1314 Robert Bruce is said to have united the Templars and the Royal Order of H.R.M. with the guilds of working masons, who had also fought in his army, at the famous Lodge of Kilwinning, founded in 1286,(40) which now added to its name that of Heredom and became the chief seat of the Order.(41) Scotland was essentially a home of operative masonry and, in view of the Templar's prowess in the art of building, what more natural than that the two bodies should enter into an alliance? Already in England the Temple is said between 1155 and 1199 to have administered the Craft.(42) It is thus at Heredom of Kilwinning, "the Holy House of Masonry" - "Mother Kilwinning," as it is still known to Freemasons - that a speculative element of a fresh kind may have found its way into the lodges. Is it not here, then, that we may see that "fruitful union between the professional guild of medieval masons and a secret group of philosophical Adepts" alluded to by Count Goblet d'Aviella and described by Mr. Waite in the following words: The mystery of the building guilds - whatever it may be held to have been - was that of a simple, unpolished, pious, and utilitarian device; and this daughter of Nature, in the absence of all intention on her own part, underwent, or was coerced into one of the strangest marriages which has been celebrated in occult history. It so happened that her particular form and figure lent itself to such a union, etc.(43)?

Mr. Waite with his usual vagueness does not explain when and where this marriage took place, but the account would certainly apply to the alliance between the Templars and Scottish guilds of working masons, which, as we have seen, is admitted by masonic authorities, and presents exactly the conditions described, the Templars being peculiarly fitted by their initiation into the legend concerning the building of the Temple of Solomon to co-operate with the masons, and the masons being prepared by their partial initiation into ancient mysteries to receive the fresh influx of Eastern tradition from the Templars.

A further indication of the Templar influence in Craft Masonry is the system of degrees and initiations. The names of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason are said to have derived from Scotland, (44) and the analogy between these and the degrees of the Assassins has already been shown. Indeed, the resemblance between the outer organization of Freemasonry and the system of the Ismailis is shown by many writers. Thus Dr. Bussell observes: "No doubt together with some knowledge of geometry regarded as an esoteric trade secret, many symbols to-day current did pass down from very primitive times. But a more certain model was the Grand Lodge of the Ismailis in Cairo" - that is to say the Dar-ul-Hikmat.(45) Syed Ameer Ali also expresses the opinion that "Makrisi's account of the different degrees of initiation adopted in this lodge forms an invaluable record of Freemasonry. In fact, the lodge at Cairo became the model of all the Lodges created afterwards in Christendom."(46) Mr. Bernard Springett, a Freemason, quoting this passage, adds: "In this last assertion I am myself greatly in agreement."(47)

It is surely therefore legitimate to surmise that this system penetrated to Craft Masonry through the Templars, whose connexion with the Assassins - offshoot of the Dar-ul-Hikmat - was a matter of common knowledge.

The question of the Templar succession in Freemasonry form perhaps the most controversial point in the whole history of the Order, British Freemasons in the main rejecting it in favour of the Roman Collegia theory, Continental Masons more generally accepting it, and even glorying in it.(48) Mackey, in his *Lexicon of Freemasonry*, thus sums up the matter: The connexion between the Knights Templar and the Freemasons has been repeatedly asserted by the enemies of both institution and has often been admitted by their friends. Lawrie, on the subject, holds the following language: "We know that the Knights Templar not only possessed the mysteries but performed the ceremonies and inculcated the duties of Freemasons," and he attributes the dissolution of the Order to the discovery of their being Freemasons and their assembling in secret to practise the rites of the Order.(49)

This explains why Freemasons have always shown indulgence to the Templars. It was above all Freemasonry [says Findel], which—because it falsely held itself to be a daughter of Templarism—took the greatest pains to represent the Order of the Templars as innocent and therefore free from all mystery. For this purpose not only legends and unhistorical facts were brought forward, but man uvres were also resorted to in order to suppress the truth. The masonic reverers of the Temple Order bought up the whole edition of the *Actes du Procès* of Moldenhawer, because this showed the guilt of the Order; only a few copies reached the booksellers.... Already several decades before... the Freemasons in their unhistorical efforts had been guilty of real forgery. Dupuy had published his *History of the Trial of the Templars* as early as 1654 in Paris, for which he had made use of the original of the *Actes du Procès*, according to which the guilt of the Order leaves no room for doubt.... But when in the middle of the eighteenth century several branches of Freemasonry wished to recall the Templar Order into being, the work of Dupuy was naturally very displeasing. It had already been current amongst the public for a hundred years, so it could no longer be bought; therefore they falsified it.(50)

Accordingly in 1751 a reprint of Dupuy's work appeared with the addition of a number of notes and remarks and mutilated in such a way as to prove not the guilt but the innocence of the Templars.

Now, although British Masonry has played no part in these intrigues, the question of the Templar succession has been very inadequately dealt with by the masonic writers of our country. As a rule they have adopted one of two courses—either they have persistently denied connexion with the Templars or they have represented them as a blameless and cruelly maligned Order. But in reality neither of these expedients is necessary to save the honour of British Masonry, for not even the bitterest enemy of Masonry has ever suggested that British masons have adopted any portion of the Templar heresy. The Knights who fled to Scotland may have been perfectly innocent of the charges brought against their Order; indeed, there is good reason to believe this was the case. Thus the *Manuel des Chevaliers de l'Ordre du Temple* relates the incident in the following manner: After the death of Jacques du Molay, some Scottish Templars having become apostates, at the instigation of Robert Bruce ranged themselves under the banners of a new Order (51) instituted by this prince and in which the receptions were based on those of the Order of the Temple. It is here that we must seek the origin of Scottish Masonry and even that of the other masonic rites. The Scottish Templars were excommunicated in 1324 by Larmenius, who declared them to be *Templi desertores* and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, *Domnorum Militi spoliatores*, placed for ever outside the pale of the Temple: *Extra girum Templi, nunc et in futurum, volo, dico et jubeo*. A similar anathema has since been launched by several Grand Masters against Templars who were rebellious to legitimate authority. From the schism that was introduced into Scotland a number of sects took birth.(52)

This account forms a complete exoneration of the Scottish Templars; as apostates from the bogus Christian Church and the doctrines of Johannism they showed themselves loyal to the true Church and to the Christian faith as formulated in the published statutes of their Order. What they appear, then to have introduced to Masonry were their manner of reception, that is to say their outer forms and organization, and possibly certain Eastern esoteric doctrines and Judaic legends concerning the building of the Temple of Solomon in no way incompatible with the teaching of Christianity.

It will be noticed, moreover, that in the ban passed by the *Ordre du Temple* on the Scottish Templars the Knights of St John of Jerusalem are also included. This is a further tribute to the orthodoxy of the Scottish Knights. For to the Knight of St. John of Jerusalem—to whom the Templar property was given—no suspicion of heresy had ever attached. After the suppression of the Order of the Temple in 1312 a number of the Knights joined themselves to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, by whom the Templar system appears to have been purged of its heretical elements. As we shall see later, the same process is said to have been carried out by the Royal Order of Scotland. All this suggests that the Templars had imported a secret doctrine from the East which was capable either of a Christian or an anti-Christian interpretation, that through their connexion with the Royal Order of Scotland and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem this Christian interpretation was preserved, and finally that it was this pure doctrine which passed into Freemasonry. According to early masonic authorities, the adoption of the two St. Johns as the patron saints of Masonry arose, not from Johannism, but from the alliance between the Templars and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.(53)

It is important to remember that the theory of the Templar connexion with Freemasonry was held by the Continental Freemasons of the eighteenth century, who, living at the time the Order was reconstituted on its present basis, were clearly in a better position to know its origins than we who are separated from that date by a distance of two hundred years. But since their testimony first comes to light at the period of the upper degrees, in which the Templar influence is more clearly visible than in Craft Masonry, it must be reserved for a later chapter. Before passing on to this further stage in the history of the Craft, it is necessary to con-

sider one more link in the chain of the masonic tradition-the " Holy Vehm."

The Vehmgerichts(54)

These dread tribunals, said to have been established by Charlemagne in 772(55) in Westphalia, their avowed object the establishment of law and order amidst the unsettled and even anarchic conditions that reigned in Germany. But by degrees the power arrogated to itself by the " Holy Vehm " became so formidable that succeeding emperors were unable to control its workings and found themselves forced to become initiates from motives of self-protection. During the twelfth century Vehmgerichts, by their continual executions, had created a veritable " Red Terror " so that the East of Germany was known as the Red Land. In 1371, says Lecouteulx de Canteleu, a fresh impetus was given to the " Holy Vehm " by a number of the Knights Templar who, on the dissolution of their Order had found their way to Germany and now sought admission to the Secret Tribunals.(56) How much of Templar lore passed into the hand of the Vehmgerichts it is impossible to know, but there is certainly a resemblance between the methods of initiation and intimidation employed by the Vehms and those described by certain of the Templars, still more between the ceremony of the Vehms and the ritual of Freemasonry.

Thus the members of the Vehms, known as the Wissende (or Enlightened), were divided into three degrees of initiation: the Free Judges, the veritable Free Judges, and the Holy Judges of the Secret Tribunal. The candidate for initiation was led blindfold before the dread Tribunal, presided over by a Stuhlherr (or master of the chair) or his substitute, a Freigraf, with a sword and branch of willow at his side. The initiate was then bound by a terrible oath not to reveal the secrets of the " Holy Vehm," to warn no one of danger threatening them by its decrees, to denounce anyone, whether father, mother brother, sister, friend, or relation, if such a one had been condemned by the Tribunal. After this he was given the password and grip by which the confederates recognized each other. In the event of his turning traitor or revealing the secrets confided to him his eyes were bandaged, his hands tied behind his back and his tongue was torn out through the back of his neck after which he was hanged by the feet till he was dead, with the solemn imprecation that his body should be given as a prey to the birds of the air.

It is difficult to believe that the points of resemblance with modern masonic ritual (57) which may here be discerned can be mere matter of coincidence, yet it would be equally unreasonable to trace the origins of Freemasonry to the Vehmgerichts. Clearly both derived from a common source either the old pagan traditions on which the early Vehms were founded or the system of the Templars. The latter seems the more probable for two reasons: firstly, on account of the resemblance between the methods of the Vehmgerichts and the Assassins, which would be explained if the Templars formed the connecting link; and secondly, the fact that in contemporary documents the members of the Secret Tribunals were frequently referred to under the name of Rose-Croix.(58) Now, since, as we have seen, the degree of the Rosy Cross is said to have been brought to Europe by the Templars, this would account for the persistence of the name in the Vehmgerichts as well as in the Rosicrucians of the seventeenth century, who are said to have continued the Templar tradition. Thus Templarism and Rosicrucianism appear to have been always closely connected, a fact which is not surprising since both derive from a common source-the traditions of the near East.

This brings us to an alternative theory concerning the channel through which Eastern doctrines, and particularly Cabalism, found their way into Freemasonry. For it must be admitted that one obstacle to the complete acceptance of the theory of the Templar succession exists, namely, that although the Judaic element cannot be traced further back than the Crusades, neither can it with certainty be pronounced to have come into existence during the three centuries that followed after. Indeed, before the publication of Anderson's " Constitutions " in 1723 there is no definite evidence that the Solomonic legend had been incorporated into the ritual of British Masonry. So although the possession of the legend by the *compagnonnages* of the Middle Ages would tend to prove its antiquity, there is always the possibility that it was introduced by some later body of adepts than the Templars. According to the partisans of a further theory, these adepts were the Rosicrucians.

Rosicrucian Origin

One of the earliest and most eminent precursors of Freemasonry is said to have been Francis Bacon. As we have already seen, Bacon is recognized to have been a Rosicrucian and that the secret philosophical doctrine he professes was closely akin to Freemasonry is clearly apparent in his *New Atlantis*. The reference, to the, " Wise Men of the Society of Solomon's House " cannot be a mere coincidence. The choice of Atlantis-the legendary island supposed to have been submerged by the Atlantic Ocean in the remote past-would suggest that Bacon had some knowledge of a secret tradition descending from the earliest patriarchs of the hu-

man race, whom, like the modern writer Le Plongeon, he imagined to have inhabited the Western hemisphere and to have been the predecessors of the Egyptian initiates. Le Plongeon, however, places this early seat of the mysteries still further West than the Atlantic Ocean, in the region of Mayax and Yucatan.(59)

Bacon further relates that this tradition was preserved in its pure form by certain of the Jews, who whilst accepting the Cabala rejected its anti-Christian tendencies. Thus in this island of Bensalem there are Jews " of a far differing disposition from the Jews in other parts. For whereas they hate the name of Christ, and have a secret inbred rancour against the people amongst whom they live; these contrariwise give unto our Saviour many high attributes," but at the same time they believe " that Moses by a secret Cabala ordained the laws of Bensalem which they now use, and that when the Messiah should come and sit on his throne at Jerusalem, the King of Bensalem should sit at His feet, whereas other kings should keep at a great distance." This passage is of particular interest as showing that Bacon recognized the divergence between the ancient secret tradition descending from Moses and the perverted Jewish Cabala of the Rabbis, and that he was perfectly aware of the tendency even among the best of Jews to turn the former to the advantage of their Messianic dreams.

Mrs. Pott, who in her *Francis Bacon and his Secret Society* sets out to prove that Bacon was the founder of Rosicrucianism and Freemasonry, ignores all the previous history of the secret tradition. Bacon was not the originator but the inheritor of the ideas on which both these societies were founded. And the further contention that Bacon was at the same time the author of the greatest dramas in the English language and of *The Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosenkreutz* is manifestly absurd. Nevertheless, Bacon's influence amongst the Rosicrucians is apparent; Heydon's *Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians* is in fact a mere plagiarism of Bacon's *New Atlantis*.

Mrs. Pott seems to imagine that by proclaiming Bacon to have been the founder or even a member of the Order of Freemasonry she is revealing a great masonic secret which Freemasons have conspired to keep dark. But why should the Craft desire to disown so illustrious a progenitor or seek to conceal his connexion with the Order if any such existed? Findel, indeed, frankly admits that the *New Atlantis* contained unmistakable allusions to Freemasonry and that Bacon contributed to its final transformation.(60) This was doubtless brought about largely by the English Rosicrucians who followed after. To suggest then that Freemasonry originated with the Rosicrucians is to ignore the previous history of the secret tradition. Rosicrucianism was not the beginning but a link in the long chain connecting Freemasonry with far earlier secret associations. The resemblance between the two Orders admits of no denial. Thus Yarker writes: " The symbolic tracing of the Rosicrucians was a Square Temple approached by seven steps... here also we find the two pillars of Hermes, the five-pointed star, sun and moon, compasses, square and triangle." Yarker further observes that " even Wren was more or less a student of Hermeticism, and if we had a full list of Freemasons and Rosicrucians we should probably be surprised at the number who belonged to both systems."(61)

Professor Böhle emphatically states that " Freemasonry is neither more nor less than Rosicrucianism as modified by those who transplanted it into England." Chambers, who publish his famous *Cyclopædia* in 1728, observes: " Some who are friends to Freemasonry, make the present flourishing society of Freemasons a branch of Rosicrucians, or rather the Rosicrucians themselves under a new name or relation, viz. as retainers to building. And it is certain there are some Freemasons who have all the characters of Rosicrucians."

The connexion between Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism is, however, a question hardly less controversial than that of the connexion between Freemasonry and Templarism.

Dr. Mackey violently disputes the theory. " The Rosicrucians," he writes, " as this brief history indicates, had no connexion whatever with the masonic fraternity. Notwithstanding this fact, Barruel, the most malignant of our revilers with a characteristic spirit of misrepresentation, attempted to identify the two institutions."(62) But the aforesaid " brief history " indicates nothing of the kind, and the reference to Barruel as a malignant reviler for suggesting a connexion, which, as we have seen, many Freemasons admit, shows on which side this " spirit of misrepresentation " exists. It is interesting, however, to note that in the eyes of certain masonic writers connexion with the Rosicrucians is regarded as highly discreditable; the fraternity would thus appear to have been less blameless than we have been taught to believe. Mr. Waite is equally concerned with proving that there " is no traceable connexion between Masonry and Rosicrucianism," and he goes on to explain that Freemasonry was never a learned society, that it never laid claim to " any transcendental secrets of alchemy and magic, or to any skill in medicine," etc.(63)

The truth may lie between the opposing contentions of Prof. Böhle and his two masonic antagonists. The Freemasons were clearly, for the reasons given by Mr. Waite, not a mere continuation of the Rosicrucians,

but more likely borrowed from the Rosicrucians a part of their system and symbols which they adapted to their own purpose. Moreover, the incontrovertible fact is that in the list of English Freemasons and Rosicrucians we find men who belonged to both Orders and a amongst these two who contributed largely to the constitutions of English Freemasonry.

The first of these is Robert Fludd, whom Mr. Waite describes as " the central figure of Rosicrucian literature,... an intellectual giant,... a man of immense erudition, of exalted mind, and, to judge by his writings, of extreme personal sanctity. Ennemoser describes him as one of the most distinguished disciples of Paracelsus... ." (64) Yarker adds this clue: " In 1630 we find Fludd, the chief of the Rosicrucians, using architectural language, and there is proof that his Society was divided into degrees, and from the fact that the Masons' Company of London had a copy of the Masonic Charges ' presented by Mr. fflood ' we may suppose that he was a Freemason before 1620." (65)

A still more important link is Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, astrologer, and alchemist, founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, who was born in 1617. An avowed Rosicrucian, and as we have seen, also a Freemason. Ashmole displayed great energy in reconstituting the Craft; he is said to have perfected its organization, to have added to it further mystic symbols, and according to Ragon, it was he who drew up the ritual of the existing three Craft decrees-Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason-which was adopted by Grand Lodge in 1717. Whence did these fresh inspirations come but from the Rosicrucians? For, as Ragon also informs us, in the year that Ashmole was received into Freemasonry the Rosicrucians held their meeting in the same room at Mason Hall ! (66)

How, then, can it be said that there was " no traceable connexion between Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism " ? and why should it be the part of a " malignant reviler " to connect them? It is not suggested that Rosicrucians, such as Fludd or Ashmole, imported any magical elements into Freemasonry, but simply the system and symbols of the Rose-Croix with a certain degree of esoteric learning. That Rosicrucianism form an important link in the chain of the secret tradition is therefore undeniable.

The Seventeenth-century Rabbis

There is, however, a third channel through which the Judaic legends of Freemasonry may have penetrated to the Craft, namely, the Rabbis of the seventeenth century. The Jewish writer Bernard Lazare has declared that " there were Jews around the cradle of Freemasonry," (67) and if this statement is applied to the period preceding the institution of Grand Lodge in 1717 it certainly finds confirmation in fact. Thus it is said that in the preceding century the coat-of-arms now used by Grand Lodge had been designed by an Amsterdam Jew, Jacob Jehuda Leon Templo, colleague of Cromwell's friend the Cabalist, Manasseh ben Israel. (68) To quote Jewish authority on this question, Mr. Lucien Wolf writes that Templo " had a monomania for... everything relating to the Temple of Solomon and the Tabernacle of the Wilderness. He constructed gigantic models of both these edifices." (69) These he exhibited in London which he visited in 1675, and earlier, and it seems not unreasonable to conclude that this may have provided a fresh source of inspiration to the Freemasons who framed the masonic ritual some forty years later. At any rate, the masonic coat-of-arms still used by Grand Lodge of England is undoubtedly of Jewish design.

" This coat," says Mr. Lucien Wolf, " is entirely composed of Jewish symbols," and is " an attempt to display heraldically the various forms of the Cherubim pictured to us in the second vision of Ezekiel-an Ox, a Man, a Lion, and an Eagle-and thus belongs to the highest and most mystical domain of Hebrew symbolism." (70)

In other words, this vision, known to the Jews as the " Mercaba," (71) belongs to the Cabala, where a particular interpretation is placed on each figure so as to provide an esoteric meaning not perceptible to the uninitiated. (72) The masonic coat-of-arms is thus entirely Cabalistic as is also the seal on the diplomas of Craft Masonry, where another Cabalistic figure, that of a man and woman combined, is reproduced. (73)

Of the Jewish influence in Masonry after 1717 I shall speak later.

To sum up, then, the origins of the system we now know as Freemasonry are not to be found in one source alone. The twelve alternative sources enumerated in the Masonic Cyclopædia and quoted at the beginning of this chapter may all have contributed to its formation. Thus Operative Masonry may have descended from the Roman Collegia and through the operative masons of the Middle Ages, whilst Speculative Masonry may have derived from the patriarchs and the mysteries of the pagans. But the source of inspiration which admits of no denial is the Jewish Cabala. Whether this penetrated to our country through the Roman Collegia, the compagonnages, the Templars, the Rosicrucians, or through the Jews of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whose activities behind the scenes of Freemasonry we shall see later, is a matter of

speculation. The fact remains that when the ritual and constitutions of Masonry were drawn up in 1717, although certain fragments of the ancient Egyptian and Pythagorean doctrines were retained, the Judaic version of the secret tradition was the one selected by the founders of Grand Lodge on which to build up their system.

1. A Free Mason's answer to the Suspected Author of a Pamphlet entitled " Jachin and Boaz," or an authentic Key to Freemasonry, p. 10 (1762).
2. Quoted by R.F. Gould, History of Freemasonry, I. 5, 6.
3. Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man, p. 1 (1910).
4. Ars Quatuor Coronatorum, XXXII. Part I. p. 47.
5. Preston's Illustrations of Masonry. pp. 143, 147, 153 (1804).
6. John Yarker, The Arcane Schools, pp. 269, 327, 329.
7. Published in the Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés by the Marquis de Luchet p. 236 (1792 edition).
8. Brother Chalmers Paton, The Origin of Freemasonry: the 1717 Theory Exploded, quoting ancient charges preserved in a MS. in possession of the Lodge of Antiquity in London, written in the reign of James II, but " supposed to be really of much more ancient date."
9. Ars Quatuor Coronatorum, XXV. p. 240, paper by J. E. S. Tuckett on Dr. Rawlinson and the Masonic Entries in Elias Ashmole's Diary, with facsimile of entry in Diary which is preserved in the Bodleian Library (Ashmole MS. 1136. fol. 19).
10. Yarker, The Arcane Schools, p. 383.
11. Preston's Illustration of Masonry, p. 208 (1804).
12. The Origins of Freemasonry: the 1717 Theory Exploded.
13. The Rev. G. Oliver, The Historical Landmarks of Freemasonry, pp. 55, 57, 62, 318 (1845).
14. Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man, p. 185 (1910).
15. Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man, p. 8 (1910).
16. Ibid., p. 7. The German Freemason Findel disagrees with both the Roman Collegia and the Egypt theory, and, like the Abbé Grandidier, indicates the Steinmetzen of the fifteenth century as the real progenitors of the Order: " All attempts to trace the history of Freemasonry farther back than the Middle Ages have been... failures, and plating the origin of the Fraternity in the mysteries of Egypt... must be rejected as a wild and untenable hypothesis."-History of Freemasonry (Eng. trans.), p. 25.
17. Dr. Oliver and Dr. Mackey thus refer to true and spurious Masonry, the former descending from Noah, through Shem, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses to Solomon-hence the appellation of Noachites sometimes applied to Freemasons-the latter from Cain and the Gymnosophists of India to Egypt and Greece. They add that a union between the two took place at the time of the building of the Temple of Solomon through Hiram Abiff, who was a member of both, being by birth a Jew and artificer of Tyre, and from this union Freemasonry descends. According to Mackey, therefore Jewish Masonry is the true form.-A Lexicon of Freemasonry, pp. 323-5; Oliver's Historical Landmarks of Freemasonry, I. 60.
18. Rev. G. Oliver, The Historical Landmarks of Freemasonry, pp. 55, (1845)
19. The Jewish Encyclopædia (article on Freemasonry) characterizes the name Hiram Abiff as a misunderstanding of 2 Chron. ii. 13.
20. Clavel, Histoire pittoresque de la Franc-Maçonnerie, p. 340; Matter, Histoire du Gnosticisme, I. 145.
21. Article on Freemasonry, giving reference to Pesik, R.V. 25a (ed. Friedmann).
22. Clavel, op. cit., 364, 365; Lecouteulx de Canteleu, Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes, p. 120.
23. Clavel, op. cit., p. 82.
24. Yarker, The Arcane Schools, p. 257.
25. Ibid., p. 242.
26. " According to Prof. Marks and Prof. Hayter Lewis, the story of Hiram Abiff is at least as old as the fourteenth century."-J.E.S. Tuckett in The Origin of Additional Degrees, A.Q.C. XXXII. Part I. p. 14. It should be noted that no Mason who took part in the discussion brought evidence to show that it dated from before this period. Cf. Freemasonry Before the Existence of Grand Lodges (1923), by Wor. Bro. Lionel Vi- bert, I.C.S., p. 135, where it is suggested that the Hiram legend dates from an incident in one of the French building guilds in 1401.

27. Yarker, op. cit., p. 348; Eckert, op. cit., II. 36.
28. Eckert, op. cit., II. 28.
29. " The Essenes, in common with other Syrian sects possessed and adhered to the ' true principles ' of Freemasonry."-Bernard H. Springett, *Secret Sects of Syria and the Lebanon*, p. 91.
30. " The esoteric doctrine of the Judeo-Christian mysteries evidently penetrated into the masonic guilds (ateliers) only with the entry of the Templars after the destruction of their Order."-Eckert, op. cit., II. 28.
31. *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*, II. 185.
32. Ragon, *Cours philosophique des Initiations*, p. 34.
33. Mr. Sidney Klein in *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum*, XXXII. Part I. pp. 42, 43.
34. John Yarker, *The Arcane School*, pp. 195, 318, 341, 342, 361.
35. *Ibid.*, p. 196.
36. Official history of the Order of Scotland quoted by Bro. Fred. H. Buckmaster in *The Royal Order of Scotland*, published at the offices of The Freemason, pp. 3, 5, 7; A.E. Waite, *Encyclopædia of Freemasonry*, II. 219; Yarker, *The Arcane School*, p. 330; Mackey, *Lexicon of Freemasonry*, p. 267.
37. Baron Westerode in the *Acta Latomorum* (1784), quoted by Mackey, op. cit. 265. Mr. Bernard H. Springett also asserts that this degree " originated in the East (*Secret Sects of Syria and the Lebanon*, p. 294).
38. Chevalier de Bérage, *Les Plus Secret Mystères des Hauts Grades de la Maçonnerie dévoilés, ou le vrai Rose Croix* (1768); Waite, *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*, I. 3.
39. In 1784 some French Freemasons wrote to their English brethren saying: It concerns us to know if there really exists in the island of Mull, formerly Melrose... in the North of Scotland, a Mount Heredom, or if it does not exist." In reply a leading Freemason, General Rainsford, referred them to the words (Har Adonai), i.e. Mount of God (Notes on the Rainsford papers in A.Q.C., XXVI. 99). A more probable explanation appears, however, to be that Heredom is a corruption of the Hebrew word " Harodim " signifying princes or rulers.
40. F.H. Buckmaster, *The Royal Order of Scotland*, p. 5. Lecouteux de Canteleu says, however, that Kilwinning had been the great meeting-place of Masonry since 1150 (*Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes*, p. 104). Eckert, op cit., II, 33.
41. Mackey, *Lexicon of Freemasonry*, p. 267.
42. Clavel, op. cit., p. 90; Eckert, op. cit., II. 27.
43. A.E. Waite, *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*, I. 8.
44. " Our names of E.A., F.C., and M.M. were derived from Scotland."-A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. p. 40. Clavel, however, says that these existed in the Roman Collegia (*Histoire pittoresque*, p. 82).
45. *Religious Thought and Heresy in the Middle Ages*, p. 372.
46. *The Spirit of Islam*, p. 337.
47. *Secret Sects of Syria and the Lebanon*, p. 181 (1922).
48. See, for example, Bouillet's *Dictionnaire Universel d'Histoire et de Géographie* (1860), article on Templars: " Les Franc-Maçons prétendent se rattacher à cette secte."
49. *Lexicon of Freemasonry*, p. 185.
50. Findel, *Geschichte der Freimaurerei*, II. 156, 157 (1892 edition). Dr. Bussell (op. cit, p. 804), referring to Dupuy's work, also observes: " An editor of a later edition (Brussels, 1751) undoubtedly was a Freemason who tried to clear the indictment and affiliate to the condemned Order the new and rapidly increasing brotherhood of speculative deism."
51. *The Royal Order of Scotland*.
52. *Manuel des Chevaliers de l'Ordre du Temple*, p. 10 (1825 edition).
53. Oration of Chevalier Ramsay (1737); Baron Tschoudy, *L'Étoile Flamboyante* I. 20 (1766).
54. The description of the Vehmic Tribunals that follows here is largely taken from Lombard de Langres,

Les Sociétés Secrètes en Allemagne (1819) quoting original documents preserved at Dortmund.

55. Clavel derides this early origin and says it was the Franks-juges themselves who claimed Charlemagne as their founder (*Histoire pittoresque*, p. 357).

56. Lecouteulx de Canteleu, *Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes*, p. 100.

57. According to Walter Scott's account of the Vehmgerichts in Anne of Geierstein, the initiate was warned that the secrets confided to him were "neither to be spoken aloud nor whispered, to be told in words or written in characters, to be carved or to be painted, or to be otherwise communicated, either directly or by parable and emblem." This formula, if accurate, would establish a further point of resemblance.

58. Lombard de Langres, *Les Sociétés Secrètes en Allemagne*, p. 241 (1819); Lecouteulx de Canteleu, *Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes*, p. 99.

59. A. le Plongeon, *Sacred Mysteries among the Mayas and the Quichas* (1886).

60. Findel, *History of Freemasonry* (Eng. trans., 1866), pp. 131, 132.

61. John Yarker, *The Arcane Schools*, p. 216, 431.

62. *Lexicon of Freemasonry*, p. 298.

63. Waite, *The Real History of the Rosicrucians*. p. 403.

64. *Ibid.*, p. 283.

65. Yarker, *The Arcane Schools*, p. 430.

66. "Yarker pronounces Elias Ashmole to have been circa 1686 'the leading spirit both in Craft Masonry and in Rosicrucianism,' and is of opinion that his diary establishes the fact 'that both societies fell into decay together in 1682.' He adds: 'It is evident therefore that the Rosicrucians... found the operative Guild conveniently ready to their hand, and grafted upon it their own mysteries... also, from this time Rosicrucianism disappears and Freemasonry springs into life with all the possessions of the former.' "-*Speculative Freemasonry, an Historical Lecture*, delivered March 31, 1883, p. 9; quoted by Gould, *History of Freemasonry*, II. 138.

67. *L'Antisémitisme*, p. 339.

68. *Jewish Encyclopædia*, articles on Leon and Manasseh ben Israel.

69. Article on "Anglo-Jewish Coats-of-arms" by Lucien Wolf in *Transactions of the Jewish Historical Society*, Vol. II. p. 157.

70. *Transactions of the Jewish Historical Society of England*, Vol. II. p. 156. A picture of Templo forms the frontispiece of this volume, and a reproduction of the coat-of-arms of Grand Lodge is given opposite to p. 156.

71. Zohar, section Jethro, folio 70b (de Pauly's trans., Vol. III. 311).

72. The Cabalistic interpretation of the Mercaba will be found in the Zohar, section Bereschith, folio 18b (de Pauly's trans., Vol. I. p. 115).

73. "By figure of a man is always meant that of the male and female together."-*Ibid.*, p. 116.

THE GRAND LODGE ERA

whatever were the origins of the Order we now know as Freemasonry, it is clear that during the century preceding its reorganization under Grand Lodge of London the secret system of binding men together for a common purpose, based on Eastern esoteric doctrines, had been anticipated by the Rosicrucians. Was this secret system employed, however, by any other body of men? It is certainly easy to imagine how in this momentous seventeenth century, when men of all opinions were coalescing against opposing forces—Lutherans combining against the Papacy, Catholics rallying their forces against invading Protestantism, Republicans plotting in favour of Cromwell, Royalists in their turn plotting to restore the Stuarts, finally Royalists plotting against each other on behalf of rival dynasties—an organization of this kind, enabling one to work secretly for a cause and to set invisibly vast numbers of human beings in motion, might prove invaluable to any party.

Thus, according to certain masonic writers on the Continent, the system used by the Rosicrucians in their fight against "Popery" was also employed by the Jesuits for a directly opposite purpose. In the manuscripts of the Prince of Hesse published by Lecouteulx de Canteleu it is declared that in 1714 the Jesuits used the mysteries of the Rose-Croix. Mirabeau also relates that "the Jesuits profited by the internal troubles of the reign of Charles I to possess themselves of the symbols, the allegories, and the carpets (tapis) of the Rose-Croix masons, who were only the ancient order of the Templars secretly perpetuated. It may be seen by means of what imperceptible innovations they succeeded in substituting their catechism to the instruction of the Templars." (1)

Other Continental writers again assert that Cromwell, the arch-opponent of the Catholic Church, was "a higher initiate of masonic mysteries," and used the system for his own elevation to power (2); further, that he found himself outdistanced by the Levellers; that this sect, whose name certainly suggests masonic inspiration, adopted for its symbols the square and compass, (3) and in its claim of real equality threatened the supremacy of the usurper. Finally, Elias Ashmole, the Rosicrucian Royalist, is said to have turned the masonic system against Cromwell, so that towards the end of the seventeenth century the Order rallied to the Stuart cause. (4)

But all this is pure speculation resting on no basis of known facts. The accusation that the Jesuits used the system of the Rose-Croix as a cover to political intrigues is referred to by the Rosicrucian Eliphas Lévi as the outcome of ignorance which "refutes itself." It is significant to notice that it emanates mainly from Germany and from the Illuminati; the Prince of Hesse was a member of the Strict Observance and Mirabeau an Illuminatus at the time he wrote the passage quoted above. That in the seventeenth century certain Jesuits played the part of political intriguers I suppose their warmest friends will hardly deny, but that they employed any secret or masonic system seems to me perfectly incapable of proof. I shall return to this point later, however, in connexion with the Illuminati.

As to Cromwell, the only circumstance that lends any colour to the possibility of his connexion with Freemasonry is his known friendship for Manasseh ben Israel, the colleague of the Rabbi Templo who designed the coat-of-arms later adopted by Grand Lodge. If, therefore, the Jews of Amsterdam were a source of inspiration to the Freemasons of the seventeenth century, it is not impossible that Cromwell may have been the channel through which this influence first penetrated.

In the matter of the Stuarts we are, however, on firm ground with regard to Freemasonry. That the lodges at the end of the seventeenth century were Royalist is certain, and there seems good reason to believe that, when the revolution of 1688 divided the Royalist cause, the Jacobites who fled to France with James II took Freemasonry with them. (5) With the help of the French they established lodges in which, it is said, masonic rites and symbols were used to promote the cause of the Stuarts. Thus the land of promise signified Great Britain, Jerusalem stood for London, and the murder of Hiram represented the execution of Charles I. (6)

Meanwhile Freemasonry in England did not continue to adhere to the Stuart cause as it had done under the gis of Elias Ashmole, and by 1717 is said to have become Hanoverian.

From this important date the official history of the present system may be said to begin; hitherto everything rests on stray documents, of which the authenticity is frequently doubtful, and which provide no continuous history of the Order. In 1717 for the first time Freemasonry was established on a settled basis and in the process underwent a fundamental change. So far it would seem to have retained an operative ele-

ment, but in the transformation that now took place this was entirely eliminated, and the whole Order was transformed into a middle- and upper-class speculative body. This coup d'état, already suggested in 1703, took place early in 1717, when four London lodges of Freemasons met together at the Apple Tree Tavern in Charles Street, Covent Garden, "and having put into the chair the oldest Master Mason (being the Master of the lodge), they constituted themselves a Grand Lodge, pro tempore, in due form." On St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24 of the same year, the annual assembly and banquet were held at the Goose and Gridiron in St. Paul's Churchyard, when Mr. Antony Sayer was elected Grand Master and invested with all the badges of office.(7)

It is evident from the above account that already in 1717 the speculative elements must have predominated in the lodges, otherwise we might expect to find the operative masons taking some part in these proceedings and expressing their opinion as to whether their association should pass under the control of men entirely unconnected with the Craft. But no, the leaders of the new movement all appear to have belonged to the middle class, nor from this moment do either masons or architects seem to have played any prominent part in Freemasonry.

But the point that official history does not attempt to elucidate is the reason for this decision. Why should Freemasons of London—whether they were at this date speculative or only a semi-speculative association—have suddenly recognized the necessity of establishing a Grand Lodge and drawing up a ritual and "Constitution"? It is evident, then, that some circumstances must have arisen which led them to take this important step. I would suggest that the following may be the solution to the problem.

Freemasonry, as we have seen, was a system that could be employed in any cause and had now come to be used by intriguers of every kind—and not only by intriguers, but by merely convivial bodies, "jolly Brotherhoods of the Bottle" who modelled themselves on masonic associations.(8) But the honest citizens of London who met and feasted at the Goose and Gridiron were clearly not intriguers, they were neither Royalist nor Republican plotters, neither Catholic nor Luther fanatics, neither alchemists nor magicians, nor can it be supposed that they were simply revellers. If they were political, they were certainly not supporters of the Stuarts; on the contrary, they were generally reported to have been Hanoverian in their sympathies, indeed Dr. Bussell goes so far as to say that Grand Lodge was instituted to support the Hanoverian dynasty.(9) It would be perhaps nearer the truth to conclude that if they were Hanoverian it was because they were constitutional, and the Hanoverian dynasty having now been established they wished to avoid further changes. In a word, then, they were simply men of peace, anxious to put an end to dissensions, who, seeing that system of Masonry utilized for the purpose of promoting discord, determined to wrest it from the hands of political intriguers and restore it to its original character of brotherhood, though not of brotherhood between working masons only, but between men drawn from all classes and professions. By founding a Grand Lodge in London and drawing up a ritual and "Constitutions," they hoped to prevent the perversion of their signs and symbols and to establish the Order on a settled basis.

According to Nicolai this pacific purpose had already animated English Freemasons under the Grand Mastership of Sir Christopher Wren: "Its principal object from this period was to moderate the religious hatreds so terrible in England during the reign of James II and to try and establish some kind of concord or fraternity, by weakening as far as possible the antagonisms arising from the differences of religions, ranks, and interests." An eighteenth-century manuscript of the Prince of Hesse quoted by Lacouteulx de Canteleu expresses the view that in 1717 "the mysteries of Freemasonry were reformed and purified in England of all political tendencies."

In the matter of religion, Craft Masonry adapted an equally non-sectarian attitude. The first "Constitutions" of the Order, drawn up by Dr. Anderson in 1723, contain the following paragraph:

concerning god and religion A Mason is obliged, by his tenure, to obey the moral Law; and if he rightly understands the Art, he will never be a stupid Atheist, nor an irreligious Libertine. But though in ancient Times Masons were charged in every Country to be of the Religion of that Country or Nation, whatever it was, yet, 'tis now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that Religion in which all men agree, leaving their particular Opinions to themselves; that is to be good Men and true, or Men of Honour and Honesty, by whatever Denominations or Persuasions they may be distinguish'd; whereby Masonry becomes the Centre of Union and the Means of Conciliating true Friendship among Persons that must have remained at a perpetual Distance.

The phrase "that Religion in which all men agree" has been censured by Catholic writers as advocating a universal religion in the place of Christianity. But this by no means follows. The idea is surely that Masons should be men adhering to that law of right and wrong common to all religious faiths. Craft Masonry

may thus be described as Deist in character, but not in the accepted sense of the word which implies the rejection of Christian doctrines. If Freemasonry had been Deist in this sense might we not expect to find some connexion between the founders of Grand Lodge and the school of Deists-Toland, Bolingbroke, Woolston, Hume, and others-which flourished precisely at this period? Might not some analogy be detected between the organization of the Order and the Sodalities described in Toland's *Pantheisticon*, published in 1720? But of this I can find no trace whatever. The principal founders of Grand Lodge were, as we have seen, clergymen, both engaged in preaching Christian doctrines at their respective churches.(10) It is surely therefore reasonable to conclude that Freemasonry at the time of its reorganization in 1717 was Deistic only in so far that it invited men to meet together on the common ground of a belief in God. Moreover, some of the early English rituals contain distinctly Christian elements. Thus both in *Jachin and Boaz* (1762) and *Hiram or the Grand Master Key to the Door of both Antient and Modern Freemasonry* by a Member of the Royal Arch (1766) we find prayers in the lodges concluding with the name of Christ. These passages were replaced much later by purely Deistic formulas under the Grand Mastership of the free-thinking Duke of Sussex in 1813.

But in spite of its innocuous character, Freemasonry, merely by reason of its secrecy, soon began to excite alarm in the public mind. As early as 1724 a work entitled *The Grand Mystery of the Freemasons Discovered* had provoked an angry remonstrance from the Craft (11); and when the French edict against the Order was passed, a letter signed "Jachin" appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* declaring the "Freemasons who have lately been suppressed not only in France but in Holland" to be "a dangerous Race of Men": No Government ought to suffer such clandestine Assemblies where plots against the State may be carried on, under the Pretence of Brotherly Love and good Fellowship.

The writer evidently unaware of possible Templar traditions, goes on to observe that the sentinel placed at the door of the lodge with a drawn sword in his hand "is not the only mark of their being a military Order"; and suggests that the title of Grand Master is taken in imitation of the Knights of Malta. "Jachin," moreover, scents a Popish plot: They not only admit Turks, Jews, Infidels, but even Jacobites, non-jurors and Papists themselves... how can we be sure that those Persons who are known to be well affected, are let into all their Mysteries? They make no scruple to acknowledge that there is a Distinction between Prentices and Master Masons and who knows whether they may not have an higher Order of Cabalists, who keep the Grand Secret of all entirely to themselves?(12)

Later on in France, the Abbé Pérau published his satires on Freemasonry, *Le Secret des Francs-Maçons* (1742), *L'Ordre des Francs-Maçons trahi et le Secret des Mopses révélé* (1746), and *Les Francs-Maçons écrasés* (1746),(13) and in about 1761 another English writer said to be a Mason brought down a torrent of invective on his head by the publication of the ritual of the Craft Degrees under the name of *Jachin and Boaz*.(14)

It must be admitted that from all this controversy no party emerges in a very charitable light, Catholics and Protestants alike indulging in sarcasms and reckless accusations against Freemasonry, the Freemasons retorting with far from brotherly forbearance.(15) But, again, one must remember that all these men were of their age-an age which seen through the eyes of Hogarth would certainly not appear to have been distinguished for delicacy. It should be noted, however, when one reads in masonic works of the "persecutions to which Freemasonry has been subjected, that aggression was not confined only to the one side in the conflict; moreover, that the Freemasons at this period were divided amongst themselves and expressed with regard to opposing groups much the same suspicions that non-Masons expressed with regard to the Order as a whole. For the years following after the suppression of Masonry in France were marked by the most important development in the history of the modern Order-the inauguration of the Additional Degrees.

The Additional Degrees

The origin and inspiration of the additional degrees has provoked hardly less controversy in masonic circles than the origin of Masonry itself. It should be explained that Craft Masonry, or Blue Masonry-that is to say, the first three degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason of which I have attempted to trace the history-were the only degrees recognized by Grand Lodge at the time of its foundation in 1717 and still form the basis of all forms of modern Masonry. On this foundation were erected, somewhere between 1740 and 1743, the degree of the Royal Arch and the first of the series of upper degrees now known as the Scottish Rite or as the Ancient and Accepted Rite. The acceptance or rejection of this superstructure has always formed a subject of violent controversy between Masons, one body affirming that Craft Masonry is the only true and genuine Masonry, the other declaring that the real object of Masonry is only to be found in the higher degrees. It was this controversy, centring round the Royal Arch degree, that about the

middle of the eighteenth century split Masonry into opposing camps of Ancients and Moderns, the Ancients declaring that the R.A. was " the Root, Heart, and Marrow of Freemasonry,"(16) the Moderns rejecting it. Although worked by the Ancients from 1756 onwards, this degree was definitely repudiated by Grand Lodge in 1792,(17) and only in 1813 was officially received into English Freemasonry.

The R.A. degree, which is said nevertheless to be contained in embryo in the 1723 Book of Constitutions,(18) is purely Judaic—a glorification of Israel and commemorating the building of the second Temple. That it was derived from the Jewish Cabala seems probable, and Yarker, commenting on the phrase in the Gentleman's Magazine quoted above—" Who knows whether they (the Freemasons) have not a higher order of Cabalists, who keep the Grand Secret of all entirely to themselves " observes: " It looks very like an intimation of the Royal Arch degree,"(19) and elsewhere he states that " the Royal Arch degree, when it had the Three Veils, must have been the work, even if by instruction, of a Cabalistic Jew about 1740, and from this time we may expect to find a secret tradition grafted upon Anderson's system."(20)

Precisely in this same year of 1740 Mr. Waite says that " an itinerant pedlar of the Royal Arch degree is said to have propagated it in Ireland, claiming that it was practised at York and London,"(21) and in 1744 a certain Dr. Dassigny wrote that the minds of the Dublin brethren had been lately disturbed about Royal Arch Masonry owing to the activities in Dublin of " a number of traders or hucksters in pretended Masonry," whom the writer connects with " Italians " or the " Italic Order."

A Freemason quoting this passage in a recent discussion on the upper degrees expresses the opinion that these hucksters were " Jacobite emissaries disguised under the form of a pretended Masonry," and that " by Italians and Italian Order he intends a reference to the Court of King James III, i.e. the Old Pretender at Rome, and to the Ecossais (Italic) Order of Masonry."(22) It is much more likely that he had referred to another source of masonic instruction in Italy which I shall indicate in a later chapter.

But precisely at the moment when it is suggested that the Jacobites were intriguing to introduce the Royal Arch degree into Masonry they are also said to have been engaged in elaborating the " Scottish Rite." Let us examine this contention.

Freemasonry in France

The foundation of Grand Lodge in London had been followed by the inauguration of Masonic Lodges on the Continent—in 1721 at Mons, in 1725 in Paris, in 1728 at Madrid, in 1731 at The Hague, in 1733 at Hamburg, etc. Several of these received their warrant from the Grand Lodge of England. But this was not the case with the Grand Lodge of Paris, which did not receive a warrant till 1743.

The men who founded this lodge, far from being non-political, were Jacobite leaders engaged in active schemes for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. The leader of the group, Charles Radcliffe, had been imprisoned with his brother, the ill-fated Lord Derwentwater who was executed on Tower Hill in 1716. Charles had succeeded in escaping from Newgate and made his way to France, where he assumed the title of Lord Derwentwater, although the Earldom had ceased to exist under the bill of attainder against his brother. (23) It was this Lord Derwentwater—afterwards executed for taking part in the 1745 rebellion—who with several other Jacobites is said to have founded the Grand Lodge of Paris in 1725, and himself to have become Grand Master.

The Jacobite character of the Paris lodge is not a matter of dispute. Mr. Gould relates that " the colleagues of Lord Derwentwater are stated to have been a Chevalier Maskeline, a Squire Huguerty, and others, all partisans of the Stuarts."(24) But he goes on to contest the theory that they used Freemasonry in the Stuart cause, which he regards as amounting to a charge of bad faith. This is surely unreasonable. The founders of Grand Lodge in Paris did not derive from Grand Lodge in London, from which they held no warrant,(25) but, as we have seen, took their Freemasonry with them to France before Grand Lodge of London was instituted; they were therefore in no way bound by its regulations. And until the Constitutions of Anderson were published in 1723 no rule had been laid down that the Lodges should be non-political. In the old days Freemasonry had always been Royalist, as we see from the ancient charges that members should be " true liegemen of the King "; and if the adherents of James Edward saw in him their rightful sovereign, they may have conceived that they were using Freemasonry for a lawful purpose in adapting it to his cause. So although we may applaud the decision of the London Freemasons to purge Freemasonry of political tendencies and transform it into a harmonious system of brotherhood, we cannot accuse the Jacobites in France of bad faith in not conforming to a decision in which they had taken no part and in establishing lodges on their own lines.

Unfortunately, however, as too frequently happens when men form secret confederacies for a wholly

honourable purpose, their ranks were penetrated by confederates of another kind. It has been said in an earlier chapter that, according to the documents produced by the *Ordre du Temple* in the early part of the nineteenth century, the Templars had never ceased to exist in spite of their official suppression in 1312, and that a line of Grand Masters had succeeded each other in unbroken succession from Jacques du Molay to the Duc de Cossé-Brissac, who was killed in 1792. The Grand Master appointed in 1705 is stated to have been Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, later the Regent. Mr. Waite has expressed the opinion that all this was an invention of the late eighteenth century, and that the Charter of Larmenius was fabricated at this date though not published until 1811 by the revived *Ordre du Temple* under the Grand Master, Fabré Palaprat. But evidence points to a contrary conclusion. M. Matter, who, as we have seen, disbelieves the story of the *Ordre du Temple* and the authenticity of the Charter of Larmenius in so far as it professes to be a genuine fourteenth-century document, nevertheless asserts that the savants who have examined it declare it to date from the early part of the eighteenth century, at which period Matter believes the Gospel of St. John used by the Order to have been arranged so as "to accompany the ceremonies of some masonic or secret society." Now, it was about 1740 that a revival of Templarism took place in France and Germany; we cannot therefore doubt that if Matter is right in this hypothesis, the secret society in question was that of the Templars, whether they existed as lineal descendants of the twelfth-century Order or merely as a revival of that Order. The existence of the German Templars at this date under the name of the *Stricte Observance* (which we shall deal with in a further chapter) is indeed a fact disputed by no one; but that there was also an *Ordre du Temple* in France at the very beginning of the eighteenth century must be regarded as highly probable. Dr. Mackey, John Yarker, and Lecouteulx de Canteleu (who, owing to his possession of Templar documents, had exclusive sources of information) all declare this to have been the case and accept the Charter of Larmenius as authentic. "It is quite certain," says Yarker "that there was at this period in France an *Ordre du Temple*, with a charter from John Mark Larmenius, who claimed appointment from Jacques du Molay. Philippe of Orléans accepted the Grand Mastership in 1705 and signed the Statutes." (26)

Without, however, necessarily accepting the Charter of Larmenius as authentic let us examine the probability of this assertion with regard to the Duc d'Orléans.

Amongst the Jacobites supporting Lord Derwentwater at the Grand Lodge of Paris was a certain Andrew Michael Ramsay, known as Chevalier Ramsay, who was born at Ayr near the famous Lodge of Kilwinning, where the Templars are said to have formed their alliance with the masons in 1314. In 1710 Ramsay was converted to the Roman Catholic faith by Fénelon and in 1724 became tutor to the sons of the Pretender at Rome. Mr. Gould has related that during his stay in France Ramsay had formed a friendship with the Regent, Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, who was Grand Master of the *Ordre de Saint-Lazare*, instituted during the Crusades as a body of Hospitallers devoting themselves to the care of the lepers and which 1608 had been joined to the *Ordre du Mont-Carmel*. It seems probable from all accounts that Ramsay was a Chevalier of the Order, but he cannot have been admitted into it by the Duc d'Orléans, for the Grand Master of the *Ordre de Saint-Lazare* was not the Duc d'Orléans but the Marquis de Dangeau, who on his death in 1720, was succeeded by the son of the Regent, the Duc de Chartres. (27) If, then, Ramsay was admitted to any Order by the Regent, it was surely the *Ordre du Temple*, of which the Regent is said to have been the Grand Master at this date.

Now, the infamous character of the Duc d'Orléans is a matter of common knowledge; moreover, during the Regency—that period of impiety and moral dissolution hitherto unparalleled in the history of France—the chief of council was the Duc de Bourbon, who later placed his mistress the Marquise de Prie and the financier Paris Duverney at the head of affairs, thus creating a scandal of such magnitude that he was exiled in 1726 through the influence of Cardinal Fleury. This Duc de Bourbon in 1737 is said to have become Grand Master of the Temple. "It was thus," observes de Canteleu, "that these two Grand Masters of the Temple degraded the royal authority and ceaselessly increased hatred against the government."

It would therefore seem strange that a man so upright as Ramsay appears to have been, who had moreover but recently been converted to the Catholic Church, should have formed a friendship with the dissolute Regent of France, unless there had been some bond between them. But here we have a possible explanation—Templarism. Doubtless during Ramsay's youth at Kilwinning many Templar traditions had come to his knowledge, and if in France he found himself befriended by the Grand Master himself, what wonder that he should have entered into an alliance which resulted in his admission to an Order he had been accustomed to revere and which, moreover, was represented to him as the fons et origo of the masonic brotherhood to which he also belonged? It is thus that we find Ramsay in the very year that the Duc de Bourbon is said to have been made Grand Master of the Temple artlessly writing to Cardinal Fleury asking him to extend his protection to the society of Freemasons in Paris and enclosing a copy of the speech which he was to deliver on the following day, March 21, 1737. It is in this famous oration that for the first time we find

Freemasonry traced to the Crusades: At the time of the Crusades in Palestine many princes, lords, and citizens associated themselves, and vowed to restore the Temple of the Christians in the Holy Land, and to employ themselves in bringing back their architecture to its first institution. They agreed upon several ancient signs and symbolic words drawn from the well of religion in order to recognize themselves amongst the heathens and Saracens. These signs and words were only communicated to those who promised solemnly, and even sometimes at the foot of the altar, never to reveal them. This sacred promise was therefore not an execrable oath, as it has been called, but a respectable bond to unite Christians of all nationalities into one confraternity. Some time afterwards our Order formed an intimate union with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. From that time our Lodges took the name of Lodges of St John.(28)

This speech of Ramsay's has raised a storm of controversy amongst Freemasons because it contains a very decided hint of a connexion between Templarism and Freemasonry. Mr. Tuckett, in the paper referred to above, points out that only the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem are here mentioned,(29) but Ramsay distinctly speaks of "our Order" forming a union with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and we know that the Templars did eventually form such a union. The fact that Ramsay does not mention the Templars by name admits of a very plausible explanation. It must be remembered that, as Mr. Gould has shown, a copy of the oration was enclosed by Ramsay in his letter to Cardinal Fleury appealing for royal protection to be extended to Freemasonry; it is therefore hardly likely that he would have proclaimed a connexion between the Order he was anxious to present in the most favourable light and one which had formerly been suppressed by King and Pope. Moreover, if the Charter of Larmenius is to be believed, the newly elected Grand Master of the Temple was the Duc de Bourbon, who had already incurred the Cardinal's displeasure. Obviously, therefore, Templar influence was best kept in the background. This is not to imply bad faith on the part of Ramsay, who doubtless held the Order of Templars to be wholly praiseworthy; but he could not expect the King or Cardinal to share his view, and therefore held more prudent to refer to the progenitors of Freemasonry under the vague description of a crusading body. Ramsay's well-meant effort met, however, with no success. Whether on account of this unlucky reference by which the Cardinal may have detected Templar influence or for some other reason, the appeal for royal protection was not only refused, but the new Order, which hitherto Catholics had been allowed to enter, was now prohibited by Royal edict. In the following year, 1738, the Pope, Clement XII, issued a bull, *In Eminenti*, banning Freemasonry and excommunicating Catholics who took part in it.

But this prohibition appears to have been without effect, for Freemasonry not only prospered but soon began to manufacture new degrees. And in the masonic literature of the following thirty years the Templar tradition becomes still more clearly apparent. Thus the Chevalier de Bérage in a well-known pamphlet, of which the first edition is said to have appeared in 1747,(30) gives the following account of the origins of Freemasonry: This Order was instituted by Godefroi de Bouillon in Palestine in 1330,(31) after the decadence of the Christian armies, and was only communicated to the French Masons some time after and to a very small number, as a reward for the obliging services they rendered to several of our English and Scottish Knights, from whom true Masonry is taken. Their Metropolitan Lodge is situated on the Mountain of Heredom where the first Lodge was held in Europe and which exists in all its splendour. The General Council is still held there and it is the seal of the Sovereign Grand Master in office. This mountain is situated between the West and North of Scotland at sixty miles from Edinburgh.

Apart from the historical confusion of the first sentence, this passage is of interest as evidence that the theory of a connexion between certain crusading Knights and the Lodge of Heredom of Kilwinning was current as early as 1747. The Baron Tschoudy in his *Etoile Flamboyante*, which appeared in 1766, says that the crusading origin of Freemasonry is the one officially taught in the lodges, where candidates for initiation are told that several Knights who had set forth to rescue the holy places of Palestine from the Saracens "formed an association under the name of Free Masons, thus indicating that their principal desire was the reconstruction of the Temple of Solomon," that, further, they adopted certain signs, grips, and passwords as a defence against the Saracens, and finally that "our Society... fraternized on the footing of an Order with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, from which it is apparent that the Freemasons borrowed the custom of regarding St. John as the patron of the whole Order in general."(32) After the crusades "the Masons kept their rites and methods and in this way perpetuated the royal art by establishing lodges, first in England, then in Scotland," etc.(33)

In this account, therefore, Freemasonry is represented as having been instituted for the defence of Christian doctrines. De Bérage expresses the same view and explains that the object of these Crusaders in thus binding themselves together was to protect their lives against the Saracens by enveloping their sacred doctrines in a veil of mystery. For this purpose they made use of Jewish symbolism, which they invested with a Christian meaning. Thus the Temple of Solomon was used to denote the Church of Christ, the bough of aca-

cia signified the Cross, the square and the compass the union between the Old and New Testaments, etc. So " the mysteries of Masonry were in their principle, and are still, nothing else than those of the Christian religion."(34)

Baron Tschoudy, however, declares that all this stops short of the truth, that Freemasonry originated long before the Crusades in Palestine, and that the real " ancestors, fathers, authors of the Masons, those illustrious men of whom I will not say the date nor betray the secret," were a " disciplined body " whom Tschoudy describes by the name of " the Knight of the Aurora and Palestine." After " the almost total destruction of the Jewish people " these " Knights " had always hoped to regain possession of the domains of their fathers and to rebuild the Temple, and they carefully preserved their " regulations and particular liturgy," together with a " sublime treatise " which was the object of their continual study and of their philosophical speculations. Tschoudy further relates that they were students of the " occult sciences," of which alchemy formed a part, and that they had " abjured the principles of the Jewish religion in order to follow the lights of the Christian faith." At the time of the Crusades the Knights of Palestine came out from the desert of the Thebad, where they had remained hidden, and joined to themselves some of the crusaders who had remained in Jerusalem. Declaring that they were the descendants of the masons who had worked on the Temple of Solomon, they professed to concern themselves with " speculative architecture," which served to disguise a more glorious point of view. From this time they took the name of Free Masons, presented themselves under this title to the crusading armies and assembled under their banners.(35)

It would of course be absurd to regard any of the foregoing accounts as historical facts; the important point is that they tend to prove the fallacy of supposing that the Johannite-Templar theory originated with the revived Ordre du Temple, since one corresponding to it so closely was current in the middle of the preceding century. It is true that in these earlier accounts the actual words " Johannite " and " Templar " do not occur, but the resemblance between the sect of Jews professing the Christian faith but possessing a " particular liturgy " and a " sublime treatise "-apparently some early form of the Cabala-dealing with occult science, and the Mandans or Johannites with their Cabalistic " Book of Adam," their Book of John, and their ritual, is at once apparent. Further, the allusions to the connexion between the Knights who had been indoctrinated in the Holy Land and the Scottish lodges coincides exactly with the Templar tradition, published not only by the Ordre du Temple but handed down in the Royal Order of Scotland.

From all this the following facts stand out: (1) that whilst British Craft Masonry traced its origin to the operative guilds of masons, the Freemasons of France from 1737 onwards placed the origin of the Order in crusading chivalry; (2) that it was amongst these Freemasons that the upper degrees known as the Scottish Rite arose; and (3) that, as we shall now see, these degrees clearly suggest Templar inspiration. The earliest form of the upper degrees appears to have been the one given by de Bérage, as follows: 1. Parfait Maçon Élu. 2. Élu de Perignan. 3. Élu des Quinze. 4. Petit Architecte. 5. Grand Architecte. 6. Chevalier de l'Épée et de Rose-Croix. 7. Noachite ou Chevalier Prussien.

The first of these to make its appearance is believed to have been the one here assigned to the sixth place. This degree known in modern Masonry as " Prince of the Rose-Croix of Heredom or Knight of the Pelican and Eagle " became the eighteenth and the most important degree in what was later called the Scottish Rite, or at the present time in England the Ancient and Accepted Rite.

Why was this Rite called Scottish? " It cannot be too strongly insisted on," says Mr. Gould, " that all Scottish Masonry has nothing whatever to do with the Grand Lodge of Scotland, nor, with one possible exception-that of the Royal Order of Scotland-did it ever originate in that country."(36) But in the case of the Rose-Croix degree there is surely so justification for the term in legend, if not in proven fact, for, as we have already seen, according to the tradition of the Royal Order of Scotland this degree had been contained in it since the fourteenth century, when the degrees of H.R. (Heredom) and R.S.Y.C.S. (Rosy Cross) are said to have been instituted by Robert Bruce in collaboration with the Templars after the battle of Bannockburn. Dr. Mackey is one of the few Masons who admit this probable affiliation, and in referring to the tradition of the Royal Order of Scotland observes: " From that Order it seems to us by no means improbable that the present degree of Rose-Croix de Heredom may have taken its origin."(37)

But the Rose-Croix degree, like the Templar tradition from which it appears to have descended, is capable of a dual interpretation, or rather of a multiple interpretation, for no degree in Masonry has been subject to so many variation. That on the Continent it had descended through the Rosicrucians in an alchemical form seems more than probable. It would certainly be difficult to believe that a degree of R.S.Y.C.S. was imported from the East and incorporated in the Royal Order of Scotland in 1314; that by a mere coincidence a man named Christian Rosenkreutz was-according to the Rosicrucian legend-born in the same century and transmitted a secret doctrine he had discovered in the East to the seventeenth-century Brethren of the Rosy

Cross; and finally, that a degree of the Rose-Croix was founded circ. 1741 without any connexion existing between these succeeding movements. Even if we deny direct affiliation, we must surely admit a common source of inspiration producing, if not a continuation, at any rate a periodic revival of the same ideas. Dr. Oliver indeed admits affiliation between the seventeenth-century fraternity and the eighteenth-century degree, and after pointing out that the first indication of the Rose-Croix degree appears in the *Fama Fraternitatis* in 1613, goes on to say: It was known much sooner, although not probably as a degree in Masonry, for it existed as a cabalistic science from the earliest times in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, as well as amongst the Jews and Moors in times more recent, and in our own country the names of Roger Bacon, Fludd, Ashmole, and many others are found in its list of adepts.(38)

Dr. Mackey, quoting this passage, observes that " Oliver confounds the masonic Rose-Croix with the alchemical Rosicrucians," and proceeds to give an account of the Rose-Croix degree as worked in England and America, which he truly describes as " in the strictest sense a Christian degree." (39) But the point Dr. Mackey overlooks is that this is only one version of the degree, which, as we shall see later, has been and still is worked in a very different manner on the Continent.

It is, however, certain that the version of the Rose-Croix degree first adopted by the Freemasons of France in about 1741 was not only so Christian but so Catholic in character as to have given rise to the belief that it was devised by the Jesuits in order to counteract the attacks of which Catholicism was the object. (40) In a paper on the Additional Degrees Mr. J.S. Tackett writes: There is undeniable evidence that in their earlier forms the Ecossais or Scots Degrees were Roman Catholic; I have a MS. Ritual in French of what I believe to be the original Chev. de l'Aigle or S.P.D.R.C. (Souverain Prince de Rose-Croix), and in it the New Law is declared to be " la foy Catholique," and the Baron Tschoudy in his *L'Etoile Flamboyante* of 1766 describes the same Degree as " le Catholicisme mis en grade " (Vol. in. p. 114). I suggest that Ecossais or Scots Masonry was intended to be a Roman Catholic as well as a Stuart form of Freemasonry, into which none but those devoted to both Restorations were to be admitted.(41)

But is it necessary to read this political intention into the degree? If the tradition of the Royal Order of Scotland is to be believed, the idea of the Rose-Croix degree was far older than the Stuart cause, and dated back to Bannockburn, when the degree of Heredom with which it was coupled was instituted in order " to correct the errors and reform the abuses which had crept in among the three degrees of St. John's Masonry," and to provide a " Christianized form of the Third Degree," " purified of the dross of paganism and even of Judaism." (42) Whether the antiquity attributed to these degrees can be proved or not, it certainly appears probable that the legend of the Royal Order of Scotland had some foundation in fact and therefore that the ideas embodied in the eighteenth-century Rose-Croix degree may have been drawn from the store of that Order and brought by the Jacobites to France. At the same time there is no evidence in support of the statement made by certain Continental writers that Ramsay actually instituted this or any of the upper degrees. On the contrary, in his Oration he expressly states that Freemasonry is composed of the Craft degrees only: We have amongst us three kinds of brothers: Novices or Apprentices, Fellows or Professed Brothers, Masters or Perfected Brethren. To the first are explained the moral virtues; to the second the heroic virtues; to the last the Christian virtues....

It might be said then that the Rose-Croix degree was here foreshadowed in the Masters' degree, in that the latter definitely inculcated Christianity. This would be perfectly in accord with Ramsay's point of view as set forth in his account of conversion by Fénelon. When he first met the Archbishop Cambrai in 1710, Ramsay relates that he had lost faith in Christian sects and had resolved to " take refuge in a wise Deism limited to respect for the Divinity and for the immutable ideas of pure virtue," but that his conversation with Fénelon led him to accept the Catholic faith. And he goes on to show that " Monsieur de Cambrai turned Atheists into Deists, Deists into Christians, and Christians into Catholics by sequence of ideas full of enlightenment and feeling." (43)

Might not this be the process which Ramsay aimed at introducing into Freemasonry—the process which in fact does form part of the masonic system in England to-day, where the Atheist must become, at least by profession, a Deist before he can be admitted to the Craft Degrees, whilst the Rose-Croix degree is reserved solely for those who profess the Christian faith? Such was undoubtedly the idea of the men who introduced the Rose-Croix degree into France; and Ragon, who gives an account of this " Ancien Rose-Croix Français "—which is almost identical with the degree now worked in England, but long since abandoned in France—objects to it on the very score of its Christian character.(44)

In this respect the Rose-Croix amongst all the upper degrees introduced to France in the middle of the

eighteenth century stands alone, and it alone can with any probability be attributed to Scottish Jacobite inspiration. It was not, in fact, until three or four years after Lord Derwentwater or his mysterious successor Lord Harnouester (45) had resigned the Grand Mastership in favour of the Duc d'Antin in 1738 that the additional degrees were first heard of, and it was not until eight years after the Stuart cause had received its deathblow at Culloden, that is to say, in 1754, that the Rite of Perfection in which the so-called Scots Degrees were incorporated was drawn up in the following form: Rite of Perfection

1. Entered Apprentice. 2. Fellow Craft. 3. Master Mason. 4. Secret Master. 5. Perfect Master. 6. Intimate Secretary. 7. Intendant of the Buildings. 8. Provost and Judge. 9. Elect of Nine. 10. Elect of Fifteen. 11. Chief of the Twelve Tribes. 12. Grand Master Architect. 13. Knight of the Ninth Arch. 14. Ancient Grand Elect. 15. Knight of the Sword. 16. Prince of Jerusalem. 17. Knight of the East and West. 18. Rose-Croix Knight. 19. Grand Pontiff. 20. Grand Patriarch. 21. Grand Master of the Key of Masonry. 22. Prince of Libanus or Knight of the Royal Axe. 23. Sovereign Prince Adept. 24. Commander of the Black and White Eagle. 25. Commander of the Royal Secret.(46)

We have only to glance at the nomenclature of the last twenty-two of these degrees to see that on the basis of operative Masonry there has been built up a system composed of two elements: crusading chivalry and Judaic tradition. What else is this but Templarism? Even Mr. Gould, usually so reticent on Templar influence, admits it at this period: In France... some of the Scots lodges would appear to have very early manufactured new degrees, connecting these very distinguished Scots Masons with the Knights Templar, and thus given rise to the subsequent flood of Templarism. The earliest of all are supposed to have been the Masons of Lyons, who invented the Kadosch degree, representing the vengeance of the Templars, in 1741. From that time new rites multiplied in France and German but all those of French origin contain Knightly, and almost all Templar grades. In every case the connecting link was composed of one or more Scots degrees.(47)

The name Kadosch here mentioned is a Hebrew word signifying "holy " or " consecrated," which in the Cabala is found in conjunction with the Tetragrammaton.(48) The degree is said to have developed from that of Grand Elect,(49) one of the three " degrees of vengeance " celebrating with sanguinary realism the avenging of the murder of Hiram. But in its final form of Knight Kadosch-later to become the thirtieth degree of the " Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite "-the Hiram legend was changed into the history of the Templars with Jacques du Molay as the victim.(50) So the reprobation of attack on authority personified by the master-builder becomes approbation of attack on authority in the person of the King of France.

The introduction of the upper degrees with their political and, later on, anti-Christian tendencies thus marked a complete departure from the fundamental principle of Freemasonry that " nothing concerning the religion or government shall ever be spoken of in the lodge." For this reason they have been assailed not only by anti-masonic writers but by Freemasons themselves."(51) To represent Barruel and Robison as the enemies of Freemasonry is therefore absolutely false; neither of these men denounced Craft Masonry as practised in England, but only the superstructure erected on the Continent. Barruel indeed incurs the reproaches of Mounier for his championship of English Freemasons: He vaunts their respect for religious opinion and for authority. When he speaks of Freemasons in general they are impious, rebellious successors of the Templars and Albigenses, but all those of England are innocent. More than this, all the Entered Apprentices, Fellow Crafts, and Master Masons in all parts of the world are innocent; there are only guilty ones in the higher degrees, which are not essential to the institution, and are sought by a small number of people.(52)

In this opinion of Barruel's a great number of Masonic writers concur-Clavel, Ragon, Rebold, Thory, Findel, and others too numerous to mention; all indicate Craft Masonry as the only true kind and the upper degrees as constituting a danger to the order. Rebold, who gives a list of these writers, quotes a masonic publication, authorized by the Grand Orient and the Supreme Council of France, in which it is said that " from all these rites there result the most foolish conceptions,... the most absurd legends,... the most extravagant systems, the most immoral principles, and those the most dangerous for the peace and preservation of States," and that therefore except the first three degrees of Masonry, which are really ancient and universal, everything is " chimera, extravagance, futility, and lies."(53) Did Barruel and Robison ever use stronger language than this?

To attribute the perversion of Masonry to Jacobite influence would be absurd. How could it be supposed that either Ramsay or Lord Derwentwater (who died as a devout Catholic on the scaffold in 1746) could have been concerned in an attempt to undermine the Catholic faith or the monarchy of France? I would suggest, then, that the term " Scots Masonry " became simply a veil for Templarism-Templarism, moreover, of a very different kind to that from which the original degree of the Rose-Croix was derived. It was this so-called Scots Masons that, after the resignation of Lord Derwentwater, " boldly came forward and

claimed to be not merely a part of Masonry but to greater privileges and the right to rule over the ordinary, i.e. Craft Masonry."(54) The Grand Lodge of France seems, however, to have realized the danger of submitting to the domination of the Templar element, and on the death of the Duc d'Antin and his replacement by the Comte de Clermont in 1743, signified its adherence to English Craft Masonry by proclaiming itself Grande Loge Anglaise de France and reissued the " Constitutions " of Anderson, first published in 1723, with the injunction that the Scots Masters should be placed on the same level as the simple Apprentices and Fellow Crafts and allowed to wear no badges of distinction.(55)

Grand Lodge of England appears to have been reassured by this proclamation as to the character of Freemasonry, for it was now, in 1743, that it at last delivered a warrant to Grand Lodge of France. Yet in reality it was from this moment that French Freemasonry degenerated the most rapidly. The Order was soon invaded by intriguers. This was rendered all the easier by the apathy of the Comte de Clermont, appointed Grand Master in 1743, who seems to have taken little interest in the Order and employed a substitute in the person of a dancing master named Lacorne, a man of low character through whose influence the lodges fell into a state of anarchy. Freemasonry was thus divided into warring factions: Lacorne and the crowd of low-class supporters who had followed him into the lodges founded a Grand Lodge of their own (Grande Loge Lacorne), and in 1756 the original Freemasons again attempted to make Craft Masonry the national Masonry of France by deleting the word " Anglaise " from the appellation of Grand Lodge, and renaming it " Grande Loge Nationale de France." But many lodges still continue to work the additional degrees.

The rivalry between the two groups became so violent that in 1767 the government intervened and closed down Grand Lodge.

The Templar group had, however, formed two separate associations, the " Knights of the East " (1756) and the " Council of the Emperors of the East and West " (1758). In 1761 a Jew named Stephen Morin was sent to America by the " Emperors " armed with a warrant from the Duc de Clermont and Grand Lodge of Paris and bearing the sonorous title of " Grand Elect Perfect and Sublime Master," with orders to establish a Lodge in that country. In 1766 he was accused in Grand Lodge of " propagating strange and a monstrous doctrines " and his patent of Grand Inspector was withdrawn.(56) Morin, however, had succeeded in establishing the Rite of Perfection. Sixteen Inspectors, nearly all Jews, were now appointed. These included Isaac Long, Isaac de Costa, Moses Hayes, B. Spitzer, Moses Cohen, Abraham Jacobs, and Hyman Long.

Meanwhile in France the closing of Grand Lodge had not prevented meetings of Lacorne's group, which, on the death of the Duc de Clermont in 1772, instituted the " Grand Orient " with the Duc de Chartres—the future " Philippe Egalité "—as Grand Master. The Grand Orient then invited the Grande Loge to revoke the decree of expulsion and unite with it, and this offer being accepted, the revolutionary party inevitably carried all before it, and the Duc de Chartres was declared Grand Master of all the councils, chapters, and Scotch lodges of France.(57) In 1782 the " Council of Emperors " and the " Knights of the East " combined to form the " Grand Chapitre Général de France," which in 1786 joined up with the Grand Orient. The victory of the revolutionary party was then complete.

It is necessary to enter into all these tedious details in order to understand the nature of the factions grouped together under the banner of Masonry at this period. The Martinist Papus attributes the revolutionary influences that now prevailed in the lodges to their invasion by the Templars, and goes on to explain that this was owing to a change that had taken place in the Ordre du Temple. Under the Grand Mastership of the Regent and his successor the Duc de Bourbon, the revolutionary elements amongst the Templars had had full play, but from 1741 onwards the Grand Masters of the Order were supporters of the monarchy. When the Revolution came, the Duc de Cossé-Brissac, who had been Grand Master since 1776, perished amongst the defenders of the throne. It was thus that by the middle of the century the Order of the Temple ceased to be a revolutionary force, and the discontented elements it had contained, no longer able to find in it a refuge, threw themselves into Freemasonry, and entering the higher degrees turned them to their subversive purpose. According to Papus, Lacorne was a member of the Templar group, and the dissensions that took place were principally a fight between the ex-Templars and the genuine Freemasons which ended in the triumph of the former: Victorious rebels thus founded the Grand Orient of France. So a contemporary Mason is able to write: " It is not excessive to say that the masonic revolution of 1773 was the prelude and the precursor of the Revolution of 1789." What must be well observed is the secret action of the Brothers of the Templar Rite. It is they who are the real fomentors of revolution, the others are only docile agents.(58)

But all this attributes the baneful influence of Templarism to the French Templars alone, and the existence of such a body rests on no absolutely certain evidence. What is certain and admits of no denial on the part of any historian, is the inauguration of a Templar Order in Germany at the very moment when the so-called Scottish degrees were introduced into French Masonry. We shall now return to 1738 and follow

events that were taking place at this important moment beyond the Rhine.

1. Histoire de la Monarchie Prussienne, VI. 76.
2. Lecouteulx de Canteleu, op. cit., p. 105.
3. Ibid., p. 106; Lombard de Langres, Les Sociétés Secrètes en Allemagne, p. 67.
4. Monsignor George F. Dillon, The War of Anti-Christ with the Church and Christian Civilization, p. 24 (1885).
5. Brother Chalmers I. Paton, The Origin of Freemasonry: the 1717 Theory Exploded, p. 34.
6. Lecouteulx de Canteleu, op. cit., p. 107; Robison's Proofs of a Conspiracy, p. 27; Dillon, op. cit, p. 24; Mackey, Lexicon of Freemasonry, p. 148.
7. Preston's Illustrations of Masonry, p. 209 (1804); Brother Chalmers I. Paton, The Origin of Freemasonry, etc., p. 12.
8. Ars Quatuor Coronatorum, XXV. p. 31. See account of some of these convivial masonic societies in this paper entitled " An Apollinaric Summons."
9. Religious Thought and Heresy in the Middle Ages, p. 373. A " Past Grand Master," in an article entitled " The Crisis in Freemasonry," in the English Review for August 1922, takes the same view. " It is true... that the Craft Lodges in England were originally Hanoverian clubs, as the Scottish lodges were Jacobite Clubs."
10. Dr. Anderson, a native of Aberdeen and at this point period minister of the Presbyterian Church in Swallow Street, and Dr. Desaguliers, of French Protestant descent, who had taken holy orders in England and in this same year of 1717 lectured before George I, who rewarded him with benefice in Norfolk (Dictionary of National Biography, articles on James Anderson and John Theophilus Desaguliers).
11. The Free Mason's Vindication, being an answer to a scandalous libel entitled (sic) The Grand Mystery of the Free Masons dicover'd, etc. (Dublin, 1725). It is curious that this reply is to be found in the British Museum (Press mark 8145, h. I. 44), but not the book itself. Yet Mr. Waite thinks it sufficiently important to include in a " Chronology of the Order," in his Encyclopædia of Freemasonry, I. 335.
12. Gentleman's Magazine for April 1737.
13. Dates given in A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. pp. 11, 12, and Deschamps, Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société, II. 29. The Writer of the paper in A.Q.C. appears not to recognize the authorship of the second work L'Ordre des Franc-Maçons trahi; but on p. XXIX of this book the signature of Abbé Pérau appears in the masonic cypher of the period derived from the masonic word LUX. This cypher is, of course, now well known. It will be found on p. 73 of Clavel's Histoire pittoresque.
14. The British Museum possesses no earlier edition of this work than that of 1797, but the first edition must have appeared at least thirty-five years earlier, as A Free Mason's Answer to the suspected Author of... Jachin and Boaz, of which a copy may be found in the British Museum (Press mark 112, d 41), is dated 1762. This book bears on the title-page the following quotation from Shakespeare: " Oh, that Heaven would put in every honest Hand a Whip To lash the Rascal naked through the World."
15. The author of Jachin and Boaz says in the 1797 edition that in reply to this work he has received " several anonymous Letters, containing the lowest Abuse and scurrilous Invectives; nay some have proceeded so far as to threaten his Person. He requests the Favour of all enraged Brethren, who shall chuse to display their Talents for the future, that they will be so kind as to pay the Postage of their Letters for there can be no Reason why he should put up with their ill Treatment and pay the Piper into that Bargain. Surely there must be something in this Book very extraordinary; a something they cannot digest, thus to excite the Wrath and Ire of these hot-brained Mason-bit Gentry." One letter he has received calls him a Scandalous Stinking Pow Catt (sic)."
16. A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. p. 34.
17. Ibid.
18. Mackey also thinks that R.A. was introduced in 1740, but that before that date it formed part of the Master's degree (Lexicon of Freemasonry, p. 299).
19. Yarker, The Arcane Schools, p. 437.
20. Review by Yarker of Mr. A.E. Waite's book The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry in The Equinox, Vol. I. No. 7. p. 414.

21. Encyclopdia of Freemasonry, II. 56.
22. A.Q.C., Vol. XXXII. Part I. p. 23.
23. Correspondence on Lord Derwentwater in Morning Post for September 15, 1922. Mr. Waite (The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry I. 113) wrongly gives the name of Lord Derwentwater as John Radcliffe and in his Encyclopdia of Freemasonry as James Radcliffe. But James was the name of the third Earl, beheaded in 1716.
24. Gould, op. cit. III. 138. "The founders were all of them Britons."-A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. p. 6.
25. "If we turn to our English engraved lists we find that whatever Lodge (or Lodges) may have existed in Paris in 1725 must have been unchartered, for the first French Lodge on our roll is on the list for 1730-32.... It would appear probable... that Derwentwater's Lodge... was an informal Lodge and did not petition for warrant till 1732."-Gould, History of Freemasonry, III. 138.
26. John Yarker, The Arcane Schools, p. 462.
27. Gautier de Sibert, Histoire des Ordres Royaux, Hospitaliers-Militaires de Notre-Dame du Carmel et de Saint-Lazare de Jérusalem, Vol. II. p. 193 (Paris, 1772).
28. This oration has been published several times and has been variously attributed to Ramsay and the Duc d'Antin. The author of a paper in A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I., says on p. 7: "Whether Ramsay delivered his speech or not is doubtful, but it is certain that he wrote it. It was printed in an obscure and obscene Paris paper called the Almanach des Cocus for 1741 and is there said to have been 'pronounced' by 'Monsieur de R-Grand Orateur de l'Ordre.' It was again printed in 1742 by Bro. De la Tierce in his Histoire, Obligations et Status, etc.,... and De la Tierce says that it was 'prononcé par le Grand Maître des Francs-Maçons de France' in the year 1740.... A.G. Jouast (Histoire du G.O., 1865) says the Oration was delivered at the Installation of the Duc d'Antin as G.M. on 24th June, 1738, and the same authority states that it was first printed at the Hague in 1738, bound with some poems attributed to Voltaire, and some licentious tales by Piron.... Bro. Gould remarks: 'If such a work really existed at that date, it was probably the original of the "Lettre philosophique par M. de V-,avec plusieurs pièces galantes," London, 1757.' " Mr. Gould has, however, provided very good evidence that Ramsay was the author of the oration by Daruty's discovery of the letter to Cardinal Fleury, which together with the oration itself (translated from De la Tierce's version) he reproduces in his History of Freemasonry Vol. III. p. 84.
29. A.Q.C., XXII. Part I. p. 10.
30. Les plus secrets mystères des Hauts Grades de la Maçonnerie dévoilés, ou le vrai Rose-Croix. A Jerusalem. M.DCC.LXVII. (A.Q.C., Vol. XXXII. Part I. p. 13. refers, however, to an edition of 1747).
31. As Godefroi de Bouillon died in 1100, I conclude his name to have been introduced here in error by de Bérage or the date of 1330 to have been a misprint.
32. Dr. Mackey confirms this assertion, Lexicon of Freemasonry, p. 304.
33. Étoile Flamboyante, I pp. 18-20.
34. The same theory that Freemasonry originated in Palestine as a system of protection for the Christian faith is given almost verbatim in the instructions to the candidate for initiation into the degree of "Prince of the Royal Secret" published in Monitor of Freemasonry (Chicago, 1860), where it is added that "the brethren assembled round the tomb of Hiram, is a representation of the disciples lamenting the death of Christ on the Cross." Weishaupt, founder of the eighteenth-century Illuminati, also showed-although in a spirit of mockery-how easily the legend of Hiram could be interpreted in this manner, and suggested that at the periods when the Christians were persecuted they enveloped their doctrines in secrecy and symbolism. "That was necessary in times and places where the Christians lived among the heathens, for example in the East at the time of the Crusades."-Nachtrag zur Originalschriften, Part II. p. 123.
35. Étoile Flamboyante, pp. 24-9.
36. Gould, History of Freemasonry, III. 92.
37. Mackey's Lexicon of Freemasonry, p. 267.
38. Oliver's Landmarks of Freemasonry, II. 81, note 35.
39. Lexicon of Freemasonry, p. 270.
40. Clavel, Histoire pittoresque de la Franc-Maçonnerie, p. 166.

41. A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. p. 17.
42. The Royal Order of Scotland, by Bro. Fred. H. Buckmaster, p. 3.
43. Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Messire François de Selignac de la Mothe-Fénelon, archevêque de Cambrai, pp. 105, 149 (1727).
44. J.M. Ragon, Ordre Chapitral, Nouveau Grade de Rose-Croix, p. 35.
45. The identity of Lord Harnouester has remained a mystery. It has been suggested that Harnouester is only a French attempt to spell Derwentwater, and therefore that the two Grand Masters referred to were one and the same person.
46. In 1786 the seventh and eighth degrees were transposed, the eleven became Sublime Knight Elect, the twentieth Grand Master of all Symbolic, the twenty-first Noachite or Prussian Knight, the twenty-third Chief of the Tabernacle, the twenty-fourth Prince of the Tabernacle, the twenty-fifth Knight of the Brazen Serpent. The thirteenth is now known as the Royal Arch of Enoch and must not be confounded with the Royal Arch, which is the complement of the third degree. The fourteenth is now the Scotch Knight of Perfection, the fifteenth Knight of the Sword or of the East, and the twentieth is Venerable Grand Master.
47. History of Freemasonry, III. 93. Thory gives the date of the Kadosch degree as 1743, which seems correct.
48. Zohar, section Bereschith, folio 18b.
49. A.Q.C., XXVI: "Templar Legends in Freemasonry."
50. "This degree is intimately connected with the ancient order of the Knights Templars, a history of whose destruction, by the united efforts of Philip, King of France, and Pope Clement V, forms a part of the instructions given to the candidate. The dress of the Knights is black, as an emblem of mourning for the extinction of the Knights Templars, and the death of Jacques du Molay, their last Grand Master...." - Mackey, Lexicon of Freemasonry, p. 172.
51. Mr. J.E.S. Tuckett, in the paper before mentioned, quotes the Articles of Union of 1813, in which it is said that "pure ancient Masonry consists of three degrees and no more," and goes on to observe that: "According to this view those other Degrees (which for convenience may be called Additional Degrees) are not real Masonry at all, but an extraneous and spontaneous growth springing up around the 'Craft' proper, later in date, and mostly foreign, i.e. non-British in origin, and the existence of any such degrees as by some writers condemned as a contamination of the 'pure Ancient Freemasonry' of our forefathers."-A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. p. 5.
52. J.J. Mounier, De l'Influence attribué aux Philosophes, aux Francs-Maçons et aux Illuminés sur la Révolution Française, p. 148 (1822). See also letter from the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick to General Rainsford dated January 19, 1790, defending Barruel from the charge of attacking Masonry and pointing out that he only indicated the upper degrees, A.Q.C., XXVI. p. 112.
53. Em. Rebold, Histoire des Trois Grandes Loges de Franc-Maçons en France, pp. 9, 10 (1864).
54. A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. 21.
55. A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. 22. It is curious that in this discussion by members of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge the influence of the Templars, which provides the only key to the situation, is almost entirely ignored.
56. Yarker, The Arcane Schools, pp. 479-82.
57. Mackey, Lexicon of Freemasonry, p. 119.
58. Martines de Pasqually, par Papus, président du Suprême Conseil de l'Ordre Martiniste, p. 144 (1895). Papus is the pseudonym of Dr. Gerard Encausse.

GERMAN TEMPLARISM AND FRENCH ILLUMINISM

THE year after Ramsay's oration—that is to say in 1738—Frederick, Crown Prince of Prussia, the future Frederick the Great, who for two years had been carrying on a correspondence with Voltaire, suddenly evinced a curiosity to know the secrets of Freemasonry which he had hitherto derided as "Kinderspiel," and accordingly went through a hasty initiation during the night of August 14-15, whilst passing through Brunswick.[1]

The ceremony took place not at a masonic lodge, but at a hotel, in the presence of a deputation summoned by the Graf von Lippe-Bückeburg from Grand Lodge of Hamburg for the occasion. It is evident that something of an unusual kind must have occurred to necessitate these speedy and makeshift arrangements. Carlyle, in his account of the episode, endeavours to pass it off as a "very trifling circumstance"—a reason the more for regarding it as of the highest importance since we know now from facts that have recently come to light how carefully Carlyle was spoon-fed by Potsdam whilst writing his book on Frederick the Great.[2]

But let us follow Frederick's masonic career. In June 1740, after his accession to the throne, his interest in Masonry had clearly not waned, for we find him presiding over a lodge at Charlottenburg, where he received into the Order two of his brothers, his brother-in-law, and Duke Frederick William of Holstein-Beck. At his desire the Baron de Bielfeld and his privy councillor Jordan founded a lodge at Berlin, the "Three Globes," which by 1746 had no less than fourteen lodges under its jurisdiction.

In this same year of 1740 Voltaire, in response to urgent invitations, paid his first visit to Frederick the Great in Germany. Voltaire is usually said not to have yet become a Mason, and the date of his initiation is supposed to have been 1778, when he was received into the Loge des Neuf Sours in Paris. But this by no means precludes the possibility that he had belonged to another masonic Order at an earlier date. At any rate, Voltaire's visit to Germany was followed by two remarkable events in the masonic world of France. The first of these was the institution of the additional degrees; the second—perhaps not wholly unconnected with the first—was the arrival in Paris of a masonic delegate from Germany named von Marschall, who brought with him instructions for a new or rather a revived Order of Templarism, in which he attempted to interest Prince Charles Edward and his followers.

Von Marschall was followed about two years later by Baron von Hundt, who had been initiated in 1741 into the three degrees of Craft Masonry in Germany and now came to consecrate a lodge in Paris. According to von Hundt's own account, he was then received into the Order of the Temple by an unknown Knight of the Red Plume, in the presence of Lord Kilmarnock,[3] and was presented as a distinguished Brother to Prince Charles Edward, whom he imagined to be Grand Master of the Order.[4] But all this was afterwards shown to be a pure fabrication, for Prince Charles Edward denied all knowledge of the affair, and von Hundt himself admitted later that he did not know the name of the lodge or chapter in which he was received, but that he was directed from "a hidden centre" and by Unknown Superiors, whose identity he was bound not to reveal.[5] In reality it appears that von Hundt's account was exactly the opposite of the truth,[6] and that it was von Hundt who, seconding von Marschall's effort, tried to enrol Prince Charles Edward in the new German Order by assuring him that he could raise powerful support for the Stuart cause under the cover of reorganizing the Templar Order, of which he claimed to possess the true secrets handed down from the Knights of the fourteenth century. By way of further rehabilitating the Order, von Hundt declared that all the accusations brought against it by Philippe le Bel and the Pope were based on false charges manufactured by two recreant Knights named Noffodei and Florian as a revenge for having been deprived of their commands by the Order in consequence of certain crimes they had committed.[7] According to Lecouteulx de Canteleu, von Hundt eventually succeeded—after the defeat of Culloden—in persuading Prince Charles Edward to enter his Order. But this is extremely doubtful. At any rate, when in 1751 von Hundt officially founded his new Templar Order under the name of the Stricte Observance, the unfortunate Charles Edward played no part at all in the scheme. As Mr. Gould has truly observed, "no trace of Jacobite intrigues ever blended with the teaching of the Stricte Observance." [8]

The Order of the Stricte Observance was in reality a purely German association composed of men drawn entirely from the intellectual and aristocratic classes, and, in imitation of the chivalric Orders of the past, known to each other under knightly titles. Thus Prince Charles of Hesse became Eques a Leone Resurgente, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick Eques a Victoria, the Prussian minister von Bischoffswerder Eques a Grypho, Baron de Wächter Eques a Ceraso, Christian Bode (Councillor of Legation in Saxe-Gotha) Eques a Lilio

Convallium, von Haugwitz (Cabinet Minister of Frederick the Great) Eques a Monte Sancto, etc.

But according to the declarations of the Order the official leaders, Knights of the Moon, the Star, the Golden Sun, or of the Sacred Mountain, were simply figure-heads; the real leaders, known as the "Unknown Superiors," remained in the background, unadorned by titles of chivalry but exercising supreme jurisdiction over the Order. The system had been foreshadowed by the "Invisibles" of seventeenth-century Rosicrucianism; but now, instead of an intangible group whose very existence was only known vaguely to the world, there appeared in the light of day a powerful organization led apparently by men of influence and position yet secretly directed by hidden chiefs.[9] Mirabeau has described the advent of these mysterious directors in the following passage: In about 1756 there appeared, as if they had come out of the ground, men sent, they said, by unknown superiors, and armed with powers to reform the order [of Freemasonry] and re-establish it in its ancient purity. One of these missionaries, named Johnston, came to Weimar and Jena, where he established himself. He was received in the best way in the world by the brothers [Freemasons], who were lured by the hope of great secrets, of important discoveries which were never made known to them.[10]

Now, in the manuscripts of the Prince of Hesse published by Lecouteulx de Canteleu it is said that this man Johnston, or rather Johnson, who proclaimed himself to be "Grand Prior of the Order," was a Jew named Leicht or Leucht.[11] Gould says that his real name was either Leucht or Becker, but that he professed to be an Englishman, although unable to speak the English language, hence his assumption of the name Johnson.[12] Mr. Gould has described Johnson as a "consummate rogue and an unmitigated vagabond... of almost repulsive demeanour and of no education, but gifted with boundless impudence and low cunning." Indeed, von Hundt himself, after enlisting Johnson's services, found him too dangerous and declared him to be an adventurer. Johnson was thereupon arrested by von Hundt's friend the councillor von Pritsch, and thrown into the castle of Wartburg, where sudden death ended his career.

It is, however, improbable that Mirabeau could be right in indicating Johnson as one of the "Unknown Superiors," who were doubtless men of vaster conceptions than this adventurer appears to have been. Moreover, the manner of his end clearly proves that he occupied a subordinate position in the Stricte Observance.

Here, then, we have a very curious sequence of events which it may be well to recapitulate briefly in order to appreciate their full significance:

1737. Oration of Chevalier Ramsay indicating Templar origin of Freemasonry, but making no mention of upper degrees.

1738. Duc d'Antin becomes Grand Master of French Freemasonry in the place of Lord "Harnouester."

1738. Frederick, Crown Prince of Prussia, initiated into Masonry at Brunswick.

1740. Voltaire pays his first visit to Frederick, now King.

1741. Baron von Marschall arrives in Paris with a plan for reviving the Templar Order. Templar degrees first heard of in France under name of "Scots Masonry."

1743. Arrival in France of Baron von Hundt with fresh plans for reviving the Templar Order. Degree of Knight Kadosch celebrating vengeance of Templars said to have been instituted at Lyons.

1750. Voltaire goes to spend three years with Frederick.

1751. Templar Order of the Stricte Observance founded by von Hundt.

1754. Rite of Perfection (early form of Scottish Rite) founded in France.

1761. Frederick acknowledged head of Scottish Rite.

1761. Morin sent to found Rite of Perfection in America.

1762. Grand Masonic Constitutions ratified in Berlin.[13]

It will be seen then that what Mr. Gould describes as "the flood of Templarism," which both he and Mr. Tuckett attribute to the so-called Scots Masons,[14] corresponds precisely with the decline of Jacobite and

the rise of German influence. Would it not therefore appear probable that, except in the case of the Rose-Croix degree, the authors of the upper degrees were not Scotsmen nor Jacobites, that Scots Masonry was a term used to cover not merely Templarism but more especially German Templarism, and that the real author and inspirer of the movement was Frederick the Great? No, it is significant to find that in the history of the *Ordre du Temple*, published at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Frederick the Great is cited as one of the most distinguished members of this Order in the past,[15] and the Abbé Grégoire adds that he was "consecrated" at Remersberg (Rheinsberg?) in 1738, that is to say in the same year that he was initiated into Masonry at Brunswick.[16] There is therefore a definite reason for connecting Frederick with Templarism at this date.

I would suggest, then, that the truth about the Templar succession may be found in one of the two following theories:

1. That the documents produced by the *Ordre du Temple* in the nineteenth century, including the Charter of Larmenius, were genuine; that the Order had never ceased to exist since the days of the Crusades; that the Templar heresy was Johannism, but that this was not held by the Templars who escaped to Scotland; that the Rose-Croix degree in its purely Christian form was introduced by the Scottish Templars to Scotland and four hundred years later brought by Ramsay to France; that the Master of the Temple at this date was the Regent, Philippe Duc d'Orléans, as stated in the Charter of Larmenius. Finally, that after this, fresh Templar degrees were introduced from Germany by von Hundt, acting on behalf of Frederick the Great.

2. That the documents produced by the *Ordre du Temple* in the nineteenth century were, as M. Matter declares, early eighteenth-century fabrications; that although, in view of the tradition preserved in the Royal Order of Scotland, there appears to be good reason to believe the story of the Scottish Templars and the origin of the Rose-Croix degree, the rest of the history of the Templars, including the Charter of Larmenius, was an invention of the "Concealed Superiors" of the Strict Observance in Germany, and that the most important of these "Concealed Superiors" were Frederick the Great and Voltaire.

I shall not attempt to decide which of these two theories is correct; all that I do maintain is that in either case the preponderating role in Templarism at this crisis was played by Frederick the Great, probably with the co-operation of Voltaire, who in his *Essai sur les Mœurs* championed the cause of the Templars. Let us follow the reasons for arriving at this conclusion.

Ramsay's oration in 1737 connecting Freemasonry with the Templars may well have come to the ears of Frederick and suggested to him the idea of using Masonry as a cover for his intrigues-hence his hasty initiation at Brunswick. But in order to acquire influence in a secret society it is always necessary to establish a claim to superior knowledge, and Templarism seemed to provide a fruitful source of inspiration. For this purpose new light must be thrown on the Order. Now, there was probably no one better qualified than Voltaire, with his knowledge of the ancient and mediæval world and hatred of the Catholic Church, to undertake the construction of a historical romance subversive of the Catholic faith-hence the urgent summons to the philosopher to visit Frederick. We can imagine Voltaire delving amongst the records of the past in order to reconstruct the Templar heresy. This was clearly Gnostic, and the Mandæans or Christians of St. John may well have appeared to present the required characteristics. If it could be shown that here in Johannism true "primitive Christianity" was to be found, what a blow for the "infâme"! A skilful forger could easily be found to fabricate the documents said to have been preserved in the secret archives of the Order. Further we find von Marschall arriving in the following year in France to reorganize the Templars, and von Hundt later claiming to be in possession of the true secrets of the Order handed down from the fourteenth century. That some documents bearing on this question were either discovered or fabricated under the direction of Frederick the Great seems the more probable from the existence of a masonic tradition to this effect. Thus Dr. Oliver quotes a Report of the Grand Inspectors-General in the nineteenth century stating that: During the Crusades, at which 27,000 Masons were present, some masonic MSS. of great importance were discovered among the descendants of the ancient Jews, and that other valuable documents were found at different periods down to the year of Light 5557 (i.e. 1553), at which time a record came to light in Syrian characters, relating to the most remote antiquity, and from which it would appear that the world is many thousand years older than given by the Mosaic account. Few of these characters were translated till the reign of our illustrious and most enlightened Brother Frederick II, King of Prussia, whose well-known zeal for the Craft was the cause of so much improvement in the Society over which he condescended to preside. [17]

I suggest, then, that the documents here referred to and containing the secrets claimed by von Hundt may have been the ones afterwards published by the *Ordre du Temple* in the nineteenth century, and that if unau-

thentic they were the work of Voltaire, aided probably by a Jew capable of forging Syriac manuscripts. That Johnson was the Jew in question seems probable, since Findel definitely asserts that the history of the continuation of the Order of Knights Templar was his work.[18] Frederick, as we know, was in the habit of employing Jews to carry out shady transactions, and he may well have used Johnson to forge documents as he used Ephraim to coin false money for him. It would be further quite in keeping with his policy to get rid of the man as soon as he had served his purpose, lest he should betray his secrets.

At any rate, whatever were the methods employed by Frederick the Great for obtaining control over Masonry, the fruitful results of that "very trifling circumstance," his initiation at Brunswick, become more and more apparent as the century advances. Thus when in 1786 the Rite of Perfection was reorganized and rechristened the "Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite"—always the same Scottish cover for Prussianism!—it is said to have been Frederick who conducted operations, drew up the new Constitutions of the Order, and rearranged the degrees so as to bring the total number up to thirty-three,[19] as follows: 26. Prince of Mercy. 27. Sovereign Commander of the Temple. 28. Knight of the Sun. 29. Grand Scotch Knight of St. Andrew. 30. Grand Elect Knight of Kadosch. 31. Grand Inspector Inquisitor Commander. 32. Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret. 33. Sovereign Grand Inspector-General.

In the last four degrees Frederick the Great and Prussia play an important part; in the thirtieth degree of Knight Kadosch, largely modelled on the Vehmgerichts, the Knights wear Teutonic crosses, the throne is surmounted by the double-headed eagle of Prussia, and the President, who is called Thrice Puissant Grand Master, represents Frederick himself; in the thirty-second degree of Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret, Frederick is described as the head of Continental Freemasonry; in the thirty-third degree of Sovereign Grand Inspector-General the jewel is again the double-headed eagle, and the Sovereign Grand Commander is Frederick, who at the time, this degree was instituted figured with Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, Grand Master of the Grand Orient, as his lieutenant. The most important of these innovations was the thirty-second degree, which was in reality a system rather than a degree for bringing together the Masons of all countries under one head—hence the immense power acquired by Frederick. By 1786 French Masonry was thus entirely Prussianized and Frederick had indeed become the idol of Masonry everywhere. Yet probably no one ever despised Freemasonry more profoundly. As the American Mason Albert Pike shrewdly observed: There is no doubt that Frederick came to the conclusion that the great pretensions of Masonry in the blue degrees were merely imaginary and deceptive. He ridiculed the Order, and thought its ceremonies mere child's play; and some of his sayings to that effect have been preserved. It does not at all follow that he might not at a later day have found it politic to put himself at the head of an Order that had become a power. ...[20]

It is not without significance to find that in the year following the official foundation of the *Stricte Observance*, that is to say in 1752, Lord Holderness, in a letter to the British Ambassador in Paris, Lord Albemarle, headed "Very secret," speaks of "the influence which the King of Prussia has of late obtained over all the French Councils"; and a few weeks later Lord Albemarle refers to "the great influence of the Prussian Court over the French Councils by which they are so blinded as not to be able to judge for themselves." [21]

But it is time to turn to another sphere of activity which Masonry opened out to the ambitions of Frederick.

The making of the *Encyclopédie*, which even those writers the most sceptical with regard to secret influences behind the revolutionary movement admit to have contributed towards the final cataclysm, is a question on which official history has thrown but little light. According to the authorized version of the story—as related, for example, in Lord Morley's work on the *Encyclopædists*—the plan of translating Ephraim Chambers's *Cyclopædia*, which had appeared in 1728, was suggested to Diderot "some fifteen years later" by a French bookseller named Le Breton. Diderot's "fertile and energetic intelligence transformed the scheme.... It was resolved to make Chambers's work a mere starting-point for a new enterprise of far wider scope." We then go on to read of the financial difficulties that now beset the publisher, of the embarrassment of Diderot, who "felt himself unequal to the task of arranging and supervising every department of a new book that was to include the whole circle of the sciences," of the fortunate enlisting of d'Alembert as a collaborator, and later of men belonging to all kinds of professions, "all united in a work that was as useful as it was laborious, without any view of interest... without any common understanding and agreement," further, of the cruel persecutions encountered at the hands of the Jesuits, "who had expected at least to have control of the articles on theology," and finally of the tyrannical suppression of the great work on account of the anti-Christian tendencies these same articles displayed.[22]

Now for a further light on the matter.

In the famous speech of the Chevalier Ramsay already quoted, which was delivered at Grand Lodge of Paris in 1737, the following passage occurs: The fourth quality required in our Order is the taste for useful sciences and the liberal arts. Thus, the Order exacts of each of you to contribute, by his protection, liberality, or labour, to a vast work for which no academy can suffice, because all these societies being composed of a very small number of men, their work cannot embrace an object so extended. All the Grand Masters in Germany, England, Italy, and elsewhere exhort all the learned men and all the artisans of the Fraternity to unite to furnish the materials for a Universal Dictionary of all the liberal arts and useful sciences; excepting only theology and politics. The work has already been commenced in London, and by means of the unions of our brothers it may be carried to a conclusion in a few years.[23]

So after all it was no enterprising bookseller, no brilliantly inspired philosopher, who conceived the idea of the *Encyclopédie*, but a powerful international organization able to employ the services of more men than all the academies could supply, which devised the scheme at least six years before the date at which it is said to have occurred to Diderot. Thus the whole story as usually told to us would appear to be a complete fabrication—struggling publishers, toiling *littérateurs* carrying out their superhuman task as "independent men of letters" without the patronage of the great—which Lord Morley points out as "one of the most important facts in the history of the *Encyclopædia*"—writers of all kinds bound together by no "common understanding or agreement," are all seen in reality to have been closely associated as "artisans of the Fraternity" carrying out the orders of their superiors.

The *Encyclopédie* was therefore essentially a Masonic publication, and Papus, whilst erroneously attributing the famous oration and consequently the plan of the *Encyclopédie* to the inspiration of the Duc d'Antin, emphasizes the importance of this fact. Thus, he writes: The Revolution manifests itself by two stages:

1st. Intellectual revolution, by the publication of the *Encyclopédie*, due to French Freemasonry under the high inspiration of the Duc d'Antin.

2nd. Occult revolution in the Lodges, due in great part to the members of the Templar Rite and executed by a group of expelled Freemasons afterwards amnestied.[24]

The masonic authorship of the *Encyclopédie* and the consequent dissemination of revolutionary doctrines has remained no matter of doubt to the Freemasons of France; on the contrary, they glory in the fact. At the congress of the Grand Orient in 1904 the Freemason Bonnet declared: In the eighteenth century the glorious line of *Encyclopædists* formed in our temples a fervent audience which was then alone in invoking the radiant device as yet unknown to the crowd "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The revolutionary seed quickly germinated amidst this élite. Our illustrious Freemasons d'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, d'Holbach, Voltaire, Condorcet, completed the evolution of minds and prepared the new era. And, when the Bastille fell, Freemasonry had the supreme honour of giving to humanity the charter (i.e. the Declaration of the Rights of Man) which it had elaborated with devotion. (Applause.)

This charter, the orator went on to say, was the work of the Freemason Lafayette, and was adopted by the Constituent Assembly, of which more than 300 members were Freemasons.

But in using the lodges to sow the seeds of revolution, the *Encyclopædists* betrayed not only the cause of monarchy but of Masonry as well. It will be noticed that, in conformity with true masonic principles, Ramsay in his oration expressly stated that the *encyclopaedia* was to concern itself with the liberal arts and sciences[25] and that theology and politics were to be excluded from the contemplated scheme. How, then, did it come to pass that these were eventually the two subjects to which the *Encyclopædists* devoted the greatest attention, so that their work became principally an attack on Church and monarchy? If Papus was right in attributing this revolutionary tendency to the *Encyclopédie* from the time of the famous oration, then Ramsay could only be set down as the profoundest hypocrite or as the mouthpiece of hypocrites professing intentions the very reverse of their real doings. A far more probable explanation seems to be that during the interval between Ramsay's speech and the date when the *Encyclopédie* was begun in earnest, the scheme underwent a change. It will be noticed that the year of 1746, when Diderot and d'Alembert are said to have embarked on their task, coincided with the decadence of French Freemasonry under the Comte de Clermont and the invasion of the lodges by the subversive elements; thus the project propounded with the best intentions by the Freemasons of 1737 was filched by their revolutionary successors and turned to a diametrically opposite purpose.

But it is not to the dancing-master Lacorne and his middle-class following that we can attribute the efficiency with which not only the *Encyclopédie* but a host of minor revolutionary publications were circulated all over France. Frederick the Great had seen his opportunity. If I am right in my surmise that Ramsay's

speech had reached the ears of Frederick, the prospect of the *Encyclopédie* contained therein may well have appeared to him a magnificent method for obtaining a footing in the intellectual circles of France; hence then, doubtless, an additional reason for his hasty initiation into Masonry, his summons to Voltaire, and his subsequent overtures to Diderot and d'Alembert, who, by the time the first volume of the *Encyclopédie* appeared in 1751, had both been made members of the Royal Academy of Prussia. In the following year Frederick offered d'Alembert the presidency of the Academy in place of Maupertuis, an offer which was refused; but in 1755 and again in 1763 d'Alembert visited Frederick in Germany and received his pension regularly from Berlin. It is therefore not surprising that when the *Encyclopédie* had reached the letter P, it included, in an unsigned article on Prussia, a panegyric on the virtues and the talents of the illustrious monarch who presided over the destinies of that favoured country.

The art of Frederick the Great, as of his successors on the throne of the Hohenzollerns, was to make use of every movement that could further the design of Prussian supremacy. He used the Freemasons as he used the philosophers and as he used the Jews, to carry out his great scheme—the destruction of the French monarchy and of the alliance between France and Austria. Whilst through his representatives at the Court of France he was able to create discord between Versailles and Vienna and bring discredit on Marie Antoinette, through his allies in the masonic lodges and in the secret societies he was able to reach the people of France. The gold and the printing presses of Frederick the Great were added to those of the Orléanistes for the circulation of seditious literature throughout the provinces.[26]

So as the century advanced the association founded by Royalists and Catholics was turned into an engine of destruction by revolutionary intriguers; the rites and symbols were gradually perverted to an end directly opposed to that for which they had been instituted, and the two degrees of Rose-Croix and Knight Kadosch came to symbolize respectively war on religion and war on the monarchy of France.

It is no orthodox Catholic but an occultist and Rosicrucian who thus describes the role of Masonry in the Revolution: Masonry has not only been profaned but it has been served as a cover and pretext for the plots of anarchy, by the occult influence of the avengers of Jacques du Molay and the continuers of the schismatic work of the Temple. Instead of avenging the death of Hiram, they have avenged his assassins. The anarchists have taken the plumb-line, the square, and the mallet and have written on them liberty, equality, fraternity. That is to say, liberty for envyings, equality in degradation, fraternity for destruction. Those are the men whom the Church has justly condemned and that she will always condemn.[27]

But it is time to turn to another masonic power which meanwhile had entered the lists, the Martinistes or French Illuminés.

FRENCH ILLUMINISM

Whilst Frederick the Great, the Freemasons, the Encyclopædists, and the Orléanistes were working on the material plane to undermine the Church and monarchy in France, another cult had arisen which by the middle of the century succeeded in insinuating itself into the lodges. This was a recrudescence of the old craze for occultism, which now spread like wildfire all over Europe from Bordeaux to St. Petersburg. During the reign of Anna of Courland (1730-40) the Russian Court was permeated with superstition, and professional magicians and charlatans of every kind were encouraged. The upper classes of Germany in the eighteenth century proved equally susceptible to the attractions of the supernatural, and princes desirous of long life or greater power eagerly pursued the quest of the Philosopher's Stone, the "Elixir of Life," and evoked spirits under the direction of occultists in their service.

In France occultism, reduced to a system, adopted the outer forms of Masonry as a cover to the propagation of its doctrines. It was in 1754 that Martines de Pasqually (or Paschalis), a Rose-Croix Mason,[28] founded his Order of Élus Cohens (Elected Priests), known later as the Martinistes or the French Illuminés. Although brought up in the Christian faith, Pasqually has been frequently described as a Jew. The Baron de Gleichen, himself a Martiniste and a member of the Amis Réunis,[29] throws an interesting light on the matter in this passage: "Pasqualis was originally Spanish, perhaps of the Jewish race, since his disciples inherited from him a large number of Jewish manuscripts." [30]

It was "this Cabalistic sect," [31] the Martinistes, which now became the third great masonic power in France.

The rite of the Martinistes was broadly divided into two classes, in the first of which was represented the fall of man and in the second his final restoration—a further variation on the masonic theme of a loss and a recovery. After the first three Craft degrees came the Cohen degrees of the same—Apprentice Cohen, Fellow Craft Cohen, and Master Cohen—then those of Grand Architect, Grand Elect of Zerubbabel or Knight of the

East; but above these were concealed degrees leading up to the Rose-Croix, which formed the capstone of the edifice.[32] Pasqually first established his rite at Marseilles, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, then in Paris, and before long Martiniste lodges spread all over France with the centre at Lyons under the direction of Willermoz, a prosperous merchant living there. From this moment other occult Orders sprang up in all directions. In 1760 Dom Pernetti founded his sect of " Illumines d'Avignon " in that city, declaring himself a high initiate of Freemasonry and teaching the doctrines of Swedenborg. Later a certain Chastanier founded the " Illumines Theosophes," a modified version of Pernetti's rite; and in 1783 the Marquis de Thome started a purified variety of Swedenborgianism under the name of " Rite of Swedenborg."

Beneath all these occult sects one common source of inspiration is to be found—the perverted and magical Cabala of the Jews, that conglomeration of wild theosophical imaginings and barbaric superstitions founded on ancient pagan cults and added to throughout seventeen centuries by succeeding generations of Jewish occultists.[33] This influence is particularly to be detected in the various forms of the Rose-Croix degree, which in nearly all these associations forms the highest and most secret degree. The ritual of " the eminent Order of the Knights of the Black Eagle or Sovereigns of the Rose-Croix," a secret and unpublished document of the eighteenth century, which differs entirely from the published rituals, explains that no one can attain to knowledge of the higher sciences without the " Clavicules de Salomon," of which the real secrets were never committed to print and which is said to contain the whole of Cabalistic science.[34] The catechism of this same degree deals mainly with the transmutation of metals, the Philosopher's Stone, etc.

In the Rite of Perfection as worked in France and America this Cabalistic influence is shown in those degrees known under the name of the " Ineffable Degrees," derived from the Jewish belief in the mystery that surrounds the Ineffable Name of God. According to the custom of the Jews, the sacred name Jehovah or Jah-ve, composed of the four letters yod, he, vau, he, which formed the Tetragrammaton, was never to be pronounced by the profane, who were obliged to substitute for it the word " Adonai." The Tetragrammaton might only be uttered once a year on the Day of Atonement by the High Priest in the Holy of Holies amid the sound of trumpets and cymbals, which prevented the people from hearing it. It is said that in consequence of the people thus refraining from its utterance, the true pronunciation of the name was at last lost. The Jews further believed that the Tetragrammaton was possessed of unbounded powers. "He who pronounces it shakes heaven and earth and inspires the very angels with astonishment and terror." [35] The Ineffable Name thus conferred miraculous gifts; it was engraved on the rod of Moses and enabled him to perform wonders, just as, according to the Toledot Yeshu, it conferred the same powers on Christ.

This superstition was clearly a part of Rosicrucian tradition, for the symbol of the Tetragrammaton within a triangle, adopted by the masonic lodges, figures in Fludd's Cabalistic system.[36] In the " Ineffable degrees " it was invested with all the mystic awe by which it is surrounded in Jewish theology, and, according to early American working: " Brothers and Companions of these degrees received the name of God as it was revealed to Enoch and were sworn to pronounce it but once in their lives."

In the alchemical version of the Rose-Croix degree referred to above the Ineffable Name is actually invested with magical powers as in the Jewish Cabala. Ragon, after describing the Jewish ceremony when the word Jehovah was pronounced by the High Priest in the Holy of Holies, goes on to say that " Schem-hamm-phorasch," another term for the Tetragrammaton, forms the sacred word of a Scotch degree, and that this belief in its mystic properties " will be found at the head of the instructions for the third degree of the Knight of the Black Eagle, called Rose-Croix," thus: Q. What is the most powerful name of God on the pentaculum? A. Adonai. Q. What is its power? A. To move the Universe.

That one of the Knights who had the good fortune to pronounce it cabalistically would have at his disposal the powers that inhabit the four elements and the celestial spirits, and would possess all the virtues possible to man.[37]

That this form of the Rose-Croix was of purely Jewish origin is thus clearly evident. In the address to the candidate for initiation into the Rose-Croix degree at the Lodge of the " Contrat Social " it is stated: This degree, which includes an Order of Perfect Masons, was brought to light by Brother R., who took it from the Kabbalistic treasure of the Doctor and Rabbi Neamuth, chief of the synagogue of Leyden in Holland, who had preserved its precious secrets and its costume, both of which we shall see in the same order in which he placed them in his mysterious Talmud.[38]

Now, we know that in the eighteenth century a society of Rosicrucian magicians had been instituted in Florence which was believed to date back to the fifteenth century and to have been partly, if not wholly composed of Orientals, as we shall see in the next chapter; but it seems probable that this sect, whilst secretly inspiring the Rose-Croix masons, was itself either nameless or concealed under a disguise. Thus in

1782 an English Freemason writes: " I have found some rather curious MSS. in Algiers in Hebrew relating to the society of the Rosicrucians, which exists at present under another name with the same forms. I hope, moreover to be admitted to their knowledge."[39]

It has frequently been argued that Jews can have played no part in Freemasonry at this period since they themselves were not admitted to the lodges. But this is by no means certain; in the article from *The Gentleman's Magazine* already quoted it is stated that Jews are admitted; de Luchet further quotes the instance of David Moses Hertz received in a London lodge in 1787; and the author of *Les Franc-Maçons écrasés*, published in 1746, states that he has seen three Jews received into a lodge at Amsterdam. In the " Melchisedeck Lodges " of the Continent non-Christians were openly admitted, and here again the Rose-Croix degree occupies the most important place. The highest degrees of this rite were the Initiated Brothers of Asia, the Masters of the Wise, and the Royal Priests, otherwise known as the degree of Melchisedeck or the true Brothers of the Rose-Croix.

This Order, usually described as the Asiatic Brethren, of which the centre was in Vienna and the leader a certain Baron von Eckhoffen, is said to have been a continuation of the " Brothers of the Golden and Rosy Cross," a revival of the seventeenth-century Rosicrucians organized in 1710 by a Saxon priest, Samuel Richter, known as Sincerus Renatus. The real origins of the Asiatic Brethren are, however, obscure and little literature on the subject is to be found in this country.[40] Their further title of " the Knights and Brethren of St. John the Evangelist " suggests Johannite inspiration and was clearly an imposture, since they included Jews, Turks, Persians, and Armenians. De Luchet, who as a contemporary was in a position to acquire first-hand information, thus describes the organization of the Order, which, it will be seen, was entirely Judaic. " The superior direction is called the small and constant Sanhedrim of Europe. The names of those employed by which they conceal themselves from their inferiors are Hebrew. The signs of the third principal degree (i.e. the Rose-Croix) are Urim and Thummim.... The Order has the true secrets and the explanations, moral and physical, of the hieroglyphics of the very venerable Order of Freemasonry."[41] The initiate had to swear absolute submission and unswerving obedience to the laws of the Order and to follow its laws implicitly to the end of his life, without asking by whom they were given or whence they came.

" Who," asks de Luchet, " gave to the Order these so-called secrets? That is the great and insidious question for the secret societies. But the Initiate who remains, and must remain eternally in the Order, never finds this out, he dare not even ask it, he must promise never to ask it. In this way those who participate in the secrets of the Order remain the Masters."

Again, as in the *Stricte Observance*, the same system of " Concealed Superiors "-the same blind obedience to unknown directors !

Under the guidance of these various sects of Illumines a wave of occultism swept over France, and lodges everywhere became centres of instruction on the Cabala, magic, divination, alchemy, and theosophy [42]; masonic rites degenerated into ceremonies for the evocation of spirits-women, who were now admitted to these assemblies, screamed, fainted, fell into convulsions, and lent themselves to experiments of the most horrible kind.[43]

By means of these occult practices the Illumines in time became the third great masonic power in France, and the rival Orders perceived the expediency of joining forces. Accordingly in 1771 an amalgamation of all the masonic groups was effected at the new lodge of the Amis Réunis.

The founder of this lodge was Savalette de Langes, Keeper of the Royal Treasury, Grand Officer of the Grand Orient, and a high initiate of Masonry-" versed in all mysteries, in all the lodges, and in all the plots." In order to unite them he made his lodge a mixture of all sophistic, Martiniste, and masonic systems, " and as a bait to the aristocracy organized balls and concerts at which the adepts, male and female, danced and feasted, or sang of the beauties of their liberty and equality, little knowing that above them was a secret committee which was arranging to extend this equality beyond the lodge to rank and fortune, to castles and to cottages, to marquesses and bourgeois " alike.[44]

A further development of the Amis Reunis was the Rite of the Philalèthes, compounded by Savalette de Langes in 1773 out of Swedenborgian, Martiniste, and Rosicrucian mysteries, into which the higher initiates of the Amis Reunis-Court de Gebelin, the Prince de Hesse, Condorcet, the Vicomte de Tavannes, Willermoz, and others-were initiated. A modified form of this rite was instituted at Narbonne in 1780 under the name of " Free and Accepted Masons du Rit Primitif," the English nomenclature being adopted (according to Clavel) in order to make it appear that the rite emanated from England. In reality its founder, the Marquis de Chefdebien d'Armisson, a member of the Grand Orient and of the Amis Reunis, drew his inspiration from certain German Freemasons with whom he maintained throughout close relations and who were presumably

members of the Stricte Observance, since Chefdebien was a member of this Order, in which he bore the title of " Eques a Capite Galeato." The correspondence that passed between Chefdebien and Salvalette de Langes, recently discovered and published in France, is one of the most illuminating records of the masonic ramifications in existence before the Revolution ever brought to light.[45] To judge by the tone of these letters, the leaders of the Rit Primitif would appear to have been law-abiding and loyal gentlemen devoted to the Catholic religion, yet in their passion for new forms of Masonry and thirst for occult lore ready to associate themselves with every kind of adventurer and charlatan who might be able to initiate them into further mysteries. In the curious notes drawn up by Savalette for the guidance of the Marquis de Chefdebien we catch a glimpse of the power behind the philosophers of the salons and the aristocratic adepts of the lodges—the professional magicians and men of mystery; and behind these again the concealed directors of the secret societies, the real initiates.

THE MAGICIANS

The part played by magicians during the period preceding the French Revolution is of course a matter of common knowledge and has never been disputed by official history. But like the schools of philosophers this sudden crop of magicians is always represented as a sporadic growth called into being by the idle and curious society of the day. The important point to realize is that just as the philosophers were all Freemasons, the principal magicians were not only Freemasons but members of occult secret societies. It is therefore not as isolated charlatans but as agents of some hidden power that we must regard the men whom we will now pass in a rapid survey.

One of the first to appear in the field was Schroepfer, a coffee-house keeper of Leipzig, who declared that no one could be a true Freemason without practising magic. Accordingly he proclaimed himself the " reformer of Freemasonry," and set up a lodge in his own house with a rite based on the Rose-Croix degree for the purpose of evoking spirits. The meetings took place at dead of night, when by means of carefully arranged lights, magic mirrors, and possibly of electricity, Schroepfer contrived to produce apparitions which his disciples—under the influence of strong punch—took to be visitors from the other world.[46] In the end Schroepfer, driven crazy by his own incantations, blew out his brains in a garden near Leipzig.

According to Lecouteulx de Canteleu, it was Schroepfer who indoctrinated the famous " Comte de Saint-Germain "- The Master " of our modern co-masonic lodges. The identity of this mysterious personage has never been established[47]; by some contemporaries he was said to be a natural son of the King of Portugal, by others the son of a Jew and a Polish Princess. The Duc de Choiseul on being asked whether he knew the origin of Saint-Germain replied: " No doubt we know it, he is the son of a Portuguese Jew who exploits the credulity of the town and Court."[48] In 1780 a rumour went round that his father was a Jew of Bordeaux, but according to the Souvenirs of the Marquise de Créquy the Baron de Breteuil discovered from the archives of his Ministry that the pretended Comte de Saint-Germain was the son of a Jewish doctor of Strasbourg, that his real name was Daniel Wolf, and that he was born in 1704.[49] The general opinion thus appears to have been in favour of his Jewish ancestry.

Saint-Germain seems first to have been heard of in Germany about 1740, where his marvellous powers attracted the attention of the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, who, always the ready dupe of charlatans, brought him back with him to the Court of France, where he speedily gained the favour of Madame de Pompadour. The Marquise before long presented him to the King, who granted him an apartment at Chambord and, enchanted by his brilliant wit, frequently spent long evenings in conversation with him in the rooms of Madame de Pompadour. Meanwhile his invention of flat-bottomed boats for the invasion of England raised him still higher in the estimation of the Maréchal de Belle-Isle. In 1761 we hear of him as living in great splendour in Holland and giving out that he had reached the age of seventy-four, though appearing to be only fifty; if this were so, he must have been ninety-seven at the time of his death in 1784 at Schleswig. But this feat of longevity is far from satisfying his modern admirers, who declare that Saint-Germain did not die in 1784, but is still alive to-day in some corner of Eastern Europe. This is in accordance with the theory, said to have been circulated by Saint-Germain himself, that by the eighteenth century he had passed through several incarnations and that the last one had continued for 1,500 years. Barruel, however, explains that Saint-Germain in thus referring to his age spoke in masonic language, in which a man who has taken the first degree is said to be three years old, after the second five, or the third seven, so that by means of the huge increase the higher degrees conferred it might be quite possible for an exalted adept to attain the age of 1,500.

Saint-Germain has been represented by modern writers—not only those who compose his following—as a person of extraordinary attainments, a sort of super-man towering over the minor magicians of his day.

Contemporaries, however, take him less seriously and represent him rather as an expert charlatan whom the wits of the salons made the butt of pleasantries. His principal importance to the subject of this book consists, however, in his influence on the secret societies. According to the *Mémoires authentiques pour servir à l'histoire du Comte de Cagliostro*, Saint-Germain was the "Grand Master of Freemasonry,"[50] and it was he who initiated Cagliostro into the mysteries of Egyptian masonry.

Joseph Balsamo, born in 1743, who assumed the name of Comte de Cagliostro, as a magician far eclipsed his master. Like Saint-Germain, he was generally reputed to be a Jew—the son of Pietro Balsamo, a Sicilian tradesman of Jewish origin[51]—and he made no secret of his ardent admiration for the Jewish race. After the death of his parents he escaped from the monastery in which he had been placed at Palermo and joined himself to a man known as Altotas, said to have been an Armenian, with whom he travelled to Greece and Egypt.[52] Cagliostro's travels later took him to Poland and Germany, where he was initiated into Freemasonry,[53] and finally to France; but it was in England that he himself declared that he elaborated his famous "Egyptian Rite," which he founded officially in 1782. According to his own account, this rite was derived from a manuscript by a certain George Cofton—whose identity has never been discovered—which he bought by chance in London.[54] Yarker, however, expresses the opinion that "the rite of Cagliostro was clearly that of Pasqually," and that if he acquired it from a manuscript in London it would indicate that Pasqually had disciples in that city. A far more probable explanation is that Cagliostro derived his Egyptian masonry from the same source as that on which Pasqually had drawn for his Order of Martinistes, namely the Cabala, and that it was not from a single manuscript but from an eminent Jewish Cabalist in London that he took his instructions. Who this may have been we shall soon see. At any rate, in a contemporary account of Cagliostro we find him described as "a doctor initiated into Cabalistic art" and a Rose-Croix; but after founding his own rite he acquired the name of Grand Copht, that is to say, Supreme Head of Egyptian Masonry, a new branch that he wished to graft on to old European Freemasonry.[55] We shall return to his further masonic adventures later.

In a superior category to Saint-Germain and Cagliostro was the famous Swabian doctor Mesmer, who has given his name to an important branch of natural science. In about 1780 Mesmer announced his great discovery of "animal magnetism, the principle of life in all organized beings, the soul of all that breathes." But if to-day Mesmerism has come to be regarded as almost synonymous with hypnotism and in no way a branch of occultism, Mesmer himself—stirring the fluid in his magic bucket, around which his disciples wept, slept, fell into trances or convulsions, raved or prophesied[56]—earned not unnaturally the reputation of a charlatan. The Freemasons, eager to discover the secret of the magic bucket, hastened to enrol him in their Order, and Mesmer was received into the Primitive Rite of Free and Accepted Masons in 1785.[57]

Space forbids a description of the minor magicians who flourished at this period—of Schroeder, founder in 1776 of a chapter of "True and Ancient Rose-Croix Masons," practising certain magical, theosophical, and alchemical degrees; of Gassner, worker of miracles in the neighbourhood of Ratisbonne; of "the Jew Leon," one of a band of charlatans who made large sums of money with magic mirrors in which the imaginative were able to see their absent friends, and who was finally banished from France by the police,—all these and many others exploited the credulity and curiosity of the upper classes both in France and Germany between the years of 1740 and 1790. De Luchet, writing before the French Revolution, describes the part played in their mysteries by the soul of a Cabalistic Jew named Gablidone who had lived before Christ, and who predicted that "in the year 1800 there will be, on our globe, a very remarkable revolution, and there will be no other religion but that of the patriarchs."[58]

How are we to account for this extraordinary wave of Cabalism in Western Europe? By whom was it inspired? If, as Jewish writers assure us, neither Martines Pasqually, Saint-Germain, Cagliostro, nor any of the visible occultists or magicians were Jews, the problem only becomes the more insoluble. We cannot believe that Sanhedrims, Hebrew hieroglyphics, the contemplation of the Tetragrammaton, and other Cabalistic rites originated in the brains of French and German aristocrats, philosophers, and Freemasons. Let us turn, then, to events taking place at this moment in the world of Jewry and see whether these may provide some clue.

1. Gould: History of Freemasonry, III. 241.
2. See the very important article on this question that appeared in The National Review for February 1923, showing that Carlyle was assisted gratuitously throughout his work by a German Jew named Joseph Neuberg and w0 supplied with information and finally decorated by the Prussian Government.
3. Executed in 1746 as a partisan of the Stuarts.
4. Gould, op. cit., III. pp. 101, 110; A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. p. 31.
5. A.E. Waite: The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry, I. 296, 370, 415.
6. Clavel (Histoire pittoresque de la Franc-Maçonnerie, p. 185) says it was afterwards discovered that " the Pretender, far from having made de Hundt a Templar, on the contrary was made Templar by him." But other authorities deny that Prince Charles Edward was initiated even into Freemasonry.
7. Canteleu: Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes, p. 242; Clavel, op. cit., p. 184.
8. Gould, op. cit., III. 100.
9. Ibid., III. 99, 103; Waite: Secret Tradition in Freemasonry, I. 289: " The Rite of the Stricte Observance was the first masonic system which claimed to derive its authority from Unknown Superiors, irresponsible themselves but claiming absolute jurisdiction and obedience without question."
10. Histoire de la Monarchie Prussienne, V. 61 (1788).
11. Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes, p. 246.
12. Gould, op. cit., III. 102. Waite (Encyclopædia of Freemasonry, II. 23.) says Johnson was " in reality named Leucht, an Englishman by his claims—who did not know English and is believed to have been a Jew."
13. Mackey, op. cit., p. 331.
14. Gould: History of Freemasonry, III. 93. A.Q.C., XXXII. Part. I. p. 24.
15. Lévitikon, p. 8. (1831); Fabré Palaprat: Rechercher historiques sur les Templiers, p. 28 (1835).
16. M. Grégoire, Histoire des Sectes Religieuses, II. 401. Findel says that very soon after Frederick's return home from Brunswick " a lodge was secretly organized in the castle of Rheinsberg " (History of Freemasonry, Eng. trans., p. 252). This lodge would appear then to have been a Templar, not a Masonic Lodge.
17. Oliver: Historical Landmarks in Freemasonry, II. 110.
18. Findel: History of Freemasonry p. 290.
19. On this point see inter alia Mackey, Lexicon of Freemasonry, pp. 91, 328. In England and in the Grand Orient of France most of the upper degrees have fallen into disuse, and this rite, known in England as the Ancient and Accepted Rite and in France as the Scottish Rite, consists of five degrees only in addition to the three Craft degrees (known as Blue Masonry), which form the basis of all masonic rites. These five degrees are the eighteenth Rose-Croix, the thirtieth Knight Kadosch, and the thirty-first to the thirty-third. The English Freemason, on being admitted to the upper degrees, therefore advances at one bound from the third degree of Master Mason to the eighteenth degree of Rose-Croix, which thus forms the first of the upper degrees. The intermediate degrees are, however, still worked in America.
20. Scottish Rite of Freemasonry : the Constitutions and Regulations of 1762, by Albert Pike, Sovereign Commander of the Supreme Council of the Thirty-third Degree for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, p. 138 (A.M. 5632).
21. R.O. State Papers, Foreign, France, Vol. 243, Jan. 2 and Feb. 19, 1752.
22. John Morley: Diderot and the Encyclopædists, Vol. I. pp. 123-147 (1886).
23. Gould, op. cit., III. 87. Mr. Gould naïvely adds in a footnote to this passage: " The proposed Dictionary is a curious crux—is it possible that the Royal Society may have formed some such idea? " The beginning already made in London was of course the Cyclopædia of Chambers, published in 1728, and Chambers, who in the following year was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, if not himself a Mason numbered many prominent Masons amongst his friends, including the globe-maker Senex to whom he had been apprenticed and who published Anderson's Constitutions in 1723. (See A.Q.C., XXXII. Part I. p. 18.)
24. Papus, Martines de Pasqually, p. 146 (1895).

25. Evidently a reference to the seven liberal arts and sciences enumerated in the Fellow Craft's degree-Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Astronomy.
26. In 1767 Voltaire writes to Frederick asking him to have certain books printed in Berlin and circulated in Europe " at a low price which will facilitate the sales." To this Frederick replies: " You can make use of my printers according to your desires," etc. (letter of May 5, 1767). I have referred elsewhere to the libels against Marie Antoinette circulated by Frederick's agents in France. See my *French Revolution*, pp. 27, 183.
27. Eliphas Lévi, *Histoire de la Magie*, p. 407. The rôle of Freemasonry in preparing the Revolution habitually denied by the conspiracy of history is nevertheless clearly recognized in masonic circles-applauded by those of France, deplored by those of England and America. An American manual in my possession contains the following passage: " The Masons... (it is now well settled by history) originated the Revolution with the infamous Duke of Orleans at their head."-*A Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, p. 31 note.
28. Papus: *Martines de Pasqually*, p. 150.
29. Benjamin Fabre: *Eques a Capite Galeato*, p. 88.
30. *Souvenirs du Baron de Gleichen*, p. 151.
31. Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*, XVI. 529.
32. Heckethorn, *Secret Societies*, I. 218; Waite, *Secret Tradition*, II. 155, 156.
33. " The ceremonial magic of Pasqually followed that type which I connect with the debased Kabbalism of Jewry."-A.E. Waite, *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*, II. 175.
34. An eighteenth-century manuscript of *Les vrais clavicules du roi Salomon*, translated from the Hebrew, was sold in Paris in 1921.
35. Mackey, *Lexicon of Freemasonry*, p. 156.
36. A.E. Waite, *The Doctrine and Literature of the Kabbalah*, p. 369. Ragon elsewhere gives an account of the philosophical degree of the Rose-Croix, in which the sacred formula I.N.R.I., which plays an important part in the Christian form of this degree, is interpreted to mean *Ignis Natura Renovatur Integra*-Nature is renewed by fire.-*Nouveau Grade de Rose Croix*, p. 69. Mackey gives this as an alternative interpretation of the Rosicrucians.-*Lexicon of Freemasonry*, p. 150.
37. Ragon, *Maçonnerie Occulte*, p. 91.
38. Gustave Bord, *La Franc-Maçonnerie en France, des Origines à 1815*, p. 212 (1908).
39. Letter from General Rainsford of October 1782, quoted in *Transactions of the Jewish Historical Society*, Vol. VIII. p. 125.
40. De Luchet (*Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés*, p. 212) refers to the following works in connexion with the Order: 1. *Nouvelles authentiques des Chevaliers et Frères Initiés d'Asie*. 2. *Reçoit-on, peut-on recevoir les Juifs parmi les Franc-Maçons?* 3. *Nouvelles authentiques de l'Asie*, by Frederick de Bascamp, nommé Lazapoloki (1787) Wolfstieg, in his *Bibliographie der Freimaurischen Literatur*, Vol. II. p. 283, gives Friedrich Münter as the author of the first of the above, and also mentions amongst others a work by Gustave Brabée, *Die Asiatischen Brüder in Berlin und Wien*. But none of these are to be found in the British Museum, nor is the book of Rolling (published in 1787), which gives away the secrets of the sect.
41. Books in Wolfstieg's list refer to the Order as " the only true and genuine Freemasonry " (*die einzige wahre und echte Freimaurerei*).
42. Clavel, *Histoire pittoresque*, p. 167.
43. The Baron de Gleichen, in describing the " Convulsionists," says that young women allowed themselves to be crucified, sometimes head downwards, at these meetings of the fanatics. He himself saw one nailed to the floor and her tongue cut with a razor. (*Souvenirs du Baron de Gleichen*, p. 185.)
44. Barruel, *Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme*, IV. 263.
45. Franciscus, *Eques a Capite Galeato*, published by Benjamin Fabre with preface by Copin Albancelli. A paper on this book appears in *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum*, Vol. XXX. Part II. The author, Mr. J.E.S. Tuckett, describes as a book of extraordinary interest to Freemasons. Without sharing Mr. Tuckett's admiration for the members of the *Rit Primitif*, I agree with him that Mr. Fabre attributes to them too much guile and fails to substantiate his charge of revolutionary designs. They appear to have been the perfectly honourable

dupes of subtler brains. Incidentally Mr. Tuckett erroneously gives the real name of " Eques a Capite Galeato " as Chefdebien d'Armand; it should be d'Armisson.

46. De Luchet, *Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés*, p. 208. Gould, *op. cit.*, III. 116.

47. It is amusing to note that Mr. Waite confuses him with the rightful bearer of the name, Claude Louis, Comte de Saint-Germain, Minister of War under Louis XVI, for in *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*, Vol. II., a picture is appended to a description of the adventurer.

48. *Biographie Michaud*, article on Saint-Germain.

49. *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy*, III. 65. François Bournand (*Histoire de Franc-Maçonnerie*, p. 106) confirms this story: " The man who called himself the Comte de Saint-Germain was in reality only the son of an Alsatian Jew named Wolf."

50. *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, article on Saint-Germain.

51. Frederick Bülow, *Geheime Geschichten und rätselhafte Menschen*, I. 311. (1850). Eckert, *La Franc-Maçonnerie dans sa véritable signification*, II. 80, quoting Lening's *Encyclopédie des Franc-Maçons*.

52. Lecouteux de Canteleu, *op. cit.*, pp. 171, 172.

53. Clavel, *Histoire pittoresque*, p. 175.

54. *Ibid.*, p. 175.

55. Figuiet, *Histoire du Merveilleux*, IV. 9-11 (1860).

56. Mounier, *De l'influence attribuée*, p. 140.

57. Benjamin Fabre, *Franciscus Eques a Capite Galeato*, p. 24.

58. De Luchet, *Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés*, p. 234.

THE JEWISH CABALISTS

IT has been shown in the preceding chapters that the Jewish Cabala played an important part in the occult and anti-Christian sects from the very beginning of the Christian era. The time has now come to enquire what part Jewish influence played meanwhile in revolutions. Merely to ask the question is to bring on oneself the accusation of "anti-Semitism," yet the Jewish writer Bernard Lazare has shown the falseness of this charge: This [he writes] is what must separate the impartial historian from anti-Semitism. The anti-Semite says: "The Jew is the preparer, the machinator, the chief engineer of revolutions"; the impartial historian confines himself to studying the part which the Jew, considering his spirit, his character, the nature of his philosophy, and his religion, may have taken in revolutionary processes and movements.[1]

Lazare himself expresses the opinion, however, that- The complaint of the anti-Semites seems to be founded: the Jew has the revolutionary spirit; consciously or not he is an agent of revolution. Yet the complaint complicates itself, for anti-Semitism accuses the Jews of being the cause of revolutions. Let us examine what this accusation is worth....[2]

In the light of our present knowledge it would certainly be absurd to ascribe to the Jews the authorship of the conspiracy of Catiline or of the Gracchi, the rising of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler, Jack Cade's rebellion, the jacqueries of France, or the Peasants' Wars in Germany, although historical research may lead in time to the discovery of certain occult influences-not necessarily Jewish-behind the European insurrections here referred to. Moreover, apart from grievances or other causes of rebellion, the revolutionary spirit has always existed independently of the Jews. In all times and in all countries there have been men born to make trouble as the sparks fly upward.

Nevertheless, in modern revolutions the part played by the Jews cannot be ignored, and the influence they have exercised will be seen on examination to have been twofold-financial and occult. Throughout the Middle Ages it is as sorcerers and usurers that they incur the reproaches of the Christian world, and it is still in the same rôle, under the more modern terms of magicians and loan-mongers, that we detect their presence behind the scenes of revolution from the seventeenth century onward. Wherever money was to be made out of social or political upheavals, wealthy Jews have been found to back the winning side; and wherever the Christian races have turned against their own institutions, Jewish Rabbis, philosophers, professors, and occultists have lent them their support. It was not then necessarily that Jews created these movements, but they knew how to make use of them for their own ends.

It is thus that in the Great Rebellion we find them not amongst the Ironsides of Cromwell or the members of his State Council, but furnishing money and information to the insurgents, acting as army contractors, loan-mongers, and super-spies-or to use the more euphonious term of Mr. Lucien Wolf, as "political intelligencers" of extraordinary efficiency. Thus Mr. Lucien Wolf, in referring to Carvajal, "the great Jew of the Commonwealth," explains that "the wide ramifications of his commercial transactions and his relations with other Crypto-Jews all over the world placed him in an unrivalled position to obtain news of the enemies of the Commonwealth." [3]

It is obvious that a "secret service" of this kind rendered the Jews a formidable hidden power, the more so since their very existence was frequently unknown to the rest of the population around them. This precaution was necessary because Jews were not supposed to exist at that date in England. In 1290 Edward I had expelled them all, and for three and a half centuries they had remained in exile; the Crypto-Jews or Marranos who had come over from Spain contrived, however, to remain in the country by skilfully taking the colour of their surroundings. Mr. Wolf goes on to observe that Jewish services were regularly held in the secret Synagogue, but "in public Carvajal and his friends followed the practice of the secret Jews in Spain and Portugal, passing as Roman Catholics and regularly attending mass in the Spanish Ambassador's chapel." [4] But when war between England and Spain rendered this expedient inadvisable, the Marranos threw off the disguise of Christianity and proclaimed themselves followers of the Jewish faith.

Now, just at this period the Messianic era was generally believed by the Jews to be approaching, and it appears to have occurred to them that Cromwell might be fitted to the part. Consequently emissaries were despatched to search the archives of Cambridge in order to discover whether the Protector could possibly be of Jewish descent.[5] This quest proving fruitless, the Cabalist Rabbi of Amsterdam, Manasseh ben Israel, [6] addressed a petition to Cromwell for the readmission of the Jews to England, in which he adroitly insisted on the retribution that overtakes those who afflict the people of Israel and the rewards that await those who "cherish" them. These arguments were not without effect on Cromwell, who entertained the same su-

perstition, and although he is said to have declined the Jews' offer to buy St. Paul's Cathedral and the Bodleian Library because he considered the £500,000 they offered inadequate,[7] he exerted every effort to obtain their readmission to the country. In this he encountered violent opposition, and it seems that Jews were not permitted to return in large numbers, or at any rate to enjoy full rights and privileges, until after the accession of Charles II, who in his turn had enlisted their financial aid.[8] Later, in 1688, the Jews of Amsterdam helped with their credit the expedition of William of Orange against James II; the former in return brought many Jews with him to England. So a Jewish writer is able to boast that "a Monarch reigned who was indebted to Hebrew gold for his royal diadem." [9]

In all this it is impossible to follow any consecutive political plan; the role of the Jews seems to have been to support no cause consistently but to obtain a footing in every camp, to back any venture that offered a chance of profit. Yet mingled with these material designs were still their ancient Messianic dreams. It is curious to note that the same Messianic idea pervaded the Levellers, the rebels of the Commonwealth; such phrases as "Let Israel go free," "Israel's restoration is now beginning," recur frequently in the literature of the sect. Gerard Winstanley, one of the two principal leaders, addressed an epistle to "the Twelve Tribes of Israel that are circumcised in heart and scattered through all the Nations of the Earth," and promised them "David their King that they have been waiting for." The other leader of the movement, by name Everard, in fact declared, when summoned before the Lord Fairfax at Whitehall, that "he was of the race of the Jews." [10] It is true that the Levellers were by profession Christian, but after the manner of the Bavarian Illuminati and of the Christian Socialists two centuries later, claiming Christ as the author of their Communitistic and equalitarian doctrines: "For Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all Men, is the greatest, first, and truest Leveller that ever was spoken of in the world." The Levellers are said to have derived originally from the German Anabaptists; but Claudio Jannet, quoting German authorities, shows that there were Jews amongst the Anabaptists. "They were carried away by their hatred of the name of Christian and imagined that their dreams of the restoration of the kingdom of Israel would be realized amidst the conflagration." [11] Whether this was so or not, it is clear that by the middle of the seventeenth century the mystical ideas of Judaism had penetrated into all parts of Europe. Was there then some Cabalistic centre from which they radiated? Let us turn our eyes eastward and we shall see.

Since the sixteenth century the great mass of Jewry had settled in Poland, and a succession of miracle-workers known by the name of Zaddikim or Ba'al Shems had arisen. The latter word, which signifies "Master of the Name," originated with the German Polish Jews and was derived from the Cabalistic belief in the miraculous use of the sacred name of Jehovah, known as the Tetragrammaton.

According to Cabalistic traditions, certain Jews of peculiar sanctity or knowledge were able with impunity to make use of the Divine Name. A Ba'al Shem was therefore one who had acquired this power and employed it in writing amulets, invoking spirits, and prescribing cures for various diseases. Poland and particularly Podolia—which had not yet been ceded to Russia—became thus a centre of Cabalism where a series of extraordinary movements of a mystical kind followed each other. In 1666, when the Messianic era was still believed to be approaching, the whole Jewish world was convulsed by the sudden appearance of Shabbethai Zebi, the son of a poulterer in Smyrna named Mordecai, who proclaimed himself the promised Messiah and rallied to his support a huge following not only amongst the Jews of Palestine, Egypt, and Eastern Europe, but even the hard-headed Jews of the Continental bourses. [12] Samuel Pepys in his Diary refers to the bets made amongst the Jews in London on the chances of "a certain person now in Smyrna" being acclaimed King of the World and the true Messiah. [13]

Shabbethai, who was an expert Cabalist and had the temerity to utter the Ineffable Name Jehovah, was said to be possessed of marvellous powers, his skin exuded exquisite perfume, he indulged perpetually in sea-bathing and lived in a state of chronic ecstasy. The pretensions of Shabbethai, who took the title of "King of the Kings of the Earth," split Jewry in two; many Rabbis launched imprecations against him, and those who had believed in him were bitterly disillusioned when, challenged by the Sultan to prove his claim to be the Messiah by allowing poisoned arrows to be shot at him, he suddenly renounced the Jewish faith and proclaimed himself a Mohammedan. His conversion, however, appeared to be only partial, for "at times he would assume the rôle of a pious Mohammedan and revile Judaism; at others he would enter into relations with Jews as one of their own faith." [14] By this means he retained the allegiance both of Moslems and of Jews. But the Rabbis, alarmed for the cause of Judaism, succeeded in obtaining his incarceration by the Sultan in a castle near Belgrade, where he died of colic in 1676. [15]

This prosaic ending to the career of the Messiah did not, however, altogether extinguish the enthusiasm of his followers, and the Shabbethan movement continued into the next century. In Poland Cabalism broke out with renewed energy; fresh Zaddikim and Ba'al Shems arose, the most noted of these being Israel of

Podolia, known as Ba'al Shem Tob, or by the initial letters of this name, Besht, who founded his sect of Hasidim in 1740.

Besht, whilst opposing bigoted Rabbinism and claiming the Zohar as his inspiration, did not, however, adhere strictly to the doctrine of the Cabala that the universe was an emanation of God, but evolved a form of Pantheism, declaring that the whole universe was God, that even evil exists in God since evil is not bad in itself but only in its relation to Man; sin therefore has no positive existence.[16] As a result the followers of Besht, calling themselves the " New Saints," and at his death numbering no less than 40,000, threw aside not only the precepts of the Talmud, but all the restraints of morality and even decency.[17]

Another Ba'al Shem of the same period was Heilprin, alias Joel Ben Uri of Satanov, who, like Israel of Podolia, professed to perform miracles by the use of the Divine Name and collected around him many pupils, who, on the death of their master, " formed a band of charlatans and shamelessly exploited the credulity of their contemporaries." [18]

But the most important of these Cabalistic groups was that of the Frankists, who were sometimes known as the Zoharists or the Illuminated,[19] from their adherence to the Zohar or book of Light, or in their birth-place Podolia as the Shabbethan Zebists, from their allegiance to the false Messiah of the preceding century—a heresy that had been " kept alive in secret circles which had something akin to a masonic organization." [20] The founder of this sect was Jacob Frank, a brandy distiller profoundly versed in the doctrines of the Cabala, who in 1755 collected around him a large following in Podolia and lived in a style of oriental magnificence, maintained by vast wealth of which no one ever discovered the source. The persecution to which he was subjected by the Rabbis led the Catholic clergy to champion his cause, whereupon Frank threw himself on the mercy of the Bishop of Kaminick, and publicly burnt the Talmud, declaring that he recognized only the Zohar, which, he alleged, admitted the doctrine of the Trinity. Thus the Zoharists " claimed that they regarded the Messiah-Deliverer as one of the three divinities, but failed to state that by the Messiah they meant Shabbethai Zebi." [21] The Bishop was apparently deceived by this manoeuvre, and in 1759 the Zoharites declared themselves converted to Christianity, and were baptized, including Frank himself, who took the name of Joseph. " The insincerity of the Frankists soon became apparent, however, for they continued to inter-marry only among themselves and held Frank in reverence, calling him 'The Holy Master.' " [22] It soon became evident that, whilst openly embracing the Catholic faith, they had in reality retained their secret Judaism.[23] Moreover, it was discovered that Frank endeavoured to pass as a Mohammedan in Turkey; " he was therefore arrested in Warsaw and delivered to the Church tribunal on the charge of feigned conversion to Christianity and the spreading of a pernicious heresy." [24] Unlike his predecessor in apostasy, Shabbethai Zebi, Frank, however, came to no untimely end, but after his release from prison continued to prey on the credulity of Christians and frequently travelled to Vienna with his daughter, Eve, who succeeded in duping the pious Maria Theresa. But here also " the sectarian plans of Frank were found out," [25] and he was obliged to leave Austria. Finally he settled at Offenbach and supported by liberal subsidies from the other Jews, he resumed his former splendour[26] with a retinue of several hundred beautiful Jewish youth of both sexes; carts containing treasure were reported to be perpetually brought in to him, chiefly from Poland—he went out daily in great state to perform his devotions in the open field—he rode in a chariot drawn by noble horses; ten or twelve Hulans in red or green uniform, glittering with gold, by his side, with pikes in their hands and crests on their caps, eagles, or stags, or the sun and moon.... His followers believed him immortal, but in 1791 he died; his burial was as splendid as his mode of living—800 persons followed him to the grave.[27]

Now, it is impossible to study the careers of these magicians in Poland and Germany without being reminded of their counterparts in France. The family likeness between the " Baron von Offenbach," the " Comte de Saint-Germain " and the " Comte de Cagliostro " is at once apparent. All claimed to perform miracles, all lived with extraordinary magnificence on wealth derived from an unknown source, one was certainly a Jew, the other two were believed to be Jews, and all were known to be Cabalists. Moreover, all three spent many years in Germany, and it was whilst Frank was living as Baron von Offenbach close to Frankfurt that Cagliostro was received into the Order of the Stricte Observance in a subterranean chamber a few miles from that city. Earlier in his career he was known to have visited Poland, whence Frank derived. Are we to believe that all these men, so strangely alike in their careers, living at the same time and in the same places, were totally unconnected? It is a mere coincidence that this group of Jewish Cabalist miracle-workers should have existed in Germany and Poland at the precise moment that the Cabalist magicians sprang up in France? Is it again a coincidence that Martines Pasqually founded his " Kabbalistic sect " of Illumines in 1754 and Jacob Frank his sect of Zoharites (or Illuminated) in 1755?

Moreover, when we know from purely Jewish sources that the Ba'al Shem Heilprin had many pupils "

who formed a band of charlatans who shamelessly exploited the credulity of their contemporaries," that the Ba'al Shem Tob and Jacob Frank both had large followings, it is surely here that we may find the origin of those mysterious magicians who spread themselves over Europe at this date.

It will at once be asked: " But what proof is there that any one of these Ba'al Shems or Cabalists was connected with masonic or secret societies?" The answer is that the most important Ba'al Shem of the day, known as " the Chief of all the Jews," is shown by documentary evidence to have been an initiate of Freemasonry and in direct contact with the leaders of the secret societies. If then it is agreed that neither Saint-Germain nor Cagliostro can be proved to have been Jews, here we have a man concerned in the movement, more important than either, whose nationality admits of no doubt whatever.

This extraordinary personage, known as the " Ba'al Shem of London," was a Cabalistic Jew named Hayyim Samuel Jacob Falk, also called Dr. Falk, Falc, de Falk, or Falkon, born in 1708, probably in Podolia. The further fact that he was regarded by his fellow-Jews as an adherent of the Messiah Shabbethai Zebi clearly shows his connexion with the Podolian Zoharites. Falk was thus not an isolated phenomenon, but a member of one of the groups described in the foregoing pages. The following is a summary of the account given of the Ba'al Shem of London in the Jewish Encyclopædia: Falk claimed to possess thaumaturgic powers and to be able to discover hidden treasure. Archenholz (England und Italien, I. 249) recounts certain marvels which he had seen performed by Falk in Brunswick and which he attributes to a special knowledge of chemistry. In Westphalia at one time Falk was sentenced to be burned as a sorcerer, but escaped to England. Here he was received with hospitality and rapidly gained fame as a Cabalist and worker of miracles. Many stories of his powers were current. He would cause a small taper to remain alight for weeks; an incantation would fill his cellar with coal; plate left with a pawnbroker would glide back into his house. When a fire threatened to destroy the Great Synagogue, he averted the disaster by writing four Hebrew letters on the pillars of the door.[28] [Obviously the Tetragrammaton.]

On his arrival in London in 1742 Falk appeared to be without means, but soon after he was seen to be in possession of considerable wealth, living in a comfortable house in Wellclose Square, where he had his private synagogue, whilst gold and silver plate adorned his table. His journal, still preserved in the library of the United Synagogue, contains references to " mysterious journeyings " to and from Epping Forest, to meetings, a meeting-chamber in the forest, and chests of gold there buried. It was said that on one occasion when he was driving thither along Whitechapel Road, a back wheel of his carriage came off, which alarmed the coachman, but Falk ordered him to drive on and the wheel followed the carriage all the way to the forest.

The stories of Falk's miraculous powers are too numerous to relate here, but a letter written by an enthusiastic Jewish admirer, Sussman Shesnowzi, to his son in Poland will serve to show the reputation he enjoyed: Hear, my beloved son, of the marvellous gifts entrusted to a son of man, who verily is not a man, a light of the captivity... a holy light, a saintly man... who dwells at present in the great city of London. Albeit I could not fully understand him on account of his volubility and his speaking as an inhabitant of Jerusalem.... His chamber is lighted by silver candlesticks on the walls, with a central eight-branched lamp made of pure silver of beaten work. And albeit it contained oil to burn a day and a night it remained enkindled for three weeks. On one occasion he abode in seclusion in his house for six weeks without meat and drink. When at the conclusion of this period ten persons were summoned to enter, they found him seated on a sort of throne, his head covered with a golden turban, a golden chain round his neck with a pendant silver star on which sacred names were inscribed. Verily this man stands alone in his generation by reason of his knowledge of holy mysteries. I cannot recount to you all the wonders he accomplishes. I am grateful, in that I am found worthy to be received among those who dwell within the shadow of his wisdom.... I know that many will believe my words, but others, who do not occupy themselves with mysteries, will laugh thereat. Therefore, my son, be very circumspect, and show this only to wise and discreet men. For here in London this matter has not been disclosed to anyone who does not belong to our Brotherhood.

The esteem in which Falk was held by the Jewish community, including the Chief Rabbi and the Rabbi of the new Synagogue, appears to have roused the resentment of his co-religionist Emden, who denounced him as a follower of the false Messiah and an exploiter of Christian credulity. Falk [he wrote in a letter to Poland] had made his position by his pretence to be an adept in practical Cabala, by which means he professed to be able to discover hidden treasures; by his pretensions he had entrapped a wealthy captain whose fortune he had cheated him out of, so that he was reduced to depending on the Rabbi's charity, and yet, despite this, wealthy Christians spend their money on him, whilst Falk spends his bounty on the men of his Brotherhood so that they may spread his fame.

In general Falk appears to have displayed extreme caution in his relations with Christian seekers after occult knowledge, for the Jewish Encyclopædia goes on to say: " Archenholz mentions a royal prince who

applied to Falk in his quest for the philosopher's stone, but was denied admittance." Nevertheless Hayyum Azulai mentions (Ma'gal Tob, p. 13b): That when in Paris in 1778 he was told by the Marchesa de Crona that the Ba'al Shem of London had taught her the Cabala. Falk seems also to have been on intimate terms with that strange adventurer Baron Theodor de Neuhoff.... Falk's principal friends were the London bankers Aaron Goldsmid and his son.[29] Pawnbroking and successful speculation enabled him to acquire a considerable fortune. He left large sums of money to charity, and the overseers of the United Synagogue in London still distribute annually certain payments left by him for the poor.

Nothing of all this would lead one to suppose that Falk could be regarded in the light of a black magician; it is therefore surprising to find Dr. Adler observing that a horrible account of a Jewish Cabalist in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1762 " obviously refers to Dr. Falk, though his name is not mentioned." [30] This man is described as " a christened Jew and the biggest rogue and villain in all the world," who " had been imprisoned everywhere and banished out of all countries in Germany, and also sometimes publicly whipped, so that his back lost all the old skin, and became new again, and yet left never off from his villainies, but grew always worse." The writer goes on to relate that the Cabalist offered to teach him certain mysteries, but explained that before entering on any "experiments of the said godly mysteries, we must first avoid all churches and places of worshipping as unclean "; he then bound his initiate by a very strong oath and proceeded to tell him that he must steal a Hebrew Bible from a Protestant and also procure " one pound of blood out of the veins of an honest Protestant." The initiate thereupon robbed a Protestant of all his effects, but had himself bled of about three-quarters of a pound of blood, which he gave to the magician. He thus describes the ceremony that took place: Then the next night about 11 o'clock, we both went into the garden of my own, and the cabalist put a cross, tainted with my blood, in each corner of the garden, and in the middle of the garden a threefold circle... in the first circle were written all the names of God in Hebrew; in the second all the names of the angels; and in the third the first chapter of the holy Gospel of St. John, and it was all written with my blood.

The cruelties then performed by the Cabalist on a he-goat are too loathsome to transcribe. The whole story, indeed, appears a farrago of nonsense and would not be worth quoting but for the fact that it appears to be taken seriously by Dr. Adler as a description of the great Ba'al Shem.

The death of Falk took place on April 17, 1782, and the epitaph on his grave in the cemetery at Globe Road, Mile End, "bears witness to his excellencies and orthodoxy": " Here is interred... the aged and honourable man, a great personage who came from the East, an accomplished sage, an adept in Cabbalah.... His name was known to the ends of the earth and distant isles," etc.

This then is surely the portrait of a most remarkable personage, a man known for his powers in England, France, and Germany, visited by a royal prince in search of the philosopher's stone, and acclaimed by one of his own race as standing alone in his generation by reason of his knowledge, yet whilst Saint-Germain and Cagliostro figure in every account of eighteenth-century magicians, it is only in exclusively Judaic or masonic works, not intended for the general public, that we shall find any reference to Falk. Have we not here striking evidence of the truth of M. Andre Baron's dictum: " Remember that the constant rule of the secret societies is that the real authors never show themselves "?

It will now be asked: what proof is there that Falk is connected with any masonic or secret societies? True, in the accounts given by the *Jewish Encyclopædia*, the word Freemasonry is not once mentioned. But in the curious portrait of the great Ba'al Shem appended, we see him holding in his hand the pair of compasses, and before him, on the table at which he is seated, the double triangle or Seal of Solomon known amongst Jews as " the Shield of David," which forms an important emblem in Masonry.

Moreover, it is significant to find in the *Royal Masonic Encyclopædia* by the Rosicrucian Kenneth Mackenzie that a long and detailed article is devoted to Falk, though again without any reference to his connexion with Freemasonry. May we not conclude that in certain inner masonic circles the importance of Falk is recognized but must not be revealed to the uninitiated? Mr. Gordon Hills, in the above-quoted paper contributed to the *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum*, indulges in some innocent speculation as to the part Falk may have played in the masonic movement. " If," he observes, " Jewish Brethren did introduce Cabalistical learning into the so-called High Degrees, here we have one, who, if a Mason, would have been eminently qualified to do so."

Falk indeed was far more than a Mason, he was a high initiate—the supreme oracle to which the secret societies applied for guidance. All this was disclosed a few years ago in the correspondence between Savalette de Langes and the Marquis de Chefdebien referred to in the previous chapter. Thus in the dossiers of the leading occultists supplied by Savalette we find the following note on the Ba'al Shem of London: This

Doctor Falk is known to many Germans. He is a very extraordinary man from every point of view. Some people believe him to be the Chief of all the Jews and attribute to purely political schemes all that is marvellous and singular in his life and conduct. He is referred to in a very curious manner, and as a Rose-Croix in the Memoirs of the Chevalier de Ramsow (i.e. Rentzov). He has had adventures with the Marechal de Richelieu, great seeker of the Philosophers' Stone. He had a strange history with the Prince de Rohan Guéménée and the Chevalier de Luxembourg relating to Louis XV, whose death he foretold. He is almost inaccessible. In all the sects of savants in secret sciences he passes as a superior man. He is at present in England. The Baron de Gleichen can give good information about him. Try to get more at Frankfurt.[31]

Again, in notes on other personages the name of Falk recurs with the same insistence on his importance as a high initiate:

Leman, pupil of Falk....

The Baron de Gleichen... intimately connected with Wecter [Waechter] and Wakenfeldt.... He knows Falk....

The Baron de Waldenfels... is, according to what I know from the Baron de Gleichen, the princes of Darmstadt.... and others, the most interesting man for you and me to know. If we made his acquaintance, he could give us the best information on all the most interesting objects of instruction. He knows Falk and Wecter.

Prince Louis d'Harmstadt.. is also a member of the Amis Réunis, 12° and in charge of the Directories. He worked in his youth with a Jew whom he believes to be taught by Falk...[32]

Here, then, behind the organization of the Stricte Observance, of the Amis Réunis, and the Philalèthes, we catch a glimpse at last of one of those real initiates whose identity has been so carefully kept dark. For Falk, as we see in these notes, was not an isolated sage; he had pupils, and to be one of these was to be admitted to the inner mysteries. Was Cagliostro one of these adepts? Is it here we may seek the explanation of the " Egyptian Rite " devised by him in London, and of his chance discovery on a bookstall in that city of a Cabalistic document by the mysterious " George Cofton," whose identity has never been revealed? I would suggest that the whole story of the bookstall was a fable and that it was not from any manuscript, but from Falk, that Cagliostro received his directions. Thus Cagliostro's rite was in reality concealed Cabalism.

That Falk was only one of several Concealed Superiors is further suggested by the intriguing correspondence of Savalette de Langes. " Schroeper," we read, " had for his master an old man of Suabia," by whom the Baron de Waechter was also said to have been instructed in Masonry, and to have become one of the most important initiates of Germany. Accordingly de Waechter was despatched by his Order to Florence in order to make enquiries on further secrets and on certain famous treasures about which Schroepfer, the Baron de Hundt, and others, had heard that Aprosi, the secretary of the Pretender, could give them information. Waechter, however, wrote to say that all they had been told on the latter point was fabulous, but that he had met in Florence certain " Brothers of the Holy Land," who had initiated him into marvellous secrets; one in particular who is described as " a man who is not a European " had " perfectly instructed him." Moreover, de Waechter, who had set forth poor, returned loaded with riches attributed by his fellow-masons to the " Asiatic Brethren " he had frequented in Florence who possessed the art of making gold.[33] I would suggest then that these were the members of the " Italian Order " referred to by Mr. Tuckett, which, like Schroepfer and de Hundt, he imagined to have been connected with the Jacobites.

But all these secret sources of instruction are wrapped in mystery. Whilst Saint-Germain and Cagliostro—who is referred to in this correspondence in terms of light derision—emerge into the limelight, the real initiates remain concealed in the background. Falk "is almost inaccessible ! " Yet one more almost forgotten document of the period may throw some light on the important part he played behind the scenes in Masonry.

It may be remembered that Archenholz had spoken of certain marvels he had seen performed by Falk in Brunswick. Now, in 1770 the German poet Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was made librarian to the Duke of Brunswick in that city. The fame of Falk may then have reached his ears. At any rate in 1771 Lessing, after having mocked at Freemasonry, was initiated in a masonic lodge at Hamburg, and in 1778 he published not only his famous masonic drama Nathan der Weise, in which the Jew of Jerusalem is shown in admirable contrast to the Christians and Mohammedans, but he also wrote five dialogues on Freemasonry which he dedicated to the Duke of Brunswick, Grand Master of all the German Lodges, and which he entitled "Ernst

und Falk: Gespräche für Freimaurer."[34]

Lessing's friendship with Moses Mendelssohn has led to the popular theory, unsupported however by any real evidence, that the Jewish philosopher of Berlin provided the inspiration for the character of Nathan, but might it not equally have been provided by the miracle-worker of Brunswick? However, in the case of the dialogues less room is left for doubt. Falk is mentioned by name and represented as initiated into the highest mysteries of Freemasonry. This is of course not explained by Lessing's commentators, who give no clue to his identity.[35] It is evident that Lessing committed an enormous blunder in thus letting so important a cat out of the bag, for after the publication of the first three dialogues and whilst the last two were circulating privately in manuscript amongst the Freemasons, an order from the Duke of Brunswick forbade their publication as dangerous. In spite of this prohibition, the rest of the series was printed, however without Lessing's permission, in 1870 with a preface by an unknown person describing himself as a non-mason.

The dialogues between Ernst and Falk throw a curious light on the influences at work behind Freemasonry at this period and gain immensely in interest when the identity of the two men in question is understood. Thus Ernst, by whom Lessing evidently represents himself, is at the beginning not a Freemason, and, whilst sitting with Falk in a wood, questions the high initiate on the aims of the Order. Falk explains that Freemasonry has always existed, but not under this name. Its real purpose has never been revealed. On the surface it appears to be a purely philanthropic association, but in reality philanthropy forms no part of its scheme, its object being to bring about a state of things which will render philanthropy unnecessary. (Was man gemeinlich gute Thaten zu nennen pflegt entbehrlich zu machen.) As an illustration Falk points to an ant-heap at the foot of the tree beneath which the two men are seated. "Why," he asks, "should not human beings exist without government like the ants or bees?" Falk then goes on to describe his idea of a Universal State, or rather a federation of States, in which men will no longer be divided by national, social, or religious prejudices, and where greater equality will exist.

At the end of the third dialogue an interval occurs during which Ernst goes away and becomes a Freemason, but on his return expresses his disappointment to Falk at finding many Freemasons engaged in such futilities as alchemy or the evocation of spirits. Others again seek to revive the * * *. Falk replies that although the great secrets of Freemasonry cannot be revealed by any man even if he wished it, one thing, however, has been kept dark which should now be made public, and this is the relationship between the Freemasons and the * * *. "The * * * were in fact the Freemasons of their time." It seems probable from the context and from Falk's references to Sir Christopher Wren as the founder of the modern Order, that the asterisks denote the Rosicrucians.

The most interesting point of these dialogues is, however, the hint continually thrown out by Falk that there is something behind Freemasonry, something far older and far wider in its aims than the Order now known by this name—the modern Freemasons are for the most part only "playing at it." Thus, when Ernst complains that true equality has not been attained in the lodges since Jews are not admitted, Falk observes that he himself does not attend them, that true Freemasonry does not exist in outward forms—"A lodge bears the same relation to Freemasonry as a church to belief." In other words, the real initiates do not appear upon the scene. Here then we see the role of the "Concealed Superiors." What wonder that Lessing's dialogues were considered too dangerous for publication!

Moreover, in Falk's conception of the ideal social order and his indictment of what he calls "bourgeois society" we find the clue to movements of immense importance. Has not the system of the ant-heap or the beehive proved, as I have pointed out elsewhere, the model on which modern Anarchists, from Proudhon onwards, have formed their schemes for the reorganization of human life? Has not the idea of the "World State," "The Universal Republic" become the war-cry of the Internationalist Socialists, the Grand Orient Masons, the Theosophists, and the world-revolutionaries of our own day?

Was Falk, then, a revolutionary? This again will be disputed. Falk may have been a Cabalist, a Freemason, a high initiate, but what proof is there that he had any connexion with the leaders of the French Revolution? Let us turn again to the Jewish Encyclopædia: Falk... is... believed to have given the Duc d'Orleans, to ensure his succession to the throne, a talisman consisting of a ring, which Philippe Egalité before mounting the scaffold is said to have sent to a Jewess, Juliet Goudchaux, who passed it on to his son, subsequently Louis Philippe.

The Baron de Gleichen, who "knew Falk," refers to a talisman of lapis-lazuli which the Duc d'Orléans had received in England from "the celebrated Falk Scheck, first Rabbi of the Jews," and says that a certain occultist, Madame de la Croix, imagined she had destroyed it by "the power of prayer." But the theory of

its survival is further confirmed by the information supplied from Jewish sources to Mr. Gordon Hills, who states that Falk was "in touch with the French Court in the person of 'Prince Emanuel,'[36] whom he describes as a servant of the King of France," and adds that the talismanic ring which he gave to the Duc d'Orléans "is still in the possession of the family, having passed to King Louis Philippe and thence to the Comte de Paris." [37]

One fact, then, looms out of the darkness that envelops the secret power behind the Orléanist conspiracy, one fact of supreme importance, and based moreover on purely Jewish evidence: the Duke was in touch with Falk when in London and Falk supported his scheme of usurpation. Thus behind the arch-conspirator of the revolution stood "the Chief of all the Jews." Is it here perhaps, in Falk's "chests of gold," that we might find the source of some of those loans raised in London by the Duc d'Orléans to finance the riots of the Revolution, so absurdly described as "l'or de Pitt"?

The direct connexion between the attack on the French monarchy and Jewish circles in London is further shown by the curious sequel to the Gordon Riots. In 1780 the half-witted Lord George Gordon (as a Jewish writer describes him), the head of the so-called "Protestant" mob, marched on the House of Commons to protest against the bill for the relief of Roman Catholic disabilities and then proceeded to carry out his plan of burning down London. During the five days' rioting that ensued, property to the amount of £180,000 was destroyed. After this "the scion of the ducal house of Gordon proved the durability of his love for Protestantism by professing the Hebrew faith," and was received with the highest honours into the Synagogue. The same Jewish writer, who has described him earlier as half-witted, quotes this panegyric on his orthodoxy: "He was very regular in his Jewish observances; every morning he was seen with the phylacteries between his eyes, and opposite his heart.... His Saturday's bread was baked according to the manner of the Jews, his wine was Jewish, his meat was Jewish, and he was the best Jew in the congregation of Israel." And it was immediately after his conversion to Judaism that he published in *The Public Advertiser* the libel against Marie Antoinette which brought about his imprisonment in Newgate.[38]

Now we know that Lord George Gordon met Cagliostro in London in 1786.[39] Is it not probable that the author of the scurrilous pamphlet and the magician concerned in the attack on the Queen's honour through the Affair of the Necklace—one a Jew by profession, the other said to be a Jew by race—may have had some connexion with Philippe Egalité's Jewish supporter, the miracle worker of Wellclose Square?

But already a vaster genius than Falk or Cagliostro, than Pasqually or Savalette de Langes, had arisen, who, gathering into his hands the threads of all the conspiracies, was able to weave them together into a gigantic scheme for the destruction of France and of the world.

1. L'Antisémitisme, p. 335.
2. Ibid., p. 328.
3. Article by Mr. Lucien Wolf, "The First English Jew," in Transactions of the Jewish Historical Society of England, Vol. II. p. 18. On this question see also the pamphlets by Mr. Lucien Wolf: Crypto-Jews under the Commonwealth (1894), Cromwell's Jewish Intelligencers (1891), and Manasseh ben Israel's Mission to Oliver Cromwell (1901), also articles on Cromwell, Carvajal and Manasseh ben Israel in the Jewish Encyclopædia.
4. Lucien Wolf, "The First English Jew," in Transactions of the Jewish Historical Society of England, II. 20.
5. Tovey, Anglia Judaica, p. 275.
6. The Jewish Encyclopædia in its article on Manasseh ben Israel, says: "He was full of cabalistic opinions, though he was careful not to expound them in those of his works that were written in modern languages and intended to be read by Gentiles." In its article on "Magic" the Jewish Encyclopædia refers to the "Nishmat Hayyim," a work by Manasseh ben Israel which "is filled with superstition and magic" and adds that "many Christian scholars were deluded."
7. Tovey Anglia Judaica, p. 259; Margoliouth, History of the Jews in England, II. 3.
8. Mirabeau (Sur la Réforme politique des Juifs, 1787) thinks they may not have been allowed to return unconditionally until 1664. It was certainly at this date that they were formally granted free permission to live in England and practise their religion (Margoliouth, op. cit., II. 26).
9. Margoliouth, op. cit., II. 43.
10. The Digger Movement in the Days of the Commonwealth, by Lewis Berens, pp. 36, 74.
11. Claudio Jannet, Les Précurseurs de la Franc-Maçonnerie, p. 47 (1187).
12. Harmsworth Encyclopædia, article on Jews.
13. Diary of Samuel Pepys, date of February 19, 1666.
14. Jewish Encyclopædia, article on Shabbetai Zebi B. Mordecai.
15. Henry Hart Milman, History of the Jews, II. 445.
16. Jewish Encyclopædia, article on Ba'al Shem Tob.
17. Milman, op. cit., II. 446.
18. Jewish Encyclopædia, Heilprin, article on Joel Ben Uri.
19. Heckethorn, Secret Societies, I. 87.
20. Jewish Encyclopædia, article on Jacob Frank.
21. Jewish Encyclopædia, article on Jacob Frank.
22. Ibid.
23. Milman, op. cit., II. 447.
24. Jewish Encyclopædia, article on Jacob Frank.
25. Ibid.
26. Ibid. Heckethorn, Secret Societies, I. 87.
27. Milman, op. cit., II. 448. Cf. description of pomp displayed by another member of the oppressed race named Fränkel, who appeared at a parade of Jewry at Prague in 1741 in a carriage drawn by six horses and surrounded by footmen and horse guards.—Jewish Encyclopædia, article on Fränkel, Simon Wolf.
28. Jewish Encyclopædia, article on Falk, of whom a good portrait by Copley given. On Falk see also Ars Quatuor Coronatorum, Vol. XXVI. Part I. pp. 518-105, and Vol. XXX. Part II; Transactions of the Jewish Historical Society, Vol. V. p. 148, article on "The Ba'al Shem of London," by the Rev. Dr. H. Adler, Chief Rabbi, and Vol. VIII, "Notes on some Contemporary References to Dr. Falk the Ba'al Shem of London, in the Rainsford MSS. at the British Museum," by Gordon P.G. Hills. The following pages are taken entirely from these sources.

29. Falk does not appear to have brought good fortune to the Goldsmid family, for Margoliouth in a passage which evidently relates to Falk says that, according to Jewish legend, the suicide of Abraham Goldsmid and his brother was attributed to the following cause: " Ba'al Shem, an operative Cabalist, in other words a thaumaturgos and prophet, used to live with the father of the Goldsmids. On his death-bed he summoned the patriarch Goldsmid, and delivered into his hands a box, which he strictly enjoined should not be opened till a certain period which the Ba'al Shem specified and in case of disobedience a torrent of fearful calamities would overwhelm the Goldsmids. The patriarch's curiosity was not aroused for some time; but in a few years after the Ba'al Shem's death, Goldsmid, the aged, half sceptic, half curious, forced open the fatal box, and then the Goldsmids began to learn what it was to disbelieve the words of a Ba'al Shem." Margoliouth, *History of the Jews*, II. 144.
30. *Transactions of the Jewish Historical Society*, V. 162.
31. Benjamin Fabre, *Eques a Capite Galeato*, p. 84.
32. Benjamin Fabre, *op. cit.*, pp. 88, 90, 98, 110.
33. Clavel, *Histoire pittoresque*, pp. 188, 390. Robison, *Proofs of Conspiracy*, p. 77.
34. The Royal Masonic Cyclopædia describes both Nathan der Weise and Ernst und Falk as prominent works on Masonry.
35. There is, however, the possibility that Lessing may have had in mind another Falk living at the same period; this was " John Frederick Falk, born at Hamburg of Jewish parents, reported to have been head of a Cabalistic College in London and to have died about 1824 " (*Transactions of the Jewish Historical Society*, VIII. 128). But in view of the part which the correspondence of Savalette de Langes shows the Ba'al Shem of London to have played in the background of Freemasonry, it seems more probable that he was the Falk in question. At any rate, both were Jews and Cabalists.
36. Who can this have been?
37. The Duchesse de Gontaut relates in her *Mémoires* that the Duc d'Orléans was one day driving through the forest of Fontainebleau when a man, half clothed and with a demented air, sprang towards the carriage, grimacing horribly. The Duke's suite, taking him for a madman, would have kept him at bay, but the Duke, at that moment awaking from sleep, unbuttoned his shirt and showed his assailant an iron ring suspended round his neck. At this sight the man took to his heels and disappeared into the wood. The mystery of this incident was never elucidated, and the Duke, when questioned on the matter, would offer no explanation. Could this ring have been Falk's talisman?
38. Margoliouth, *op. cit.*, II. 121-4. See also *Life of Lord George Gordon*, by Robert Watson (1795) pp. 71, 72.
39. Friedrich Bülow, *Geheime Geschichten und rätselhafte Menschen*, I. 325. (1850). *The Public Advertiser*, August 22, 24, 1786.

CHAPTER IX

THE BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI

THE question of the system to which I shall henceforth refer simply as Illuminism is of such immense importance to an understanding of the modern revolutionary movement that, although I have already described it in detail in *World Revolution*, it is necessary to devote a further chapter to it here in order to answer the objections made against my former account of the Order and also to show its connexion with earlier secret societies.

Now, the main contentions of those writers who, either consciously or unconsciously, attempt to mislead the public on the true nature and real existence of Illuminism are:

Firstly, that the case against Illuminism rests solely on the works of Robison, and of Barruel and later Catholic authorities.

Secondly, that all these writers misinterpreted or misquoted the Illuminati, who should be judged only by their own works.

Thirdly, that in reality the Illuminati were perfectly innocuous and even praiseworthy.

Fourthly, that they are of no importance, since they ceased to exist in 1786.

In the present chapter I propose therefore to answer all these contentions in turn and at the same time to make further examination into the origins of the Order.

ORIGINS OF THE ILLUMINATI

That Weishaupt was not the originator of the system he named Illuminism will be already apparent to every reader of the present work; it has needed, in fact, all the foregoing chapters to trace the source of Weishaupt's doctrines throughout the history of the world. From these it will be evident that men aiming at the overthrow of the existing social order and of all accepted religion had existed from the earliest times, and that in the Cainites, the Carpocratians, the Manichæans, the Batinis, the Fatimites, and the Karmathites many of Weishaupt's ideas had already been foreshadowed. To the Manichæans, in fact, the word "Illuminati" may be traced—"gloriantur Manichæi se de caelo illuminatos." [1]

It is in the sect of Abdullah ibn Maymun that we must seek the model for Weishaupt's system of organization. Thus de Sacy has described in the following words the manner of enlisting proselytes by the Ismailis: They proceeded to the admission and initiation of new proselytes only by degrees and with great reserve; for, as the sect had at the same time a political object and ambitions, its interest was above all to have a great number of partisans in all places and in all classes of society. It was necessary therefore to suit themselves to the character, the temperament, and the prejudices of the greater number; what one revealed to some would have revolted others and alienated for ever spirits less bold and consciences more easily alarmed. [2]

This passage exactly describes the methods laid down by Weishaupt for his "Insinuating Brothers"—the necessity of proceeding with caution in the enlisting of adepts, of not revealing to the novice doctrines that might be likely to revolt him, of "speaking sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, so that one's real purpose should remain impenetrable" to members of the inferior grades.

How did these Oriental methods penetrate to the Bavarian professor? According to certain writers, through the Jesuits. The fact that Weishaupt had been brought up by this Order has provided the enemies of the Jesuits with the argument that they were the secret inspirers of the Illuminati. Mr. Gould, indeed, has attributed most of the errors of the latter to this source; Weishaupt, he writes, incurred "the implacable enmity of the Jesuits, to whose intrigues he was incessantly exposed." [3] In reality precisely the opposite was the case, for, as we shall see, it was Weishaupt who perpetually intrigued against the Jesuits. That Weishaupt did, however, draw to a certain extent on Jesuit methods of training is recognized even by Barruel, himself a Jesuit, who, quoting Mirabeau, says that Weishaupt "admired above all those laws, that régime of the Jesuits, which, under one head, made men dispersed over the universe tend towards the same goal; he felt that one could imitate their methods whilst holding views diametrically opposed." [4] And again, on the evidence of Mirabeau, de Luchet, and von Knigge, Barruel says elsewhere: "It is here that Weishaupt appears specially to have wished to assimilate the régime of the sect to that of the religious orders and, above all, that of the Jesuits, by the total abandonment of their own will and judgement which he demands of his adepts..." But Barruel goes on to show "the enormous difference that is to be found between religious obedience and Illuminist obedience." In every religious order men know that the voice of

their conscience and of their God is even more to be obeyed than that of their superiors. There is not a single one who, in the event that his superiors should order him to do things contrary to the duties of a Christian or of a good man, would not see an exception to be made to the obedience which he has sworn. This exception is often expressed and always clearly announced in all religious institutions; it is above all formal and positively repeated many times in that of the Jesuits. They are ordered to obey their superiors, but it is in the event that they see no sin in obeying, *ubi non cerneretur peccatum* (Constitution des Jésuites, part 3, chapter 1, pang. 2, vol. i., édition de Prague).[5]

Indeed, implicit obedience and the total surrender of one's own will and judgement forms the foundation of all military discipline; " theirs not to reason why, theirs not to make reply " is everywhere recognized as the duty of soldiers. The Jesuits being in a sense a military Order, acknowledging a General at their head, are bound by the same obligation. Weishaupt's system was something totally different. For whilst all soldiers and all Jesuits, when obeying their superiors, are well aware of the goal towards which they are tending, Weishaupt's followers were enlisted by the most subtle methods of deception and led on towards a goal entirely unknown to them. It is this that, as we shall see later, constitutes the whole difference between honest and dishonest secret societies. The fact is that the accusation of Jesuit intrigue behind secret societies has emanated principally from the secret societies themselves and would appear to have been a device adopted by them to cover their own tracks. No good evidence has ever been brought forward in support of their contention. The Jesuits, unlike the Templars and the Illuminati, were simply suppressed in 1773 without the formality of a trial, and were therefore never given the opportunity to answer the charges brought against them, nor, as in the case of these other Orders, were their secret statutes-if any such existed-brought to light. The only document ever produced in proof of these accusations was the " *Monita Secreta*," long since shown to be a forgery. At any rate, the correspondence of the Illuminati provides their best exoneration. The Marquis de Luchet, who was no friend of the Jesuits, shows the absurdity of confounding their aims with those of either the Freemasons or the Illuminati, and describes all three as animated by wholly different purposes. [6]

In all these questions it is necessary to seek a motive. I have no personal interest in defending the Jesuits, but I ask: what motive could the Jesuits have in forming or supporting a conspiracy directed against all thrones and altars? It has been answered me that the Jesuits at this period cared nothing for thrones and altars, but only for temporal power; yet-even accepting this unwarrantable hypothesis-how was this power to be exercised except through thrones and altars? Was it not through princes and the Church that the Jesuits had been able to bring their influence to bear on affairs of state? In an irreligious Republic, as events afterwards proved, the power of the whole clergy was bound to be destroyed. The truth is then, that, far from abetting the Illuminati, the Jesuits were their most formidable opponents, the only body of men sufficiently learned, astute, and well organized to outwit the schemes of Weishaupt. In suppressing the Jesuits it is possible that the Old Régime removed the only barrier capable of resisting the tide of revolution.

Weishaupt indeed, as we know, detested the Jesuits,[7] and took from them only certain methods of discipline, of ensuring obedience or of acquiring influence over the minds of his disciples; his aims were entirely different.

Where, then, did Weishaupt find his immediate inspiration? It is here that Barruel and Lecouteulx de Canteleu provide a clue not to be discovered in other sources. In 1771, they relate, a certain Jutland merchant named Kölmer, who had spent many years in Egypt, returned to Europe in search of converts to a secret doctrine founded on Manichæism that he had learnt in the East. On his way to France he stopped at Malta, where he met Cagliostro and nearly brought about an insurrection amongst the people. Kölmer was therefore driven out of the island by the Knights of Malta and betook himself to Avignon and Lyons. Here he made a few disciples amongst the Illuminés and in the same year went on to Germany, where he encountered Weishaupt and initiated him into all the mysteries of his secret doctrine. According to Barruel, Weishaupt then spent five years thinking out his system, which he founded under the name of Illuminati on May 1, 1776, and assumed the " illuminated " name of " Spartacus."

Kölmer remains the most mysterious of all the mystery men of his day; at first sight one is inclined to wonder whether he may not have been another of the Cabalistic Jews acting as the secret inspirers of the magicians who appeared in the limelight. The name Kölmer might easily have been a corruption of the well-known Jewish name Calmer. Lecouteulx de Canteleu, however, suggests that Kölmer was identical with Altotas, described by Figuier as " this universal genius, almost divine, of whom Cagliostro has spoken to us with so much respect and admiration. This Altotas was not an imaginary personage. The Inquisition of Rome has collected many proofs of his existence without having been able to discover when it began or ended, for Altotas disappears, or rather vanishes like a meteor, which, according to the poetic fancy of ro-

mancers, would authorize us in declaring him immortal." [8] It is curious to notice that modern occultists, whilst attributing so much importance to Saint-Germain and the legend of his immortality, make no mention of Altotas, who appears to have been a great deal more remarkable. But, again, we must remember: "It is the unvarying rule of secret societies that the real authors never show themselves." If, then, Kölmer was the same person as Altotas, he would appear not to have been a Jew or a Cabalist, but an initiate of some Near Eastern secret society-possibly an Ismaili. Lecouteulx de Canteleu describes Altotas as an Armenian, and says that his system was derived from those of Egypt, Syria, and Persia. This would accord with Barruel's statement that Kölmer came from Egypt, and that his ideas were founded on Manichæism.

It would be necessary to set these statements aside as only the theories of Barruel or Lecouteulx, were it not that the writings of the Illuminati betray the influence of some sect akin to Manichæism. Thus "Spartacus" writes to "Cato" that he is thinking of "warming up the old system of the Ghebers and Parsees," [9] and it will be remembered that the Ghebers were one of the sects in which Dozy relates that Abdullah ibn Maymun found his true supporters. Later Weishaupt goes on to explain that- The allegory in which the Mysteries and Higher Grades must be clothed is Fire Worship and the whole philosophy of Zoroaster or of the old Parsees who nowadays only remain in India; therefore in the further degrees the Order is called "Fire Worship" (Feuerdienst), the "Fire Order," or the "Persian Order"-that is, something magnificent beyond all expectation. [10]

At the same time the Persian calendar, was adopted by the Illuminati. [11]

It is evident that this pretence of Zoroastrianism was as pure humbug as Weishaupt's later pretence of Christianity; of the true doctrines of Zoroaster he shows no conception-nor does he insist further on the point; but the above passage would certainly lend colour to the theory that his system was partly founded on Manichæism, that is to say, on perverted Zoroastrianism, imparted to him by a man from the East, and that the methods of the Batinis and Fatimites may have been communicated to him through the same channel. Hence the extraordinary resemblance between his plan of organization and that of Abdullah ibn Maymun, which consisted in political intriguing rather than in esoteric speculation. Thus in Weishaupt's system the phraseology of Judaism, the Cabalistic legends of Freemasonry, the mystical imaginings of the Martinistes, play at first no part at all. For all forms of "theosophy," occultism, spiritualism, and magic Weishaupt expresses nothing but contempt, and the Rose-Croix masons are bracketed with the Jesuits by the Illuminati as enemies it is necessary to outwit at every turn. [12] Consequently no degree of Rose-Croix finds a place in Weishaupt's system, as in all the other masonic orders of the day which drew their influence from Eastern or Cabalistic sources.

It is true that "Mysteries" play a great part in the phraseology of the Order-"Greater and Lesser Mysteries," borrowed from ancient Egypt-whilst the higher initiates are decorated with such titles as "Epopte" and "Hierophant," taken from the Eleusinian Mysteries. Yet Weishaupt's own theories appear to bear no relation whatever to these ancient cults. On the contrary, the more we penetrate into his system, the more apparent it becomes that all the formulas he employs which derive from any religious source-whether Persian, Egyptian, or Christian-merely serve to disguise a purely material purpose, a plan for destroying the existing order of society. Thus all that was really ancient in Illuminism was the destructive spirit that animated it and also the method of organization it had imported from the East. Illuminism therefore marks an entirely new departure in the history of European secret societies. Weishaupt himself indicates this as one of the great secrets of the Order. "Above all," he writes to "Cato" (alias Zwack), "guard the origin and the novelty of in the most careful way." [13] "The greatest mystery," he says again, "must be that the thing is new; the fewer who know this the better.... Not one of the Eichstadters knows this but would live or die for it that the thing is as old as Methuselah." [14]

This pretence of having discovered some fund of ancient wisdom is the invariable ruse of secret society adepts; the one thing never admitted is the identity of the individuals from whom one is receiving direction. Weishaupt himself declares that he has got it all out of books by means of arduous and unremitting labour. "What it costs me to read, study, think, write, cross out, and re-write!" he complains to Marius and Cato [15] Thus, according to Weishaupt the whole system is the work of his own unaided genius, and the supreme direction remains in his hands alone. Again and again he insists on this point in his correspondence.

If this were indeed the case, Weishaupt-in view of the efficiency achieved by the Order-must have been a genius of the first water, and it is difficult to understand why so remarkable a man should not have distinguished himself on other lines, but have remained almost unknown to posterity. It would therefore appear possible that Weishaupt, although undoubtedly a man of immense organizing capacity and endowed with extraordinary subtlety, was not in reality the sole author of Illuminism, but one of a group, which, recognizing his talents and the value of his untiring activity, placed the direction in his hands. Let us examine this hypo-

thesis in the light of a document which was unknown to me when I wrote my former account of the Illuminati.

Barruel has pointed out that the great error of Robison was to describe Illuminism as arising out of Freemasonry, since Weishaupt did not become a Freemason until after he had founded his Order. It is true that Weishaupt was not officially received into Freemasonry until 1777, when he was initiated into the first degree at the Lodge "Theodore de Bon Conseil," at Munich. From this time we find him continually occupied in trying to discover more about the secrets of Freemasonry, whilst himself claiming superior knowledge.

But at the same time it is by no means certain that an inner circle of the Lodge Theodore may not have been first in the field and Weishaupt all the while an unconscious agent. A very curious light is thrown on this question by the *Mémoires* of Mirabeau.

Now, in *The French Revolution* and again in *World Revolution* I quoted the generally received opinion that Mirabeau, who was already a Freemason, was received into the Order of the Illuminati during his visit to Berlin in 1786. To this Mr. Waite replied: "All that is said about Mirabeau, his visit to Berlin, and his plot to 'illuminate' French Freemasonry, may be disposed of in one sentence: there is no evidence to show that Mirabeau ever became a Mason. The province of Barruel was to colour everything..."[16] Mr. Waite's statement may also be disposed of in one sentence: it is a pure invention. The province of Mr. Waite is to deny everything inconvenient to him. The evidence that Mirabeau was a Freemason does not rest on Barruel alone. M. Barthou, in his *Life of Mirabeau*, refers to it as a matter of common knowledge, and relates that a paper was found at Mirabeau's house describing a new Order to be grafted on Freemasonry. This document will be found in its entirety in the *Mémoires* of Mirabeau, where it is stated that: Mirabeau had early entered an association of Freemasonry. This affiliation had accredited him to a Dutch lodge, and it seems that, either spontaneously or in response to a request, he thought of proposing an organization of which we possess the plan, written not by his hand... but by the hand of a copyist whom Mirabeau had attached to himself.... This work appears to have been that of Mirabeau; all his opinions, his principles, and his style will be found here.[17]

The same work goes on to print the document in full, which is headed: "Mémorial concerning an intimate association to be established in the Order of Freemasonry so as to bring it back to its true principles and to make it really tend to the good of humanity, drawn up by the F. Mi--, at present named Arcesilas, in 1776."

As this Mémorial is too long to reproduce in full here, M. Barthou's résumé will serve to give an idea of its contents[18]: He [Mirabeau] was a Freemason from his youth. There was found amongst his papers, written by the hand of a copyist, an international organization of Freemasonry, which no doubt he dictated in Amsterdam. This project contains on the solidarity of men, on the benefits of instruction, and on the "correction of the system of governments and of legislations" views very superior to those of "The Essay on Despotism" (1772). The mind of Mirabeau had ripened. The duties he traces out for the "brothers of the higher grade" constitute even a whole plan of reforms which resemble very much in certain parts the work accomplished later by the Constituent [Assembly]: suppression of servitudes on the land and the rights of main morte, abolition of the corvées, of working guilds and of maîtrises [freedom of companies], of customs and excise duties, the diminution of taxation, liberty of religious opinions and of the press, the disappearance of special jurisdiction. In order to organize, to develop and arrive at his end, Mirabeau invokes the example of the Jesuits: "We have quite contrary views," he says, "that of enlightening men, of making them free and happy, but we must and we can do this by the same means, and who should prevent us doing for good what the Jesuits have done for evil?"[19]

Now in this Mémorial Mirabeau makes no mention of Weishaupt, but in his *Histoire de la Monarchie Prussienne* he gives a eulogistic account of the Bavarian Illuminati, referring to Weishaupt by name, and showing the Order to have arisen out of Freemasonry. It will be seen that this account corresponds point by point with the Mémorial he had himself made out in 1776, that is to say, in the very year that Illuminism was founded: The Lodge Theodore de Bon Conseil at Munich, where there were a few men with brains and hearts, was tired of being tossed about by the vain promises and quarrels of Masonry. The heads resolved to graft on to their branch another secret association to which they gave the name of the Order of the Illuminés. They modelled it on the Society of Jesus, whilst proposing to themselves views diametrically opposed.

Mirabeau then goes on to say that the great object of the Order was the amelioration of the resent system of government and legislation, that one of its fundamental rules was to admit "no prince whatever his virtues,"[20] that it proposed to abolish- The slavery of the peasants, the servitude of men to the soil, the rights of main morte and all the customs and privileges which abase humanity, the corvées under the condition of an equitable equivalent, all the corporations, all the maîtrises, all the burdens imposed on industry and com-

merce by customs, excise duties, and taxes... to procure a universal toleration for all religious opinions... to take away all the arms of superstition, to favour the liberty of the press, etc.[21]

From all this we see then that Mirabeau did not become an Illuminatus in 1786 as I had supposed before this document was known to me, but had been in the Order from the beginning apparently as one of its founders, first under the " Illuminated " name of Arcesilas and later under that of Leonidas. The Memoir found at his house was thus no other than the programme of the Illuminati evolved by him in collaboration with an inner ring of Freemasons belonging to the Lodge Theodore. The correspondence of the Illuminate in fact contains several references to an inner ring under the name of " the secret chapter of the Lodge of St. Theodore," which, after his initiation into Masonry, Weishaupt indicates the necessity of bringing entirely under the control of Illuminism. It is probable that Weishaupt was in touch with this secret chapter before his formal admission to the lodge.

Whether, then, the ideas of Illuminism arose in this secret chapter of the Lodge Theodore independently of Weishaupt, or whether they were imparted by Weishaupt to the Lodge Theodore after the directions had been given him by Kölmer, it is impossible to know; but in either case there would be some justification for Robison's assertion that Illuminism arose out of Freemasonry, or rather that it took birth amongst a group of Freemasons whose aims were not those of the Order in general.

What were these aims? A plan of social and political " reform " which, as M. Barthou points out, much resembled the work accomplished later by the Constituent Assembly in France. This admission is of great importance; in other words, the programme carried out by the Constituent Assembly in 1789 had been largely formulated in a lodge of German Freemasons who formed the nucleus of the Illuminati, in 1776. And yet we are told that Illuminism had no influence on the French Revolution !

It will be objected that the reforms here indicated were wholly admirable. True, the abolition of the corvée, of main morte, and of servitudes were measures that met with the approval of all right-minded men, including the King of France himself. But what of the abolition of the " working guilds " and " all the corporations," that is to say, the " trade unions " of the period, which was carried out by the infamous Loi Chapelier in 1791, a decree that is now generally recognized as one of the strangest anomalies of the Revolution? Again, to whose interest was it to do away with the customs and excise duties of France? To establish the absolute and unfettered liberty of the press and religious opinions? The benefits these measures might be expected to confer on the French people were certainly problematical, but there could be no doubt of their utility to men who, like Frederick the Great, wished to ruin France and to break the Franco-Austrian alliance by the unrestricted circulation of libels against Marie Antoinette, who, like Mirabeau, hoped to bring about a revolution, or who, like Voltaire, wished to remove all obstacles to the spread of an anti-Christian propaganda.

It is therefore by no means impossible that Weishaupt was at first the agent of more experienced conspirators, whose purely political aims were disguised under a plan of social reform, and who saw in the Bavarian professor a clever organizer to be employed in carrying out their designs.

Whether this was so or not, the fact remains that from the time Weishaupt assumed control of the Order the plan of " social reform " described by Mirabeau vanishes entirely, for not a word do we find in the writings of the Illuminati about any pretended scheme for ameliorating the lot of the people, and Illuminism becomes simply a scheme of anarchic philosophy. The French historian Henri Martin has thus admirably summed up the system elaborated by " Spartacus ": Weishaupt had made into an absolute theory the misanthropic gibes [boutades] of Rousseau at the invention of property and society, and without taking into account the statement so distinctly formulated by Rousseau on the impossibility of suppressing property and society once they had been established, he proposed as the end of Illuminism the abolition of property, social authority, of nationality, and the return of the human race to the happy state in which it formed only a single family without artificial needs, without useless sciences, every father being priest and magistrate. Priest of we know not what religion, for in spite of their frequent invocations of the God of Nature, many indications lead us to conclude that Weishaupt had, like Diderot and d'Holbach, no other God than Nature herself. From his doctrine would naturally follow the German ultra-Hegelianism and the system of anarchy recently developed in France, of which the physiognomy suggests a foreign origin.[22]

This summary of the aims of the Illuminati, which absolutely corroborates the view of Barruel and Robison, is confirmed in detail by the Socialist Freethinker of the nineteenth century Louis Blanc, who in his remarkable chapter on the " Revolutionnaires Mystiques " refers to Weishaupt as " One of the profoundest conspirators who have ever existed." [23] George Sand also, Socialist and intine of the Freemasons, wrote of " the European conspiracy of Illuminism " and the immense influence exercised by the secret soci-

eties of "mystic Germany." To say, then, that Barruel and Robison were alone in proclaiming the danger of Illuminism is simply a deliberate perversion of the truth, and it is difficult to understand why English Freemasons should have allowed themselves to be misled on this question.

Thus the Masonic Cyclopædia observes that the Illuminati "were, as a rule, men of the strictest morality and humanity, and the ideas they sought to instil were those which have found universal acceptance in our own times." Preston, in his *Illustrations of Masonry*, also does his best to gloss over the faults of the Order, and even "the historian of Freemasonry" devotes to its founder this astounding apology. After describing Weishaupt as the victim of Jesuit intrigue, Mr. Gould goes on to say: He conceived the idea of combating his foes with their own weapons, and forming a society of young men, enthusiastic in the cause of humanity, who should gradually be trained to work as one man to one end—the destruction of evil and the enhancement of good in this world. Unfortunately he had unconsciously imbibed that most pernicious doctrine that the end justifies the means, and his whole plan reveals the effects of his youthful teaching.... The man himself was without guile, ignorant of men, knowing them only by books, a learned professor, an enthusiast who took a wrong course in all innocence, and the faults of his head have been heavily visited upon his memory in spite of the rare qualities of his heart.[24]

One can only conclude that these extraordinary exonerations of an Order bitterly hostile to the true aims of Masonry proceed from ignorance of the real nature of Illuminism. In order to judge of this it is only necessary to consult the writings of the Illuminati themselves, which are contained in the following works:

1. *Einige Originalschriften des Illuminatenordens* (Munich, 1787).
2. *Nachtrag von weitem Originalschriften, etc.* (Munich, 1787).
3. *Die neuesten Arbeiten des Spartacus und Philo in dem Illuminaten-Orden* (Munich, 1794).

All these consist in the correspondence and papers of the Order which were seized by the Bavarian Government at the houses of two of the members, Zwack and Bassus, and published by order of the Elector. The authenticity of these documents has never been denied even by the Illuminati themselves; Weishaupt, in his published defence, endeavoured only to explain away the most incriminating passages. The publishers, moreover, were careful to state at the beginning of the first volume: "Those who might have any doubts on the authenticity of this collection may present themselves at the Secret Archives here, where, on request, the original documents will be laid before them." This precaution rendered all dispute impossible.

Setting Barruel and Robison entirely aside, we shall now see from the evidence of their own writings, how far the Illuminati can be regarded as a praiseworthy and cruelly maligned Order. Let us begin with their attitude towards Freemasonry.

ILLUMINISM AND FREEMASONRY

From the moment of Weishaupt's admission into Freemasonry his whole conduct was a violation of the Masonic code. Instead of proceeding after the recognized manner by successive stages of initiation, he set himself to find out further secrets by underhand methods and then to turn them to the advantage of his own system. Thus about a year after his initiation he writes to Cato (alias Zwack): "I have succeeded in obtaining a profound glimpse into the secret of the Freemasons. I know their whole aim and shall impart it all at the right time in one of the higher degrees."[25]

Cato is then deputed to make further discoveries through an Italian Freemason, the Abbe Marotti, which he records triumphantly in his diary: Interview with the Abbé Marotti on the question of Masonry, when he explained to me the whole secret, which is founded on old religion and Church history, and imparted to me all the higher degrees up to the Scottish. Informed Spartacus of this.[26]

Spartacus, however, unimpressed by this communication, replied drily: Whether you know the aim of Masonry I doubt. I have myself included an insight into this structure in my plan, but reserved it for later degrees.[27]

Weishaupt then decides that all illuminated "Areopagites" shall take the first three degrees of Freemasonry[28]; but further: That we shall have a masonic lodge of our own. That we shall regard this as our nursery garden. That to some of these Masons we shall not at once reveal that we have something more than the Masons have. That at every opportunity we shall cover ourselves with this [Masonry].... All those who are not suited to the work shall remain in the masonic Lodge and advance in that without knowing anything of the further system.[29]

We shall find this plan of an inner secret, circle concealed within Freemasonry persisting up to our own

day.

Weishaupt, however, admits himself puzzled with regard to the past of Masonry, and urges " Porcius " to find out more on this question from the Abbé Marotti: See whether through him you can discover the real history, origin, and the first founders of Masonry, for on this alone I am still undecided.[30]

But it is in " Philo," the Baron von Knigge, a Freemason and member of the Stricte Observance, in which he was known as the Eques a Cygno, that Weishaupt finds his most efficient investigator. Thus " Philo " writes to " Spartacus ": I have now found in Cassel the best man, on whom I cannot congratulate ourselves enough: he is Mauvillon, Grand Master of one of the Royal York Lodges. So with him we have the whole lodge in our hands. He has also got from there all their miserable degrees [Er hat auch von dort aus alle ihre elenden Grade].[31]

No wonder that Weishaupt thereupon exclaims joyfully " Philo does more than we all expected, and he is the man who alone will carry it all through."[32] Weishaupt then occupies himself in trying to get a " Constitution " from London, evidently without success, and also in wresting the Lodge Theodore in Munich from the control of Berlin in order to substitute his own domination, so that " the whole secret chapter will be subjected to our , leave everything to it, and await further degrees from it alone."[33]

In all this Weishaupt shows himself not only an intriguer but a charlatan, inventing mysteries and degrees to impose on the credulity of his followers. " The mysteries, or so-called secret truths, are the finest of all," he writes to " Philipo Strozzi," " and give me much trouble."[34] So whilst heartily despising Freemasonry, theosophy, Rosicrucianism, and mysticism of every kind, his association with Philo leads him to perceive the utility of all these as a bait, and he allows Philo to draw up plans for a degree of Scottish Knight. But the result is pitiable, Philo's composition, a " semi-theosophical discourse and explanation of hieroglyphics " is characterized by Weishaupt as gibberish (kauderwelsche).[35] Philo [he says again] is full of such follies, which betray his small mind.... On the Illuminatus Major follows the miserable degree of Scottish Knight entirely of his composition, and on the degree of Priest an equally miserable degree of Regent,... but I have already composed four more degrees compared to the worst of which the Priest's degree will be child's play, but I shall tell no one about it till I see how the thing goes....[36]

The perfidy of the Illuminati with regard to the Freemasons is therefore apparent. Even Mounier, who set out to refute Barruel on the strength of the information supplied to him by the Illuminatus Bode, admits their duplicity in this respect. Weishaupt [says Mounier] made the acquaintance of a Hanoverian, the Baron von Knigge, a famous intriguer, long practised in the charlatanism of lodges of Freemasons. On his advice new degrees were added to the old ones, and it was resolved to profit by Freemasonry whilst profoundly despising it. They decided that the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason, and Scotch Knight should be added to those of the Illuminati, and that they would boast of possessing exclusively the real secrets of the Freemasons and affirm that Illuminism was the real primitive Freemasonry.

" The papers of the Order seized in Bavaria and published," Mounier says again, show that " the Illuminati employed the forms of Freemasonry, but that they considered it in itself, apart from their own degrees, as a puerile absurdity and that they detested the Rose-Croix." Mounier, as a good disciple of Bode, takes much the same view and pities the naïveté of the Freemasons, who, " like so many children, spend a great part of the time in their lodges playing at chapel."

Why in the face of all this should any British Masons take up the cudgels for the Illuminati and vilify Robison and Barruel for exposing them? The American Mackey, as a consistent Freemason, shows scant sympathy for this traitor in the masonic camp. " Weishaupt," he writes, " was a radical in politics and an infidel in religion, and he organized this association, not more for the purpose of aggrandizing himself, than of overturning Christianity and the institutions of society." And in a footnote he adds that Robison's *Proofs of a Conspiracy* " contain a very excellent exposition of the nature of this pseudo-masonic institution."[37]

The truth is that Weishaupt was one of the greatest enemies of British Freemasonry who ever lived, and genuine Freemasons will do themselves no good by defending him or his abominable system.

Let us now see how far, apart from their role in Masonry, the Illuminati can be regarded as noble idealists striving for the welfare of the human race.

IDEALISM OF THE ILLUMINATI

The line of defence adopted by the apologists of the Illuminati is always to quote the admirable principles professed by the Order, the " beautiful ideas " that run through their writings, and to show what excellent people were to be found amongst them.

Of course on their face value the Illuminati appear wholly admirable, of course there is nothing easier than to find innumerable passages in their writings breathing a spirit of the loftiest aspiration, and of course many excellent men figured amongst the patrons of the Order. All this is the mere stock-in-trade of the secret society leader as of the fraudulent company promoter, to whom the first essentials are a glowing prospectus and a long list of highly respectable patrons who know nothing whatever about the inner workings of the concern. These methods, pursued as early as the ninth century by Abdullah ibn Maymun, enter largely into the policy of Frederick the Great, Voltaire, and his " brothers " in philosophy-or in Freemasonry.

The resemblances between Weishaupt's correspondence and that of Voltaire and of Frederick the Great are certainly very striking. All at moments profess respect for Christianity whilst working to destroy it. Thus just as Voltaire in one letter to d'Alembert expresses his horror at the publication of an anti-Christian pamphlet, *Le Testament de Jean Meslier*, [38] and in another urges him to have it circulated in thousands all over France, [39] So Weishaupt is careful in general to exhibit the face of a benign philosopher and even of a Christian evangelist; it is only at moments that he drops the mask and reveals the grinning satyr behind it.

Accordingly in the published statutes of the Illuminati no hint of subversive intentions will be found; indeed the " Obligation " expressly states that " nothing against the State, religion, or morals is undertaken."

Yet what is Weishaupt's real political theory? No other than that of modern Anarchy, that man should govern himself and rulers should be gradually done away with. But he is careful to deprecate all ideas of violent revolution-the process is to be accomplished by the most peaceful methods. Let us see how gently he leads up to the final conclusion: The first stage in the life of the whole human race is savagery, rough nature, in which the family is the only society, and hunger and thirst are easily satisfied,... in which man enjoys the two most excellent goods, Equality and Liberty, to their fullest extent.... In these circumstances... health was his usual condition.... Happy men, who were not yet enough enlightened to lose their peace of mind and to be conscious of the unhappy mainsprings and causes of our misery, love of power... envy... illnesses and all the results of imagination.

The manner in which man fell from this primitive state of felicity is then described: As families increased, means of subsistence began to lack, the nomadic life ceased, property was instituted, men established themselves firmly, and through agriculture families drew near each other, thereby language developed and through living together men began to measure themselves against each other, etc.... But here was the cause of the downfall of freedom; equality vanished. Man felt new unknown needs....[40]

Thus men became dependent like minors under the guardianship of kings; the human must attain its majority and become self-governing: Why should it be impossible that the human race should attain to its highest perfection, the capacity to guide itself? Why should anyone be eternally led who understands how to lead himself?[41]

Further, men must learn not only to be independent of kings but of each other: Who has need of another depends on him and has resigned his rights. So to need little is the first step to freedom; therefore savages and the most highly enlightened are perhaps the only free men. The art of more and more limiting one's needs is at the same time the art of attaining freedom....[42]

Weishaupt then goes on to show how the further evil of Patriotism arose: With the origin of nations and peoples the world ceased to be a great family, a single kingdom: the great tie of nature was torn.... Nationalism took the place of human love.... Now it became a virtue to magnify one's fatherland at the expense of whoever was not enclosed within its limits, now as a means to this narrow end it was allowed to despise and outwit foreigners or indeed even to insult them. This virtue was called Patriotism....[43]

And so by narrowing down affection to one's fellow-citizens, the members of one's family, and even to oneself: There arose out of Patriotism, Localism, the family spirit, and finally Egoism.... Diminish Patriotism, then men will learn to know each other again as such, their dependence on each other will be lost, the bond of union will widen out....[44]

It will be seen that the whole of Weishaupt's theory was in reality a new rendering of the ancient secret tradition relating to the fall of man and the loss of his primitive felicity; but whilst the ancient religions taught the hope of a Redeemer who should restore man to his former state, Weishaupt looks to man alone for his restoration. " Men," he observes, " no longer loved men but only such and such men. The word was quite lost...."[45] Thus in Weishaupt's masonic system the " lost word " is " Man," and its recovery is interpreted by the idea that Man should find himself again. Further on Weishaupt goes on to show how " the redemption of the human race is to be brought about ": These means are secret schools of wisdom, these were from all time the archives of Nature and of human rights, through them will Man be saved from his Fall, princes and nations will disappear without violence from the earth, the human race will become one family

and the world the abode of reasonable men. Morality alone will bring about this change imperceptibly. Every father of a family will be, as formerly Abraham and the patriarchs, the priest and unfettered lord of his family, and Reason will be the only code of Man. This is one of our greatest secrets....[46]

But whilst completely eliminating any idea of divine power outside Man and framing his system on purely political lines, Weishaupt is careful not to shock the susceptibilities of his followers by any open repudiation of Christian doctrines; on the contrary, he invokes Christ at every turn and sometimes even in language so apparently earnest and even beautiful that one is almost tempted to believe in his sincerity. Thus he writes: This our great and unforgettable Master, Jesus of Nazareth, appeared at a time in the world when it was sunk in depravity.... The first followers of His teaching are not wise men but simple, chosen from the lowest class of the people, so as to show that His teaching should be possible and comprehensible to all classes and conditions of men.... He carries out this teaching by means of the most blameless life in conformity with it, and seals and confirms this with His blood and death. These laws which He shows as the way to salvation are only two: love of God and love of one's neighbour; more He asks of no one.[47]

So far no Lutheran pastor could have expressed himself better. But one must study Weishaupt's writings as a whole to apprehend the true measure of his belief in Christ's teaching.

Now, as we have already seen, his first idea was to make Fire Worship the religion of Illuminism; the profession of Christianity therefore appears to have been an after-thought. Evidently Weishaupt discovered, as others have done, that Christianity lends itself more readily to subversive ideas than any other religion. And in the passages which follow we find him adopting the old ruse of representing Christ as a Communist and as a secret-society adept. Thus he goes on to explain that "if Jesus preaches contempt of riches, He wishes to teach us the reasonable use of them and prepare for the community of goods introduced by Him,"[48] and in which, Weishaupt adds later, He lived with His disciples.[49] But this secret doctrine is only to be apprehended by initiates: No one... has so cleverly concealed the high meaning of His teaching, and no one finally has so surely and easily directed men on to the path of freedom as our great master Jesus of Nazareth. This secret meaning and natural consequence of His teaching He hid completely, for Jesus had a secret doctrine, as we see in more than one place of the Scriptures.[50]

Weishaupt thus contrives to give a purely political interpretation to Christ's teaching: The secret preserved through the *Disciplinam Arcani*, and the aim appearing through all His words and deeds, is to give back to men their original liberty and equality.... Now one can understand how far Jesus was the Redeemer and Saviour of the world.[51]

The mission of Christ was therefore by means of Reason to make men capable of freedom[52]: "When at last reason becomes the religion of man, so will the problem be solved."[53]

Weishaupt goes on to show that Freemasonry can be interpreted in the same manner. The secret doctrine concealed in the teaching of Christ was handed down by initiates who "hid themselves and their doctrine under the cover of Freemasonry,"[54] and in a long explanation of Masonic hieroglyphics he indicates the analogies between the Hiram legend and the story of Christ. "I say then Hiram is Christ," and after giving one of his reasons for this assertion, adds: "Here then is much ground gained, although I myself cannot help laughing at this explanation [obwohl ich selbst über diese Explication im Grund lachen muss]."[55] Weishaupt then proceeds to give further interpretations of his own devising to the masonic ritual, including an imaginary translation of certain words supposed to be derived from Hebrew, and ends up by saying: "One will be able to show several more resemblances between Hiram and the life and death of Christ, or drag them in by the hair."[56] So much for Weishaupt's respect for the Grand Legend of Freemasonry !

In this manner Weishaupt demonstrates that "Freemasonry is hidden Christianity, at least my explanations of the hieroglyphics fit this perfectly; and in the way in which I explain Christianity no one need be ashamed to be a Christian, for I leave the name and substitute for it Reason."[57]

But this is of course only the secret of what Weishaupt calls "real Freemasonry"[58] in contradistinction to the official kind, which he regards as totally unenlightened: "Had not the noble and elect remained in the background... new depravity would have broken out in the human race, and through Regents, Priests, and Freemasons Reason would have been banished from the earth."[59]

In Weishaupt's masonic system, therefore, the designs of the Order with regard to religion are not confined to the mere Freemasons, but only to the Illuminati. Under the heading of "Higher Mysteries" Weishaupt writes: The man who is good for nothing better remains a Scottish Knight. If he is, however, a particularly industrious co-ordinator [Sammler], observer, worker, he becomes a Priest.... If there are amongst these [Priests] high speculative intellects, they become Magi. These collect and put in order the higher philosophical system and work at the People's Religion, which the Order will next give to the world.

Should these high geniuses also be fit to rule the world, they become Regents. This is the last degree.[60]

Philo (the Baron von Knigge) also throws an interesting light on the religious designs of the Illuminati. In a letter to Cato he explains the necessity of devising a system that will satisfy fanatics and freethinkers alike: " So as to work on both these classes of men and unite them, we must find an explanation to the Christian religion... make this the secret of Freemasonry and turn it to our purpose."[61] Philo continues:

We say then: Jesus wished to introduce no new religion, but only to restore natural religion and reason to their old rights. Thereby he wished to unite men in a great universal association, and through the spread of a wiser morality, enlightenment, and the combating of all prejudices to make them capable of governing themselves; so the secret meaning of his teaching was to lead men without revolution to universal liberty and equality. There are many passages in the Bible which can be made use of and explained, and so all quarrelling between the sects ceases if one can find a reasonable meaning in the teaching of Jesus-be it true or not. As, however, this simple religion was afterwards distorted, so were these teachings imparted to us through *Disciplinam Arcani* and finally through Freemasonry, and all masonic hieroglyphics can be explained with this object. Spartacus has collected very good data for this and I have myself added to them,... and so I have got both degrees ready....

Now therefore that people see that we are the only real and true Christians, we can say a word more against priests and princes, but I have so managed that after previous tests I can receive pontiffs and kings in this degree. In the higher Mysteries we must then (a) disclose the pious fraud and (b) reveal from all writings the origin of all religious lies and their connexion....[62]

So admirably did this ruse succeed that we find Spartacus writing triumphantly: You cannot imagine what consideration and sensation our Priest's degree is arousing. The most wonderful thing is that great Protestant and reformed theologians who belong to [Illuminism] still believe that the religious teaching imparted in it contains the true and genuine spirit of the Christian religion. Oh ! men, of what cannot you be persuaded? I never thought that I should become the founder of a new religion.[63]

It is on the " illuminized " clergy and professors that Weishaupt counts principally for the work of the Order. Through the influence of the Brothers [he writes], the Jesuits have been removed from all professorships, and the University of Ingoldstadt has been quite cleansed of them....[64]

Thus the way is cleared for Weishaupt's adepts.

The Institute of Cadets also comes under the control of the Order: All the professors are members of the Illuminati,... so will all the pupils become disciples of Illuminism.[65]

Further:

We have provided our clerical members with good benefices, parishes, posts at Court.

Through our influence Arminius and Cortez have been made professors at Ephesus.

.....

The German schools are quite under [the influence of] and now only members have charge of them.

The charitable association is also directed by .

.....

Soon we shall draw over to us the whole Bartholomew Institute for young clergymen; the preparations have already been made and the prospects are very good, by this means we shall be able to provide the whole of Bavaria with proper priests.[66]

But religion and Freemasonry are not the only means by which Illuminism can be spread. We must consider [says Weishaupt], how we can begin to work under another form. If only the aim is achieved, it does not matter under what cover it takes place, and a cover is always necessary. For in concealment lies a great part of our strength. For this reason we must always cover ourselves with the name of another society. The lodges that are under Freemasonry are in the meantime the most suitable cloak for our high purpose, because the world is already accustomed to expect nothing great from them which merits attention.... As in the spiritual Orders of the Roman Church, religion was, alas ! only a pretence, so must our Order also in a nobler way try to conceal itself behind a learned society or something of the kind.... A society concealed in this manner cannot be worked against. In case of a prosecution or of treason the superiors cannot be discovered.... We shall be shrouded in impenetrable darkness from spies and emissaries of other societies.[67]

In order to give a good appearance to the Order, Weishaupt particularly indicates the necessity for enlist-

ing esteemed and " respectable " persons,[68] but above all young men whom he regards as the most likely subjects. " I cannot use men as they are," he observes, " but I must first form them."[69] Youth naturally lends itself best to this process. " Seek the society of young people," Weishaupt writes to Ajax, " watch them, and if one of them pleases you, lay your hand on him."[70] " Seek out young and already skilful people.... Our people must be engaging, enterprising, intriguing, and adroit. Above all the first."[71]

If possible they should also be good-looking-" beautiful people, *coteris paribus*...." Such people have generally gentle manners, a tender heart, and are, when well practised in other things, of the greatest use in undertakings, for their first glance attracts; but their spirit n'a pas la profondeur des physiognomies sombres. They are, however, also less disposed to riots and disturbances than the darker physiognomies. That is why one must know how to use one's people. Above all, the high, soulful eye pleases me and the free, open brow.[72]

With these novices the adept of Illuminism is to proceed slowly, talking backwards and forwards: One must speak, first in one way, then in another, so as not to commit oneself and to make one's real way of thinking impenetrable to one's inferiors.[73]

Weishaupt also insists on the importance of exciting the candidate's curiosity and then drawing back again, after the manner of the Fatimite dais: I have no fault to find with your [methods of] reception [" Spartacus " writes to " Cato "], except that they are too quick.... You should proceed gradually in a round-about way by means of suspense and expectations, so as first to arouse indefinite, vague curiosity, and then when the candidate declares himself, present the object, which he will then seize with both hands.[74]

By this means his vanity will also be flattered, because one will arouse the pleasure of " knowing something which everyone does not know, and about which the greater part of the world is groping in darkness."[75]

For the same reason the candidate must be impressed with the importance of secret societies and the part they have played in the destinies of the world: One illustrates this by the Order of the Jesuits, of the Freemasons, by the secret associations of the ancients, one asserts that all events in the world occur from a hundred secret springs and causes, to which secret associations above all belong; one arouses the pleasure of quiet, hidden power and of insight into hidden secrets.[76]

At this point one is to begin to " show glimpses and to let fall here and there remarks that may be interpreted in two ways," so as to bring the candidate to the point of saying: " If I had the chance to enter such an association, I would go into it at once." " These discourses," says Weishaupt, " are to be often repeated."[77]

In the discourse of reception to the " Illuminatus Dirigens," the appeal to love of power plays the most important part:

Do you realize sufficiently what it means to rule-to rule in a secret society? Not only over the lesser or more important of the populace, but over the best men, over men of all ranks, nations, and religions, to rule without external force, to unite them indissolubly, to breathe one spirit and soul into them, men distributed over all parts of the world?...[78]

And finally, do you know what secret societies are? what a place they occupy in the great kingdom of the world's events? Do you really think they are unimportant, transitory appearances?[79] etc.

But the admission of political aims is reserved only for the higher grades of the Order. " With the beginner," says Weishaupt, " we must be careful about books on religion and the State. I have reserved these in my plan for the higher degrees."[80] Accordingly the discourse to the " Minerval " is expressly designed to put him off the track. Thus the initiator is to say to him: After two years' reflection, experience, intercourse, reading of the graduated writings and information, you will necessarily have formed the idea that the final aim of our Society is nothing less than to win power and riches, to undermine secular or religious government, and to obtain the mastery of the world, and so on. If you have represented our Society to yourself from this point of view or have entered it in this expectation, you have mightily deceived yourself....[81]

The initiator, without informing the Minerval of the real aim of the Society, then goes on to say that he is now free to leave it if he wishes. By this means the leaders were able to eliminate ambitious people who might become their rivals to power and to form their ranks out of men who would submit to be led blindly onward by unseen directors. " My circumstances necessitate," Spartacus writes to Cato, " that I should remain hidden from most of the members as long as I live. I am obliged to do everything through five or six persons."[82] So carefully was this secret guarded that until the papers of the Illuminati were seized in 1786 no one outside this inner circle knew that Weishaupt was the head of the Order. Yet if we are to believe his

own assertions, he had been throughout in supreme control. Again and again he impresses on his intimates the necessity for unity of command in the Order: " One must show how easy it would be for one clever head to direct hundreds and thousands of men,"[83] and he illustrates this system by the table reproduced on the next page, to which he appends the following explanation: I have two immediately below me into whom I breathe my whole spirit, and each of these two has again two others, and so on. In this way I can set a thousand men in motion and on fire in the simplest manner, and in this way one must impart orders and operate on politics.[84]

Thus, as in the case of Abdullah ibn Maymun's society, " the extraordinary result was brought about that a multitude of men of divers beliefs were all working together for an object known only to a few of them."

Enough has now been quoted from the correspondence of the Illuminati to show their aims and methods according to their own admissions. We shall now see how far their apologists are justified in describing them as " men of the strictest morality and humanity."[85] Doubtless there were many excellent people in the outer ranks of the Order, but this is not the contention of Mr. Gould, who expressly states that " all the prominent members of this association were estimable men both in public and in private life." These further extracts from their correspondence may be left to speak for themselves.

CHARACTER OF THE ILLUMINATI

In June 1782 Weishaupt writes to " Cato " as follows:

Oh, in politics and morality you are far behind, my gentlemen. Judge further if such a man as Marcus Aurelius[86] finds out how wretched it [Illuminism] appears in Athens [Munich]; what a collection of immoral men, of whoremongers, liars, debtors, boasters, and vain fools they have amongst them. If he saw all that, what do you suppose the man would think? Would he not be ashamed to find himself in such an association, in which the leaders arouse the greatest expectations and carry out the best plan in such a miserable manner? And all this out of caprice, expediency, etc. Judge whether I am not right.[87]

From Thebes [Freysing] I hear fatal news; they have received into the lodge the scandal of the whole town, the dissolute debtor Propertius, who is trumpeted abroad by the whole " personnel " of Athens [Munich], Thebes and Erzerum [Eichstadt]; D. also appears to be a bad man. Socrates who would be a capital man [ein Capital Mann] is continually drunk, Augustus in the worst repute, and Alcibiades sits the whole day with the innkeeper's wife sighing and pining: Tiberius tried in Corinth to rape the sister of Democedes and the husband came in. In Heaven's name, what are these for Areopagites ! We upper ones, write, read and work ourselves to death, offer to our health, fame and fortune, whilst these gentlemen indulge their weaknesses, go a whoring, cause scandals and yet are Areopagites and want to know about everything.[88]

Concerning Arminius there are great complaints.... He is an unbearable, obstinate, arrogant, vain fool ! [89]

Let Celsus, Marius, Scipio, and Ajax do what they will... no one does us so much harm as Celsus, no one is less to be reasoned with than Celsus, and perhaps few could have been so much use to us as Celsus.... Marius is obstinate and can see no great plan, Scipio is negligent, and of Ajax I will not speak at all.... Confucius is worth very little: he is too inquisitive and a terrible chatterer [ein grausamer Schwatzer].[90]

Agrippa must be quite struck off our list, for the rumour goes round... that he has stolen a gold and silver watch together with a ring from our best fellow-worker Sulla.[91]

It will doubtless be suggested at this point that all these letters merely portray the lofty idealist sorrowing over the frailties of his erring disciples, but let us hear what Weishaupt has to say about himself. In a letter to Marius (Hertel) he writes: And now in the strictest confidence, a matter near my heart, which robs me of all rest, makes me incapable of anything and drives me to despair. I stand in danger of losing my honour and my reputation which gave me so much power over our people. Think, my sister-in-law is expecting a child.[92] I have for this purpose sent to Euriphon in Athens to solicit the marriage licence and Promotiorial from Rome, you see how much depends on this and that no time must be lost; every minute is precious. But if the dispensation does not arrive, what shall I do? How shall I make amends to the person since I alone am to blame? We have already tried several ways to get rid of the child; she herself was resolved for anything. But Euriphon is too timid and yet I see no other expedient. If I could ensure the silence of Celsus he could help me and indeed he already promised me this three years ago....[93] If you can help me out of this dilemma, you will give me back life, honour, peace and power to work.... I do not know what devil led me astray, I who always in these circumstances took extreme precautions.[94]

A little later Weishaupt writes again: All fatalities happen to me at the same time. Now there is my

mother dead ! Corpse, wedding, christening all in a short time, one on the top of the other. What a wonderful mix-up [mischmasch] ! [95]

So much for what Mr. Gould calls the " rare qualities " of Weishaupt's heart. Let us now listen to the testimony of Weishaupt's principal coadjutor, Philo (the Baron von Knigge), to whom the " historian of Freemasonry " refers as " a lovable enthusiast." In all subversive associations, whether open or secret, directed by men who aim at power, a moment is certain to arrive when the ambitions of the leaders come into conflict. This is the history of every revolutionary organization during the last 150 years. It was when the inevitable climax had been reached between Weishaupt and Knigge that " Philo " wrote to " the most loving Cato " in the following terms: It is not Mahomed and A. who are so much to blame for my break with Spartacus, as the Jesuitical conduct of this man which has so often turned us against each other in order to rule despotically over men, who, if they have not perhaps such a rich imagination as himself, also do not possess so much cuteness and cunning, etc.[96]

In a further letter Philo goes on to enumerate the services he has rendered to Weishaupt in the past: At the bidding of Spartacus I have written against ex-Jesuits and Rosicrucians, persecuted people who never did me any harm, thrown the Stricte Observance into confusion, drawn the best amongst them to us, told them of the worthiness of , of its power, its age, the excellence of its Chiefs, the blamelessness of its higher leaders, the importance of its knowledge, and given great ideas of the uprightness of its views; those amongst us who are now working so actively for us but cling much to religiousness [sehr an Religiosität kleben] and who feared our intention was to spread Deism, I have sought to persuade that the higher Superiors had nothing less than this intention. Gradually, however, I shall work it as I please [nach und nach wirke ich doch was ich will]. If I now were to... give a hint to the Jesuits and Rosicrucians as to who is persecuting them... if I were to make known (to a few people) the Jesuitical character of the man who leads perhaps all of us by the nose, uses us for his ambitious schemes, sacrifices us as often as his obstinacy requires, [if I were to make known to them] what they have to fear from such a man, from such a machine behind which perhaps Jesuits may be concealed or might conceal themselves; if I were to assure those who seek for secrets that they have nothing to expect; if I were to confide to those who hold religion dear, the principles of the General;... if I were to draw the attention of the lodges to an association behind which the Illuminati are concealed; if I were again to associate myself with princes and Freemasons... but I shrink from the thought, vengeance will not carry me so far....[97]

We have now seen enough of the aims and methods of the Illuminati and the true characters of their leaders from their own admissions. To make the case complete it would be necessary also to give a résumé of the confessions made by the ex-Illuminati, the four professors Cosandey, Grünberger, Utzschneider, and Renner, as also of the further published works of the Illuminati-but space and time forbid. What is needed is a complete book on the subject, consisting of translations of the most important passages in all the contemporary German publications.

From the extracts given above, can it, however, be seriously contended that Barruel or Robison exaggerated the guilt of the Order? Do my literal translations differ materially in sense from the translations and occasional paraphrases given by the much-abused couple?

Even those contemporaries, Mounier and the member of the Illuminati[98] who set out to refute Barruel and Lombard de Langres, merely provide further confirmation of their views. Thus Mounier is obliged to confess that the real design of Illuminism was " to undermine all civil order,"[99] and " Ancien Illumines " asserts in language no less forcible than Barruel's own that Weishaupt " made a code of Machiavellism," that his method was " a profound perversity, flattering everything that was base and rancorous in human nature in order to arrive at his ends," that he was not inspired by " a wise spirit of reform " but by a " fanatical enmity inimical to all authority on earth." The only essential points on which the opposing parties differ is that whilst Mounier and " Ancien Illumine " deny the influence of the Illuminati on the French Revolution and maintain that they ceased to exist in 1786, Barruel and Lombard de Langres present them as the inspirers of the Jacobins and declare them to be still active after the Revolution had ended. That on this point, at any rate, the latter were right, we shall see in a further chapter.

The great question that presents itself after studying the writings of the Illuminati is: what was the motive power behind the Order? If we admit the possibility that Frederick the Great and the Stricte Observance, working through an inner circle of Freemasons at the Lodge St. Theodore, may have provided the first impetus and that Kölmer initiated Weishaupt into Oriental methods of organization, the source of inspiration from which Weishaupt subsequently drew his anarchic philosophy still remains obscure. It has frequently been suggested that his real inspirers were Jews, and the Jewish writer Bernard Lazare definitely states that " there were Jews, Cabalistic Jews, around Weishaupt." [100] A writer in La Vieille France went so far as to

designate these Jews as Moses Mendelssohn, Wessely, and the bankers Itzig, Friedlander, and Meyer. But no documentary evidence has ever been produced in support of these statements. It is therefore necessary to examine them in the light of probability.

Now, as I have already shown, the theosophical ideas of the Cabala play no part in the system of Illuminism; the only trace of Cabalism to be found amongst the papers of the Order is a list of recipes for procuring abortion, for making aphrodisiacs, Aqua Toffana, pestilential vapours, etc., headed "Cabala Major." [101] It is possible, then, that the Illuminati may have learnt something of "venefic magic" and the use of certain natural substances from Jewish Cabalists; at the same time Jews appear to have been only in rare cases admitted to the Order. Everything indeed tends to prove that Weishaupt and his first coadjutors, Zwack and Massenhause, were pure Germans. Nevertheless there is between the ideas of Weishaupt and of Lessing's "Falk" a distinct resemblance; both in the writings of the Illuminati and in Lessing's Dialogues we find the same vein of irony with regard to Freemasonry, the same design that it should be replaced by a more effectual system, [102] the same denunciations of the existing social order and of bourgeois society, the same theory that "men should be self-governing," the same plan of obliterating all distinctions between nations, even the same simile of the bee-hive as applied to human life [103] which, as I have shown elsewhere, was later on adopted by the anarchist Proudhon. It may, however, legitimately be urged that these ideas were those of the inner masonic circle to which both Lessing and Weishaupt belonged, and that, though placed in the mouth of Falk, they were in no sense Judaic.

But Lessing was also the friend and admirer of Moses Mendelssohn, who has been suggested as one of Weishaupt's inspirers. Now, at first sight nothing seems more improbable than that an orthodox Jew such as Mendelssohn should have accorded any sympathy to the anarchic scheme of Weishaupt. Nevertheless, certain of Weishaupt's doctrines are not incompatible with the principles of orthodox Judaism. Thus, for example, Weishaupt's theory—so strangely at variance with his denunciations of the family system—that as a result of Illuminism "the head of every family will be what Abraham was, the patriarch, the priest, and the unfettered lord of his family, and Reason will be the only code of Man," [104] is essentially a Jewish conception.

It will be objected that the patriarchal system as conceived by orthodox Jews could by no means include the religion of Reason as advocated by Weishaupt. It must not, however, be forgotten that to the Jewish mind the human race presents a dual aspect, being divided into two distinct categories—the privileged race to whom the promises of God were made, and the great mass of humanity which remains outside the pale. Whilst strict adherence to the commands of the Talmud and the laws of Moses is expected of the former, the most indefinite of religious creeds suffices for the nations excluded from the privileges that Jewish birth confers. It was thus that Moses Mendelssohn wrote to the pastor Lavater, who had sought to win him over to Christianity: Pursuant to the principles of my religion, I am not to seek to convert anyone who is not born according to our laws. This proneness to conversion, the origin of which some would fain tack on to the Jewish religion, is, nevertheless, diametrically opposed to it. Our rabbis unanimously teach that the written and oral laws which form conjointly our revealed religion are obligatory on our nation only. "Moses commanded us a law, even the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob." We believe that all other nations of the earth have been directed by God to adhere to the laws of nature, and to the religion of the patriarchs. Those who regulate their lives according to the precepts of this religion of nature and of reason [105] are called virtuous men of other nations and are the children of eternal salvation. [106] Our rabbis are so remote from Proselytomania, that they enjoin us to dissuade, by forcible remonstrances, everyone who comes forward to be converted. (The Talmud says... "proselytes are annoying to Israel like a scab.") [107]

But was not this "religion of nature and of reason" the precise conception of Weishaupt?

Whether, then, Weishaupt was directly inspired by Mendelssohn or any other Jew must remain for the present an open question. But the Jewish connexions of certain other Illuminati cannot be disputed. The most important of these was Mirabeau, who arrived in Berlin just after the death of Mendelssohn and was welcomed by his disciples in the Jewish salon of Henrietta Herz. It was these Jews, "ardent supporters of the French Revolution" [108] at its outset, who prevailed on Mirabeau to write his great apology for their race under the form of a panegyric of Mendelssohn.

To sum up, I do not so far see in Illuminism a Jewish conspiracy to destroy Christianity, but rather a movement finding its principal dynamic force in the ancient spirit of revolt against the existing social and moral order, aided and abetted perhaps by Jews who saw in it a system that might be turned to their own advantage. Meanwhile, Illuminism made use of every other movement that could serve its purpose. As the contemporary de Luchet has expressed it: The system of the Illuminés is not to embrace the dogmas of a sect, but to turn all errors to its advantage, to concentrate in itself everything that men have invented in the

way of duplicity and imposture.

More than this, Illuminism was not only the assemblage of all errors, of all ruses, of all subtleties of a theoretic kind, it was also an assemblage of all practical methods for rousing men to action. For in the words of von Hammer on the Assassins, that cannot be too often repeated: Opinions are powerless so long as they only confuse the brain without arming the hand. Scepticism and free-thinking as long as they occupied only the minds of the indolent and philosophical have caused the ruin of no throne.... It is nothing to the ambitious man what people believe, but it is everything to know how he may turn them for the execution of his projects.

This was what Weishaupt so admirably understood; he knew how to take from every association, past and present, the portions he required and to weld them all into a working system of terrible efficiency-the disintegrating doctrines of the Gnostics and Manichæans, of the modern philosophers and Encyclopædists, the methods of the Ismailis and the Assassins, the discipline of the Jesuits and Templars, the organization and secrecy of the Freemasons, the philosophy of Machiavelli, the mystery of the Rosicrucians-he knew moreover, how to enlist the right elements in all existing associations as well as isolated individuals and turn them to his purpose. So in the army of the Illuminati we find men of every shade of thought, from the poet Goethe[109] to the meanest intriguer-lofty idealists, social reformers, visionaries, and at the same time the ambitious, the rancorous, and the disgruntled, men swayed by lust or embittered by grievances, all these differing in their aims yet by Weishaupt's admirable system of watertight compartments precluded from a knowledge of these differences and all marching, unconsciously or not, towards the same goal.

Although this was not the invention of Weishaupt but had been foreshadowed many centuries earlier in the East, it was Weishaupt, so far as we know, who reduced it to a working system for the West-a system which has been adhered to by succeeding groups of world-revolutionaries up to the present day. It is for this reason that I have quoted at length the writings of the Illuminati-all the ruses, all the hypocrisy, all the subtle methods of camouflage which characterized the Order will be found again in the insidious propaganda both of the modern secret societies and the open revolutionary organizations whose object is to subvert all order, all morality, and all religion.

I maintain, therefore, with greater conviction than ever the importance of Illuminism in the history of world-revolution. But for this co-ordination of methods the philosophers and Encyclopædists might have gone on for ever inveighing against thrones and altars, the Martinistes evoking spirits, the magicians weaving spells, the Freemasons declaiming on universal brotherhood-none of these would have "armed the hand" and driven the infuriated mobs into the streets of Paris; it was not until the emissaries of Weishaupt formed an alliance with the Orléaniste leaders that vague subversive theory became active revolution.

1. Barruel, III. p. xi. quoting Gaultiert.
2. Silvestre de Sacy, "Mémoires sur la Dynastie des Assassins," in Mémoires de l'Institut Royal de France, Vol IV. (1818).
3. History of Freemasonry, III. 121.
4. Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme (edition of 1819). Vol. III. p. 9.
5. Ibid., III. 55, 56.
6. Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés, pp. 28-39.
7. "Our worst enemies the Jesuits."-Letter from Spartacus, Originalschriften, p. 306.
8. Fuguier, Histoire de Merveilleux, IV. 77.
9. Originalschriften des Illuminatenordens, p. 230.
10. Ibid., p. 331.
11. In World Revolution I suggested a resemblance between the Jewish calendar and that of the Illuminati. This was an error; the Jewish calendar was adopted by the Scottish Rite, which, as we have seen, derived partly from Judaic sources.
12. Thus Zwack (alias Cato) writes: "We have not only hindered the enlistings of the Rose-Croix but rendered their very name contemptible."-Originalschriften, p. 8.
13. Originalschriften, p. 303. The word Illuminism is always represented by this symbol in the correspondence of the Illuminati.
14. Ibid., p. 202.
15. Ibid., p. 331.
16. Waite, „Freemasonry and the Jewish Peril," The Occult Review September 1920, p. 152.
17. Mémoires de Mirabeau écrits par lui-même, par son père, son oncle et son fils adoptif, et précédés d'une étude sur Mirabeau par Victor Hugo, Vol. III. p. 47 (1834).
18. I have expressly made use of M. Barthou's résumé instead of making use of my own, lest I should be said to have made judicious selections in order to suit the purpose of showing the resemblance between this Memoir and the passage from Mirabeau's other writings which follows. But M. Barthou's impartiality cannot be impugned, for he appears to know nothing about the Illuminati or Mirabeau's connexion with them, and regards the Memoir in question as solely the outcome of Mirabeau's mind which had "ripened" since 1772.
19. F. Barthou, Mirabeau. p. 57.
20. In the Memoir drawn up by Mirabeau quoted above we find this passage: "It must be a fundamental rule never to allow any prince to enter the association were he a god for virtue."-Mémoires de Mirabeau, III 60.
21. Histoire de la Monarchie Prussienne, V. 99.
22. Henri Martin, Histoire de France, XVI. 533.
23. Louis Blanc, Histoire de la Révolution Française, II. 84.
24. History of Freemasonry, III. 121.
25. Originalschriften, p. 258.
26. Ibid., p. 297.
27. Ibid., p. 285.
28. Ibid., p. 286.
29. Originalschriften, p. 300. It seems that when a Freemason appeared likely to fall in with the scheme of Illuminism, he was soon allowed to know of the further system. Thus in the case of "Savioli" "Cato" writes: "Now that he is a Mason I have put all about this before him, shown him what is unimportant and at this opportunity taken up the general plan of our , and as this pleased him I said that such a thing really ex-

isted, whereat he gave me his word that he would enter it."-Originalschriften, p. 289.

30. Ibid., p. 303.

31. Ibid., 361.

32. Ibid., p. 363.

33. Ibid., p. 360.

34. Originalschriften, p. 200.

35. Nachtrag von weitem Originalschriften, I. 67.

36. Ibid., p. 95.

37. Lexicon of Freemasonry, p. 142. See also Oliver's Historical Landmarks of Freemasonry, I. 26, where the Illuminati are rightly included amongst the enemies of Masonry. Nevertheless, both Mackey and Oliver proceed to revile Barruel and Robison as enemies of Masonry, and in order to substantiate this accusation Oliver descends to the most flagrant misquotation. For if we look up in the original the passages he quotes on page 382 from Robison and on page 573 from Barruel as evidence of their calumnies on Masonry, we shall find that they refer respectively to the Rose-Croix Cabalists and the Illuminati and not to the Freemasons at all ! See Robison's Proofs of a Conspiracy, p. 93, and Barruel's Mémoires sur le Jacobinisme (1818 edition), II. 244.

38. Oeuvres Complètes de Voltaire XLI. 153.

39. Ibid., pp. 165, 168.

40. Nachtrag von weitem Originalschriften, II. 54-57.

41. Ibid., p. 82.

42. Ibid., p. 59.

43. Ibid., p. 63.

44. Ibid., p. 65.

45. Nachtrag von weitem Originalschriften, II. 67.

46. Ibid., pp. 80, 81.

47. Ibid., pp. 98, 99.

48. Nachtrag von weitem Originalschriften, II. 100-101.

49. Ibid., p. 105: " He Himself lived with His disciples in community of goods."

50. Ibid., p. 101. This was one of the earliest heresies of the Christian era refuted by Origen: " Moreover, he [Celsus] frequently calls the Christian doctrine a secret system, we must refute him on this point... to speak of the Christian doctrine as a secret system is altogether absurd."-Origen, Contra Celsum, in The Ante-Nicene Christian Library, p. 403 (1869).

51. Ibid., p. 106.

52. Ibid., p. 113.

53. Ibid., p. 96.

54. Nachtrag von weitem Originalschriften, II. 111.

55. Ibid., II. 123.

56. Ibid., II. 124.

57. Ibid., I. 68.

58. Ibid., II. 113.

59. Ibid., II. 115.

60. Nachtrag von weitem Originalschriften II. 13, 14.

61. Ibid., I. 105.

62. Ibid., I. 104-106.
63. Nachtrag von weitem Originalschriften, I. 76.
64. Originalschriften, p. 8.
65. Ibid., p. 9.
66. Ibid., p. 10.
67. Neuesten Arbeiten des Spartacus und Philo, pp. 143, 163.
68. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, I. 3.
69. Originalschriften, p. 215.
70. Ibid., p. 173.
71. Ibid., p. 175.
72. Ibid., pp. 237-8.
73. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, I. 12.
74. Originalschriften, p. 231.
75. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, II. 2.
76. Originalschriften, p. 51.
77. Ibid., p. 52.
78. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, II. 45.
79. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, II. 51.
80. Originalschriften, p. 210.
81. Ibid., p. 72.
82. Ibid., p. 271.
83. Ibid., p. 50.
84. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, I. 32.
85. Royal Masonic Cyclopædia, article on Illuminati.
86. Feder, a preacher at the Court who had joined the Illuminati.
87. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, I. 42.
88. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, I. 39, 40.
89. Ibid., I. 47.
90. Originalschriften, pp. 370, 371.
91. Ibid., pp. 257, 258.
92. Given in the cypher of the Illuminati: "Denken sie, meine 18. 10. 5. 21. 12. 6. 8. 17. 4. 13. ist 18. 10. 5. 21. 12, 13. 6. 8. 17. (meine Schwägerin ist schwanger)." See cypher on p. 1 of Originalschriften.
93. Note, then, that this was no sudden lapse on the part of Weishaupt.
94. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, I. 14-16.
95. Ibid., I. 21.
96. Ibid., I. 99.
97. Nachtrag von... Originalschriften, I. 112.
98. Author of the very interesting work *La Vérité sur les Sociétés Secrètes en Allemagne*, par un Ancien Illuminé (Paris, 1819).
99. *De l'Influence attribuée aux Philosophes, aux Francs-Maçons et aux Illuminés sur la Révolution de France*, par J.J. Mounier (1822) p. 181.

100. It has several times been stated that Weishaupt was himself a Jew. I cannot find the slightest evidence to this effect.
101. Originalschriften, pp. 107-10.
102. "Foresight indicates," says Falk, " that an end must be made to the whole of the present scheme of Freemasonry [dem ganzen jetzigen Schema der Freimaurerei ein Ende zu machen]," and he goes on to show that this must be done by picked men in the secret societies who know the true secrets of Masonry. This is precisely Weishaupt's idea.
103. In 1779 Spartacus writes to Marius and Cato suggesting that instead of Illuminati the Order should be called the " Order of Bees [Bienenorden oder Bienengesellschaft]," and that all the statutes should be clothed in this allegory.-Originalschriften, p. 320.
104. Nachtrag van... Originalschriften, II. 81.
105. My italics.
106. Where are they called this? The Cabala distinctly states that Israel alone is to possess the future world (Zohar, section Vayschlah, folio 177b), whilst the Talmud even excludes the lost tribes: " the ten tribes have no share in the world to come " (Tract Sanhedrim, Rodkinson's translation, p. 363).
107. Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn, by M. Samuels, pp. 56, 57 (1827).
108. Letter to the Jewish Chronicle, September 1, 1922, quoting Henrietta Herz.
109. Goethe was initiated into Freemasonry on St. John's Eve, 1780. The Royal Masonic Cyclopædia observes: " There exist two great classical Masonic writers, Lessing and Goethe." Dr. Stauffer, in New England and the Bavarian Illuminati (p. 172), points out further that Goethe's connexion with the Illuminati is fully established by both Engel (Geschichte des Illuminatenordens, pp. 355 and following) and by Le Forestier (Les Illuminés de Bavière, pp. 396 and following). It is possible that Faust may be the history of an initiation by a disillusioned Illuminatus.

THE CLIMAX

THE first Masonic body with which the Illuminati formed an alliance was the Stricte Observance, to which the Illuminati Knigge and Bode both belonged. Cagliostro had also been initiated into the Stricte Observance near Frankfurt and was now employed as agent of the combined order. According to his own confession his mission "was to work so as to turn Freemasonry in the direction of Weishaupt's projects "; and the funds he drew upon were those of the Illuminati.[1] Cagliostro also formed a link with the Martinistes, whose doctrines, though derided by Weishaupt, were useful to his plan in attracting by their mystical character those who would have been repelled by the cynicism of the Illuminati. According to Barruel, it was the Martinistes who-following in the footsteps of the Rosicrucians-had suggested to Weishaupt the device of presenting Christ as an " Illuminatus " which had led to such triumphant results amongst the Protestant clergy.

But if Weishaupt made use of the various masonic associations, they on their account found in him a valuable ally. The fact is that by this time both French and German Freemasons were very much at sea with regard to the whole subject of Masonry and needed someone to give a point to their deliberations. Thus at the Congress of Wilhelmsbad convened on July 16, 1782, and attended by representatives of masonic bodies from all over the world, the first question propounded by the Grand Master of the Templars (i.e. the Stricte Observance) was: "What is the real object of the Order and its true origin?" So, says Mirabeau in relating this incident, " this same Grand Master and all his assistants had worked for more than twenty years with incredible ardour at a thing of which they knew neither the real object nor the origin." [2]

Two years later the Freemasons of France do not appear to have been any less in the dark on this matter, for we find them writing to General Rainsford, one of the English Masons who had been present at the Congress of Wilhelmsbad, as follows: Since you say that Masonry has never experienced any variation in its aim, do you then know with certainty what this unique object is? Is it useful for the happiness of mankind?... Tell us if it is of an historical, political, hermetical, or scientific nature?... Moral, social, or religious?... Are the traditions oral or written? [3]

But Weishaupt had a very definite object in view, which was to gain control of all Freemasonry, and though he himself was not present at the Congress, his coadjutor Knigge, who had been travelling about Germany proclaiming himself the reformer of Freemasonry, presented himself at Wilhelmsbad, armed with full authority from Weishaupt, and succeeded in enrolling a number of magistrates, savants, ecclesiastics, and ministers of state as Illuminati and in allying himself with the deputies of Saint-Martin and Willermoz. Vanquished by this powerful rival, the Stricte Observance ceased temporarily to exist and Illuminism was left in possession of the field.

On February 15, 1785, a further congress took place in Paris, convened this time by the Philalèthes, at which the Illuminati Bode (alias Amelius) and the Baron de Busche (alias Bayard) were present, also-it has been stated-the " magician " Cagliostro, the magnetiser Mesmer, the Cabalist Duchanteau, and of course the leaders of the Philalèthes, Savalette de Langes, who was elected President, the Marquis de Chefdebien, and a number of German members of the same Order. This congress led to no very practical results, and a further and more secret one was convened in the following year at Frankfurt, where a Grand Lodge had been established in 1783. It was here that the deaths of Louis XVI and Gustavus III of Sweden are said to have been decreed.

But already in this same year of 1785 the first act of the revolutionary drama had been played out. The famous "Affair of the Necklace" can never be understood in the pages of official history; only an examination of the mechanism provided by the secret societies can explain that extraordinary episode, which, in the opinion of Napoleon, contributed more than any other cause to the explosion of 1789. In its double attack on Church and Monarchy the Affair of the Necklace fulfilled the purpose of both Frederick the Great and of the Illuminati. Cagliostro, we know, received both money and instructions from the Order for carrying out the plot, and after it had ended in his own and the Cardinal de Rohan's exoneration and exile, we find him embarking on fresh secret society work in London, where he arrived in November of the same year. Announcing himself as the Count Sutkowski, member of a society at Avignon, he " visited the Swedenborgians at their Theosophical Society meeting in rooms in the Middle Temple and displayed minute acquaintance with their doctrines, whilst claiming a superior knowledge." [4] According to a generally received opinion, Cagliostro was the author of a mysterious proclamation which appeared at this moment in the Morning Herald in the cypher of the Rose-Croix. [5]

But in the year before these events an extraordinary thing had happened. An evangelist preacher and Illuminatus named Lanze had been sent in July 1785 as an emissary of the Illuminati to Silesia, but on his journey he was struck down by lightning. The instructions of the Order were found on him, and as a result its intrigues were conclusively revealed to the Government of Bavaria.[6] A searching enquiry followed, the houses of Zwack and Bassus were raided, and it was then that the documents and other incriminating evidence referred to in the preceding chapter of this book were seized and made public under the name of The Original Writings of the Order of the Illuminati (1787). But before this the evidence of four ex-Illuminati, professors of Munich, was published in two separate volumes.[7]

The diabolical nature of Illuminism now remained no longer a matter of doubt, and the Order was officially suppressed. The opponents of Barruel and Robison therefore declare that Illuminism came finally to an end. We shall see later by documentary evidence that it never ceased to exist, and that twenty-five years later not only the Illuminati but Weishaupt himself were still as active as ever behind the scenes in Freemasonry.

But for the present we must follow its course from the moment of its apparent extinction in 1786. This course can be traced not only through the "German Union," which is believed to have been a reorganization of the original Illuminati, but through the secret societies of France. Illuminism in reality is less an Order than a principle, and a principle which can work better under cover of something else. Weishaupt himself had laid down the precept that the work of Illuminism could best be conducted "under other names and other occupations," and henceforth we shall always find it carried on by this skilful system of camouflage.

The first cover adopted was the lodge of the "Amis Réunis" in Paris, with which, as we have already seen, the Illuminati had established relations. But now in 1787 a definite alliance was effected by the aforementioned Illuminati, Bode and Busche, who in response to an invitation from the secret committee of the lodge arrived in Paris in February of this year. Here they found the old Illuminatus Mirabeau—who with Talleyrand had been largely instrumental in summoning these German Brothers—and, according to Gustave Bord,[8] two important members of the Stricte Observance, the Marquis de Chefdebien d'Armisson (Eques a Capite Galeato) and an Austrian, the Comte Leopold de Kollowrath-Krakowski (Eques ab Aquila Fulgente) who also belonged to Weishaupt's Order of Illuminati in which he bore the pseudonym of Numenius.

It is important here to recognize the peculiar part played by the Lodge of the Amis Réunis. Whilst the Loge des Neuf Sours was largely composed of middle-class revolutionaries such as Brissot, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and Champfort, and the Loge de la Candeur of aristocratic revolutionaries—Lafayette as well as the Orléanistes, the Marquis de Sillery, the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Marquis de Custine, and the Lameths—the Loge du Contrat Social was mainly composed of honest visionaries who entertained no revolutionary projects but, according to Barruel, were strongly Royalist. The rôle of the "Amis Réunis" was to collect together the subversives from all other lodges—Philalèthes, Rose-Croix, members of the Loge des Neuf Sours and of the Loge de la Candeur and of the most secret committees of the Grand Orient, as well as deputies from the Illuminés in the provinces. Here, then, at the lodge in the Rue de la Sourdière, under the direction of Savalette de Langes, were to be found the disciples of Weishaupt, of Swedenborg, and of Saint-Martin, as well as the practical makers of revolution—the agitators and demagogues of 1789.

The influence of German Illuminism on all these heterogeneous elements was enormous. From this moment, says a further Bavarian report of the matter, a complete change took place in the Order of the "Amis Réunis." Hitherto only vaguely subversive, the Chevaliers Bienfaisants became the Chevaliers Malfaisants, the Amis Réunis became the Ennemis Réunis. The arrival of the two Germans, Bode and Busche, gave the finishing touch to the conspiracy. "The avowed object of their journey was to obtain information about magnetism, which was just then making a great stir," but in reality, "taken up with the gigantic plan of their Order," their real aim was to make proselytes. It will be seen that the following passage exactly confirms the account given by Barruel: As the Lodge of the Amis Réunis collected together everything that could be found out from all other masonic systems in the world, so the way was soon paved there for Illuminism. It was also not long before this lodge together with all those that depended on it was impregnated with Illuminism. The former system of all these was as if wiped out, so that from this time onwards the framework of the Philalèthes quite disappeared and in the place of the former Cabalistic-magical extravagance [Schwärmerei] came in the philosophical-political.[9]

It was therefore not Martinism, Cabalism, or Freemasonry that in themselves provided the real revolutionary force. Many non-illuminized Freemasons, as Barruel himself declares, remained loyal to the throne and altar, and as soon as the monarchy was seen to be in danger the Royalist Brothers of the Contrat Social boldly summoned the lodges to coalesce in defence of King and Constitution; even some of the upper Masons, who in the degree of Knight Kadosch had sworn hatred to the Pope and Bourbon monarchy, rallied

likewise to the royal cause. "The French spirit triumphed over the masonic spirit in the greater number of the Brothers. Opinions as well as hearts were still for the King." It needed the devastating doctrines of Weishaupt to undermine this spirit and to turn the "degrees of vengeance" from vain ceremonial into terrible fact.

If, then, it is said that the Revolution was prepared in the lodges of Freemasons-and many French Masons have boasted of the fact-let it always be added that it was Illuminized Freemasonry that made the Revolution, and that the Masons who acclaim it are illuminized Masons, inheritors of the same tradition introduced into the lodges of France in 1787 by the disciples of Weishaupt, "patriarch of the Jacobins."

Many of the Freemasons of France in 1787 were thus not conscious allies of the Illuminati. According to Cadet de Gassicourt, there were in all the lodges only twenty-seven real initiates; the rest were largely dupes who knew little or nothing of the source whence the fresh influence among them derived. The amazing feature of the whole situation is that the most enthusiastic supporters of the movement were men belonging to the upper classes and even to the royal families of Europe. A contemporary relates that no less than thirty princes-reigning and non-reigning-had taken under their protection a confederation from which they stood to lose everything and had become so imbued by its principles that they were inaccessible to reason. [10] Intoxicated by the flattery lavished on them by the priests of Illuminism, they adopted a religion of which they understood nothing. Weishaupt, of course, had taken care that none of these royal dupes should be initiated into the real aims of the Order, and at first adhered to the original plan of excluding them altogether; but the value of their co-operation soon became apparent and by a supreme irony it was with a Grand Duke that he himself took refuge.

But if the great majority of princes and nobles were stricken with blindness at this crisis, a few far-seeing spirits recognized the danger and warned the world of the impending disaster. In 1787 Cardinal Caprara, Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna, addressed a confidential memoir to the Pope, in which he pointed out that the activities carried on in Germany by the different sects of Illumines, of Perfectibilists, of Freemasons, etc., were increasing. The danger is approaching, for from all these senseless dreams of Illuminism, of Swedenborgianism, or of Freemasonry a frightful reality will emerge. Visionaries have their time; the revolution they forebode will have its time also.[11]

A more amazing prophecy, however, was the *Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés*, by the Marquis de Luchet, [12] a Liberal noble who played some part in the revolutionary movement, yet who nevertheless realized the dangers of Illuminism. Thus, as early as 1789, before the Revolution had really developed, de Luchet uttered these words of warning: Deluded people... learn that there exists a conspiracy in favour of despotism against liberty, of incapacity against talent, of vice against virtue, of ignorance against enlightenment.... This society aims at governing the world.... Its object is universal domination. This plan may seem extraordinary, incredible-yes, but not chimerical... no such calamity has ever yet afflicted the world.

De Luchet then goes on to foretell precisely the events that were to take place three and four years later; he describes the position of a king who has to recognize masters above himself and to authorize their "abominable régime," to become the plaything of an ambitious and fanatical horde which has taken possession of his will. See him condemned to serve the passions of all that surround him... to raise degraded men to power, to prostitute his judgement by choices that dishonour his prudence....

All this was exactly fulfilled during the reign of the Girondin ministry of 1792. The campaign of destruction carried out in the summer of 1793 is thus foretold: We do not mean to say that the country where the Illumines reign will cease to exist, but it will fall into such a degree of humiliation that it will no longer count in politics, that the population will diminish, that the inhabitants who resist the inclination to pass into a foreign land will no longer enjoy the happiness of consideration, nor the charms of society, nor the gifts of commerce.

And de Luchet ends with this despairing appeal to the powers of Europe: Masters of the world, cast your eyes on a desolated multitude, listen to their cries, their tears, their hopes. A mother asks you to restore her son, a wife her husband, your cities for the fine arts that have fled from them, the country for citizens, the fields for cultivators, religion for forms of worship, and Nature for beings of which she is worthy.

Five years after these words were written the countryside of France was desolate, art and commerce were destroyed, and women following the tumbril that carried Fouquier-Tinville to the guillotine cried out: "Give me back my brother, my son, my husband!" So was this amazing prophecy fulfilled. Yet not one word has history to say on the subject! The warning of de Luchet has fallen on deaf ears amongst posterity as amongst the men of his own day.

De Luchet himself recognizes the obstacle to his obtaining a hearing: there are too many "passions in-

terested in supporting the system of the Illumines," too many deluded rulers imagining themselves enlightened ready to precipitate their people into the abyss, whilst " the heads of the Order will never relinquish the authority they have acquired nor the treasure at their disposal." In vain de Luchet appeals to the Freemasons to save their Order from the invading sect. " Would it not be possible," he asks, " to direct the Freemasons themselves against the Illumines by showing them that whilst they are working to maintain harmony in society, those others are everywhere sowing seeds of discord " and preparing the ultimate destruction of their Order? So far it is not too late; if only men will believe in the danger it may be averted: " from the moment they are convinced, the necessary blow is dealt to the sect." Otherwise de Luchet prophesies " a series of calamities of which the end is lost in the darkness of time,... a subterranean fire smouldering eternally and breaking forth periodically in violent and devastating explosions." What words could better describe the history of the last 150 years?

The *Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés* is one of the most extraordinary documents of history and at the same time one of the most mysterious. Why it should have been written by the Marquis de Luchet, who is said to have collaborated with Mirabeau in the *Galerie de Portraits* published in the following year, why it should have been appended to Mirabeau's *Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, and accordingly attributed to Mirabeau himself, why Barruel should have denounced it as dust thrown in the eyes of the public, although it entirely corroborated his own point of view, are questions to which I can find no reply. That it was written seriously and in all good faith it is impossible to doubt; whilst the fact that it appeared before, instead of after, the events described, renders it even more valuable evidence of the reality of the conspiracy than Barruel's own admirable work. What Barruel saw, de Luchet foresaw with equal clearness. As to the role of Mirabeau at this crisis, we can only hazard an explanation on the score of his habitual inconsistency. At one moment he was seeking interviews with the King's ministers in order to warn them of the coming danger, at the next he was energetically stirring up insurrection. It is therefore not impossible that he may have encouraged de Luchet's exposure of the conspiracy, although meanwhile he himself had entered into the scheme of destruction. Indeed, according to a pamphlet published in 1791 entitled *Mystères de la Conspiration*,[*] the whole plan of revolution was found amongst his papers. The editor of this brochure explains that the document here made public, called *Croquis ou Projet de Révolution de Monsieur de Mirabeau*, was seized at the house of Madame Lejai, the wife of Mirabeau's publisher, on October 6, 1789. Beginning with a diatribe against the French monarchy, the document goes on to say that "in order to triumph over this hydra-headed monster these are my ideas ":

We must overthrow all order, suppress all laws, annul all power, and leave the people in anarchy. The laws we establish will not perhaps be in force at once, but at any rate, having given back the power to the people, they will resist for the sake of their liberty which they will believe they are preserving. We must caress their vanity, flatter their hopes, promise them happiness after our work has been in operation; we must elude their caprices and their systems at will, for the people as legislators are very dangerous, they only establish laws which coincide with their passions, their want of knowledge would besides only give birth to abuses. But as the people are a lever which legislators can move at their will, we must necessarily use them as a support, and render hateful to them everything we wish to destroy and sow illusions in their path; we must also buy all the mercenary pens which propagate our methods and which will instruct the people concerning their enemies whom we attack. The clergy, being the most powerful through public opinion, can only be destroyed by ridiculing religion, rendering its ministers odious, and only representing them as hypocritical monsters, for Mahomet in order to establish his religion first defamed the paganism which the Arabs, the Sarmathes, and the Scythians professed. Libels must at every moment show fresh traces of hatred against the clergy. To exaggerate their riches, to make the sins of an individual appear to be common to all, to attribute to them all vices; calumny, murder, irreligion, sacrilege, all is permitted in times of revolution.

We must degrade the noblesse and attribute it to an odious origin, establish a germ of equality which can never exist but which will flatter the people; [we must] immolate the most obstinate, burn and destroy their property in order to intimidate the rest, so that if we cannot entirely destroy this prejudice we can weaken it and the people will avenge their vanity and their jealousy by all the excesses which will bring them to submission.

After describing how the soldiers are to be seduced from their allegiance, and the magistrates represented to the people as despots, " since the people, brutal and ignorant, only see the evil and never the good of things," the writer explains they must be given only limited power in the municipalities. Let us beware above all of giving them too much force; their despotism is too dangerous, we must flatter the people by gratuitous justice, promise them a great diminution in taxes and a more equal division, more extension in fortunes, and less humiliation. These phantasies [vertiges] will fanaticise the people, who will flatten out all resistance. What matter the victims and their numbers? spoliations, destructions, burnings, and all the ne-

cessary effects of a revolution? nothing must be sacred and we can say with Machiavelli: "What matter the means as long as one arrives at the end?"

Were all these the ideas of Mirabeau, or were they, like the other document of the Illuminati found amongst his papers, the programme of a conspiracy? I incline to the latter theory. The plan of campaign was, at any rate, the one followed out by the conspirators, as Chamfort, the friend and confidant of Mirabeau, admitted in his conversation with Marmontel: The nation is a great herd that only thinks of browsing, and with good sheepdogs the shepherds can lead it as they please. Money and the hope of plunder are all-powerful with the people... Mirabeau cheerfully asserts that with 100 louis one can make quite a good riot. [13]

Another contemporary thus describes the methods of the leaders: Mirabeau, in the exuberance of an orgy, cried one day: "That canaille well deserves to have us for legislators!" These professions of faith, as we see, are not at all democratic; the sect uses the populace as revolution fodder [chair à revolution], as prime material for brigandage, after which it seizes the gold and abandons generations to torture. It is veritably the code of hell.[14]

It is this "code of hell" set forth in the "Projet de Revolution" that we shall find repeated in succeeding documents throughout the last hundred years—in the correspondence of the "Alta Vendita," in the Dialogues aux Enfers entre Machiavel et Montesquieu by Maurice Joly, in the Revolutionary Catechism of Bakunin, in the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, and in the writings of the Russian Bolsheviks to-day.

Whatever doubts may be cast on the authenticity of any of these documents, the indisputable fact thus remains that as early as 1789 this Machiavellian plan of engineering revolution and using the people as a lever for raising a tyrannical minority to power, had been formulated; further, that the methods described in this earliest "Protocol" have been carried out according to plan from that day to this. And in every outbreak of the social revolution the authors of the movement have been known to be connected with secret societies.

It was Adrien Duport, author of the "Great Fear" that spread over France on July 22, 1789, Duport, the inner initiate of the secret societies, "holding in his hands all the threads of the masonic conspiracy," who on May 21, 1790, set forth before the Committee of Propaganda the vast scheme of destruction. M. de Mirabeau has well established the fact that the fortunate revolution which has taken place in France must and will be for all the peoples of Europe the awakening of liberty and for Kings the sleep of death.

But Duport goes on to explain that whilst Mirabeau thinks it advisable at present not to concern themselves with anything outside France, he himself believes that the triumph of the French Revolution must lead inevitably to "the ruin of all thrones.... Therefore we must hasten among our neighbours the same revolution that is going on in France." [15]

The plan of illuminized Freemasonry was thus nothing less than world-revolution.

It is necessary here to reply to a critic who suggested that in emphasizing the rôle of the secret societies in World Revolution I had abandoned my former thesis of the Orléaniste conspiracy. I wish therefore to state that I do not retract one word I wrote in The French Revolution on the Orléaniste conspiracy, I merely supply a further explanation of its efficiency by enlarging on the aid it received from the party I referred to as the Subversives—outcome of the masonic lodges. It was because the Orléanistes held the whole masonic organization at their disposal that they were able to carry out their plans with such extraordinary skill and thoroughness, and because they had at their back men bent solely on destruction that they could enlist a following which would not have rallied to a mere scheme of usurpation. Even Montjoie, who saw in the Revolution principally the work of the Duc d'Orléans, indicates in a very curious passage of a later work the existence of the still darker intrigue behind the conspiracy he had spent his energies in unveiling: I will not examine whether this wicked prince, thinking he was acting in his personal interests, was not moved by that invisible hand which seems to have created all the events of our revolution in order to lead us towards a goal that we do not see at present, but which I think we shall see before long.[16]

Unfortunately, after this mysterious utterance Montjoie never again returns to the subject.

At the beginning of the Revolution, Orléanism and Freemasonry thus formed a united body. According to Lombard de Langres: France in 1789 counted more than 2,000 lodges affiliated to the Grand Orient; the number of adepts was more than 100,000. The first events of 1789 were only Masonry in action. All the revolutionaries of the Constituent Assembly were initiated into the third degree. We place in this class the Duc d'Orléans, Valence, Syllery, Lacos, Sièyes, Pétion, Menou, Biron, Montesquiou, Fauchet, Condorcet, Lafayette, Mirabeau, Garat, Rabaud, Dubois-Crancé, Thiébaud, Laroche-foucauld, and others.[17]

Amongst these others were not only the Brissotins, who formed the nucleus of the Girondin party, but the men of the Terror-Marat, Robespierre, Danton, and Desmoulins.

It was these fiercer elements, true disciples of the Illuminati, who were to sweep away the visionary Masons dreaming of equality and brotherhood. Following the precedent set by Weishaupt, classical pseudonyms were adopted by these leaders of the Jacobins, thus Chaumette was known as Anaxagoras, Cloutz as Anacharsis, Danton as Horace, Lacroix as Publicola, and Ronsin as Scaevola[18]; again, after the manner of the Illuminati, the names of towns were changed and a revolutionary calendar was adopted. The red cap and loose hair affected by the Jacobins appear also to have been foreshadowed in the lodges of the Illuminati. [19]

Yet faithfully as the Terrorists carried out the plan of the Illuminati, it would seem that they themselves were not initiated into the innermost secrets of the conspiracy. Behind the Convention, behind the clubs, behind the Revolutionary Tribunal, there existed, says Lombard de Langres, that "most secret convention [convention secrétissime] which directed everything after May 31, an occult and terrible power of which the other Convention became the slave and which was composed of the prime initiates of Illuminism. This power was above Robespierre and the committees of the government,... it was this occult power which appropriated to itself the treasures of the nation and distributed them to the brothers and friends who had helped on the great work." [20]

What was the aim of this occult power? Was it merely the plan of destruction that had originated in the brain of a Bavarian professor twenty years earlier, or was it something far older, a live and terrible force that had lain dormant through the centuries, that Weishaupt and his allies had not created but only loosed upon the world? The Reign of Terror, like the outbreak of Satanism in the Middle Ages, can be explained by no material causes—the orgy of hatred, lust, and cruelty directed not only against the rich but still more against the poor and defenceless, the destruction of science, art, and beauty, the desecration of the churches, the organized campaign against all that was noble, all that was sacred, all that humanity holds dear, what was this but Satanism?

In desecrating the churches and stamping on the crucifixes the Jacobins had in fact followed the precise formula of black magic: "For the purpose of infernal evocation... it is requisite... to profane the ceremonies of the religion to which one belongs and to trample its holiest symbols under foot." [21] It was this that formed the prelude to the "Great Terror," when, to those who lived through it, it seemed that France lay under the sway of the powers of darkness.

So in the "great shipwreck of civilization," as a contemporary has described it, the projects of the Cabalists, the Gnostics, and the secret societies which for nearly eighteen centuries had sapped the foundations of Christianity found their fulfilment. Do we not detect an echo of the Toledot Yeshu in the blasphemies of the Marquis de Sade concerning "the Jewish slave" and "the adulterous woman, the courtesan of Galilee?" And in the imprecations of Marat's worshippers, "Christ was a false prophet!" a repetition of the secret doctrine attributed to the Templars: "Jesus is not the true God; He is a false prophet; He was not crucified for the salvation of humanity, but for His own misdeeds"? Are these resemblances accidental, or are they the outcome of a continuous plot against the Christian faith?

What, then, was the rôle of Jews in the Revolution? In this connexion it is necessary to understand the situation of the Jews in France at this period.

After the decree of banishment issued by Charles VI in 1394, Jewry, as a body, had ceased to exist; but towards the end of the fifteenth century a certain number of Jews, driven out of Spain and Portugal, were allowed to settle in Bordeaux. These Spanish and Portuguese Jews, known as Sephardim, appeared to acquiesce in the Christian religion and were not officially regarded as Jews, but enjoyed considerable privileges conferred on them by Henri II. It was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the Regency, that Jews began to reappear in Paris. Meanwhile, the annexation of Alsace at the end of the previous century had added to the population of France the German Jews of that province known as the Ashkenazim.

It is important to distinguish between these two races of Jews in discussing the question of Jewish emancipation at the time of the Revolution. For whilst the Sephardim had shown themselves good citizens and were therefore subject to no persecutions, the Ashkenazim by their extortionate usury and oppressions had made themselves detested by the people, so that rigorous laws were enforced to restrain their rapacity. The discussions that raged in the National Assembly on the subject of the Jewish question related therefore mainly to the Jews of Alsace. Already, in 1784, the Jews of Bordeaux had been accorded further concessions by Louis XVI; in 1776 all Portuguese Jews had been given religious liberty and the permission to inhabit all parts of the kingdom. The decree of January 28, 1790, conferring on the Jews of Bordeaux the

rights of French citizens, put the finishing touch to this scheme of liberation. But the proposal to extend this privilege to the Jews of Alsace evoked a storm of controversy in the Assembly and also violent insurrections amongst the Alsatian peasants. It was thus on behalf of the people that several deputies protested against the decree. "The Jews," said the Abbé Maury, "have traversed seventeen centuries without mingling with other nations. They have never done anything but trade with money, they have been the scourge of agricultural provinces, not one of them has known how to ennoble his hands by guiding the plough." And he went on to point out that the Jews "must not be persecuted, they must be protected as individuals and not as Frenchmen, since they cannot be citizens.... Whatever you do, they will always remain foreigners in our midst."

Monseigneur de la Fare, Bishop of Nancy, adopted the same line of argument: They must be accorded protection, safety, liberty; but should we admit into the family a tribe that is foreign to it, that turns its eyes unceasingly towards a common country, that aspires to abandon the land that bears it?... My cahier orders me to protest against the motion that has been made to you. The interest of the Jews themselves necessitates this protest. The people have a horror of them; they are often in Alsace the victims of popular risings.[22]

In all this, as will be seen, there is no question of persecution, but of precautions against a race that wilfully isolates itself from the rest of the community in order to pursue its own interests and advantages. The Jews of Bordeaux indeed recognized the odium that the German Jews were calculated to bring on the Jewish cause, and in an address to the Assembly on January 22, 1790, dissociated themselves from the aggressive claims of the Ashkenazim:

We dare to believe that our condition in France would not to-day be open to discussion if certain demands of the Jews of Alsace, Lorraine, and the Trois Evêchés [i.e. Metz, Toul, and Verdun] had not caused a confusion of ideas which appears to reflect on us. We do not yet know exactly what these demands are, but to judge by the public papers they appear to be rather extraordinary since these Jews aspire to live in France under a special regime, to have laws peculiar to themselves, and to constitute a class of citizens separated from all the others.

As for us, our condition in France has long since been settled. We have been naturalized French since 1550; we possess all kinds of properties, and we enjoy the unlimited right to acquire estates. We have neither laws, tribunals, nor officers of our own[23]

In adopting this attitude the Sephardim created a precedent which, if it had been followed henceforth consistently by their co-religionists, might have gone far to allay prejudice against the Jewish race. It was the solidarity generally presented by the Jews towards the rest of the community which excited alarm in the minds of French citizens. Thirty years earlier the merchants of Paris, in a petition against the admission of the Jews to their corporations, indicated by an admirable simile the danger this solidarity offered to free commerce. The French merchant carries on his commerce alone; each commercial house is in a way isolated, whilst the Jews are particles of quicksilver, which at the least slant run together into a block.[24]

But in spite of all protests, the decree emancipating the Jews of Alsace was passed in September 1791, and hymns of praise were sung in the synagogues.

What part was actually played by the Jews in the tumults of the Revolution it is impossible to determine, for the reason that they are seldom designated as such in the writings of contemporaries. On this point Jewish writers appear to be better informed than the rest of the world, for Monsieur Léon Kahn in his panegyric on the part played by his co-religionists in the Revolution[25] finds Jews where even Drumont failed to detect them. Thus we read that it was a Jew, Rosenthal, who headed the legion known by his name, which was sent against La Vendée but took to flight,[26] and which was the subject of complaint when employed to guard the Royal Family at the Temple[27]; that amongst those who worked most energetically to deprive the clergy of their goods was a Jewish ex-old-clothes seller, Zalkind Hourwitz; that it was a Jew named Lang who murdered three out of the five Swiss guards at the foot of the staircase in the Tuileries on August 10[28]; that Jews were implicated in the theft of the crown jewels on September 16, 1792, and one named Lyre was executed in consequence; that it was Cloutz and the Jew Pereyra, and not, as I had stated, Hébert, Chaumette, and Momoro, who went to the Archbishop Gobel in November 1793 and induced him by means of threats to abjure the Christian faith.[29]

All these facts were unknown to me when I wrote my account of these events; it will be seen then that, far from exaggerating the rôle of the Jews in The French Revolution, I very much underrated it. Indeed the question of their complicity had not occurred to me at all when I wrote this book, and the only Jew to whom I referred was Ephraïm-sent to France by the Illuminati Frederick William II and Bischoffswerder-whom M. Kahn indicates as playing an even more important part than I had assigned to him.

But illuminating as these incidents may be, it is yet open to question whether they prove any concerted

attempt on the part of the Jews to bring about the overthrow of the French monarchy and the Catholic religion. It is true, nevertheless, that they themselves boasted of their revolutionary ardour. In an address presenting their claims before the National Assembly in 1789, they declare: Regenerators of the French Empire, you would not wish that we should cease to be citizens, since for already six months we have assiduously performed all duties as such, and the recompense for the zeal we have shown in accelerating the revolution will not be to condemn us to participate in none of its advantages now that it has been consummated.... Nosseigneurs, we are all very good citizens, and in this memorable revolution we dare to say that there is not one of us who has not proved himself.[30]

In all these activities, however, religious feeling appears to have played an entirely subordinate part; the Jews, as has been said, were free before the Revolution to carry on the rites of their faith. And when the great anti-religious campaign began, many of them entered whole-heartedly into the attack on all religious faiths, their own included. Thus on the 21st Brumaire, whilst the Feasts of Reason were taking place in the churches of Paris, we find " a deputation of Israelites " presenting themselves at the National Assembly and " depositing on the bosom of the Mountain the ornaments of which they had stripped a little temple they had in the Faubourg Saint-Germain." At the same moment- A revolutionary committee of the Reunion brings to the general council crosses, suns, chalices, copes, and quantities of other ornaments of worship, and a member of this committee observes that several of these effects belong to individuals of the Jewish race. A minister of the religion of Moses, Abraham, and Jacob asks in the name of his co-religionists that the said effects should not be regarded as belonging to such and such a sect,... this citizen is named Benjamin Jacob.... Another member of the same committee pays homage to the patriotic zeal of the citizens heretofore Jews,... almost all have forestalled the wish of the revolutionary committee by themselves bringing their reliquaries and ornaments, amongst others the famous cope said to have belonged to Moses.[31]

On the 20th Frimaire at " the Temple of Liberty," formerly the church of the Benedictines, " the citizen Alexandre Lambert fils, a Jew brought up in the prejudices of the Jewish religion," uttered a violent harangue against all religions: I will prove to you, citizens, that all forms of worship are impostures equally degrading to man and to divinities; I will not prove it by philosophy, I do not know it, but only by the light of reason.

After denouncing the iniquities of both the Catholic and Protestant faiths, Lambert demonstrates " the absurdities of the Jewish religion, of this domineering religion "; he thunders against Moses " governing a simple and agrarian people like all clever impostors," against " the servile respect of the Jews for their kings... the ablutions of women," etc. Finally he declares: The bad faith, citizens, of which the Jewish nation is accused does not come from themselves but from their priests. Their religion, which would allow them only to lend to those of their nation at 5 per cent., tells them to take all they can from Catholics; it is even hallowed as a custom in our morning prayers to solicit God's help in catching out a Christian. There is more, citizens, and it is the climax of abomination: if any mistake is made in commerce between Jews, they are ordered to make reparation; but if on 100 louis a Christian should have paid 25 too much, one is not bound to return them to him. What an abomination ! What a horror ! And where does that all come from but from the Rabbis? Who have excited proscriptions against us? Our priests ! Ah, citizens, more than anything in the world we must abjure a religion which,... by subjecting us to irksome and servile practices, makes it impossible for us to be good citizens.[32]

The encouragement accorded by the Jews to the French Revolution appears thus to have been prompted not by religious fanaticism but by a desire for national advantage. That they gained immensely by the overthrow of the Old Order is undeniable, for apart from the legislation passed on their behalf in the National Assembly, the disorder of the finances in 1796 was such that, as M. Leon Kahn tells us, a contemporary journal enquired: " Has the Revolution then been only a financial scheme? a speculation of bankers?"[33] We know from Prudhomme to what race the financiers who principally profited by this disorder belonged. [34]

But if the rôle of the Jews in the Revolution remains obscure there can be no doubt of the part played by the secret societies in the revolt against all religion, all moral laws, and social order, which had been reduced to a system in the councils of the Illuminati.

It was this conspiracy that reasserted itself in the Babouviste rising of 1796 which was directly inspired by the secret societies. After the death of Babeuf, his friend and inspirer Buonarrotti with the aid of Marat's brother founded a masonic lodge, the Amis Sincères, which was affiliated to the Philadelphes, at Geneva, and as " Diacre Mobile " of the " Order of Sublime and Perfect Masons " created three new secret degrees, in which the device of the Rose-Croix I.N.R.I. was interpreted as signifying " Justum necare reges injustos." [35]

The part to be assigned to each intrigue in preparing the world-movement of which the French Revolution was the first expression is a question on which no one can speak with certainty. But, as at the present moment, the composite nature of this movement must never be lost to sight. Largely perhaps the work of Frederick the Great, it is probable that but for the Orléanistes the plot against the French monarchy might have come to nought; whilst again, but for his position at the head of illumined Freemasonry it is doubtful whether the Duc d'Orléans could have commanded the forces of revolution. Further, how far the movement, which, like the modern Bolshevik conspiracy, appears to have had unlimited funds at its disposal, was financed by the Jews yet remains to be discovered. Hitherto only the first steps have been taken towards elucidating the truth about the French Revolution.

In the opinion of an early nineteenth-century writer the sect which engineered the French Revolution was absolutely international: The authors of the Revolution are not more French than German, Italian, English, etc. They, form a particular nation which took birth and has grown in the darkness, in the midst of all civilized nations, with the object of subjecting them to its domination.[36]

It is curious to find almost precisely the same idea expressed by the Duke of Brunswick, formerly the "Eques a Victoria" of the Stricte Observance, "Aaron" of the Illuminati, and Grand Master of German Freemasonry, who, whether because the Revolution had done its work in destroying the French monarchy and now threatened the security of Germany, or whether because he was genuinely disillusioned in the Orders to which he had belonged, issued a Manifesto to all the lodges in 1794, declaring that in view of the way in which Masonry had been penetrated by this great sect the whole Order must be temporarily suppressed. It is essential to quote a part of this important document verbatim:

Amidst the universal storm produced by the present revolutions in the political and moral world, at this period of supreme illumination and of profound blindness, it would be a crime against truth and humanity to leave any longer shrouded in a veil things that can provide the only key to past and future events, things that should show to thousands of men whether the path they have been made to follow is the path of folly or of wisdom. It has to do with you, VV. FF. of all degrees and of all secret systems. The curtain must at last be drawn aside, so that your blinded eyes may see that light you have ever sought in vain, but of which you have only caught a few deceptive rays....

We have raised our building under the wings of darkness;... the darkness is dispelled, and a light more terrifying than darkness itself strikes suddenly on our sight. We see our edifice crumbling and covering the ground with ruins; we see destruction that our hands can no longer arrest. And that is why we send away the builders from their workshops. With a last blow of the hammer we overthrow the columns of salaries. We leave the temple deserted, and we bequeath it as a great work to posterity which shall raise it again on its ruins and bring it to completion.

Brunswick then goes on to explain what has brought about the ruin of the Order, namely, the infiltration of Freemasonry by secret conspirators:

A great sect arose which, taking for its motto the good and the happiness of man, worked in the darkness of the conspiracy to make the happiness of humanity a prey for itself. This sect is known to everyone: its brothers are known no less than its name. It is they who have undermined the foundations of the Order to the point of complete overthrow; it is by them that all humanity has been poisoned and led astray for several generations. The ferment that reigns amongst the peoples is their work. They founded the plans of their insatiable ambition on the political pride of nations. Their founders arranged to introduce this pride into the heads of the peoples. They began by casting odium on religion.... They invented the rights of man which it is impossible to discover even in the book of Nature, and they urged the people to wrest from their princes the recognition of these supposed rights. The plan they had formed for breaking all social ties and of destroying all order was revealed in all their speeches and acts. They deluged the world with a multitude of publications; they recruited apprentices of every rank and in every position; they deluded the most perspicacious men by falsely alleging different intentions. They sowed in the hearts of youth the seed of covetousness, and they excited it with the bait of the most insatiable passions. Indomitable pride, thirst of power, such were the only motives of this sect: their masters had nothing less in view than the thrones of the earth, and the government of the nations was to be directed by their nocturnal clubs.

This is what has been done and is still being done. But we notice that princes and people are unaware how and by what means this is being accomplished. That is why we say to them in all frankness: The misuse of our Order, the misunderstanding of our secret, has produced all the political and moral troubles with which the world is filled to-day. You who have been initiated, you must join yourselves with us in raising your voices, so as to teach peoples and princes that the sectarians, the apostates of our Order, have alone

been and will be the authors of present and future revolutions. We must assure princes and peoples, on our honour and our duty, that our association is in no way guilty of these evils. But in order that our attestations should have force and merit belief, we must make for princes and people a complete sacrifice; so as to cut out to the roots the abuse and error, we must from this moment dissolve the whole Order. This is why we destroy and annihilate it completely for the time; we will preserve the foundations for posterity, which will clear them when humanity, in better times, can derive some benefit from our holy alliance.[37]

Thus, in the opinion of the Grand Master of German Freemasonry, a secret sect working within Freemasonry had brought about the French Revolution and would be the cause of all future revolutions. We shall now pursue the course of this sect after the first upheaval had ended.

Three years after the Duke of Brunswick issued his Manifesto to the lodges, the books of Barruel, Robison, and others appeared, laying bare the whole conspiracy. It has been said that all these books "fell flat." [38] This is directly contrary to the truth. Barruel's book went into no less than eight editions, and I have described elsewhere the alarm that his work and Robison's excited in America. In England they led to the very tangible result that a law was passed by the English Parliament in 1799 prohibiting all secret societies with the exception of Freemasonry.

It is evident, then, that the British Government recognized the continued existence of these associations and the danger they presented to the world. This fact should be borne in mind when we are assured that Barruel and Robison had conjured up a bogey which met with no serious attention from responsible men. For the main purpose of Barruel's book is to show that not only had Illuminism and Grand Orient Masonry contributed largely to the French Revolution, but that three years after that first explosion they were still as active as ever. This is the great point which the champions of the "bogey" theory are most anxious to refute. "The Bavarian Order of the Illuminati," wrote Mr. Waite, "was founded by Adam Weishaupt in 1776, and it was suppressed by the Elector of Bavaria in 1789.... Those who say that 'it was continued in more secret forms' have never produced one item of real evidence." [39] Now, as we have seen, the Illuminati were not suppressed by the Elector of Bavaria in 1789, but in 1786—first error of Mr. Waite. But more extraordinary confusion of mind is displayed in his *Encyclopædia of Freemasonry*, where, in a Masonic Chronology, he gives, this time under the date of 1784, "Suppression of the Illuminati," but under 1793: "J.J.C. Bode joined the Illuminati under Weishaupt." At a matter of fact, this was the year Bode died. These examples will serve to show the reliance that can be placed on Mr. Waite's statement concerning the Illuminati.

We shall now see that not only the Illuminati but Weishaupt himself still continued to intrigue long after the French Revolution had ended.

Directly the Reign of Terror was over, the masonic lodges, which during the Revolution had been replaced by the clubs, began to reopen, and by the beginning of the nineteenth century were in a more flourishing condition than ever before. "It was the most brilliant epoch of Masonry," wrote the Freemason Bazot in his *History of Freemasonry*. Nearly 1,200 lodges existed in France under the Empire; generals, magistrates, artists, savants, and notabilities in every line were initiated into the Order. [40] The most eminent of these was Prince Cambacérès, pro Grand Master of the Grand Orient.

It is in the midst of this period that we find Weishaupt once more at work behind the scenes of Freemasonry. Thus in the remarkable masonic correspondence published by M. Benjamin Fabre in his *Eques a Capite Galeato*—of which, as has already been pointed out, the authenticity is admitted by eminent British Freemasons—a letter is reproduced from Pyron, representative in Paris of the Grand Orient of Italy, to the Marquis de Chefdebien, dated September 9, 1808, in which it is stated that "a member of the sect of Bav." has asked for information on a certain point of ritual.

On December 29, 1808, Pyron writes again: "By the words 'sect of B....' I meant W.....; and on December 3, 1809, puts the matter quite plainly: "The other word remaining at the end of my pen refers enigmatically to Weis=pt."

So, as M. Fabre points out: There is no longer any doubt that it is a question here of Weishaupt, and yet one observes that his name is not yet written in all its letters. It must be admitted here that Pyron took great precautions when it was a matter of Weishaupt! And one is led to ask what could be the extraordinary importance of the rôle played at this moment in the Freemasonry of the First Empire by this Weishaupt, who was supposed to have been outside the masonic movement since Illuminism was brought to trial in 1786! [41]

But the Marquis de Chefdebien entertained no illusions about Weishaupt, whose intrigues he had always opposed, and in a letter dated May 12, 1806, to the Freemason Roettiers, who had referred to the danger of isolated masonic lodges, he asks: In good faith, very reverend brother, is it in isolated lodges that the atro-

cious conspiracy of Philippe [the Duc d'Orléans] and Robespierre was formed? Is it from isolated lodges that those prominent men came forth, who, assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, stirred up revolt, devastation, assassination? And is it not in the lodges bound together, co- and sub-ordinated, that the monster Weishaupt established his tests and had his horrible principles prepared?[42]

If, then, as M. Gustave Bord asserts, the Marquis de Chefdebién had himself belonged to the Illuminati before the Revolution, here is indeed Illuminist evidence in support of Barruel ! Yet disillusioned as the "Eques a Capite Galeato" appears to have been with regard to Illuminism, he still retained his allegiance to Freemasonry. This would tend to prove that, however subversive the doctrines of the Grand Orient may have been-and indeed undoubtedly were-it was not Freemasonry itself but Illuminism which organized the movement of which the French Revolution was the first manifestation. As Monsignor Dillon has expressed it: Had Weishaupt not lived, Masonry might have ceased to be a power after the reaction consequent on the French Revolution. He gave it a form and character which caused it to outlive that reaction, to energize to the present day, and which will cause it to advance until its final conflict with Christianity must determine whether Christ or Satan shall reign on this earth to the end.[43]

If to the word Masonry we add Grand Orient-that is to say, the Masonry not of Great Britain, but of the Continent-we shall be still nearer to the truth.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Illuminism was thus as much alive as ever. Joseph de Maistre, writing at this period, constantly refers to the danger it presents to Europe. Is it not also to Illuminism that a mysterious passage in a recent work of M. Lenôtre refers? In the course of conversation with the friends of the false Dauphin Hervagault, Monsignor de Savine is said to have "made allusions in prudent and almost terrified terms to some international sect... a power superior to all others... which has arms and eyes everywhere and which governs Europe to-day."[44]

When in *World Revolution* I asserted that during the period that Napoleon held the reins of power the devastating fire of Illuminism was temporarily extinguished, I wrote without knowledge of some important documents which prove that Illuminism continued without break from the date of its foundation all through the period of the Empire. So far, then, from overstating the case by saying that Illuminism did not cease in 1786, I understated it by suggesting that it ceased even for this brief interval. The documents in which this evidence is to be found are referred to by Lombard de Langres, who, writing in 1820, observes that the Jacobins were invisible from the 18th Brumaire until 1813, and goes on to say: Here the sect disappears; we find to guide us during this period only uncertain notions, scattered fragments; the plots of Illuminism lie buried in the boxes of the Imperial police.

But the contents of these boxes no longer lie buried; transported to the Archives Nationales, the documents in which the intrigues of Illuminism are laid bare have at last been given to the public. Here there can be no question of imaginative abbés, Scotch professors, or American divines conjuring up a bogey to alarm the world; these dry official reports prepared for the vigilant eye of the Emperor, never intended and never used for publication, relate calmly and dispassionately what the writers have themselves heard and observed concerning the danger that Illuminism presents to all forms of settled government.

The author of the most detailed report[45] is one François Charles de Berckheim, special commissioner of police at Mayence towards the end of the Empire, who as a Freemason is naturally not disposed to prejudice against secret societies. In October 1810 he writes, however, that his attention has been drawn to the Illuminati by a pamphlet which has just fallen into his hands, namely the *Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés*, which, like many contemporaries, he attributes originally to Mirabeau. He then goes on to ask whether the sect still exists, and if so whether it is indeed "an association of frightful scoundrels who aim, as Mirabeau assures us, at the overthrow of all law and all morality, at replacing virtue by crime in every act of human life." Further, he asks whether both sects of Illuminés have now combined in one and what are their present projects. Conversations with other Freemasons further increase Berckheim's anxiety on the subject; one of the best informed observes to him: "I know a great deal, enough at any rate to be convinced that the Illuminés have vowed the overthrow of monarchic governments and of all authority on the same basis."

Berckheim thereupon sets out to make enquiries, with the result that he is able to state that the Illuminés have initiated all over Europe, that they have spared no efforts to introduce their principles into the lodges, and "to spread a doctrine" subversive of all settled government... under the pretext of the regeneration of social morality and the amelioration of the lot and condition of men by means of laws founded on principles and sentiments unknown hitherto and contained only in the heads of the leaders." "Illuminism," he declares, "is becoming a great and formidable power, and I fear, in my conscience, that kings and peoples will have much to suffer from it unless foresight and prudence break its frightful mechanism [ses affreux

ressorts]."

Two years later, on January 16, 1813, Berckheim writes again to the Minister of Police:

Monseigneur, they write to me from Heidelberg... that a great number of initiates into the mysteries of Illuminism are to be found there.

These gentlemen wear as a sign of recognition a gold ring on the third finger of the left hand; on the back of this ring there is a little rose, in the middle of this rose is an almost imperceptible dint; by pressing this with the point of a pin one touches a spring, by this means the two gold circles are detached. On the inside of the first of these circles is the device: "Be German as you ought to be"; on the inside of the second of these circles are engraved the words "Pro Patria."

Subversive as the ideas of the Illuminati might be, they were therefore not subversive of German patriotism. We shall find this apparent paradox running all through the Illuminist movement to the present day.

In 1814 Berckheim drew up his great report on the secret societies of Germany, which is of so much importance in throwing a light on the workings of the modern revolutionary movement, that extracts must be given here at length.[46] His testimony gains greater weight from the vagueness he displays on the origins of Illuminism and the role it had played before the French Revolution; it is evident, therefore, that he had not taken his ideas from Robison or Barruel—to whom he never once refers—but from information gleaned on the spot in Germany. The opening paragraphs finally refute the fallacy concerning the extinction of the sect in 1786.

The oldest and most dangerous association is that which is generally known under the denomination of the Illumines and of which the foundation goes back towards the middle of the last century.

Bavaria was its cradle; it is said that it had for founders several chiefs of the Order of the Jesuits; but this opinion, advanced perhaps at random, is founded only on uncertain premises; in any case, in a short time it made rapid progress, and the Bavarian Government recognized the necessity of employing methods of repression against it and even of driving away several of the principal sectaries.

But it could not eradicate the germ of the evil. The Illuminés who remained in Bavaria, obliged to wrap themselves in darkness so as to escape the eye of authority, became only the more formidable: the rigorous measures of which they were the object, adorned by the title of persecution, gained them new proselytes, whilst the banished members went to carry the principles of the Association into other States.

Thus in a few years Illuminism multiplied its hotbeds all through the south of Germany, and as a consequence in Saxony, in Prussia, in Sweden, and even in Russia.

The reveries of the Pietists have long been confounded with those of the Illuminés. This error may arise from the denomination of the sect, which at first suggests the idea of a purely religious fanaticism and of mystic forms which it was obliged to take at its birth in order to conceal its principles and projects; but the Association always had a political tendency. If it still retains some mystic traits, it is in order to support itself at need by the power of religious fanaticism, and we shall see in what follows how well it knows to turn this to account.

The doctrine of Illuminism is subversive of every kind of monarchy; unlimited liberty, absolute leveling down, such is the fundamental dogma of the sect; to break the ties that bind the Sovereign to the citizen of a state, that is the object of all its efforts.

No doubt some of the principal chiefs, amongst whom are numbered men distinguished for their fortune, their birth, and the dignities with which they are invested, are not the dupes of these demagogic dreams: they hope to find in the popular emotions they stir up the means of seizing the reigns of power, or at any rate of increasing their wealth and their credit; but the crowd of adepts believe in it religiously, and, in order to reach the goal shown to them, they maintain incessantly a hostile attitude towards sovereigns.

Thus the Illuminés hailed with enthusiasm the ideas that prevailed in France from 1789 to 1804. Perhaps they were not foreign to the intrigues which prepared the explosions of 1789 and the following years; but if they did not take an active part in these manœuvres, it is at least beyond doubt that they openly applauded the systems which resulted from them; that the Republican armies when they penetrated into Germany found in these sectarians auxiliaries the more dangerous for the sovereigns of the invaded states in that they inspired no distrust, and we can say with assurance that more than one general of the Republic owed a part of its success to his understanding with the Illuminés.

It would be a mistake if one confounded Illuminism with Freemasonry. These two associations, in spite

of the points of resemblance they may possess in the mystery with which they surround themselves, in the tests that precede initiation, and in other matters of form, are absolutely distinct and have no kind of connexion with each other. The lodges of the Scottish Rite number, it is true, a few Illuminés amongst the Masons of the higher degrees, but these adepts are very careful not to be known as such to their brothers in Masonry or to manifest ideas that would betray their secret.

Berckheim then goes on to describe the subtle methods by which the Illuminati now maintain their existence; learning wisdom from the events of 1786, their organization is carried on invisibly, so as to defy the eye of authority:

It was thought for a long while that the association had a Grand Mastership, that is to say, a centre point from which radiated all the impulsions given to this great body, and this primary motive power was sought for successively in all the capitals of the North, in Paris and even in Rome. This error gave birth to another opinion no less fallacious: it was supposed that there existed in the principal towns lodges where initiations were made and which received directly the instructions emanating from the headquarters of the Society.

If such had been the organization of Illuminism, it would not so long have escaped the investigations of which it was the object: these meetings, necessarily thronged and frequent, requiring besides, like masonic lodges, appropriate premises, would have aroused the attention of magistrates: it would not have been difficult to introduce false brothers, who, directed and protected by authority, would soon have penetrated the secrets of the sect.

This is what I have gathered most definitely on the Association of the Illuminés:

First I would point out that by the word hotbeds [foyers] I did not mean to designate points of meeting for the adepts, places where they hold assemblies, but only localities where the Association counts a great number of partisans, who, whilst living isolated in appearance, exchange ideas, have an understanding with each other, and advance together towards the same goal.

The Association had, it is true, assemblies at its birth where receptions [i.e. initiations] took place, but the dangers which resulted from these made them feel the necessity of abandoning them. It was settled that each initiated adept should have the right without the help of anyone else to initiate all those who, after the usual tests, seemed to him worthy.

The catechism of the sect is composed of a very small number of articles which might even be reduced to this single principle:

" To arm the opinion of the peoples against sovereigns and to work by every method for the fall of mon-archic governments in order to found in their place systems of absolute independence." Everything that can tend towards this object is in the spirit of the Association....

Initiations are not accompanied, as in Masonry, by phantasmagoric trials,... but they are preceded by long moral tests which guarantee in the safest way the fidelity of the catechumen; oaths, a mixture of all that is most sacred in religion, threats and imprecations against traitors, nothing that can stagger the imagination is spared; but the only engagement into which the recipient enters is to propagate the principles with which he has been imbued, to maintain inviolable secrecy on all that pertains to the association, and to work with all his might to increase the number of proselytes.

It will no doubt seem astonishing that there can be the least accord in the association, and that men bound together by no physical tie and who live at great distances from each other can communicate their ideas to each other, make plans of conduct, and give grounds of fear to Governments; but there exists an invisible chain which binds together all the scattered members of the association. Here are a few links:

All the adepts living in the same town usually know each other, unless the population of the town or the number of the adepts is too considerable. In this last case they are divided into several groups, who are all in touch with each other by means of members of the association whom personal relations bind to two or several groups at a time.

These groups are again subdivided into so many private coteries which the difference of rank, of fortune, of character, tastes, etc., may necessitate: they are always small, sometimes composed of five or six individuals, who meet frequently under various pretexts, sometimes at the house of one member, sometimes at that of another; literature, art, amusements of all kinds are the apparent object of these meetings, and it is nevertheless in these confabulations [conciliabules] that the adepts communicate their private views to each other, agree on methods, receive the directions that the intermediaries bring them, and communicate their own ideas to these same intermediaries, who then go on to propagate them in other coteries. It will be un-

derstood that there may be uniformity in the march of all these separated groups, and that one day may suffice to communicate the same impulse to all the quarters of a large town....

These are the methods by which the Illuminés, without any apparent organization, without settled leaders, agree together from the banks of the Rhine to those of the Neva, from the Baltic to the Dardanelles, and advance continually towards the same goal, without leaving any trace that might compromise the interests of the association or even bring suspicion on any of its members; the most active police would fail before such a combination....

As the principal force of the Illuminés lies in the power of opinions, they have set themselves out from the beginning to make proselytes amongst the men who through their profession exercise a direct influence on minds, such as *littérateurs*, savants, and above all professors. The latter in their chairs, the former in their writings, propagate the principles of the sect by disguising the poison that they circulate under a thousand different forms. These germs, often imperceptible to the eyes of the vulgar, are afterwards developed by the adepts of the Societies they frequent, and the most obscure wording is thus brought to the understanding of the least discerning. It is above all in the Universities that Illuminism has always found and always will find numerous recruits. Those professors who belong to the Association set out from the first to study the character of their pupils. If a student gives evidence of a vigorous mind, an ardent imagination, the sectaries at once get hold of him, they sound in his ears the words Despotism-Tyranny-Rights of the People, etc., etc. Before he can even attach any meaning to these words, as he advances in age, reading chosen for him, conversations skilfully arranged, develop the germs deposited in his youthful brain; soon his imagination ferments, history, traditions of fabulous times, all are made use of to carry his exaltation to the highest point, and before even he has been told of a secret Association, to contribute to the fall of a sovereign appears to his eyes the noblest and most meritorious act...

At last, when he has been completely captivated, when several years of testing guarantee to the society inviolable secrecy and absolute devotion, it is made known to him that millions of individuals distributed in all the States of Europe share his sentiments and his hopes, that a secret link binds firmly all the scattered members of this immense family, and that the reforms he desires so ardently must sooner or later come about.

This propaganda is rendered the easier by the existing associations of students who meet together for the study of literature, for fencing, gaming, or even mere debauchery. The Illuminés insinuate themselves into all these circles and turn them into hot-beds for the propagation of their principles.

Such, then, is the Association's continual mode of progression from its origins until the present moment; it is by conveying from childhood the germ of poison into the highest classes of society, in feeding the minds of students on ideas diametrically opposed to that order of things under which they have to live, in breaking the ties that bind them to sovereigns, that Illuminism has recruited the largest number of adepts, called by the state to which they were born to be the mainstays of the Throne and of a system which would ensure them honours and privileges.

Amongst the proselytes of this last class there are some no doubt whom political events, the favour of the prince or other circumstances, detach from the Association; but the number of these deserters is necessarily very limited: and even then they dare not speak openly against their old associates, whether because they are in dread of private vengeance or whether because, knowing the real power of the sect, they want to keep paths of reconciliation open to themselves; often indeed they are so fettered by the pledges they have personally given that they find it necessary not only to consider the interests of the sect, but to serve it indirectly, although their new circumstances demand the contrary....

Berckheim then proceeds to show that those writers on Illuminism were mistaken who declared that political assassinations were definitely commanded by the Order:

There is more than exaggeration in this accusation; those who put it forward, more zealous in striking an effect than in seeking the truth, may have concluded, not without probability, that men who surrounded themselves with profound mystery, who propagated a doctrine absolutely subversive of any kind of monarchy, dreamt only of the assassination of sovereigns; but experience has shown (and all the documents derived from the least suspect sources confirm this) that the Illuminés count a great deal more on the power of opinion than on assassination; the regicide committed on Gustavus III is perhaps the only crime of this kind that Illuminism has dared to attempt, if indeed it is really proved that this crime was its work; moreover, if assassination had been, as it is said, the fundamental point in its doctrine, might we not suppose that other regicides would have been attempted in Germany during the course of the French Revolution, especially when the Republican armies occupied the country?

The sect would be much less formidable if this were its doctrine, on the one hand because it would inspire in most of the Illuminés a feeling of horror which would triumph even over the fear of vengeance, on the other hand because plots and conspiracies always leave some traces which guide the authorities to the footsteps of the prime instigators; and besides, it is the nature of things that out of twenty plots directed against sovereigns, nineteen come to light before they have reached the point of maturity necessary to their execution.

The Illuminés' line of march is more prudent, more skilful, and consequently more dangerous; instead of revolting the imagination by ideas of regicide, they affect the most generous sentiments: declamations on the unhappy state of the people, on the selfishness of courtiers, on measures of administration, on all acts of authority that may offer a pretext to declamations as a contrast to the seductive pictures of the felicity that awaits the nations under the systems they wish to establish, such is their manner of procedure, particularly in private. More circumspect in their writings, they usually disguise the poison they dare not proffer openly under obscure metaphysics or more or less ingenious allegories. Often indeed texts from Holy Writ serve as an envelope and vehicle for these baneful insinuations....

By this continuous and insidious form of propaganda the imagination of the adepts is so worked on that if a crisis arises, they are ready to carry out the most daring projects.

Another Association closely resembling the Illuminés, Berckheim reports, is known as the Idealists, whose system is founded on the doctrine of perfectibility; these kindred sects "agree in seeing in the words of Holy Scripture the pledge of universal regeneration, of an absolute levelling down, and it is in this spirit that the sectarians interpret the sacred books."

Berckheim further confirms the assertion I made in *World Revolution*-contested, as usual, by a reviewer without a shred of evidence to the contrary-that the Tugendbund derived from the Illuminati. "The League of Virtue," he writes, "was directed by the secondary chiefs of the Illuminés.... In 1810 the Friends of Virtue were so identified with the Illuminés in the North of Germany that no line of demarcation was seen between them."

But it is time to turn to the testimony of another witness on the activities of the secret societies which is likewise to be found at the Archives Nationales.[47] This consists of a document transmitted by the Court of Vienna to the Government of France after the Restoration, and contains the interrogatory of a certain Witt Doehring, a nephew of the Baron d'Eckstein, who, after taking part in secret society intrigues, was summoned before the judge Abel at Bayreuth in February, 1824. Amongst secret associations recently existing in Germany, the witness asserted, were the "Independents" and the "Absolutes"; the latter "adored in Robespierre their most perfect ideal, so that the crimes committed during the French Revolution by this monster and the Montagnards of the Convention were in their eyes, in accordance with their moral system, heroic actions ennobled and sanctified by their aim." The same document goes on to explain why so many combustible elements had failed to produce an explosion in Germany: The thing that seemed the great obstacle to the plans of the Independents... was what they called the servile character and the dog-like fidelity [Hundestreue] of the German people, that is to say, that attachment-innate and firmly impressed on their minds without even the aid of reason-which that excellent people everywhere bears towards its princes.

A traveller in Germany during the year 1795 admirably summed up the matter in these words: The Germans are in this respect [of democracy] the most curious people in the world... the cold and sober temperament of the Germans and their tranquil imagination enable them to combine the most daring opinions with the most servile conduct. That will explain to you... why so much combustible material accumulating for so many years beneath the political edifice of Germany has not yet damaged it. Most of the princes, accustomed to see their men of letters so constantly free in their writings and so constantly slavish in their hearts, have not thought it necessary to use severity against this sheeplike herd of modern Gracchi and Brutuses. Some of them [the princes] have even without difficulty adopted part of their opinions, and Illuminism having doubtless been presented to them as perfection, the complement of philosophy, they were easily persuaded to be initiated into it. But great care was taken not to let them know more than the interests of the sect demanded.[48]

It was thus that Illuminism, unable to provoke a blaze in the home of its birth, spread, as before the French Revolution, to a more inflammable Latin race-this time the Italians. Six years after his interrogatory at Bayreuth, Witt Doehring published his book on the secret societies of France and Italy in which he now realized he had played the part of dupe and incidentally confirms the statement I have previously quoted, that the Alta Vendita was a further development of the Illuminati.

This infamous association, with which I have dealt at length elsewhere,[49] constituted the Supreme Dir-

ectory of the Carbonari and was led by a group of Italian noblemen, amongst whom a prince, " the profoundest of initiates, was charged as Inspector-General of the Order " to propagate its principles throughout the North of Europe. " He had received from the hands of Kingge [i.e. Knigge, the ally of Weishaupt?] the cahiers of the last three degrees." But these were of course unknown to the great majority of Carbonari, who entered the association in all good faith. Witt Doehring then shows how faithfully the system of Weishaupt was carried out by the Alta Vendita in the three first degrees, he explains- It is still a question of the morality of Christianity and even of the Church, for which those who wish to be received must promise to sacrifice themselves. The initiates imagine, according to this formula, that the object of the association is something high and noble, that it is the Order of those who desire a purer morality and a stronger piety, the independence and the unity of their country. One cannot therefore judge the Carbonari en masse; there are excellent men amongst them.... But everything changes after one has taken the three degrees. Already in the fourth, in that of the Apostoli, the promises to overthrow all monarchies, and especially the kings of the race of the Bourbons. But it is only in the seventh and last degree, reached by few, that revelations go further. At last the veil is torn completely for the Principi Summo Patriarcho. Then one learns that the aim of the Carbonari is just the same as that of the Illuminés. This degree, in which a man is at the same time prince and bishop, coincides with the Homo Rex of the latter. The initiate vows the ruin of all religion and of all positive government, whether despotic or democratic; murder, poison, perjury, are all at their disposal. Who does not remember that on the suppression of the Illuminés was found, amongst other poisons, a tinctura ad abortum faciendum. The summo maestro laughs at the zeal of the mass of Carbonari who have sacrificed themselves for the liberty and independence of Italy, neither one nor the other being for him a goal but a method.[51]

Witt Doehring, who had himself reached the degree of P.S.P., thereupon declares that, having taken his vows under a misapprehension, he holds himself to be released from his obligations and conceives it his duty to warn society. " The fears that assail governments are only too well founded. The soil in Europe is volcanic."[51]

It is unnecessary to go over the ground already traversed in World Revolution by relating the history of the successive eruptions which proved the truth of Witt Doehring's warning. The point to emphasize again is that every one of these eruptions can be traced to the work of the secret societies, and that, as in the eighteenth century, most of the prominent revolutionaries were known to be connected with some secret association. According to the plan laid down by Weishaupt, Freemasonry was habitually adopted as a cover. Thus Louis Blanc, himself a Freemason, speaks of a lodge named the Amis de la Vérité, numbering Bazard and Buchez amongst its founders, "in which the solemn puerilities of the Grand Orient only served to mask political action."[52] Bakunin, companion of the Freemason Proudhon,[53] " the father of Anarchy," makes use of precisely the same expression. Freemasonry, he explains, is not to be taken seriously, but " may serve as a mask " and " as a means of preparing something quite different."[54]

I have quoted elsewhere the statement of the Socialist Malon that " Bakunin was a disciple of Weishaupt," and that of the Anarchist Kropotkin that between Bakunin's secret society-the Alliance Sociale Democratique-and the secret societies of 1795 there was a direct affiliation; I have quoted the assertion of Malon that " Communism was handed down in the dark through the secret societies " of the nineteenth century; I have quoted also the congratulations addressed by Lamartine and the Freemason Cremieux to the Freemasons of France in 1848 on their share in this revolution as in that of 1789; I have shown that the organization of this later outbreak by the secret societies is not a matter of surmise, but a fact admitted by all well-informed historians and by the members of the secret societies themselves.

So, too, in the events of the Commune, and in the founding of the First Internationale, the rôle of Freemasonry and the secret societies is no less apparent. The Freemasons of France have indeed always boasted of their share in political and social upheavals. Thus in 1874, Malapert, orator of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, went so far as to say: " In the eighteenth century Freemasonry was so widespread throughout the world that one can say that since that epoch nothing has been done without its consent."

The secret history of Europe during the last two hundred years yet remains to be written. Until viewed in the light of the dessous des cartes, many events that have taken place during this period must remain for ever incomprehensible.

But it is time to leave the past and consider the secret forces at work in the world to-day.

End of PART I

1. Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*, XVI. p. 531.
2. *Histoire de la Monarchie prussienne*, V. 73.
3. *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum*, Vol, XXVI. p. 98.
4. " Notes on the Rainsford Papers " in *A.Q.C.*, Vol. XXVI. p. 111
5. *Morning Herald*, November 2, 1786.
6. Eckert, *La Franc-Maçonnerie dans sa véritable signification*, Vol. II. p. 92.
7. *Drei merkwürdige Aussagen*, etc., evidence of Grünberger, Cosandey and Renner (München, 1786); *Grosse Absichern des Ordens der Illuminaten*, etc., Ditto, with Utzschneider (München, 1786).
8. Gustave Bord, *La Franc-Maçonnerie en France*, etc., p. 351 (1908). This Austrian Count is referred to in the correspondence of the Illuminati more as an agent than as an adept. Thus Weishaupt writes: " I must attempt to cure him of theosophy and bring him round to our views " (*Nachtrag von... Originalschriften*, I. 71); and Philo, before the Congress of Wilhelmsbad, observes: " Numenius is not yet of much use. I am only taking him up so as to stop his mouth at the Congress [um ihn auf dem Convente das Maul zu stopfen]; still, if he is well led we can make something out of him " (*ibid.*, p. 109).
9. *Die Neuesten Arbeiten des Spartacus und Philo in dem Illuminaten-Orden*, p. viii (1794).
10. De Luchet, *Essai sur la Secte des Illuminés*, p. vii.
11. Crétineau Joly, *L'Église Romaine en face de la Révolution*, I. p. 93.
12. In my *World Revolution* I accepted erroneously the opinion of several well-known writers who attribute this pamphlet to Mirabeau. The fact that it was printed at the end of Mirabeau's *Histoire Secrète de la Cour Berlin* and that a further edition revised by Mirabeau was published in 1792 no doubt gave rise to this supposition. But apart from the fact that Mirabeau as an Illuminatus was unlikely himself to denounce the Order, the proof that he was not the author may be found at the British Museum, where the copy of the 1792 edition bears on the title-page the words in ink " *Donné par l'auteur,*" and Mirabeau died in the spring of the preceding year.
- * British Museum press-mark F. 259 (14).
13. *Ouvres posthumes de Marmontel*, IV. 77.
14. Lombard de Langres, *Histoire des Jacobins*, p. 31.
15. Deschamps, *Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société*, II. 151. quoting document amongst the papers of Cardinal Bernis entitled: *Discours prononcé au comité de la Propagande par M. Duport, un de ses mémoires*, le 21 mai 1790.
16. Galart de Montjoie, *Histoire de Marie Antoinette de Lorraine*, p. 156 (1797).
17. Lombard de Langres, *Histoire des Jacobins*, p. 117 (1820).
18. *Ibid.*, p. 236.
19. See *Die Neuesten Arbeiten des Spartacus und Philo*, p. 71, where the Illuminati are described as wearing " *fliegende Haare und kleine viereckte rothe samtne Hüte.*" An alternative theory is, however, that the " cap of liberty " was copied from that of the galley-slaves.
20. *Histoire des Jacobins*, p. 117.
21. A.E. Waite, *The Mysteries of Magic*, p. 215.
22. *Moniteur*, Vol. II., séance du 23 décembre, 1789.
23. Théophile Malvezin, *Histoire des Juifs à Bordeaux*, p. 262.
24. *Requête des six corps de marchands et négociants de Paris contre l'admission des Juifs*, Henri Delassus, *La Question Juive*, p. 60 (1911).
25. Léon Kahn, *Les Juifs de Paris pendant la Révolution* (1898).
26. *Ibid.*, p. 167. Cf. Arthur Chuquet, *La Légion Germanique*, p. 139 (1904).
27. *Archives Nationales*, F7. 2486.

28. My French Revolution, p. 274.
29. Kahn, op. cit., pp. 140, 141, 170, 201, 241.
30. Nouvelle Adresse des Juifs à l'Assemblée Nationale, le 24 décembre, 1789.
31. Moniteur, Vol. XVIII., séances of 21st and 22nd Brumaire, An 2 (November, 1793).
32. Discours de morale, prononcé le 2ième décadi, 20 frimaire, l'an 2ième de la république... au temple de la Vérité, ci-devant l'église des bénédictins à Angely Boutonne.. fait par le citoyen Alexandre Lambert, fils, juif et élevé dans les préjugés du culte judaïque (1794), British Museum press-mark F. 1058 (4).
33. Kahn, op. cit., p. 311.
34. Crimes de la Révolution, III. 44.
35. Archives Nationales, Pièce remise par le Cabinet de Vienne, (1824) , F7 7566.
36. Chevalier de Malet, Recherches politiques et historiques, p. 2. (1817)
37. Eckert, La Franc-Maçonnerie dans sa véritable signification, II. 125.
38. Mr. Lucien Wolf, " The Jewish Peril," article in the Spectator for June 12, 1920.
39. A.E. Waite, " Occult Freemasonry and the Jewish Peril," in The Occult Review for September, 1920.
40. Deschamps, op. cit., II. 197, quoting Tableau historique de la Maçonnerie, p. 38.
41. Eques a Capite Galetao, pp. 362, 364, 366.
42. Ibid., p. 423.
43. The War of Anti-Christ with the Church and Christian Civilization, p. 30 (1885).
44. G. Lenôtre, Le Dauphin, (Eng. trans.), p. 307.
45. Archives Nationales, F7 6563.
46. Archives Nationales F7 6563 No. 2449, Série 2, No. 49.
47. Pièce remise par le Cabinet de Vienne, F7 7566.
48. Lettres d'un Voyageur à l'Abbé Barruel, p. 30 (1800).
49. World Revolution, pp. 86 and following, where extracts from the correspondence of the Alta Vendita (or Haute Vente Romaine) were given. This correspondence will be found in L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution by Crétineau Joly, who published it from the documents seized by the Pontifical Government at the death of one of the members. The documents were communicated to Crétineau Joly by the Pope Grégoire XVI, and published with the approval of Pius IX. Their authenticity has never been questioned. They are still in the secret archives of the Vatican, or at any rate were there at the beginning of the present year.
50. Jean Witt, dit Buloz, Les Sociétés Secrètes de France et d'Italie, pp. 20, 21 (1830).
51. Ibid., p. 6.
52. Louis Blanc: Histoire de Dix Ans, I. 88, 89.
53. Deschamps, Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société, II. 534.
54. Correspondance de Michel Bakounine, 73, 209.o.

THE SOCIALIST NETWORK

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ETC.

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FOREWORD

THE object of this book is not to provide a history of Socialism, but merely an account of the Socialist organisations of modern times. Hence no mention is made of isolated Socialist theorists, but only of people connected with, or giving rise to, concrete societies or groups. Secret or occult societies do not enter into the scope of the inquiry, which is not concerned with mysterious inner circles, invisibles or high initiates working in the dark, but only with open movements—societies with recognised headquarters, offices, executive committees, published lists of members, official organs, statements of aims, etc. Though such a presentation of the revolutionary movement is necessarily incomplete, and may fail to satisfy those who care to inquire into causes, it will appeal the more to practical people who are unwilling to consider anything they cannot see before their eyes.

It has seemed to me that a sort of guide-book of this kind, accompanied by a chart, might be useful, in view of the fact that the ramifications of the Socialist movement have now become so vast and complicated that it is almost impossible to follow them. The very difficulties with which I have been faced in the course of my work have encouraged me in this idea. Often I have been obliged to search for days in order to discover some simple fact, owing to the extraordinary vagueness with regard to dates and practical details which characterise Socialist publications—histories, pamphlets, year books and manuals alike. Long pages are devoted to the doctrines of some society, but when it was founded, where and by whom, may not perhaps once be mentioned. Again, one is confronted by conflicting evidence which has to be sifted in order to arrive at the truth.

What wonder, then, that the so-called "Capitalist Press" falls into the strangest blunders when dealing with the different phases of this movement, and that anti-Socialist writers, whose particular business it is to study the subject, from time to time commit inaccuracies which detract from the value of their work?

In this little book I lay no claim to infallibility; indeed, I do not believe it would be possible for a single human brain to master all the details of this bewildering network and to avoid going wrong on some point—an international committee of experts would be needed to achieve such a result. All I can claim is that I have spared no pains to find out the facts of the case by seeking my data in the Socialists' own literature, ranging from the pamphlets of Babeuf to those of the Komintern. If, then, inaccuracies of any importance occur, it will not be for want of long and arduous research, and in this case I shall be glad to have them pointed out to me with a view to correction in a further edition. My only concern is to find out the truth and make it known.

Aylesbury

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THE SOCIALIST NETWORK

CHAPTER I

ORIGINS OF MODERN SOCIALISM

ALTHOUGH the main doctrines of Socialism have manifested themselves at intervals throughout the whole history of civilisation, the present Socialist movement cannot be said to date back further than the eighteenth century. Until then attacks on the existing social order had taken the form only of sporadic outbreaks, but with the philosophers, the Encyclopædists and the Freemasons of France, the social revolution began, and since that period has never ceased to agitate the world. In a word, the revolution of which the 1789 explosion in France was the first outward expression is the same revolution we are living through to-day. This is proved conclusively by the chart here appended, where the unbroken continuity of the movement is shown in the form of a genealogical descent which admits of no dispute.

The Jacobins.—Beginning at the top right-hand corner, we find the first organised association of men and women formed for the purpose of overthrowing the existing social order—the Society of Jacobins. Starting as the Club Breton in 1789, the Jacobin Club soon formed a vast society with branches in every corner of France and with related groups in foreign countries. Although the doctrines of the Jacobins were not yet known under the name of Socialism, they, nevertheless, embodied certain Socialist ideas. To judge by the public speeches and writings of the leaders, these more closely resembled the theory professed by the small body of modern Socialists known as “Distributionists” than to that of Collectivism, yet in reality, according to the testimony of a contemporary, Marx’s ideas on “class warfare” and “wage slavery” were already current among them.

“The plan of the Jacobins was to stir up the rich against the poor and the poor against the rich. To the latter they said: ‘You have made a few sacrifices in favour of the Revolution, but fear, not patriotism, was the motive.’ To the former they said: ‘The rich man has no bowels of compassion; under the pretext of feeding the poor by providing them with work he exercises over them a superiority

contrary to the views of Nature and to Republican principles. Liberty will always be precarious as long as one part of the nation lives on wages from the other. In order to preserve its independence, it is necessary that every one should be rich or that every one should be poor." (Fantin Desodoards, *Histoire philosophique de la Révolution Française*, IV. 344, published in 1807).

Babouvistes.—In 1795 however, after the fall of Robespierre, the complete theory of Communism as advocated by the modern Bolsheviks was formulated by François Noël Babeuf, who assumed the name of "Gracchus" and placed himself at the head of a conspiracy for the violent overthrow of the government and its replacement by a Communist State. The system advocated by Babeuf was in almost every detail identical with that of modern Communism—State control of industry and destruction of private enterprise, compulsory labour to be paid for not in money but in kind (as indicated by Bukharin, one of the present Soviet leaders, in his *Programme of the World Revolution*), the workers not to be allowed to choose their profession, but told off in gangs to do whatever work the State required (cf. *Russian Code of Labour Laws*), the nationalisation of children and destruction of family life, etc. The Bolsheviks of Russia thus rightly described themselves in their first Manifesto as the "direct successors" of Babeuf (*The New Communist Manifesto of the Third Internationale*, with preface by William Paul, published by the Socialist Labour Press, Glasgow, 1919).

Utopian Socialism.—After the suppression of the Babouviste rising and the execution of its leaders (in 1796), the doctrines of Babeuf and of his colleague, Buonarrotti, continued to hold sway amongst the secret political societies of France during the first half of the nineteenth century. This period may be described as the "Golden Age" of Socialism; Socialist doctrinaires, in many cases sincere idealists, such as Louis Blanc and Buchez in France and Robert Owen in England, followed each other in quick succession, and put forward every conceivable scheme for the reconstruction of society on a Collectivist basis. Several of these men proved their belief in their own theories by putting them into practice under the form of associations and settlements—all, however, unsuccessful. Of these, Robert Owen's "New Harmony" settlement, Fourier's "phalansteries," and Cabet's community in Texas are the best known. But the revolution of 1848 and the failure of the Socialist provisional government in France put an end to all such theorising, and by 1850 Socialism was generally regarded as dead—an exploded doctrine that could never be revived.

CHAPTER II

MARXIAN SOCIALISM (PRE-WAR PERIOD)

Marxism.—With the collapse of French Socialism the social revolution entered on a new phase. Although the Collectivist theories of Babeuf had persisted amongst the Utopian Socialists—as Marx described them—in France and England during the first half of the nineteenth century, the class war waged by the Jacobins and the Babouvistes had largely died down, and except amongst the followers of Blanqui pacific methods had been preferred to violence. Further, the militant atheism of the Jacobins had played no part in the Socialist but only in the Anarchist movement. But these characteristics were to be revived by the man who must be regarded as the pioneer of the modern Socialist movement, the German-Jew Karl Marx.

Whilst Utopian Socialism was still on its trial, in 1847 Karl Marx and his colleague, Friedrich Engels, published the famous "Communist Manifesto" which to this day forms the Credo of Bolshevism. The contention of certain Marxists to-day that the Bolsheviks in advocating violent revolution have misinterpreted the doctrine of the Prophet is effectually disproved by the concluding words of the Manifesto:

"The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can only be attained by the forcible overthrow [my italics] of existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communist revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win."

It was not until Marx obtained control of a concrete organisation that his theories were able to make considerable headway.

The 1st Internationale.—In 1862 a number of French working-men, pacific interpreters of Proudhon's syndicalist theories, had formed the "Working-men's Association" with a view to improving the conditions of labour. This was the organisation which Marx succeeded in capturing. At an inaugural meeting in St. Martin's Hall, London, on September 28, 1864, the French working-men's society became transformed into the International Working-men's Association—now known as the 1st Internationale. Before long the French leaders, Tolain and Fribourg; the English members, Cremer, Odger, Weston, Professor Beesley, and also the Mazziniste

Wolff, were gradually superseded by the German and Jewish clique—Karl Marx, Hermann Jung, Eccarius, Lessner, Moses Hertz, etc. The history of the 1st Internationale, like the history of the Jacobin Club, consisted mainly in a struggle between contending factions, from which the Marxists emerged triumphant. First came the struggle against the Mazzinists, who were speedily eliminated. The Proudhonians held their ground until 1868, when at the Brussels Congress the Marxist theory gained the ascendant, and in 1869, at the fourth Congress, in Basle, so far prevailed that Fribourg declared "the Internationale of the French founders was dead, quite dead."

The Social Democratic Alliance.—Meanwhile the Anarchists had entered the lists. In 1864 the Russian Michel Bakunin had founded his "Alliance Sociale Democratique" on a secret society basis, for the purpose of violently overthrowing the existing social order, not in favour of Communism, but of complete Anarchy.

The difference between the two creeds is shown in the definition of Marx's system given by the Socialist Malon, member of the 1st Internationale, and by Bakunin's résumé of his own programme :

Marx : "The State Socialism of Marx was comprised in the conquest of political power, that is to say, of the State, by the working-class which has for its historic mission to put an end to the class war by the abolition of classes, and to the present economic miseries and contradictions by 'the nationalisation of production and distribution of wealth.'"

Bakunin : "Abolition of the State in all its religious, juristic, political, and social realisations ; reorganisation by the free initiative of free individuals in free groups."

It was this formula that became later that of Anarchism.

"I abominate Communism," declared Bakunin, "because it is a denial of freedom, and I cannot understand anything human without freedom." In their advocacy of the class war and of militant atheism the Bakuninists were, however, at one with the Marxists, and in 1869 the "Alliance Sociale Democratique" was admitted to the 1st Internationale. Then the struggle between the Communists and Anarchists began, and in 1872 the latter were excluded, leaving the Marxists in possession of the field. The headquarters were then removed to New York, and four years later, in 1876, the 1st Internationale came to an end in Philadelphia.

The 2nd Internationale.—For thirteen years no Socialist Internationale existed. Then the idea was revived at Congresses in Paris and Brussels in 1889, the 2nd Internationale was founded "and constituted as a central International Socialist Bureau in 1900."

At the outbreak of the Great War :

"it included twenty-seven countries, with a membership of twelve millions. These were composed of the great Socialist or Labour Parties, which each pursued their particular activities in the various

countries along their own lines, and with virtual independence. At periodical intervals, usually of three years, the parties met in an International Socialist Congress to pass resolutions on Socialist policy and general questions. . . . In the intervening periods the International Socialist Bureau, consisting of three delegates from each national section, was entrusted with the work of carrying out the decisions of the Congresses and arranging for future Congresses. The International Socialist Bureau usually met once a year, and the continuous business was carried on by an executive composed of members of the Belgian section working with a secretariat at Brussels. This Executive consisted of Vandervelde (Chairman), Camille Huysmans (Secretary), and two other members of the Belgian section. The expenses of the Bureau were defrayed by contributions from the National Labour and Socialist organisations of the countries affiliated" (R. Palme Dutt, *The Two Internationals*, p. 1. 1920).

Adolphe Smith, of the Social Democratic Federation, who acted as Official Interpreter at the Congresses of the Internationale from the outset, expressed the opinion that by 1893 it had become completely Germanised. The representatives of the British Trade Unions, distinguished at home for their "great tenacity combined with moderation and common sense," abroad "displayed complete ignorance of racial differences, foreign history, customs and languages," and were therefore unable to hold their own in discussions with the Continental delegates. This "gave the Germans their chance," and "German ascendancy was demonstrated at the Zurich Congress of 1893, because it was then definitely decided that the British Trade Unions would no longer attend in their official capacity. From that time the British Trade Unions ceased to appoint delegates to the Congresses of the Internationale," although they helped the Congress of the Internationale to meet in London in 1896 (Adolphe Smith, *The Pan-German Internationale*, p. 7).

From the time of the 1st Internationale onwards we see, then, the Marxists gaining ground everywhere and Utopian Socialism retreating further into the background. We shall now follow the course of this movement in different countries.

SOCIALISM IN AMERICA

Beginning at the left-hand of the chart, we find Socialism in America to have been German in character from the outset. To quote the résumé given in the admirable Report of the Joint Legislative Committee in the Senate of the State of New York on Revolutionary Radicalism, under Senator Lusk (filed April 24, 1920), known usually as "The Lusk Report" :

"The present Socialist movement in the United States must be distinguished from the early experiments in Utopian ideals, represented by the sectarian communities such as the Shakers, or the experiment

in Communism made by the Owenites, or the Fourierists and the Icarian communities.

"The modern movement of organised Socialism may be dated from the formation of the Social Party of New York and vicinity which was organised in January, 1868, in the Germania Assembly rooms on the Bowery. The membership of this organisation, recruited solely from the German labour circles, and its policies and platform, were in accord with the principles then set down by the International Working-men's Association.

"In 1868 this party nominated an Independent ticket, but the number of votes which it secured was negligible. The organisation did not survive this defeat, but in the same year some of the leading spirits of this organisation organised what has been termed by Morris Hillquit 'The first strictly Marxian organisation of strength and influence on American soil,' which was known as the Allgemeiner Deutscher Arbeiter Verein.

"In 1869 this organisation was admitted to the National Labour Union No. 5 of New York, and in the following year joined the International Working-men's Association as Section I, New York. It should be noted that the pioneer element of the Radical and revolutionary movement in this country was German. . . .

"The movement was generally stimulated by the action taken in transferring the General Council of the International from London to New York. The general secretary of the council at this time was S. A. Sorge, who was an intimate friend of both Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. He became the most active of the organisers in the new movement." (*Lusk Report*, I. 505, 506.)

Social Democratic Working-men's Party—Socialist Labour Party of North America.—In 1871 the Social Democratic Working-men's Party of North America was formed by dissident members of the International, and after the dissolution of the latter carried on the work of Socialism. At a convention held in Philadelphia in 1876 the North American Federation of the International Working-men's Association, the Social Democratic Working-men's Party of North America, the Labour Party of Illinois, and the Socio-Political Labour Unions of Cincinnati, were all consolidated into a new organisation known as the Working-men's Party of the United States, founded upon Marxian principles, which in the following year took the name of the Socialist Labour Party of North America. This was led by the Jewish Marxian, Daniel de Leon.

"For about twenty years the Socialist Labour Party was the dominant factor in the Socialist movement in this country. It was recruited largely from alien elements, and particularly under the influence of German leaders. It was wholly out of touch with American life and American principles. The despotic character and extremely narrow viewpoint of the party leadership finally resulted in alienating newly converted Socialists from the party, and a new party, known as the Social Democratic Party of America, came into being in 1899.

"An attempt to harmonise the difference was made in the following year and a convention was held in Indianapolis on July 29, 1901,

representing the various Socialist organisations with the exception of the New York faction of the Socialist Labour Party. The result of this convention was the formation of the Socialist Party of America, which has led the Socialist movement in this country since that time." (*Lusk Report*, I. 509, published in 1920.)

Intercollegiate Socialist Society.—In 1905 the Intercollegiate Socialist Society was organised in New York, ostensibly "for the purpose of promoting an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men and women," but in reality openly propagating Socialism (*Lusk Report*, I. 1119). Amongst the founders were A. J. Muste and a Russian Jew, Misca Hilkowicz, who had assumed the name of Morris Hillquit and later played a leading part in the Left Wing Socialist movement (*Congressional Record*, December 19, 1925, pp. 4 and 5). The Intercollegiate Socialist Society has now become the League for Industrial Democracy, under which name it carries on propaganda amongst the youth of America.

Rand School of Social Science.—In 1906 the American Socialist Society, a membership corporation with a board of directors elected annually, founded the Rand School of Social Science, which became a powerful centre of Socialist propaganda. In the years 1918-19 its registered students numbered over 5,000. But by this date the course of the revolutionary movement in America had largely veered towards Syndicalism, with which we shall deal in the following chapter.

SOCIALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN

Before 1881 no Socialist organisation of any kind existed in this country. The spirit of class warfare that the Jacobins of France had communicated to their allies in the British revolutionary societies had been extinguished in the wave of reaction that followed on the first French Revolution, theoretical Communism had ended with Robert Owen's fiasco in 1827, whilst the Chartist riots had roused the nation to the danger of popular violence. Only the little band of "Christian Socialists," led by Charles Kingsley and Frederick Maurice, continued to preach the necessity for a complete reconstruction of the social system, but without the spirit of class hatred, and also without any organisation at their disposal wherewith to bring pressure to bear on public opinion. Meanwhile, in the world of labour the growing strength of the Trade Union and the Co-operative movements, and in the political arena the humanitarian schemes of Lord Shaftesbury—always the opponent of Socialism—did much to counteract the work of agitators. During the thirty years that elapsed after Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels came to live in England (in 1849), their theories made little or no headway, and here, as on the Continent, it was not until another concrete organisation was formed that Marxism was able to gain a footing in this country.

The Democratic Federation.—In the autumn of 1880 "a few English members of the foreign Rose Street Club in Soho"—a district that has always been the haunt of alien agitators from Marat to the present-day Anarchists—"set to work on the difficult task of awakening the wage earners of this country to the truths of scientific Socialism and Social Democracy." We quote the words of H. W. Hyndman, leader of this group and the former ally of Mazzini, who in 1866 had formed his "Universal Republican Alliance" operating on the Continent, but with its Supreme Council in London. Hyndman had now passed under the influence of Marx, and so the Democratic Federation "propagating the Marxian doctrine of class war" (M. Beer, *A History of British Socialism*, II. 197. 1920) came to be founded.

The first conference was held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on June 8, 1881. A few Radicals were present on this occasion, but most of these were scared away by the declaration of purely Socialist theories, and Hyndman with his Social Democratic followers were left in possession of the field.

Amongst the earliest members of the Democratic Federation were Herbert Burrows, the Radical and Freethinker Dr. G. B. Clark, the Irish historian Justin McCarthy, the Positivist Professor Beesly of the 1st Internationale, Butler Johnstone for fifteen years Tory member for Canterbury, several journalists, including Morrison Davidson and Joseph Cowen, M.P., of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, a number of old Chartists—James and Charles Murray, Morgan, W. Townsend and S. Oliver—also John Williams, James (not Ramsay) Macdonald, Garcia, Helen Taylor, the stepdaughter of John Stuart Mill, and William Morris, the poet. In 1882 a band of "Christian Socialists"—J. L. Joynes, an Eton master, Frost, H. H. Champion, Royal Artillery, also Champion's disciple, George Lansbury, joined the movement.

The S.D.F.—The Democratic Federation soon developed, as Hyndman had hoped, "into a thorough going revolutionary organisation," and on August 4, 1884, by way of emphasising its Socialist character, changed its name to the Social Democratic Federation. Many years afterwards—from 1908 to 1911—it was known as the Social Democratic Party.

Amongst the early members of the first S.D.F. were John Burns, Tom Mann, Annie Besant, Will Thorne, Guy Aldred, Harry Quelch and Ben Tillett.

The Socialist League.—But at the outset a split had taken place in the Federation. No sooner had the S.D.F. been formed than—to quote the words of Adolphe Smith, who became a leading member—Marx and his friends "made their descent upon the new movement. Marx died in 1883, but he or Engels deputed his daughter, Eleanor Marx, and her 'husband,' Dr. Aveling, to join." Then they brought in the Austrian Anarchist, Andreas Scheu, and Belfort Bax, and together they persuaded William Morris "to split away from

the Social Democratic Federation and found the Socialist League, because Hyndman and the others would not follow the orders of Engels. . . . Eleanor Marx was the first to leave." She was followed by William Morris, Belfort Bax and Andreas Scheu. This was at the end of 1884. Hyndman now became the target of the German group. Already, in their letters to Sorge, Marx and Engels had described him as "the curse of Socialism in Great Britain"—an opinion which Hyndman observes was reaffirmed later by Keir Hardie, Ramsay Macdonald and Philip Snowden—and at the discussion which preceded the split off from the S.D.F., Hyndman relates that he was obliged to sit and listen "to the most virulent abuse" of himself "for three solid hours."

The Manifesto of the Socialist League, issued by William Morris and Belfort Bax, gives the following as its object:

"Socialism means that the land, the capital, the machinery, factories, mines, workshops, stores, means of transit, banking, all means of production and distribution of wealth must be declared and treated as the common property of all" (Dan Griffiths, *What is Socialism?* p. 99: Grant Richards, Ltd.).

The Socialist League only succeeded in enlisting a few hundred members, in spite of its energy in the circulation of Socialist literature. Its organ, *The Communist*, was edited by William Morris, who in 1890 wrote his famous description of a Socialist England under the name of *News from Nowhere*. But by this time Anarchist elements in the League had gained the upper hand, and in 1889 had deposed Morris as editor of *The Communist*, which they handed over to an Anarchist workman, Frank Kitz. Morris then recognised the advisability of returning to his allegiance to Hyndman, and after the collapse of the Socialist League in 1892 practically rejoined the S.D.F., to which the rest of the dissenters, Belfort Bax, Aveling, Eleanor Marx and Scheu, also returned. The programme of the present S.D.F. is comprised in the following formula:

"The establishment of the Socialist Commonwealth on a democratic basis; the common ownership of the means of production and distribution; the production of wealth for the use and enjoyment of all, instead of the production of commodities for the profit of the few."

The organ of the S.D.F. was *Justice*.

The Fabian Society.—In January 1884, just before the Democratic Federation changed its name to the Social Democratic Federation, the Fabian Society, named after Fabius Cunctator, the Roman General, came into existence, under the leadership of Professor Thomas Davidson, "an ethical Anarchist Communist," who aimed at "reconstructing human life on the principle of the highest morality" (Beer, II. 274). Davidson was quickly superseded by two young men who, a few months later, entered the move-

ment—a journalist, George Bernard Shaw, and a clerk, Sidney Webb, son of a London hairdresser. Other early members of the Fabian Society were Graham Wallas, Hubert Bland and William Clarke, also Sydney Olivier and Annie Besant (now President of the Theosophical Society), who came over to it from the S.D.F. Later H. G. Wells became one of its leading members.

It is difficult for the lay mind to understand the antagonism that has always existed between the F.S. and the S.D.F. Both are fundamentally Marxian in their advocacy of the socialisation of land and industry, but the Fabians have always been essentially the "drawing-room Socialists" of England, disdaining street-corner oratory, recognising the right of non-manual labour to a place in the scheme of things, and professing disapproval of violent revolutionary methods for bringing about the Socialist paradise. Hyndman speaks of "the bureaucratic Fabian Society which has so assiduously promulgated the doctrines of middle-class permeation and high-toned intrigue" (*Reminiscences*, p. 310); yet it is probable that Fabianism, precisely by its method of middle-class permeation, notably in the Civil Service, has done more to accelerate the revolutionary movement than the cruder agitation of the S.D.F.

The programme of the Fabian Society is now as follows :

"The Fabian Society consists of Socialists. It therefore aims at the reorganisation of Society by the emancipation of Land and Industrial Capital from individual ownership, and the vesting of them in the community for the general benefit. In this way only can the natural and acquired advantages of the country be equitably shared by the whole people.

"The Society accordingly works for the extinction of private property in land, with equitable consideration of established expectations, and due provision as to the tenure of the home and the homestead ; for the transfer to the community by constitutional methods, of all such industries as can be conducted socially ; and for the establishment, as the governing consideration in the regulation of production, distribution and service, of the common good instead of private profit." (*What is Socialism ?* p. 98.)

The offices of the Fabian Society are at 25 Tothill Street, London, S.W.1, and its official organ is the *Fabian News* (monthly).

Fabian Research Department.—A later development of the Fabian Society was the Fabian Research Department, founded in the autumn of 1912 by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Major H. J. Gillespie, Emil Davies (a German), Mrs. Pember Reeves and G. D. H. Cole, then a Don of Magdalen College, Oxford. Another Fabian, Julius West, author of a book on Chartism, was first made secretary, and was succeeded a few months later by William Mellor, for many years Associate Editor of the *Daily Herald*, which was started as *The Herald* in the same year.

In the autumn of 1914 G. Bernard Shaw became the Chairman, and remained in this post till the end of the war. G. D. H. Cole

became Vice-Chairman, G. P. Blizard Honorary Secretary, Sidney Webb continued as Chairman of the Insurance Inquiry and Mrs. Webb as Chairman of the Inquiry into the Control of Industry. After the outbreak of war a further Committee was formed, to deal with the question of International relations, for which Leonard S. Woolf drew up a memorandum (R. Page Arnot, *History of the Labour Research Department*).

In 1918 the Fabian Research Department became the Labour Research Department, of which an account will be given later.

The I.L.P.—Although both the Fabian Society and the S.D.F. had adopted Marxian doctrines, neither appears to have been sufficiently Germanised to satisfy the man whom Mrs. Marx was wont to describe as her husband's "evil genius"—Friedrich Engels. Accordingly, some four years after the death of Marx, he set to work on a new movement, under the control of the Marx-Engels clique, consisting of himself, Eleanor Marx, known as "Tussy," Marx's youngest daughter, and her "husband," Dr. Aveling, to whom in reality she was never legally married. On May 4, 1887, Engels wrote to Sorge :

"Aveling is making a famous agitation in the East End of London . . . he and Tussy are hard at work. It is a matter of founding an English Labour Party with an independent class programme. This, if it goes well, will then force the Social Democratic Federation and the Socialist League into the background, which will be the best solution of the undecided quarrel" (*Briefe . . . an Sorge*, p. 263).

Marx's daughter was then deputed to gain a footing in the trade unions, and soon Engels was able to write complacently of the Gas Workers and General Labourers being "bossed by Tussy" (*die von Tussy gebossten* Gas Workers and General Labourers). In 1892 Engels wrote again : "We are making great progress here in England. Affairs advance splendidly. Next year there will be seen marching behind Germany not only Austria and France, but also England." Engels was right in his forecast, and in January of the following year, 1893, the Independent Labour Party was founded under the leadership of Engels' tool, Keir Hardie, whom he contemptuously described as an "over-sly Scot" (*einer uberschlaue Schotte*) and "a poor devil of a Scotch miner," running a weekly paper, the *Labour Leader*, which Engels declared to have been financed with Tory money (*Briefe an Sorge*, p. 414). The year of 1893 thus marked a double triumph for the Germans—the exclusion of British trade union influence from the Continental Internationale and the penetration of the trade unions in England by German influence through the foundation of the I.L.P., under the guidance of the Marx-Engels clique in London. The plan of the I.L.P. had already been mooted in 1888 in a Manifesto to the workers of Scotland by members of the Scottish Labour Party, led by Keir Hardie, Cunningham Graham, Dr. Stirling Robertson and George Gerrie,

and the way further paved by the Labour Union of Bradford, founded in 1890 by Ben Tillet, Robert Blatchford (editor of *The Clarion*, founded 1891) and Joseph Burgess.

The inaugural meeting of the I.L.P. at Bradford was attended by about 120 delegates, five from the S.D.F., twelve from the F.S., including Bernard Shaw. "No difference could be detected between the programmes of the I.L.P. and the S.D.F., but marked divergences existed between them in their attitude towards the trade unions and in the tone of their propaganda" (Beer, II. 304).

The Programme of the I.L.P. is now as follows :

"The I.L.P. is a Socialist Organisation and has for its object the establishment of the Socialist Commonwealth.

"The Socialist Commonwealth is that State of Society in which Land and Capital are communally owned, and the processes of production, distribution and exchange are social functions.

"The Independent Labour Party believes in democracy organised, both in its political and industrial aspects, for communal ends.

"The basis of political democracy must be the whole body of citizens, exercising authority through a national representative assembly, directly elected by the people, with a decentralised and extended system of local government.

"The basis of industrial democracy must be : (1) the organisation of the wage and salary earners, and (2) the organisation of consumers.

"A central body, representative of the people both as producers and consumers, must decide the amount and character of communal production and service necessary. The internal management of each industry must be in the hands of the workers, administrative, technical and manual, engaged therein, operating in conjunction with the representatives of the organised consumers. Experience will determine the methods of co-operation and the detailed form of organisation, as step by step is taken towards the attainment of the Socialist Commonwealth." (*What is Socialism?* pp. 97, 98.)

The identity between the programme of the various Socialist organisations at this date is shown by the "Joint Manifesto of British Socialist Bodies," issued in this same year of 1893, in which it is stated that :

"Our aim, one and all, is to obtain for the whole community complete ownership and control of the means of transport, the means of manufacture, the mines and the land. Thus we look to put an end for ever to the wage system, to sweep away all distinctions of class, and eventually to establish national and international communism on a sound basis." (*What is Socialism?* p. 99.)

As long ago, then, as 1893 the aim of British Socialists of all parties was admittedly *Communism*.

The particular importance of the I.L.P. consisted in the fact that, just as Engels had planned, it succeeded in penetrating the Labour movement, and this formed the first junction between the

Socialist doctrinaires and the manual workers. It was this coalition that facilitated the formation of the parliamentary group working for Socialism under the name of "Labour."

Amongst the early members of the I.L.P. were Tom Mann, formerly of the S.D.F., Bruce Glasier, J. Ramsay Macdonald, Philip Snowden, Robert Smillie, Fred Jowett, J. R. Clynes, George N. Barnes, G. H. Roberts and Robert Blatchford.

The *Labour Leader*, created by Keir Hardie as a successor to his earlier paper, *The Miner* (founded in 1887), was edited by him until 1904, when it became the official organ of the I.L.P. It is now known as the *New Leader*, appearing weekly, whilst the monthly organ of the Party is the *Socialist Review*. The offices of the I.L.P. are now at 14 Great George Street, London, S.W.1.

THE LABOUR PARTY

In 1892, the year preceding the foundation of the I.L.P., three "Labour" members were elected for the first time to Parliament. These were Keir Hardie for West Ham, John Burns for Battersea and J. H. Wilson for Middlesbrough. Ben Tillet had stood for Bradford, but failed against the Liberal candidate. On the fall of the Liberal Government in 1895, the I.L.P. took up the electoral campaign, under the leadership of Keir Hardie and Tom Mann, and put up twenty-eight candidates, all unsuccessful. The Conservatives then took office.

The Labour Representation Committee.—A further attempt was now made by the I.L.P. to capture the Trade Union movement for Socialism, and though stoutly resisted by the older trade union leaders, a resolution for co-operation between the Socialist and Labour camps was passed by 546,000 votes to 434,000 at the Trade Union Congress of 1895. The result of this decision was the formation of the Labour Representation Committee at a Conference of Labour and Socialist delegates on February 27 and 28, 1900. The Committee consisted of seven Trade Unionists, two members of the I.L.P., two members of the S.D.F., and one member of the Fabian Society; J. Ramsay Macdonald was elected secretary.

At the election of 1900 fifteen candidates were put up by the L.R.C., but only Keir Hardie and Richard Bell were successful. In 1901 the S.D.F. withdrew from the L.R.C., but individual members joined it as representatives of other organisations, trade unions, etc.

The Labour Party.—In 1906 the L.R.C. became officially known as the Labour Party.

The Party immediately became penetrated by Socialist influence. Although in its original programme it had stated that it was necessary for the trade unions of this country "to use their political power to defend their existence" and deprecated the introduction of mere party politics into the movement, at the

eighth annual conference, held at Hull in 1908, an amendment was proposed by William Atkinson, S.D.F. delegate of the paper stainers, declaring that the aim of the Labour Party was :

"To organise and maintain a Parliamentary Party, with its own Whips, whose ultimate object shall be the obtaining for the workers the full results of their labour by the overthrow of the present competitive system of capitalism and the institution of a system of public ownership and control of all the means of life."

Although this purely Socialist amendment was defeated by 951,000 votes to 91,000, the same conference two days later passed a resolution no less Socialistic :

"That in the opinion of this Conference the time has arrived when the Labour Party should have as a definite object the socialisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange, to be controlled by a democratic State in the interest of the entire community ; and the complete emancipation of Labour from the domination of capitalism and landlordism, with the establishment of social and economic equality between the sexes."

By the adoption of this formula, to which it still adheres, the Labour Party proclaimed itself to be not only Socialist but Marxian Socialist. It aims, not only at the socialisation of the means of production, as advocated by certain peaceful groups of French Socialists and partially realised by the Co-operative movement in this country, but at the socialisation of the means of distribution, which entails the establishment of an autocratic bureaucracy. In a word, it sets out to destroy all individual enterprise and initiative.

Since 1908, therefore, the British Labour Party, controlled by the I.L.P., has ceased to represent real labour, which is in the great majority individualist, and has become simply the Party of Marxian Socialism. The offices of the Labour Party are at 33 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Its official organ is the *Daily Herald*.

S.L.P.—The more revolutionary forms of Marxism were represented, however, at the time the Labour Party came into existence by two bodies which had split off from the S.D.F. The first of these was the Socialist Labour Party, founded in Glasgow in 1903 by Scottish Secessionists, who had fallen under the influence of Daniel de Leon and the Socialist Labour Party of America. The policy of the S.L.P. is a blend of revolutionary Marxism and Syndicalism and its principal leaders up till 1920 were Arthur MacManus, William Paul and J. T. Murphy. The S.L.P. on its foundation organised the Socialist Labour Press, and has published a great number of pamphlets on Industrial Unionism and Marxism. The headquarters of the S.L.P. are at 50 Renfrew Street, Glasgow. Its official organ is *The Socialist*.

The S.P.G.B.—The year after the formation of the S.L.P., in

August 1904, a London group of secessionists from the S.D.F. led by T. Fitzgerald, founded the Socialist Party of Great Britain on strictly Marxian lines and advocating unrelenting class warfare.

A general meeting was held at the Communist Club, 107 Charlotte Street, Soho, on September 18, with J. Kent in the chair and C. Lehane as General Secretary of the new party. The lecturers for the society included F. C. Watts, I. Blaustein, H. Belsey, T. Jacobs, A. Albury, etc. In its Declaration of Principles the object of the S.P.G.B. is stated to be :

"The establishment of a system of society based upon the common ownership and democratic control of the means and instruments for producing and distributing wealth and in the interest of the whole community" (*What is Socialism?* p. 99).

This formula seems indistinguishable from that of the Labour Party, but the S.P.G.B. goes on to declare that it "enters the field of political action determined to wage war against all other political parties, whether alleged labour or avowedly capitalist." The monthly organ of the Party, the *Socialist Standard*, has recently been loud in its denunciations of the Labour Party, largely on account of the latter's toleration of religion, which it attributes to the policy of vote-catching. In the issue for June 1925, it quotes with approval Marx's "striking phrase": "Religion is the opium of the people"; and Lenin's opinion given at the Congress of the Communist Internationale in 1922, that it is of paramount importance "that a magazine devoting itself to problems of militant materialism should at the same time be conducting an untiring campaign of propaganda for atheism."

In a pamphlet entitled *Socialism and Religion*, published by the S.P.G.B. in 1911, the following passages occur :

"It is therefore a profound truth that Socialism is the natural enemy of religion" (p. 27).

"A Christian Socialist is in fact an anti-Socialist" (p. 31).

"The most absurd claim of all . . . is that Christ was a Socialist. . . . Christ's denunciation of wealth is not Socialism. 'Sell that thou hast and give to the poor' was His advice to a rich man. This is not Socialism, but anarchism and social suicide, for the wholesale distribution of alms is a 'remedy more deadly than the disease.' . . . Socialism, on the contrary, is the appreciation of the things of this world and the endeavour to make a paradise here" (pp. 36, 37).

"Christianity . . . is the very antithesis of Socialism" (p. 38).

On p. 42 Belfort Bax of the S.D.F. is quoted as saying : "It may be convenient for Socialists with a view to election expediency to seek to confine the definition of Socialism to the economic issue, abstracted from all the other issues of life and conduct"; and the pamphlet goes on to attack the Social Democratic Party for opposing out of "election expediency" the sale of a pamphlet, *Christ the Enemy of the Human Race*.

The S.P.G.B. thus shows itself consistently Marxian. It is not, however, an important body, and its present leaders seem to be obscure individuals, who append pseudonyms to their articles in the *Socialist Standard*. The names of the members of the Executive Committee do not appear in the publications of the Society, nor in the *Labour Year Book*.

The headquarters of the S.P.G.B. are at 17 Mount Pleasant, London, W.C.1.

SOCIALISM IN IRELAND

In Ireland up till 1896 the revolutionary movement had retained an almost exclusively national character. The "United Irishmen," founded in 1791 under the inspiration of the French revolutionaries and German Illuminati, the Fenians of 1858 with whom Karl Marx and the 1st Internationale entered into relation, and that most deadly of secret societies, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, resembling the Carbonari and the eleventh-century Assassins with its fearful oaths and obligations and its murder gangs, nevertheless depended for their power less on Continental aid than on Irish fanaticism. It was not until the Irish Socialist Republican Party was founded in 1896, under the leadership of the veteran agitator James Conolly, that Marxian Socialism gained a footing in the country. Marx's opinion of the man who was to represent his teaching in Ireland is interesting. On May 9, 1865, he wrote to Friedrich Engels:

"As everywhere else, there exists naturally amongst the English working men a knot of asses, fools and rogues rallying around a scoundrel. The scoundrel is in this case 'George Potter,' a rat of a man, supported by a corruptible and witty man, and as a stump orator a dangerous Irishman named Conolly . . . leader of the 'Beehive,' the official organ of the Trade Unionists" (*Briefwechsel*, III. 255).

From 1896 onwards the revolutionary movement in Ireland has been dual in character, carried out under two flags—the green flag of national and Catholic fanaticism and the red flag of International Atheist Socialism.

Socialist Party of Ireland—Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.—Theoretical Socialism has, however, never made a strong appeal to the Irish temperament, and the Marxian "Socialist Party of Ireland," founded in 1904, exercised far less influence than the "Irish Transport and General Workers' Union," inaugurated in 1909 under the leadership of James Larkin, the agitator who has played a prominent part in the troubles in Ireland and also in the Anarchist disturbances in the United States. The Irish revolutionary movement has, in fact, been largely directed from America, but by the Anarchist-Communist rather than the Socialist elements in that country; its further course must, therefore, be reserved for a later chapter.

SOCIALISM ON THE CONTINENT

On the Continent, as in Great Britain, the Marxian influence has steadily gained ground since the formation of the 1st Internationale.

Germany.—In Germany the Social Democratic Party, led during the lifetime of Marx by Wilhelm Liebknecht and August Bebel, had increased by 1903 to such proportions as to win 3,000,000 votes at the polls. Before the war the Party was divided into three groups: the Right Wing, led by Scheidemann; the Centre by Karl Kautsky, who has since been indicted by Trotsky for his opposition to Terrorism; and the Left Wing by Karl Liebknecht, the future Spartacist.

France.—In France it was Jules Guesde who in 1877 succeeded in capturing a large part of the Socialist movement for Marxism, in spite of the opposition of the Broussistes. A group of Independent Socialists, including Millerand, Clemenceau, Jaures and Viviani, was formed later, but moderate Marxism continued to hold its own under the leadership of Marx's grandson, Jean Longuet, until the outbreak of the Great War. The revolutionary elements in France were, however, less inclined to Socialism than to Syndicalism, with which we shall deal later.

Russia.—In Russia the revolutionary movement had been predominantly Anarchist until 1883, when the Marxists succeeded in founding a party named the "Group for the Emancipation of Labour," under the leadership of George V. Plekhanov, supported by the German-Jews, R. Axelrod and Leo Deutsch, and the Russian, Vera Zassulitch, who in 1878 had attempted to shoot Trepoff, the prefect of police in St. Petersburg.

In 1898 this Group assumed the name of the Russian Democratic Party, still led by Plekhanov, but in 1903, at a Conference held in London, split into two parties over a point of policy; the majority, under Lenin, being known as the Bolsheviks, from the Russian word *bolshee*, signifying greater; and the minority, under Martoff, being known as the Mensheviks, from *menshee*, signifying lesser.

Italy.—In Italy between 1880 and 1890 a Marxist group was formed under the leadership of Turati, but here, as in France and other Latin countries, the revolutionary movement was rather Syndicalist than Socialist in character.

Such was the state of Socialism in the most important countries of the world at the time of the outbreak of the Great War.

CHAPTER III

ANARCHISM AND SYNDICALISM

French Anarchists.—The origin of Anarchism and Syndicalism, as of Socialism, must be sought in France. Proudhon, known as "the Father of Anarchy," was the first to formulate the creed later to be known as Syndicalism in the phrase:

"According to my idea, railways, a mine, a manufactory, a ship, etc., are to the workers whom they occupy what the hive is to the bees, that is, at the same time their instrument, and their dwelling, their country, their territory, their property.' Hence Proudhon opposed 'the exploitation of the railways whether by companies of Capitalists or by the State'" (*La Révolution au XVIIIème siècle*, p. 249).

Russian Anarchists.—The German and Russian Anarchists, however, advocated no such definite scheme of industrial organisation, but concentrated solely on destruction.

Nihilists—Revolutionary Socialists.—In Russia between 1862 and 1881 the Nihilists and Revolutionary Socialists committed a series of outrages which spread to other countries and culminated in the "tragic period" inaugurated on May 1, 1891, and lasting in Paris for three years, during which Ravachol and his gang terrorised the population with bombs and dynamite. Attempts on the lives of kings and presidents continued throughout the next twenty years.

Italian Anarchists.—In Italy, where the group was led by Cafiero and Malatesta, in Spain and in Portugal, the propaganda of Anarchy found a fertile breeding-ground.

American Anarchists.—In the United States the ideas of Proudhon had gained a considerable following. His principal followers were Stephen P. Andrew, William Green and Lysander Spooner. In 1881 another Anarchist, Benjamin R. Tucker, started a periodical named *Liberty*, advocating modified Proudhonism (*Lusk Report*, p. 843).

It was in July of the same year that the Anarchists held a small International Revolutionary Congress in London, presided over by the German Anarchist Johann Most and the German-Jewish Nihilist Hartmann, who had devised the plot for blowing up the Tzar's train two years earlier. Prince Kropotkine was also present. As a result of the criminal intentions revealed at this Conference,

Johann Most was condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment, after which he left England and joined Benjamin Tucker in America. Here he continued the publication of his paper, *Freiheit*, which—owing to the recalcitrance of the printers—he had brought out with some difficulty in England. From that moment the Anarchist movement in the United States continued without a break until after the war.

English Anarchists.—In England Anarchy had been able to make little headway, either under the personal direction of Johann Most or Prince Kropotkine.

Freedom Group.—Only a small and obscure body of Kropotkine Anarchists, calling themselves the "Freedom Group," continued to carry on propaganda, and just before the war were led by S. Lindner and Rudolf Rocker, who was for a time editor of the London Yiddish revolutionary paper, *Der Arbeiter Freund*.

Communist Propaganda Groups.—In 1906 Guy Aldred seceded from the S.D.F. and entered into relations with the Freedom Group. Although an anti-Parliamentarian, Aldred remained a Marxian and did not altogether agree with pure Anarchism, so he founded the "Communist Propaganda Groups" in London in 1907. In 1910 he started *The Herald of Revolt*, and in 1912 went to Glasgow, where a number of Socialist and Anarchist groups had been established—S.L.P., I.L.P., Kropotkine Anarchists and Communist Propaganda Groups—the two latter much opposed to each other.

Glasgow Communist Group.—Aldred now founded (in 1912) the Glasgow Communist Group as an Anti-Parliamentary Communist Organisation. This became most active and succeeded in defeating the Anarchist Group, which finally collapsed. The remaining members then joined up with Aldred's Group, which, however, was from this moment until 1920 usually described as the Anarchist Group. In May 1917 it took up its present quarters at 13 Burnbank Gardens.

To the uninitiated all these differences of doctrine and nomenclature must remain incomprehensible, and we shall not attempt to explain how Aldred succeeded in combining allegiance both to Marx and Bakunin, who in their lifetimes had been bitter enemies, or why he opposed the disciples of Kropotkine, who had followed in the footsteps of Bakunin.

In Great Britain, as elsewhere, the spirit of Anarchy, like the theories of Socialism, did not become formidable until it had penetrated into the trade unions.

C.G.T.—It was when the destructive ideas of Anarchy became allied with the corporative spirit of the industrial workers under the name of Syndicalism that the revolutionary movement began to make headway. This junction was effected by the French "Confédération Générale du Travail," founded in 1895, which became divided into two camps: Reformist Syndicalists, working for industrial reorganisation on constitutional lines; and Anarcho-

Syndicalists, concentrating on the plan of the General Strike for the forcible overthrow of "Capitalism," first proposed at the Congress of the 1st Internationale in Brussels in 1868. The doctrinaires of the latter party in France were Emile Pouget, author of *Le Sabotage*, Lagardelle Griffuelhes, and especially Georges Sorel, author of *Réflexions sur la Violence* (translated into English as *Reflections on Violence*) who succeeded in interpreting Marx's doctrines in a Syndicalist sense.

T.U.C.—At the time that Anarcho-Syndicalism was definitely formulated by the left wing of the C.G.T., Trade Unionism had not become revolutionary. The British Trade Union Congress, founded in 1868 and holding its first congress in the following year, had abjured all class warfare and concerned itself with the organisation of labour in a perfectly constitutional manner. As late as 1895 it had formally disassociated itself from "Socialist Adventurers."

American Federation of Labour.—The American Federation of Labour, founded in 1881, pursued the same moderate policy.

I.F.T.U.—In 1901 the first attempt was made to organise Trade Unionism internationally, and a Congress was held at Copenhagen. The outcome of this was the formation in 1903 of an International Secretariat, headed by Karl Legien, President of the German Federation of Trade Unions. Ten years later this developed into the International Federation of Trade Unions, with Karl Legien as President (*Labour Year Book for 1924*, p. 359).

The I.W.W.—As a counterblast to the constitutional policy of the Copenhagen Congress in 1901, an International Syndicalist Congress was held in the following year, and from this moment Syndicalism began to gain ground both in Europe and America. William D. Haywood, of the Western Federation of Miners, "the embodiment of the Sorel philosophy . . . a bundle of primitive instincts" (Ramsay Macdonald, *Syndicalism*, p. 36), took the lead in forming the "Industrial Workers of the World" in America in 1905 on Syndicalist lines, and came over to England, where he met with a warm reception. "I saw him at Copenhagen," says Ramsay Macdonald, "amidst the leaders of the working-class movements drawn up from the whole world, and there he was dumb and unnoticed; I saw him addressing a crowd in England, and there his crude appeals moved his listeners to wild applause" (*Ibid.*, p. 37).

From 1905 until the advent of the Bolsheviks to power, the I.W.W. constituted the most formidable revolutionary organisation in the United States. The American Federation of Labour, which had hitherto pursued a constitutional policy, split into two wings, both led by Jews, the right led by the same trade union leader, Samuel Gompers, and the left by William Z. Foster of the I.W.W., who has since identified himself with every phase of revolutionary activity. The I.W.W. now became a blend of Syndicalism and revolutionary Marxism, drawing into it the Marxist leader, Daniel

de Leon, who in 1908 headed the Detroit branch of the new movement. From this developed in 1915 the Workers' International Industrial Union, which joined up with Daniel de Leon's "Socialist Labour Party," making the alliance between the two movements complete.

Meanwhile Syndicalism had been carried to England, where it found exponents in the S.L.P. (Socialist Labour Party) of Glasgow, which had seceded from the S.D.F. under the influence of the Socialist Labour Party of America (Beer, II. 355).

Ruskin College.—In 1899 two Americans, Walter Vrooman and Dr. Charles Beard, had gone to Oxford and founded a Labour College, named Ruskin College, with the object of teaching "men who have been merely condemning our social institutions . . . how instead to transform these institutions, so that in place of talking against the world they will begin methodically and scientifically to possess the world, to refashion it," etc. (*The Burning Question of Education*, issued by the Executive Committee of the Plebs League). The College soon won support from the trade unions, and also from prominent members of "the oppressing class"—to use the expression of a Ruskin student—such as the Dukes of Fife and Norfolk, Lords Avebury, Crewe, Rosebery, Ripon, Rothschild, etc. The University took an interest in the scheme and "many overworked tutors gave time every week which they could ill spare to small classes of Ruskin College students." But these overtures were not appreciated by the students, who strongly objected to any association with the University, which they looked upon as the enemy of the working-class and progress" (*The Burning Question of Education*, p. 3).

Plebs League.—In order, therefore, to prevent the college being dominated by University influence, the students and ex-students in October 1908 formed an organisation called the "Plebs League," with the object of bringing about a definite and more satisfactory connection between Ruskin College and the Labour movement. The Principal, Denis Hird, became editor of *Plebs*, the magazine of the League. This displeased the Executive of the College, which met and forbade Hird to have anything more to do with the Plebs movement. Hird was finally dismissed and the students went on strike. The Plebs Committee then "decided that Ruskin College as an aid to the workers was worthless" and that the trade unionists must be asked to found a college of their own.

Central Labour College.—The result was the inauguration of the Central Labour College at Oxford in September 1908, under a Provisional Committee that included Denis Hird, George Sims, S.D.P. and I.L.P., Fred Burgess, I.L.P., and Noah Ablett, I.L.P. and of the South Wales Miners' Federation. The movement had now become definitely Syndicalist.

Industrial Syndicalist League.—In the following year, 1909, the Industrial Syndicalist League, with its organ, *The Syndicalist*, was

formed under the leadership of Tom Mann (who had been present at the International Conference of 1902), and in 1913 the "Miners' Reform Movement," with the Syndicalist slogan, "The Mines for the Miners," was started by Noah Ablett and A. J. Cook, the present leader of the Miners' Federation. In the pamphlet issued by this body, *The Miners' Next Step*, the Syndicalist programme was made perfectly clear.

Guild Socialism.—Meanwhile the less extreme form of Syndicalism known as "Guild Socialism" had come into the field. The leader of this movement was G. D. H. Cole of the Fabian Society and the Fabian Research Department, who at the time the latter was founded had veered from Fabianism to Revolutionary Trade Unionism. It was "as a reinforcement of Syndicalism that G. D. H. Cole wrote his *World of Labour* (1913) and as Syndicalists, Cole and Mellor (together with Mrs. Townshend, Mrs. G. R. S. Taylor, H. D. Harben and others) were compelled to take rather a different outlook from those who followed the strict letter of the Webbs." Beaten by the older Fabians—Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, E. R. Pease, etc.—in the Fabian Research Department, Cole and his supporters started the blend of Socialism and Syndicalism they called Guild Socialism, and which, whilst setting out to place all power in the hands of the Guilds instead of in the State, according to the system of State Socialism, does not, like Syndicalism, aim at the abolition of the State, which is to act as an umpire and "trustee for the community."

One should not, however, be misled by the name of "Guilds" into supposing that Guild Socialism visualises a return to the peaceful working guilds of the Middle Ages, no less than Syndicalism "it is to Revolutionary Trade Unionism the Guild idea looks" (*The Guild Idea*, p. 14), and Marx's doctrine of the class-war enters largely into its programme.

National Guilds League.—Guild Socialism is now practically non-existent. In April 1922 a National Guild Council had been formed representing both the producing Guilds and the National Guild League, the object being mainly propaganda. The National Guilds League has since become incorporated in the Council. In 1922 the Trade Union Congress passed a resolution welcoming and approving the activities of the Guild and the formation of the National Guild Council. The Congress decided also to associate itself actively with the work and propaganda of the Council (*Labour Year Book for 1924*). The collapse in May 1922 of the National Building Guild, instituted in 1920 under the auspices of the N.G.L., dealt a heavy blow to the Guild idea, and although the *Labour Year Book for 1924* records that several other guilds were still working successfully at that date, its next issue of 1925, as also that of 1926, omits all reference to the movement beyond the insertion in its list of addresses of the National Guild League, 39 Cursitor Street, E.C.4.

Such, then, was the state of revolutionary organisation on the outbreak of war. Everywhere Marxian theory and Marxian methods had triumphed, both over the Utopian Socialism of early nineteenth-century France and over the sane Trade Unionism of England, France and America. Already the storm of social revolution was threatening when the Great War burst upon the world.

CHAPTER IV

THE WAR AND PACIFISM

THE outbreak of the War in 1914 brought another issue to the fore in the field of Socialist politics—Nationalism *versus* Internationalism. Pacifism in the sense of Internationalism was, of course, no new thing, but had existed ever since it had been denounced as a "dangerous dream" by Mirabeau in the course of the French revolution.

In this country the first pacifist groups had been formed in 1816, when (on June 14) the present "Peace Society" was founded under the name of "The Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace," with Robert Marsden as Chairman.

But it was not until the end of the century that pacifist societies began to multiply. The following are the principal organisations formed in Great Britain before the outbreak of the Great War:

- 1880. *The International Arbitration and Peace Association*;
Chairman: Felix Moscheles. Vice-Chairman: C. E. Maurice.
- 1883. *Irish Peace Society*.
- 1904. *British National Peace Congress*. President: Lord Courtney of Penwith (brother-in-law of Sidney Webb).
- 1905. *National Peace Council*. President: Hon. Lord Weardale.
Secretary: Carl Heath.
- 1910. *Rationalist Peace Society*. President: J. M. Robertson, M.P.
- 1910. *Church of England Peace League*. President: Bishop of Lincoln.
- 1911. *School Peace League*. President: Bishop of Hereford.
Chairman: C. E. Maurice.
- 1912. *Band of Peace Union; Comrades of Peace*. Juvenile branches of Peace Society.
- 1912. *Catholic Peace Society*.
- 1912. *Cambridge University War and Peace Society*.
- 1913. *The Garton Foundation*. (Allied with a number of minor Pacifist groups such as the *War and Peace Societies* of Oxford, Cambridge and London Universities, the *Norman Angell League*, etc.)
- 1914. *The Jewish Peace Society*. President: The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hertz. Secretary: Miss E. Behrens.

Such was the network of pacifist organisation in this country on which Germany not unreasonably counted to prevent England's resistance to her scheme of world domination. On the Continent Socialist theory provided little or no obstacle to the outbreak of war, and in 1914 on both sides the national spirit triumphed over the doctrines of International Socialism. The French Socialist Party under Albert Thomas and Renaudel, the German Socialist Party under Scheidemann and Ebert, the Austrian Social Democratic Party under Renner and Pernerstorfer, the Belgian Labour Party under Vandervelde and de Brouckere, the Russian Right Wing Social Democrats—that is to say, the Nationalist Menshevik group led by Plechanov—and the Italian Socialist Union under Mussolini supported their governments in entering the War.

B.S.P.—In England only the Labour Party stood by the Government, the I.L.P., S.L.P., and S.P.G.B. all opposed the war and preached Pacifism, whilst the S.D.P., which in 1911 had become the B.S.P. (British Socialist Party)—still led by Hyndman and comprising Hunter Watts, Dan Irving, Russell Smart, Victor Fisher and Adolphe Smith—were divided on the question. At the 1916 Conference this difference of opinion led to a climax and the Party split into two. The anti-war party, comprising Albert Inkpin, E. C. Fairechild, Fineberg, Petroff and John Maclean, retaining the name of the B.S.P., whilst the party supporting the war took the name of the National Socialist Party.

New B.S.P.—The new B.S.P. was formed as follows:

General Secretary: Albert Inkpin.

Executive Committee:

F. W. Llewellyn	Fred Shaw
A. A. Watts	G. Deer
Charles Dukes	J. F. Hodgson
Albert Ward	John Maclean

Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore

Headquarters: 21A Maiden Lane, W.C.2.

The opposing faction having carried off the organ of the Party, *Justice*, the B.S.P. started a new paper, *The Call*.

The N.S.P.—The National Socialist Party, led by Hyndman, had an Executive Committee of the following:

H. M. Hyndman	G. C. Beresford
A. Burden	Councillor F. H. Gorle
F. J. Gould	Emily Hayes
Adolphe Smith	R. Travers Hyndman
(alias A. S. Headingley)	H. W. Lee
Councillor J. J. Jones	John Stokes
Councillor A. Whiting	J. Hunter Watts

J. G. Webster

Hon. Treasurer: Will Thorne.

A few members of the I.L.P. now joined the N.S.P., but the main body of the I.L.P. took up a rigidly Pacifist attitude.

I.L.P.—From the moment of the outbreak of hostilities it was the I.L.P. which took the lead in Pacifist agitation. "One of the first acts" of its National Administrative Council, which included Ramsay Macdonald, W. C. Anderson, Egerton Wake (later National Organiser of the Labour Party), Bruce Glasier, etc., "was the organisation of a campaign throughout the country against recruiting. . . . These anti-recruiting meetings of the I.L.P. formed the nucleus out of which all the Defeatist and Bolshevik movements . . . developed" (series of articles in *Morning Post*, entitled "Bolshevism in Great Britain," first week of December 1918).

U.D.C.—In September 1914 the I.L.P. was instrumental in forming the Union of Democratic Control with the following personnel:

Executive Committee:

Norman Angell (I.L.P., on Directorate of Garton Foundation)
J. A. Hobson
J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. (I.L.P.)
E. D. Morel (I.L.P., National Peace Council)
Arthur Ponsonby (I.L.P.)
Mrs. H. M. Swanwick
Charles Trevelyan, M.P. (I.L.P.)
Hon. Secretary: E. D. Morel.

The General Council included W. C. Anderson, H. N. Brailsford, F. Seymour Cocks, B. N. Langdon Davies, Dr. Marion Phillips, M. Philips Price, Hon. Mrs. Franklin, Arthur Henderson, G. H. Hardy, F. W. Jowett, Bertrand Russell and Israel Zangwill.

The ostensible object of the U.D.C. was:

"To aim at securing such terms that the war will not, either through the humiliation of the defeated nation, or an artificial arrangement of frontiers, merely become the starting-point for new national antagonisms and future wars."

The organ of the U.D.C., *Foreign Affairs*, was edited by E. D. Morel, really the prime mover of the organisation, who was accused in Parliament by Will Thorne of the S.D.F. on April 6, 1916, of being "a paid agent of the German Government," and in the following year (on September 4, 1917) was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for sending information out of the country.

No Conscription Fellowship.—A further outcome of the I.L.P. and U.D.C. was the "No Conscription Fellowship," formed in October 1914 with the object of opposing every effort to introduce compulsory military service. By 1916 it had succeeded in banding together in one organisation the vast majority of conscientious objectors,

and in collecting a membership of 15,000 to 20,000 people, including a number of Quakers.

The Hon. Secretary was A. Fenner Brockway, the Chairman Clifford Allen, whilst among the supporters of the movement were C. H. Norman, J. H. Hudson, M.A., Lord Courtney of Penwith, Philip Snowden, Arnold Rowntree, etc.

Fellowship of Reconciliation.—Two months later, in December 1914, came the "Fellowship of Reconciliation," founded at Cambridge by a group of about 130 people professing as Christians to be "forbidden to wage war" and to be working for "the enthronement of love in personal, social, commercial and national life."

The leaders included the Rev. L. Richards (Secretary), the Rev. Dr. Orchard and Miss Maude Royden. This organisation still exists, with headquarters at 17 Red Lion Square and P. W. Bartlett as Secretary.

League of Peace and Freedom.—On July 8 and 9 the "League of Peace and Freedom" was founded, with the object of "carrying on educational propaganda for peace in the widest sense."

The Executive Committee included H. Baillie Weaver of the Theosophical Society, S. V. Bracher, A. Honora Enfield, Charles Weiss, etc. Hon. Secretary, Edward J. Smith.

The Women's International League.—In the same year the Women's International League was founded, being the British section of the "International Committee of Women for Permanent Peace," formed at the Hague Congress for Women in April 1915. An account of this will be given later in connection with the American Pacifist movement.

The British W.I.L. was formally constituted on September 30 and October 1, 1915, at a General Meeting, and the resolutions passed at the Hague Congress were accepted as a basis for defining the objects of the W.I.L. "It was agreed that the British organisation should be formed, with the object of linking together two movements felt to be vitally connected: the Women's movement and the Pacifist movement. Headquarters were established at 12 Little College Street, Westminster, with the following personnel:

Chairman: Mrs. H. M. Swanwick.
Vice-Chairmen: Miss A. Maude Royden.
Miss Margaret Ashton.
Miss K. D. Courtney.
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Pethick Lawrence.

Other members of the Executive Committee included Lady Courtney of Penwith, Miss Margaret Bondfield, Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Philip Snowden, Mrs. Bruce Glasier, Mrs. C. P. Trevelyan, etc.

Women's Peace Crusade.—A further development of the W.I.L. was the Women's Peace Crusade, run by Mrs. Philip Snowden. Mrs. Helen Crawford, also of the Women's International League and now a member of the Communist Party, was the organiser of

the Crusade, which began operations on the Clyde on June 10, 1917. Her speeches were described as "quite Bolshevik in tone" by the *Morning Post*, which went on to observe:

"The Women's Peace Crusade aimed at creating a panicky feeling among the women relatives of the soldiers. Mrs. Snowden was particularly anxious that conditions should arise in this country that would compel Britain and her Allies to make peace with the Central Powers before America could take a decisive part in the war. This was clearly stated at a meeting at Leicester in August of last year" (*Morning Post*, series, "Bolshevism in Great Britain," December 1918).

Workers' Peace Council.—This organisation resulted in the formation during the same year of the Workers' Peace Council in Glasgow, composed of representatives from the I.L.P., U.D.C., B.S.P., S.L.P., N.C.F., Clyde Workers' Committee, etc., which carried on continuous agitation on the Clyde.

National Council Against Conscription—National Council for Civil Liberties.—At about the same date the National Council against Conscription was organised by Adrian Stephen and Langdon-Davies—the two principal organisers in the U.D.C. office. This body, which later changed its name to the National Council for Civil Liberties, had naturally the effect of disorganising national warfare against Germany by organising anti-national warfare against Great Britain. Its activities were almost exclusively confined to munition and coal-producing (*Morning Post*, *Ibid.*).

The President was Robert Smillie, and Secretary B. N. Langdon-Davies, whilst the Executive Committee included Clifford Allen, C. G. Ammon, Margaret Bondfield, Alexander Gossip, George Lansbury, Robert Williams and H. W. Massingham.

1917 Club.—In 1917 a further organisation was founded called the 1917 Club, combining Pacifism with definitely revolutionary aims. The whole Executive Committee of the U.D.C., i.e. Norman Angell, J. A. Hobson, Ramsay MacDonald, E. D. Morel, Arthur Ponsonby, Mrs. H. M. Swanwick and Charles Trevelyan, became members. The prospectus of the new club, which was privately circulated, appealed to all "those who desire that the changes after the war should fundamentally alter the structure of society" (*Morning Post*, September 12, 1917).

Amongst the signatories were the following:

W. C. Anderson
Margaret Bondfield (Trades Union Congress, Fabian Society, I.L.P.)
G. Lowes Dickinson
Alexander Gossip (N.A.F.T.A.)
J. A. Hobson (Exec. Committee, U.D.C.)
Joseph King (I.L.P.)

Henry W. Nevinnson (writer)
A. Maude Royden (writer and preacher)
Evelyn Sharp (journalist, later on staff of *Daily Herald*)
Ethel Snowden (Mrs. Philip Snowden) (I.L.P.)
Josiah C. Wedgwood (I.L.P.)
L. S. Woolf (writer, T.U.C., Labour Research Department).

There is, unfortunately, not space in this book to deal with the various ramifications of Pacifism on the Continent, but a brief survey of the movement in America must be given here.

In the United States, as in England, Pacifist societies came into existence directly after the outbreak of the Great War, and there, as here, showed themselves throughout consistently Socialist and pro-German.

First Emergency Peace Federation.—As early as October 1914 the Emergency Peace Federation was organised by Louis P. Lochner, Madame Rosika Schwimmer, a Hungarian Jewess and a German agent (*Lusk Report*, p. 971), who went to America as representatives of the International Suffrage Alliance, together with Mrs. Pethick Lawrence from England.

The preliminary meeting was held in Chicago on December 5, 1914, and was presided over by Miss Jane Addams. A committee was formed to settle the War on the lines drawn up by the South German Social Democrats, the Anti-War Council of Holland, the International Peace Brethren and the U.D.C. of England. The direction of the Federation was left almost entirely to well-known Socialist leaders, including Morris Hillquit on the Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of America, whilst Lochner was an American citizen of German descent, concerned in Socialist publicity organisation.

The legislative branch of the Emergency Peace Federation was represented by the American Union Against Militarism, the American Peace Society and the Women's Peace Party.

American League to Limit Armaments.—On December 18 of the same year (1914) the "American League to Limit Armaments" was organised in New York by a committee including many of the people who were at the same time active in the Emergency Peace Federation of Chicago. These included Louis Lochner, Morris Hillquit and Jane Addams.

National Peace Federation.—In March 1915 the Emergency Peace Federation assumed the name of the National Peace Federation, and began to extend its activities to Europe.

Women's International Committee for Permanent Peace.—It was then that Jane Addams, Lochner, Rosika Schwimmer and a number of other Pacifists went to Holland and convened the Hague Congress on April 28, 1915, at which they organised the "Women's International Committee for Permanent Peace," referred to on page 35, of which the British section took the name of

the Women's International League. Representatives of eighteen countries were present and the following personnel was elected :

Chairman : Jane Addams.

Vice-Chairman : Dr. Aletta Jacobs.

Secretary : Chrystal Macmillan.

Treasurer *pro tem.* and Assistant Secretary : Rosa Manus.

The Central Bureau was instituted at Keisersgracht 467, Amsterdam, and the official organ was the *International*.

American Neutral Conference.—In July 1916 the American Neutral Conference was formed, under the Chairmanship of Hamilton Holt, with Jane Addams and Dr. George Kirchwey amongst the Vice-Chairmen, and with an Executive Committee which included B. W. Huebsch, Bertha Kuntz Baker and the Rabbi Stephen Wise. The organisation was largely carried out by Miss Rebecca Shelly.

"This was short-lived ; starting in February and merging, before the middle of the summer, into the First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace. But during the few months it functioned it was exceptionally active in implanting thoughts antagonistic to the United States. Amongst those prominent in this movement were Mrs. Henry Villard, Emily Green Balch, Louis Lochner—through all of the movements runs the activities of this man, now safely enthroned as a Communist publicity agent in Berlin, etc." (Fred R. Marvin, *Ye Shall Know the Truth*, 1926, p. 14).

In February 1917 the American Neutral Conference Committee in New York was transformed into a second Emergency Peace Federation, with Mrs. Henry Villard as Chairman and a number of the same Pacifists—Lochner, Rebecca Shelly, Dr. Kirchwey and Emily Green Balch—amongst the promoters.

Fellowship of Reconciliation.—A number of these, as also Jane Addams, figured again in the American branch of the "Fellowship of Reconciliation"—constituted the same year under the leadership of the Rev. Norman Thomas—and still again in the "First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace," which held its first mass meeting in Madison Square on May 30, 1917, under the Chairmanship of the Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, referred to in a Report by the American miners as "head of the Jewish Kehillah in New York City" (*Attempt by Communists to seize the American Labor Movement*. Prepared by the United Mine Workers of America, Washington ; Government Printing Office, January 1924).

By this time the Russian Revolution had taken place, and the programme of the Conference was therefore to "be in thorough accord with that of the Russian Council of Workmen and Soldiers," so that the people of America should "join hands with the people of Russia" in securing a peace which could only at this juncture be favourable to Germany.

From 1914 to 1917 Socialist activities were thus mainly

restricted to anti-war agitation redounding to the advantage of Germany, since in Germany itself the firm action of the Imperial Government and the nationalist character of the German Socialists prevented Pacifist propaganda making headway. Only the Left Wing Social Democrats, later to be known as Spartacists, led by Karl Liebknecht, refused to vote for the war credits.

Zimmerwald Congress.—In September 1915 the Socialist Pacifists of eleven countries held an International Conference at Zimmerwald in Switzerland. No English delegates were allowed by the Government to attend, but France, Germany, Italy and Russia were all represented. A Manifesto was drawn up by the Conference addressed to "The Proletariats of all Nations," accusing the capitalists of bringing on the war and calling on the workers of the world to condemn it.

Considering that the German delegates—Ledebour and Hoffman—were amongst the signatories to this Manifesto, this might appear to have been a genuine peace move, but German Imperialism had its own agent at the Conference, in the person of Nicolai Lenin, who was to be sent by the German General Staff two years later to Russia in the famous sealed train, to bring about the collapse of the Russian army and set up the Bolshevik regime. Thus the Zimmerwald Congress paved the way for the Brest-Litovsk Treaty and the establishment of the 3rd Internationale. Meanwhile revolutionary propaganda was being carried on by the agents of German Imperialism in the countries of the Allies. In England this was only partially successful, producing merely a few strikes that served to embarrass military operations—notably the railway strike of 1915 that delayed the transport of munitions to the front. Only in Russia the agents of Germany met with complete success in the autumn of 1917.

CHAPTER V

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Up to this date we have seen the World Revolutionary movement directed from several different quarters: from France during the first French Revolution and the epoch of Utopian Socialism; from the Marx-Engels faction in Switzerland in the sixties of the last century, and in London later; then Anarchy carried West from France and Russia; and finally Syndicalism arising in France, passing over to America and thence to England. But in 1917 the movement enters on a new phase, and Russia, hitherto the stronghold of autocratic monarchy, becomes the G.H.Q. of World Revolution.

The G.H.Q., but not necessarily the real centre of direction! People who are accustomed to regard the thing we call Bolshevism as a modern sporadic growth—the outcome of the world-war and of “Tzarist tyranny”—completely overlook the fact shown by the chart accompanying this book that *the whole spirit, the whole theory and plan of campaign of Bolshevism existed long before the Bolsheviks of Russia came into existence*; what the *coup d'état* of November 1917 did was to establish a visible centre of direction in Moscow which, with an army, vast wealth, a huge and fertile country at its disposal, was able to carry Marx's instructions from the domain of theory into practice. The decrees of the Soviet Government were simply the resolutions of the 1st Internationale passed into law.

The Bolsheviks, as has been shown, were in no way the outcome of the Russian Revolutionary movement. Marxism, represented by the Russian Social Democratic Party, which had developed from the little “Group for the Emancipation of Labour,” had never acquired a powerful influence over the minds of the Russian “revolutionary proletariat.” The indigenous revolutionary movement in Russia had always been Anarchist in character, whether of the violent order represented by Bakunin and Kropotkin, or of the visionary type represented by Tolstoi. At the same time the Social Revolutionary Party, founded on the teaching of real Russians, such as Lavroff, Ogareff and Herzen, and standing for the peasants rather than for the industrial workers, had acquired a considerable following, which in 1917 was divided into four groups—the Left Wing, led by Maria Spiridinova, the Moderate Internationalists under Tchernov, the People's Social Party under Tschalkowsky, and the

Right Wing under Kerensky. This was the Party that made the revolution of March 11–13, 1917, that overthrew the monarchy and formed the Provisional Government which ruled Russia up to the moment of the Bolshevik *coup d'état*.

The Soviet.—At the same time the Socialist and Anarchist elements of Petrograd had established a “Soviet of Soldiers', Workmen's and Sailors' Deputies,” of which the first President was Tchaidze, a Menshevik, with Kerensky the Social Revolutionary as Vice-President. In May 1917 the Soviet forced the Cabinet of the Provisional Government, headed by Prince Lvoff, to resign, and Kerensky became Premier.

A month earlier Nicolai Lenin, who had been incubating Bolshevism in Switzerland with a Saxon-Jew, Fritz Platten (naturalised as German-Swiss), as his principal associate, was sent to Russia with a number of his supporters by the German Imperial Staff, acting on the advice of a member of the German Social Democratic Party—Helphand Parvus, alias Israel Lazarevitch. Lenin reached Petrograd in the famous sealed train on the night of April 16, 1917, whilst Trotsky arrived from New York at almost the same moment. On arrival, the Bolsheviks found themselves outnumbered by the rival factions; on May 18 the Soviet vote showed only seven out of forty-one to be in favour of Bolshevik theory, whilst at the first meeting of 1,000 peasants from all parts of Russia, who formed the All-Russian Congress of Peasants, it was found that hardly any held Bolshevik views, the great majority being Social Revolutionaries.

On July 17 the Bolsheviks made their first attempt to seize the reins of power by force, but were defeated, and the leaders of the rising—Lenin, Trotsky (alias Braunstein) and Zinoviev (alias Apfelbaum)—escaped to Finland.

The Provisional Government, which had established a Liberal rather than a Socialist regime, failed to follow up this victory and consolidate its position by adopting firm measures. It would not listen to General Kornilov when he urged the necessity for restoring discipline in the army, and to General Kaledine, the elected representative of the Cossacks, when he warned it that “in the bitter struggle for existence which Russia is now waging, it should utilise all the Russian people, all the vital forces of all classes in Russia.”

“The Provisional Government, however, remained deaf to all appeals. It feared to be accused of being reactionary. It apparently believed that the only method to deal with the Socialist elements which were undermining its power must be to grant them greater liberties and freedom to carry on their programme of national destruction” (*Lusk Report*, I. 220).

A few months later:

“The Provisional Government was overthrown, an event which was the direct result of the oscillating, timorous and conciliatory policy

which it had always maintained towards domestic enemies" (*Lusk Report*, I. 220).

It was the old story of the Girondins paving the way for the Terrorists, which was to be repeated again later in the case of Hungary, with Karolyi in the rôle of Kerensky.

Bolsheviks.—On November 7, 1917 when Lenin and Trotsky, who had returned from Finland, brought off their successful *coup d'état* which overthrew the Provisional Government, the Bolsheviks were still in the minority. Not only were they outnumbered by the Socialist Revolutionaries, but opposed by the Anarchists, and also by the Right Wing of their own Party, the Mensheviks, who had been in control of the Soviets since the March revolution. This wing was itself divided into two factions—the Nationalists, under the old Social Democratic leader, George Plechanov, and the Internationalists, under Martov.

Owing to skilful Bolshevik propaganda amongst the soldiers and lack of leadership on the part of the anti-Bolshevik majority, the Kerensky Government was forced, on this same day of November 7, to abdicate. Petrograd was captured by the Red Guards, and the Bolshevik Government was instituted, with Lenin and Trotsky at the head. All resistance was then suppressed by organised Terrorism.

The accession of the Bolsheviks to power transformed the whole Socialist movement, not only by the inauguration of a visible centre of direction, but by dividing the Marxian Socialists of every country into the same two groups which were known in Russia under the name of Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. Hitherto the Right and Left Wings of the Social Democratic Parties everywhere had worked together, but now that the principle of force had become practical politics, the Left Wings, corresponding to the Bolsheviks of Russia, definitely split off from the rest, and when the Bolshevik Party of Russia decided to call itself officially the Communist Party, the corresponding parties abroad followed suit. Thus the word Communism, which in the past had covered all forms of Collectivism, whether of the revolutionary or of the pacific and even religious variety, came to signify the policy of instituting State Socialism by means of violence and terrorism, as opposed to the institution of the same system by means of legislation. It is important to understand this point, because the perversion of the original meaning of the word Communism has created much confusion of thought. In reality all Socialists are Communists—as the Manifesto of the United Socialist bodies of Great Britain in 1893 was ready to admit—and the repudiation of the name by the Socialist opponents of force has only been necessitated by its modern identification with Bolshevism. As the late Adolphe Smith ably demonstrated, the Bolsheviks of Russia were never sincere Communists, but a gang of political adventurers sent in the first instance by Germany at the

instigation of Helphand Parvus "to lay Russia low"—as Ludendorff himself expressed it (see article by Adolphe Smith, "Lenin, Russian Traitor and German Agent," in the *National Review* for April 1921). Once in power, they made use only of the destructive methods of Communism as interpreted by Karl Marx—the abolition of private enterprise and of personal liberty—but never attempted to put the principles of true Communism into practice by establishing any semblance of equality. This explains why they were able later to win the support of all destructionists, not only of State Socialist variety, but of the former opponents of State Socialism—the Syndicalists.

So a strange anomaly has been created—the Bolsheviks of Russia, whilst calling themselves Communists, were never really Communists at all; on the other hand, the so-called moderate Marxian Socialists are in reality Communists because, whilst disavowing the name, they continue to preach the doctrines of Communism as formulated throughout the pre-Bolshevik era. All that the latter really mean when they say they are not Communists is that they do not wish to see the Socialist State inaugurated by means of blood and terror, but by the pacific method of winning the electorate over to their side.

It is this divergence of method which, since the rise of the Bolsheviks to power, has divided the Socialist movement into two camps, not opposed in aim, but only in method, and marching towards the same goal by different routes. These two camps are now led by the 2nd and 3rd Internationales.

The 3rd Internationale.—The idea of forming the 3rd Internationale was first made known on January 24, 1919, when a wireless message went out from Moscow to the revolutionaries of other lands. That message was the first invitation to the Inaugural Conference of the 3rd or Communist Internationale" (R. Palme Dutt, *The Two Internationals*, p. 22).

The aims and methods of the new organisation were described as follows:

"(1) The seizure of the governmental power in order to replace it by the apparatus of proletarian power; (2) the disarming of the bourgeoisie and the general arming of the proletariat in order to make the revolution secure; (3) the use of the dictatorship to suppress private property in the means of production and transfer it 'to the proletarian State under the Socialist administration of the working class.' The method is 'the mass-action of the proletariat as far as open conflict with arms against the governmental power of capitalism'" (*Ibid.*, p. 24).

The 2nd Internationale.—In opposition to this programme of violence, the more moderate Socialists now made an effort to revive the 2nd Internationale, which, as has been said, went into abeyance on the outbreak of War. Its last Congress had been held at Copenhagen in 1910.

Accordingly in February 1919—the month after the message had gone out from Moscow—a Conference of Labour and Socialist bodies, both political and industrial, met at Berne. Twenty-six countries, including Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy, were represented. The Belgian Labour Party and the American Federation of Labour refused to attend, being unwilling to meet the Germans. The Swedish leader, Branting, was elected President. This was not in reality a meeting of the old 2nd Internationale, but it prepared the way for its reorganisation. At this Conference the difference of opinion on the Russian question became apparent, the majority under Branting repudiating Bolshevism, the minority under the Austrian-Jew Friedrich Adler and the French-Jew Longuet, grandson of Karl Marx, opposing the placing of any stigma on the Russian Soviet Republic (Palme Dutt, *The Two Internationals*, p. 16).

Foundation of the 3rd Internationale.—In the following month, at a Conference held in Moscow from March 2-6, 1919, the Russian Bolsheviks founded the 3rd or Communist Internationale, sometimes known as the "Komintern" from a combination of the Russian words *Kommunisticheski Internatsional*.

Thirty-two delegates were present representing twelve countries—Russia, Germany, Hungary, German-Austria, Sweden, Norway, Bulgaria, Roumania, Finland, Ukraine, Estonia and Armenia. In addition to these accredited delegates were individuals connected with the Socialist movements in other countries, some of whom took an active part in the work of the Conference; these included Rakovsky of the Balkan Socialist Federation, A. Guilbeaux and Captain Jacques Sadoul, both of the French Socialist Party, and Fritz Platten of the Swiss Socialist Party.

The Manifesto of the Conference, issued on September 8, 1919, calling upon the revolutionaries of the world, whether Socialist, Syndicalist or Anarchist, to unite as soon as possible and form a unified Communist Party, was drafted by a committee consisting of Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Rakovsky and Fritz Platten. Zinoviev, alias Radomislsky, alias Apfelbaum, alias Ovsy Gershon Aronovitch, was elected President of the Executive Committee—known as the I.K.K.I. (from the initials of the Russian words *Ispolnitelni Komitet Kommunisticheskovo Internatsionala*) and has occupied that position ever since. Amongst those who later formed the Executive were W. MacLaine and Tom Quelch of the B.S.P., Jack Tanner and J. T. Murphy of the Factory and Works Committee of England, Jacques Sadoul, A. Rosmer and Delignet for France, L. Fraina and A. Stoklitsky of the American Communist Party, D. Bilan of the American Communist Labour Party, the Jewish leader of the Dutch Communists, D. Wynkoop, whilst the Petrograd Committee of the Russian Communist Party was represented by N. Bukharin, V. Vorovsky (later murdered in Switzerland by Conradi), G. Klinger and Angelica Balabanova—a well-known woman revolutionary

who had acted as a German agent during the War (General Spiridovitch, *L'Histoire du Bolchévisme*, Russian edition, p. 279).

A special invitation to the Conference had been sent to Sen Katayama, leader of the Socialist groups of Tokio and Yokohama, who has since played a leading part in the Japanese Communist movement and even in the World Revolution.

The foundation of the Komintern brought matters to a crisis, and the Socialist Parties of the world were called upon to decide between the principles of the two Internationales. As a result, the British, French, Belgian, Dutch and Swedish parties, the German Majority Socialists, etc., retained their allegiance to the 2nd Internationale, whilst the Norwegian Labour Party, Swedish Left Socialist Party, Hungarian Communist Party, Swiss Social Democratic Party, Italian Socialist Party, etc., declared for affiliation with the 3rd Internationale.

Amsterdam Conference—Lucerne Conference.—A further attempt was now made to revive the 2nd Internationale. A second Conference met at Amsterdam in April 1919, and a third at Lucerne in the following August, and it was then decided to call a General Congress, not a Conference, at Geneva in February 1920. This was later postponed till July 31, and then at last, in August 1920, the 2nd Internationale, contemptuously described by the Bolsheviks as the Yellow Internationale, was definitely reconstituted at Geneva.

The 2nd Internationale Reconstituted.—Many of the people who helped to organise it had, however, nothing to do with the old 2nd Internationale; as, for example, Tom Shaw, who was appointed Chairman of the Geneva Congress. Adolphe Smith, of the S.D.F., Official Anglo-French Interpreter at the Congresses of the 2nd Internationale, thus comments on the character of the revived organisation:

"One feature, and this is the worst feature, of the Second International was maintained at Geneva. The very same individuals who had pulled the strings in such a manner that the Second International had degenerated into a Pan-German Association were allowed yet again to decide what nations should be represented and how many votes they should have. It was therefore perfectly certain beforehand that the German influence would predominate at Geneva, in August 1920, as it did when the Second International last met at Copenhagen, in 1910" (*The Times*, June 21, 1921).

This being the state of affairs, the S.D.F. "took good care not to go to Geneva," but the I.L.P. and Labour Party delegates who attended showed themselves "more pro-German than the Germans themselves" (Adolphe Smith in private correspondence).

The 2nd Internationale then decided to remove its bureau, i.e. Executive Committee, from Brussels to London, with Camille Huysmans as one of the three General Secretaries.

The 3rd Internationale Congress.—At the same moment that the "Yellow Internationale" was being reconstituted in Geneva the Red Internationale was holding its Second Congress, which on July 19, 1920, met at Petrograd, and then continued its sessions in Moscow from July 23 to August 7.

This time it was able to call itself a "World Congress," for no less than thirty-seven countries were represented. The French Socialist Party, the American Socialist Party and the German Independent Party sent delegates. The most important countries were represented as follows:

RUSSIA: N. Lenin, G. Zinoviev, N. Bukharin, L. Trotsky.
 GERMANY: P. Levy, E. Meyer, J. Walcher, R. Wolfstein.
 GERMAN-AUSTRIA: K. Steinhardt, K. Toman, Stromer.
 FRANCE: A. Rossmer, F. Sadoul, A. Guilbeaux.
 ENGLAND: T. Quelch, W. Gallagher, Sylvia Pankhurst, W. Mac-Laine.
 AMERICA: Flynn, A. Fraina, A. Bilan, John Reed.
 ITALY: D. M. Serrati, N. Bombacci, Graziadei, A. Bordiga.
 NORWAY: A. Fries, Shefflo, A. Madsen.
 SWEDEN: K. Dalstrom, Samuelson, Winberg.
 DENMARK: O. Jorgenson, M. Nilsen.
 HOLLAND: Wynkoop, Jansen, Van Leuven.
 SPAIN: Pestana.
 SWITZERLAND: Herzog, J. Humbert-Droz.
 HUNGARY: Rakoszy, A. Rudniamsky, Varga.
 POLAND: U. Marchlevsky.
 INDIA: Ashtaria, Sheffik, Roy.

At this second Congress the attitude of the Komintern was made clear on two important points: Parliamentarianism and Syndicalism. With regard to the former, it was frankly stated that the aim of the Communists was to destroy parliamentarianism which "has become a 'democratic' form of the rule of the bourgeoisie." At the same time Communists should not refrain from participating in a political campaign on the score that parliament is a bourgeois government institution. "The Communist Party enters such institutions not for the purpose of organisation work, but in order to blow up the whole bourgeois machinery and the parliament itself from within." Hence Anti-Parliamentarianism "in the sense of an absolute and categorical repudiation of participation in the elections and the parliamentary revolutionary work . . . is a naïve and childish doctrine" (*The Communist Internationale*, official organ of the Komintern, No. 13, pp. 2405-2407).

As to revolutionary Syndicalism and Industrialism, these "are a step forward only in comparison with the old, musty, counter-revolutionary ideology of the 2nd Internationale. But in comparison with the revolutionary Marxian doctrine, they were a step backwards . . . the views of Syndicalism and Industrialism

. . . are reactionary. The working-class cannot achieve a complete victory over the bourgeoisie by means of the General Strike alone, and by the policy of 'folded arms.' The proletariat must resort to an armed uprising" (*The Communist Internationale*, pp. 2386 and 2452). Meanwhile "iron discipline is the first commandment of the Communists" (*Ibid.*, p. 2454).

So on the one hand constitutional government and on the other revolutionary Syndicalism were to be made use of for their own destruction and the triumph of the red bureaucracy of Moscow.

The foundation of the 3rd Internationale had immensely facilitated the spread of Bolshevism by providing the Soviet Government with a camouflage for its activities. No longer could groups or individuals working in co-operation with Moscow be accused of having dealings with a foreign power, but only with an independent Socialist organisation. To correspond with Zinoviev, member of the Executive Committee of the Russian Socialist Soviet Republic, was one thing, to communicate with him as President of the I.K.K.I. (Executive Committee of the Communist International) was quite another matter. So well did this ruse succeed, that for a year or two the Governments of Western Europe continued to differentiate between the Soviet Government and the Komintern, although the same men were at the head of each. The point was only cleared up when it was proved conclusively that, as shown in the diagram at the end of this book, the Political Bureau of the Russian Communist Party controlled both the T.S.I.K. (Central Executive Committee) of the Russian Government and also the I.K.K.I.

West European Secretariat.—By the end of 1919 the Komintern had spread its tentacles all over Europe. In December of that year the West European Secretariat of the 3rd Internationale, a marvellous organisation controlling a network of smaller organisations, both open and secret, was established at a Conference attended by delegates from Russia, Poland, Germany, Austria, Roumania and Great Britain. At a further Conference at Amsterdam in February 1920, it was decided to mark off this Secretariat as a Central European Secretariat, with headquarters at Vienna (later known colloquially as the D.I.K.I.), and to set up a new Western Secretariat at Amsterdam. A Southern European Bureau of the 3rd Internationale and an Eastern Secretariat of Propaganda, comprising the Far East, were established later.

CHAPTER VI

WORLD BOLSHEVISM

WE shall now follow the course of the Communist movement in various countries of the world after the Bolshevik Revolution.

BOLSHEVISM IN GERMANY

The first country to follow suit was Germany, where State Socialism had always been strong, but where Bolshevism had been least able to obtain a permanent foothold. The Bolshevik regime met with instant opposition from the Right Wing of the German Social Democratic Party under Scheidemann and the Centre under Karl Kautsky, who published a denunciation of Terrorism which met with a derisive reply from Trotsky.

The German Spartacists.—The Left Wing, however, known as the Spartacists, led by Karl Liebknecht, with Franz Mehring and the two Jewesses, Rosa Luxemburg and Clara Zetkine, attempted a rising in Berlin on December 25, 1918. Street fighting continued until January 15, 1919, when the Government succeeded in suppressing the movement, and Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were killed by the mob. Spartacist riots also took place in Bremen, Brunswick, Hamburg and other cities, but only met with some success in Munich, where during three weeks of March 1919 the Spartacists gained the upper hand.

In 1921 a rising was attempted under the leadership of Max Heltz, and a further one in 1923, which also proved abortive. Since the end of 1924 the influence of the Communists has decreased in favour of the Social Democrats. The membership of both parties is still large—that of the Communist Party being larger than in any other country—but although their figures may look formidable on paper, they have not prevented the rise of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg to power nor impeded the prosperity of German industry.

The principal organ of the German Socialists is still *Vorwärts*, and that of the Communists *Die Rote Fahne*.

BOLSHEVISM IN FRANCE

In France the national spirit at first showed itself resistant to the anti-patriotic propaganda of Bolsheviks, and the Internationalist faction in the French Socialist Party remained in the minority.

WORLD BOLSHEVISM

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Under the influence of Trotsky and other Bolsheviks, Jean Longuet, grandson of Karl Marx and leader of the Centre, associated himself with Pressemane, Frossard and others to form the moderate section of the Left Wing, of which the extreme section was led by Lorient, Rappoport, Marcel Cachin and others.

In 1918 the tide turned in favour of Internationalism, and at a National Council of the French Socialist Party held in July of that year, the former 'minoritaires' secured a clear majority. Fraternal greetings were sent both to the German Socialists—with eulogistic references to Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg—and also to the Russian Soviet Government. Two so-called Communist groups were now formed, but these were in the main led by Syndicalists, and it was not until two years later that the present Communist Party was formed. This was the outcome of the Congress, which took place at Tours in December 1920, when the party known as the "French Unified Socialist Party" gave their adhesion to the 3rd Internationale and became officially known as the French Communist Party.

This decisive step seems to have been largely brought about by two Jewish emissaries from Lenin, both Spartacists—Clara Zetkine and Abramovitch (alias Zalewsky, alias Albreicht) one of the most trusted councillors of Trotsky and a member of the Tcheka, who had been sent from Moscow by Lenin at the end of November to direct Bolshevik propaganda in the West of Europe. Both of them were present at the Tours Congress, where Abramovitch was referred to as "the eye of Moscow." At the end of January Abramovitch and eight of his associates were arrested by the French police, and the Bolshevik plot in France was believed to have been defeated. But the Communist Party still continues to exist in that country, with a membership of no less than 57,000, and has for its present leaders Marcel Cachin, Vaillant Couturier, Jean Doriot, André Marty, Sémard, Treint, Monmousseau, Renaud Jean, etc.

The organ of the Party is *L'Humanité*.

The French Socialist Party is led at present by Herriot, Caillaux and Léon Blum, with *La France Libre* for its organ.

BOLSHEVISM IN ITALY

From the beginning of the Bolshevik regime in Russia, the Italian Socialists proclaimed their sympathy with Communism and approval of Lenin and Trotsky. These sentiments were openly expressed at the Rome Conference in October 1918. Consequently the Italian Socialist Party held aloof from the Conferences of the 2nd Internationale, and "was the first Socialist Party of power and influence to ally itself with the 3rd Internationale. This important step was taken by the National Executive Committee of the Party, which met in March 1919 at Milan" (*Lusk Report*, I. 93). At

the Bologna Conference of October 1919 the Soviet faction under Serrati secured an overwhelming majority over the moderate wing under Lazzari and Turati and the anti-parliamentarian group under Bordiga. It was then decided to overthrow the monarchy and parliamentary government and replace them by the Soviet system. A complete scheme was drawn up by N. Bombacci and printed in *Avanti* for January 28, 1920.

But the tendency of the Italian revolutionary movement had always been towards Anarchism and Syndicalism, and found expression in the seizure of factories by the F.I.O.M. (Federazione italiana operai metallurgichi, or Metallurgical Workers' Federation), which met with no opposition from the timorous government. "The Government refused absolutely to intervene to protect private property. As a matter of fact, it did not dare intervene. The troops could not have been moved. The railway men would have struck. The soldiers might have refused. . . ." It was the same story as in France, Russia and Hungary before the Revolution. Only in Italy events took a different turn, and the weakness of government led to a great national movement, which crushed the revolution and established Fascismo in its place. Owing to the intensified campaign against Mussolini, the public in this country has to a great extent forgotten that Italy was passing rapidly into chaos when the former Socialist leader took over the reins of power. The factories had been seized and abandoned, the workers proving quite unable to run them, the inscription "Viva Lenin!" was seen everywhere, peaceful citizens were threatened. Fascismo alone stemmed the tide of Bolshevism flowing westwards. It may be that Mussolini was not only the saviour of Italy but of all Europe.

BOLSHEVISM IN BELGIUM

Before the war the Labour Party was strong in Belgium, under the leadership of Vandervelde and Camille Huysmans. At the same time Brussels was the centre of International Socialism, being the headquarters of the 2nd Internationale.

After 1919 a Belgian section of the 3rd Internationale was formed under the name of the Belgian Communist Party, with a membership of 5,000 that has now risen to 35,000.

The leader is Will van Overstraeten, and the official organs of the Party are the *Drapeau Rouge* (daily) and the *Rode Vaan* (weekly). The headquarters are at 59 rue des Alexiens, Brussels.

BOLSHEVISM IN HOLLAND

Social Democratic Labour Party.—The Social Democratic Labour Party of Holland had been founded in 1894 by Troelstra and eleven others. In 1910 a more strictly Marxian group was formed, calling itself the Social Democratic Party, led by a Jew, D. Wynkoop, who, with van Ravesteyn and Ceton, formed the directorate. It

was this body which sent representatives to the Zimmerwald Conference and afterwards joined the 3rd Internationale and changed its name to the Communist Party.

Communist Workers' Party.—A split took place in 1920, when the Communist Workers' Party was formed.

The leaders of the Communist Party in 1924, of which the membership was only, 1,500 were as follows :

Political Department :

D. Wynkoop, on the Executive of the 3rd Internationale.
Dr. van Ravesteyn, doctor of literature and author.
Ceton, a schoolmaster.
H. Sneevliet, a former railway employé.
Van der Glas.

Organising Department :

L. L. H. de Visser (elected chairman in 1925).
Brommert.
Sterringa.
Mrs. Stamm-Ponsen.
Bouvman.

Youth Organisation : De Zaïer

Van Lakerveld.

Amongst the intellectuals connected with the movement were Mrs. J. Roland Holst, an authoress; Baars and Brandsteder, engineers banished from India; and Colthoff, employed in the Colonial Office.

Recently another split has taken place, and the more extreme section has taken the name of the Bond van Kommunistische Stryd en Propaganda Clubs (B.K.S.P.).

The organs of the Communist Party of Holland are : *De Tribune* and *De Klassenstryd* (the Class Struggle), whilst the Left Wing Trade Union movement, known as the Fimmen group, publishes *Eenheit* (Unity).

Several revolutionary organisations have been formed in the Dutch East Indies (see *The Patriot* for April 23, 1925).

BOLSHEVISM IN SWITZERLAND

The Bolshevik Revolution, as has been said, was mainly organised in Switzerland, where Lenin had for his principal associate Fritz Platten, the secretary of the Swiss Social Democratic Party. Switzerland ever since the middle of the last century has always been a centre for revolutionary plotting, and during the war it became also a centre of pan-German propaganda. But as this was conducted on the basis of a secret organisation, it does not enter into the scope of this book.

After the inauguration of the Bolshevik regime efforts were made to turn Swiss Social Democracy in the direction of Moscow,

and a bureau for Bolshevik propaganda was established by a number of emissaries from Russia, headed by Jean Berzine and Lipnitski in co-operation with Platten, who was present at the 1st Congress of the Komintern in Moscow.

The allegations concerning the bribing by the Germans of the Swiss Socialist Robert Grimm, who was associated with the German agents Rakovsky and Angelica Balabanova, had the effect, however, of uniting a great majority of the Swiss Socialists against the 3rd Internationale.

Although a Communist Party now exists in Switzerland numbering 3,500 members, it presents no immediate danger.

BOLSHEVISM IN AUSTRIA

Before the War the Social Democratic Labour Party of Austria was led by Victor Adler, a Jew, father of Friedrich Adler, who during the War became the leader of the middle Left Wing of the Socialist Party. It was Friedrich who in 1916 murdered the Austrian Prime Minister, Count Sturgkh, and later became one of the two General Secretaries of the L.S.I.

At first a defender of the Soviet regime, Adler ended by strongly denouncing it.

On the advent of the Bolsheviks to power in Russia, a Communist Party was formed in Austria, and an attempt was made to bring about a revolution on November 2, 1918. This was suppressed, and the Communist Leaders, Friedländer and Steinbart, were arrested.

Further attempts were made in April 1919 and in June 1919, but both were successfully defeated by the police, though not without bloodshed on both sides.

An Austrian Communist Party still exists, however, under the leadership of Otto Bauer, the former leader of the Social Democrats.

BOLSHEVISM IN HUNGARY

In Hungary a Communist regime and Red Terror was inaugurated by a Directorate of Five, headed by an emissary of Moscow, Bela Kun, in March 1919, and lasted until August 1, when the Jewish camarilla were put to flight by Admiral Horthy and the troops of the Allies. Bela Kun escaped to Germany, and from thence went back to Russia to rejoin Lenin and Trotsky.

Every attempt to bring about revolution was after this checked by the band of Monarchists known as the Move or the Awakening Magyars, led by the Deputy Gömbös.

Nevertheless, a Hungarian Communist Party still exists, although declared illegal.

BOLSHEVISM IN SCANDINAVIA

Before the War Socialism was mainly represented in Scandinavia by the Majority Socialists of Sweden, with the moderate leader Hjalmar Branting at their head. On the foundation of the 3rd

Internationale, however, the Left Wing of the Swedish Socialist Party and the Norwegian Labour Party, which was represented at the 1st Congress in Moscow, declared for affiliation. Of the two countries, Norway showed itself the more revolutionary. The leader of the Norwegian Left Wing Socialists was Martin Tranmael, who in the spring of 1918 succeeded in getting himself made secretary of the Norwegian Labour Party, whilst another Bolshevik, M. Scheffo, gained control of the official organ of the Party, the *Socialdemokrat*. Tranmael proved an apt disciple of Lenin, and openly declared his contempt for democratic government as expressed by majorities: "It is the great stupid mass that decides elections; and we cannot tolerate that" (*Morning Post*, October 14, 1919). Accordingly Tranmael, Scheffo, a post master Eugene Nissen, and a lawyer Emil Stang, constituted themselves as the minority which should assume control over the Norwegian people. Before long they had secured a majority in the Labour Party, and throughout 1919 Norway became the scene of the wildest Bolshevik excesses, and one strike followed on another. But at the Congress of Left Wing Scandinavian Socialists, which met in Stockholm on December 8 and 10, 1919, a split took place between the Socialists and Syndicalists, and the latter won the day. By 1921 the moderate Norwegian Socialists, momentarily crushed for want of funds, succeeded in asserting themselves and started a paper, which has now resumed the old title of *Socialdemokrat*, whilst the organ of the Communists is now the *Arbeiderbladet*, with the same offices as the Labour Press Bureau and the Norwegian Labour Party in the Folkets Hus (People's House), 13 Youngstatten, Oslo. Schisms have recently taken place in the Communist Party, and opposition groups have been formed. Scheffo, P. Moe Johansen and Falk deserted from the main body, and the last named has denounced Tranmael as not sufficiently revolutionary, and has founded a paper of his own, *Mot Dag* (Towards Day). In retaliation, Einer Gerhardsen advocated the expulsion of Falk and his followers.

The principal representatives of Soviet Russia in Norway were, until recently, Alexandre Koznekow, Consul at Trömsø; Nicolaieff, chief of the Russian Trade Delegation, and Mme. Alexandre Kollontai, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Russian Republic in Norway and author of several books on Bolshevism, notably *Communism and the Family*, which advocates the emancipation of women from all domestic ties. Mme. Kollontai has just resigned her post (February 1926), owing to differences with Litvinov and Zinoviev.

BOLSHEVISM IN AMERICA

American Anarchists.—In America during the pre-war period the revolutionary movement has been, as we have seen, largely Anarchist and Syndicalist in character. During the War the Anarchists, led

by Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, were intimately connected with the Pacifist movement. Their official organs were *Mother Earth* and *The Blast*; at the same time they distributed a large number of anonymous pamphlets. They were also the organisers of the "No Conscription League," at the offices of which, in New York City, they were arrested on June 15, 1917, and subsequently indicted for violation of the Espionage Act and imprisoned.

Their fellow Anarchists thereupon organised the League of Amnesty of Political Prisoners, with M. Eleanor Fitzgerald as secretary.

At the beginning of the Bolshevik regime the American Anarchists sent messages of congratulation to Lenin and Trotsky, although not identifying themselves with Bolshevism. One group, calling itself "The American Anarchist Federated Commune Soviets," carried on a violent campaign through an organ named the *Anarchist Soviet Bulletin*, expressing sympathy with the Soviet regime, despite the fact that in Russia their brother Anarchists were being suppressed with the utmost vigour.

Anarchist Communism.—It was no longer, however, the pure Anarchism of Proudhon or of Bakunin that these groups represented, but a kind of hybrid theory called Anarchist Communism—with Workers' Soviets as its final objective and approximating to Anarcho-Syndicalism in its advocacy of the General Strike.

Socialist Party of America.—Meanwhile the various Socialist organisations of America were taking a new form. The Socialist Labour Party had split in 1899 and the Socialist Party of America in 1912. "In 1916 a number of the extremists organised the Socialist Propaganda League at Boston and issued a newspaper known as *The New Internationalist*. In April 1917 *The Class Struggle* appeared" (*Congressional Record*, "Recognition of Russia," Part II, p. 238. 1924).

People's Council of America.—The first repercussion of the Russian Revolution in America was the formation of the "People's Council of America," founded in June 1917—that is to say, four months before the advent of the Bolsheviks to power—and modelled on the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Soviet of Russia. The executive secretary was Louis Lochner; Rebecca Shelly was financial secretary and Dr. David Starr Jordan was treasurer. Amongst the members of the committee were well-known Socialist leaders, such as Eugene V. Debs, Max Eastman, editor of *Masses* (New York), Morris Hillquit (alias Misca Hilkowicz), now International Secretary of the Socialist Party, James H. Maurer, the Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, and Benjamin Schlesinger, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

Although the plan drawn up by Lochner and Miss Shelly followed closely on Soviet lines, the Socialistic character of the People's Council was first camouflaged as a national movement. In August 1917 Roger Baldwin, an ally of Lochner's, wrote to the latter:

"Do steer away from making it look like a Socialist enterprise. Too many people have already gotten the idea that it is nine-tenths a Socialist movement. . . . Do get into the movement just as strong as possible the leaders in the labour circles. . . ."

"We want also to look like patriots in everything we do. We want to get a lot of good flags, talk a good deal about the Constitution and what our forefathers wanted to make of this country, and to show that we are the folks that really stand for the spirit of our institutions."

Lochner replied:

"I agree with you that we should keep proclaiming our loyalty and patriotism, I will see to it that we have flags and similar paraphernalia." (*Lusk Report*, pp. 1057, 1058.)

All the tactics of social revolution are embodied in these lines.

Throughout the years 1917 and 1918 a Left Wing of the Socialist Party of America was developing with a more and more pronounced tendency towards Communism. A Communist propaganda league was formed in Chicago in November 1918; during the same year the Boston branch of the Socialist Party began the publication of *The Revolutionary Age*, which advocated Communist tactics and was edited by a Mexican-Jew, named Louis Friana (*Congressional Record*, "Recognition of Russia," Part II, p. 238, and *Lusk Report*, p. 684).

Left Wing of Socialist Party.—These activities led to the definite formation of a Left Wing Section of the Socialist Party at a meeting held in the Rand School of Social Science in New York on February 15, 1919. Maximilian Cohen was elected as executive secretary; L. L. Wolfe, later succeeded by Fanny Horowitz, as recording secretary, and another Jewess, Rose Pastor Stokes, as treasurer. The Executive Committee was selected, consisting of the following: Benjamin Gitlow, Nicholas I. Hourwich, George Lehman, James Larkin (the Irish agitator), L. Himmelfarb, George C. Vaughn, Benjamin Corsor, Edward I. Lindgren and Maximilian Cohen.

Foreign Language Federations.—The strikingly un-American character of the new movement may be partly accounted for by the fact that it was inspired by various foreign language federations, which formed branches of the Socialist Party, notably by the so-called "Russian Socialist Federation," led by Alexander Stoklitzky, Oscar Tywerowsky and Michael Mislis, with the *Novy Mir*, edited by Gregory Weinstein, as its official organ (*Lusk Report*, p. 676).

This committee paved the way for the Communist Party of America.

In the following month, when the 3rd Internationale was founded in Russia, S. J. Rutgers was appointed by the Left Wing Section to represent it at the Congress. The Socialist Labour Party, which had been one of the signatories to the invitation convening the Congress, was represented by Boris Reinstein.

In June a National Conference of the Left Wing Socialists met in New York to discuss the definite formation of a Communist Party, but decided that a decision should be delayed until September, in order meanwhile "to rally all the revolutionary elements." A minority, composed of Michigan delegates and those representing the Russian Socialist Federation, decided, however, on immediate action, and after withdrawing from the Conference formed a National Organisation Committee which issued in the *Novy Mir* for July 7, 1919, a "Call for a National Convention for the purpose of organising a Communist Party in America." This was signed by Dennis E. Batt, D. Elbaum, O. C. Johnson, John Keracher, S. Kopnagel, I. Stilson and Alexander Stoklitzky. On July 19 this committee published the first number of *The Communist*, as the official organ of the new party.

Communist Party of America.—It was not, however, until September 1, 1919, that the Communist Party of America was definitely founded at a Conference in Chicago. An Executive Committee was formed consisting of Charles E. Ruthenberg, Louis C. Fraina, Isaac E. Ferguson, Schwartz of the Lettish Federation of Boston, Karosses of the Lithuanian Federation of Philadelphia, Dirba, secretary of the Minnesota Socialist Party, and H. M. Wicks, a Communist from Oregon. Harry M. Winitsky was elected secretary in New York. Amongst other important leaders of the Party were those who had figured in the Left Wing Socialist Section—Isaac A. Hourwich, Alexander Stoklitzky, D. Elbaum, Bittleman, editor of the Jewish Federation paper *Der Kampf*, Jay Lovestone, Maximilian Cohen, etc.

The Constitution drawn up by the Party declared its adherence to the 3rd Internationale, and the report addressed to the I.K.K.I. prepared by Fraina ended with these words:

"The Communist Party realises the immensity of its task; it realises that the final struggle of the Communist proletariat will be waged in the United States, our conquest of power alone assuring the World Soviet Republic. Realising all this, the Communist Party prepares for the struggle.

"Long live the Communist International! Long live the World Revolution!" (*Lusk Report*, p. 756.)

"After the Chicago convention the work of organising locals and branches proceeded rapidly. The local for Greater New York was organised, with Harry M. Winitsky as Executive Secretary. Its headquarters were moved from the place occupied by the old Left Wing at 43 West Twenty-ninth Street to 207 East Tenth Street, and a new weekly publication was established as the official organ of the Communist Party, Local Greater New York. This paper was called *Communist World*. Maximilian Cohen was elected editor; Bertram D. Wolfe associate editor, and George Ashkenouzi business manager. The first issue of this periodical appeared on November 1, 1919." (*Lusk Report*, p. 758.)

The propaganda of the Party in New York City was definitely

"anti-parliamentary," and a proclamation was issued ending with the words in capitals: "BOYCOTT THE ELECTIONS!"

But already a split had taken place in the ranks of Communism. As we have seen, the National Organisation Committee, composed of Michigan delegates and those from the language Federations that had formed the Communist Party, had at first constituted a minority at the Left Wing Conference in June. Though they later succeeded in drawing over a majority of the National Council of the Left Wing to support their call for immediate action. Certain members of the Left Wing Council, as well as a number of locals and branches which had endorsed the Left Wing movement, continued, however, to entertain the hope of capturing the Socialist Party machinery. "All through July the Federations were maligning the Left Wing Council as centrists, as a fetid swamp. Meanwhile the Council was maligning Michigan as parliamentarian and non-Bolsheviks, and both Michigan and the Federations as petty political intriguers" (*Lusk Report*, p. 800).

Communist Labour Party.—As a result of these disputes a number of Left Wing delegates presented themselves at the Socialist Party Emergency Convention on August 30, 1919, in Chicago, but were excluded, whereupon they appointed a committee of five to meet the Organisation Committee of the Communist Party formed on September 1, and later a like committee of the Communist Convention for the purpose of seeking unity. These negotiations came to nothing, so the delegates organised themselves into a separate Convention and formed the "Communist Labour Party" with a programme identical to that of the Communist Party, except in its policy of using the present political machinery for propaganda purposes. The Convention elected A. Wagenknecht executive secretary, and as members of the National Executive Committee, M. Bedacht, of California; Alexander Bilan, Ohio; Jack Carney, Minnesota; L. E. Katterfeld, Kansas; Edward Lingren, New York. Prominent in the organisation were also Charles Baker, Ohio; James Larkin, the Irish agitator; Benjamin Gitlow, New York; John Reed, Ludwig Lore and Charles Krumborn. National Headquarters were opened in Cleveland, Ohio (*Lusk Report*, p. 801, and *Congressional Record*, "Recognition of Russia," Part II, p. 239). The official organ of the Party was *Communist Labor*.

The Communist Labour Party was from the first affiliated to the 3rd Internationale, and delegates were sent to the 2nd Congress in July and August 1920, where the Communist Party was also represented.

By the autumn of 1919, however, the attention of the Government had been aroused with regard to the activities of the revolutionary elements in the United States, and in June the Russian Soviet Bureau, the Rand School and the headquarters of the I.W.W. and the Left Wing Section of the Socialist Party were raided. On November 8 came the turn of the two new organisations, at whose

headquarters tons of seditious and anarchist literature were seized and a number of prisoners taken. Amongst those arrested on the charge of criminal anarchy were Isaac E. Ferguson, Charles E. Ruthenberg and Harry M. Winitzky of the Communist Party and James Larkin and Benjamin Gitlow of the Communist Labour Party, who, although convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, were soon set at liberty again.

In the following month, December 1919, a number of revolutionaries were deported from America to an unknown port in Russia in the transport *Buford*, nicknamed the "Soviet Ark." Unfortunately these did not include the most active Communists, but did include the leading Anarchists, whose influence was now on the wane, Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, also Peter Bianki, the leader of the Anarcho-Syndicalist group, the "Union of Russian Workers." These martyrs to the cause of freedom were received in Petrograd with tremendous enthusiasm, but although they went to bless they returned to curse; and the revelations of "Red Emma," who recently visited London, have provided one of the strongest indictments of the Soviet regime.

As a result of these Government measures at the end of 1919, the Communist Party in the United States was henceforth obliged to function illegally or in an underground manner during 1920 and 1921. But neither of the two Communist Parties was destroyed, and the necessity for uniting the two was urged by the 3rd Internationale at Moscow. On January 12, 1920, Zinoviev addressed a letter to the Central Committees of the American Communist Party and the American Communist Labour Party, pointing out that the split amongst the Communists had been a heavy blow to the movement, and that in spite of differences in tactics the two should unite to seize power and to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat.

United Communist Party.—Accordingly, in obedience to the dictates of Moscow, negotiations were at once set on foot by the two Parties, with a view to achieving unity. These continued amidst mutual recriminations and denunciations throughout the summer of 1920, and finally in September a common programme was agreed upon and issued in the name of the United Communist Party. A Central Executive Committee was formed with five members from each Party.

In May 1921 a joint unity convention of the Communist Parties took place, a revised and still more extreme programme and constitution was adopted and issued by the C.E.C. This was published in the official organ of the Communist Party, *The Communist* for July.

American Labor Alliance.—The 3rd Internationale at its Third Congress of June-July 1921 now ordered the Communist Party of America to form an open political body, which could operate legally. In order to carry out this mandate, the Communist Party

of America organised what was known as "The American Labor Alliance," but as this did not satisfy the 3rd Internationale the Central Executive of the Party, on the return of its representative, Max Bedacht, from Moscow, set to work on a scheme which would serve as a cover to its activities (*Congressional Record*, "Recognition of Russia," pp. 249-54).

Workers' Party of America.—Accordingly on December 3, 1921, a call was sent out from the headquarters of the American Labor Alliance to organise "The Workers' Party of America." The first convention of the new party took place in New York on December 23, 1921. The call had been sent out from the A.L.A. and signed by that body, as also by the Workers' Council and various foreign organisations, but not by the Communist Party; but the Central Executive of the Workers' Party elected in the following August was almost exclusively composed of Communists, including a number of the same people who formed the Central Executive of the Communist Party, such as Rose Pastor Stokes, C. E. Ruthenberg, Jay Lovestone, A. Bittleman, etc. William Z. Foster, the revolutionary Syndicalist, was also made a member (*Congressional Record*, "Recognition of Russia," pp. 267, 352).

The Worker was adopted as the official organ of the Party.

In 1924 the C.E.C. of the Workers' Party was composed as follows:

Alexander Bittleman	William Z. Foster
Earl R. Browder	Benjamin Gitlow
F. Burman	Ludwig Lore
J. P. Cannon	J. Lovestone
William F. Dunne	John Pepper
J. L. Engdahl	C. E. Ruthenberg

It also has its Political Bureau:

Foster	Browder	Cannon
Pepper	Lovestone	Dunne
	Ruthenberg	

(*Reds in America*, p. 15.)

It should be noted that Pepper was the pseudonym adopted by the Hungarian-Jew, Joseph Pogany, who had been a member of Bela Kun's cabinet during the Red Terror in Hungary (*Ibid.*, p. 44).

On August 22, 1922, the whole "colossal conspiracy against the United States" was literally "unearthed" by the Michigan constabulary, who discovered two barrels of incriminating documents, buried in the ground by the leaders of a secret convention of the Communist Party in a grove near Bridgman, who, hearing that a raid was imminent, concealed their papers before taking flight. From the "names, records, checks from prominent people in the U.S.A., instructions from Moscow," etc., the "whole

machinery of the underground organisation" was laid bare. The author of *Reds in America*, from which we quote, goes on to say:

"It can be stated with authority that the Workers' party of America is a branch of this organisation, placed in the field by orders direct from Moscow and supported by the illegal branches of the Communist Party. It is known that agents of the Communists are working secretly, through 'legal' bodies, in labor circles, in society, in professional groups, in the Army and Navy, in Congress, in the schools and colleges of the country, in banks and business concerns, among the farmers, in the motion picture industry—in fact, in nearly every walk of life.

"These agents are not 'lowbrows,' but are keen, clever, intelligent, educated men and women. They are experts in their several lines. Their programs, which are now known, show that their plans for inciting the negroes, the farmers, the clerks, the workmen in industry, members of Congress, employees in Government departments everywhere, to violence against the constituted authorities, have been drawn with almost uncanny appreciation of the psychology of each group, with facts and figures so manipulated as to appeal to those approached, with false premises so cleverly drawn as to fool almost anyone.

"The names of persons interested directly or indirectly in this movement are astounding. They range from bricklayers to bishops, and include many prominent official and society people. It must be understood that by far the greater number of these people do not know to what they are lending the use of their names and influence or to what they are giving their money. They have been approached to give aid to the Workers' Party, or to many of the relief organisations which have sprung up disguising Communistic activities, or to the forward-looking, "advanced" schools of political thought. They do not know that their names are on what are known in the secret circles of the Communists as 'sucker lists,' comprising the names of people who have given to one or another of the various 'causes' which are manipulated by the Communists and who can, if properly approached, be induced to give again."

In spite of this *exposé* and the wise policy adopted by the Government of the U.S.A. in refusing to recognise Soviet Russia, the Communist movement in that country, though checked, has never been entirely defeated. The Workers' Party of America still continues to exist as an open political party acting as a cover to Communist activities (*Congressional Record* for December 19, 1925, p. 3).

Friends of Soviet Russia.—Another Communist organisation formed in America on August 7, 1921, by the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party was the "Friends of Soviet Russia," for the purpose of collecting "relief funds and supplies for direct transmission to Russian Soviet authorities," and also of presenting the real facts about Soviet Russia to the American people, with a view to the lifting of the blockade and the resumption

of trade (*Reds in America*, p. 98). The organisation of this body was carried out by Caleb Harrison and Dr. Jacob W. Hartmann, and the names on the Executive and Advisory Committees included those of William Z. Foster, Rose Pastor Stokes, Jack Carney, Max Eastman and other well-known Communists. The official organ of the society was at first named *Soviet Russia*, but at the end of 1922 it was changed to the *Soviet Russia Pictorial*, which is the organ of the W.I.R. (Workers' International Relief). In fact, the "Friends of Soviet Russia" seem to be the American branch of the W.I.R. founded in the same year of 1921 in Berlin (*Congressional Record*, "Recognition of Russia," Part II, p. 391. 1924). An account of the W.I.R. will be given later.

The rest of the history of Communism in America must be reserved for the section on the Trade Union movement, with which it has now become intimately connected.

CHAPTER VII

BOLSHEVISM IN GREAT BRITAIN

Leeds Conference.—The first repercussion of the Russian Revolution in England was the Leeds Conference, which took place on June 3, 1917, mainly under the auspices of the I.L.P. and the B.S.P. with the object of stopping the War, but also, as far as a number of delegates were concerned, for the further purpose of bringing about a revolution in this country.

"This attempt to organise a revolution to end the war was supported by the U.D.C., I.L.P., B.S.P., Women's International League, Herald League (an offshoot of the *Daily Herald*), the Clyde Workers' Committee, etc. Sinn Feiners also attended the Convention. Among the supporters of the scheme were Tom Mann, Arthur MacManus, W. Gallacher (Clyde), and Noah Ablett and other Syndicalists from South Wales" (*Morning Post*, November 1918).

There were also present 371 delegates from trade union organisations, though none of the prominent trade union leaders, with the exception of Robert Smillie (president of the Miners' Federation) and Robert Williams (Transport Workers); besides these were representatives of various Pacifist bodies—the No Conscription Fellowship, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Council for Civil Liberties—and a number of aliens, Czecks and East-End Jews, as also a body calling itself the "Foreign Jews' Protection Committee."

Ramsay Macdonald moved the first resolution congratulating the people of Russia on the success of their revolution; this was seconded by Mrs. D. B. Montefiore, of the B.S.P. and later of the Communist Party.

The second resolution, drafted and moved by Philip Snowden, pledged the Conference to work in agreement with the international democracies for peace without annexations and indemnities. But the most important resolution was the fourth, moved by W. C. Anderson, M.P., and seconded by Robert Williams, which proclaimed the setting up of Councils of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates in imitation of the Russian Soviet of Soldiers and Workers then existing under the Kerensky regime. Amongst the most active supporters of the movement were Ramsay Macdonald, the Snowdens and C. G. Ammon, all I.L.P.; Charles Roden Buxton, Pethick Lawrence and Bertrand Russell, U.D.C.; E. C. Fairchild

and Mrs. Dora Montefiore, B.S.P.; and Sylvia Pankhurst of the Workers' Socialist Federation.

According to the *Evening Standard* the real inspirer of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council was the renegade Frenchman, E. D. Morel, formerly Edmond Morel-de-Ville, who was imprisoned a few months later for contravening the Defence of the Realm Regulations. It is amusing, in the light of the indulgence shown towards the leaders of the recent Socialist Government, to note what was once said about them when patriotism was still the fashion in this country:

"The Committee of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council is an outcome of the 'Morel' movement, which is responsible, directly or indirectly, through the parent body, the U.D.C., for the whole of the Pacifist organisations and propaganda through which 'Morel' is attempting, by a variety of insidious appeals, to weaken the war resolutions of the people and foment industrial troubles in order to cripple our military efforts. This network of organisation has been woven by the same master hand. Messrs. Philip Snowden, Ramsay Macdonald, Ponsonby, Trevelyan are, consciously or unconsciously, all creatures of 'Morel,' and quite insignificant without him. This pro-German exploits their follies and their prejudices in the same way that he uses the cowards and the shirkers and the Quakers and the Syndicalists and the elements of anarchy wherever they are to be found. He has been working cunningly and assiduously for many months to save Prussia from defeat, and he has used any instrument that came to his hand. I shall continue, therefore, to call the Workers' and Soldiers' Council a product of the 'Morel' movement, whose founder should long ago have been deprived of his naturalisation, by Act of Parliament if necessary, and expelled the country as an undesirable alien" (*Evening Standard*, July 31, 1917).

It was in May of this same year, 1917, that Ramsay Macdonald applied for a passport to go to Russia in order to consult with the Workmen's and Soldiers' Soviets, but in view of his Pacifist activities during the war the National Seamen and Firemen's Union under Havelock Wilson refused to carry him.

All this belongs, however, to the pre-Bolshevik era, since the beginning of which the Right Wing leaders of the I.L.P. referred to above have periodically professed abhorrence of the Soviet Government, though as late as October 14, 1922, Ramsay Macdonald wrote in *Forward*:

"I have been an unswerving hopeful regarding the Moscow Government. . . . We can now take the Moscow Soviet Communist Revolutionary Government under our wing, and clothe it in the furs of apology to shield it from the blasts of criticism."

"Hands off Russia" Committee.—One of the first organisations to proclaim openly its adherence to Bolshevik Russia was the "Hands off Russia" Committee, formed at the beginning of 1919 on the initiative of James Crossley, one of the founders of the B.S.P. in Manchester, with Lenin as President and Trotsky as Vice-President

(evidence of W. F. Watson, member of "Hands off Russia" Committee in libel action against the Duke of Northumberland, *Daily Mail*, November 17, 1921). In all parts of the country large meetings were held under the direction of Colonel L'Estrange Malone, M.P., and Professor W. T. Goode, and on February 8, 1919, a monster demonstration took place in the Albert Hall, London. Tom Mann was in the chair, and speeches were made by Colonel Malone, Robert Williams and also by Israel Zangwill, who declared that "Bolshevism, far from being the antithesis to Christianity, was merely an applied form of it." It was also on this occasion that Zangwill observed: "The British Government is only Bolshevism in embryo and Bolshevism is only Socialism in a hurry, Socialism while you won't wait" (report of speech published by The Workers' Socialist Federation, p. 7).

On May 21, 1920, the "Hands off Russia" Committee published a big advertisement in the *Daily Herald*, advocating a twenty-four hours' General Strike to coerce the Government to let Russia alone, and not help Poland. The signatories to this appeal were as follows:

Chas. G. Ammon, L.C.C., L.P., I.L.P., 1917 Club.
 John Bromley, Sec., Locomotive Engineers, L.P.
 Isaac Brassington, Sec., N.U.R.
 Mrs. M. Bamber, Sec., Warehouse Workers.
 A. G. Cameron, Sec., Amalgamated Society Carpenters, L.P., I.L.P.
 Dr. R. Dunstan, Labour candidate, I.L.P.
 R. J. Davies, Union Co-operative Employees, I.L.P.
 W. T. Goode, *Manchester Guardian*.
 William Gallacher, Clyde worker.
 Alec Gossip, Sec., Furnishing Trades.
 Harold Grenfell, Naval Attaché, Russian Embassy (1912-17).
 Jack Jones, M.P., S.D.F.
 David Kirkwood, Clyde worker, I.L.P.
 George Lansbury (*Daily Herald*), I.L.P.
 Neil Maclean, M.P., I.L.P.
 Tom Mann, Sec. A.E.U., I.L.P.
 A. E. Mander, National Union Ex-Service Men.
 Cecil L'Estrange Malone, M.P.
 Tom Myers, M.P., L.P., I.L.P.
 J. E. Mills, M.P., A.E.U.
 George Peet, National Sec., Ship Stewards.
 Robert Smillie, Pres., Miners' Federation.
 Ben Spoor, M.P., L.P., U.D.C., 1917 Club.
 Fred Shaw, A.S.E.
 Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., I.L.P., 1917 Club.
 James Winston, S. Wales Miners' Federation.

Further meetings of the "Hands off Russia" Committee were organised by John Maclean, B.S.P., who described himself as "Bolshevik Consul" in Glasgow (*The Call*, January 1919), and who

had been imprisoned in May 1918 for offences under the Defence of the Realm Regulations, and W. McLaine, also B.S.P. and member of the Executive Committee of the 3rd Internationale; A. MacManus, S.L.P., F. Willis, G. Ebury and others.

The H.O.R. Committee has now become the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee advocating relations with Russia. The members include A. A. Purcell, J. Bromley, A. Gossip, R. Williams, W. P. Coates, etc.

At the same time that the "Hands off Russia" campaign was started in 1919, a number of Workmen's Soviet Committees were formed, with headquarters in London, under W. F. Watson of the "Hands off Russia" Committee, A. MacManus, John Maclean and Tom Anderson, I.L.P. (founder of the Glasgow Socialist Sunday Schools in 1894, and who had just started his Proletarian Sunday Schools in that city).

These operated principally on the Clyde, the centre of John Maclean's activities, where he had been indicted for saying in speeches from January to April 1918 that "a revolution should be created," that "the Clyde had helped to win the Russian Revolution," that "the present House of Commons should be superseded by a Soviet, and he did not care whether they met in the usual place or in Buckingham Palace," and that "he was prepared to run any risk if he thought he could bring about a revolution in Glasgow" (pamphlet, *Condemned from the Dock*, published by the Clyde Workers' Propaganda Defence Committee, 1918). "With a determined revolutionary minority," he declared, in 1919, "we shall be able to take control of the country and the means of production at once, and hold them tight through disciplined production under the Workshop Committees and the District and National Councils. Through the Co-operative Movement we shall be able to control the full distribution of the necessities of life and so win the masses over to Socialism."

This was a clear intimation of the part it was intended that the Co-operatives should play in the scheme of starving the non-revolutionary portion of the community.

It is significant to notice that all the individuals and groups who at this date proclaimed themselves in sympathy with Bolshevism were those who had most strongly opposed resistance to German Imperialism during the war. In view of the fact that it was the German General Staff which, on the admission of Ludendorff and Hoffman, had sent Lenin to Russia in the sealed train, the hand of Germany, not of Socialist but Imperial Germany, is clearly seen behind the earliest Bolshevik agitation in this country. This being the case, it was natural that the B.S.P., being the section of the S.D.P. which had split off from the rest on the issue of pro-Germanism, should be the first Socialist body in this country to ally itself with Moscow. At a Conference of the Party in October 1919 it was decided by a vote of 98 branches

to 4 to join up with the 3rd Internationale, and W. McLaine and Tom Quelch were then placed on the Executive Committee in Moscow.

Other British parties which by 1920 were affiliated to the Komintern were the S.L.P., the South Wales Socialist Society, the National Workers' Committee Organisation and the Workers' Socialist Federation.

Workers' Socialist Federation.—The last named had begun its career before the War, under the leadership of Sylvia Pankhurst, as the Women's Suffrage Federation; it then became the Workers' Suffrage Federation, and finally the Workers' Socialist Federation, with the *Workers' Dreadnought* as its organ.

Sylvia Pankhurst, whom Lenin at first regarded as his principal lieutenant in this country, was then ordered by him to form a Communist Party in Great Britain, as the British Section of the 3rd Internationale, and was said to have been promised £3,522 by him for the purpose. (*Morning Post*, November 3, 1920.)

First British Communist Party.—The plan was quite openly announced in the *Daily Herald* of March 20, 1920, where sympathisers with the "definite formation of a Revolutionary Communist Party, affiliated to the 3rd Internationale," were invited to communicate with an obscure individual at Ashford Junction. The proposal met with no interference from the authorities. Accordingly, on Saturday, June 19, 1920, the first British Communist Party was formed at a meeting which took place at the International Socialist Club, 28 East Road, City Road, London. This Club was a re-suscitation of the old Communist Club in Charlotte Street, Soho, which had been closed at the end of 1919, and the leading spirit was described as a "Jewess of Russian extraction" whose name was not given in the press (*Evening News* for January 12, 1920).

At the Conference in question the delegates were drawn from various small Communist societies, including Sylvia Pankhurst's own Party, the Workers' Socialist Federation. The Conference then drew up the following declaration:

"We, revolutionary and Communist delegates and individuals, pledge ourselves to the Third International, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Soviet System, non-affiliation to the Labour Party and to abstention from Parliamentary action; and decide not to take part in the August 1st unity conference or in the unity negotiations concerned with it."

The C.P.G.B.—In abjuring parliamentary action this first Communist Party had, however, failed to carry out Lenin's policy of "boring from within." Lenin, therefore, now gave his support to the other group calling itself "The Joint Provisional Committee for the Communist Party of Great Britain," led by A. MacManus, which had convoked the conference in question with a view to forming a United British Communist Party. In a letter dated July 10, 1920, Lenin wrote as follows:

"I have received the letter of the Joint Provisional Committee for the Communist Party of Britain dated June 20, and hasten to answer in reply to their request, that I entirely sympathise with the plan they have developed for the immediate organisation of a single Communist Party in England. I consider that the tactics of Comrade Sylvia Pankhurst and of the Workers' Socialist Federation are mistaken because of their refusal to join in a unification of the British Socialist Party, the Socialist Labour Party, and other organisations into one Communist Party. In particular I am personally in favour of participation in parliament and also in favour of adherence to the labor party under the condition of reserving complete freedom and independent communist action; and I shall defend these tactics at the Second Congress of the Third International on July 15th in Moscow. I consider as most desirable the immediate organisation of one Communist Party on the basis of all these decisions of the Third International and also the bringing of that party into the closest touch with the Industrial Workers of the World and the shop stewards committee, in order to unite completely with them in the nearest future" (*Lusk Report*, II. 1605, and *Morning Post*, August 2, 1920).

The result of these instructions was the foundation of the present Communist Party of Great Britain on August 1, 1920, at a Conference held in the Cannon Street Hotel, London. About 150 delegates were present, mainly from the British Socialist Party and the Socialist Labour Party of Glasgow, others represented smaller Left Wing Socialist groups. Arthur MacManus (S.L.P.) presided and was elected chairman of the Executive Committee now formed, consisting of the following: W. Paul, Tom Bell, A. A. Watts, F. Willis, J. F. Hodgson, W. Hewlett, Fred Shaw, R. Stewart, Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore, Col. L'Estrange Malone, G. Deer, and William Mellor. A. A. Purcell, who had just returned from Russia, and Robert Williams were amongst the delegates who spoke. The general secretary of the B.S.P., Albert Inkpin, became the secretary of the C.P.G.B. (*Times* and *Daily Herald* of August 2, 1920).

Although a section of the S.L.P. now entered the C.P.G.B., the S.L.P. has continued up to the present time as a separate body, with its organ *The Socialist*. Much the same thing took place in the I.L.P., which contained a considerable Communist element. The close relations maintained between this section of the Party and the 3rd Internationale were shown in the *Report of the Second Congress of the Communist Internationale*, published in Petrograd in 1921, where an article appeared signed, "In the name of the Left Wing of the I.L.P.: Helen Crawford, secretary." The writer here describes the efforts of the Left Wing to swing the I.L.P. over to Communism, particularly in the North of England, Scotland and Wales—Merthyr Tydvil being indicated as the centre of the movement—and ends with the assurance that should these efforts prove unsuccessful, at any rate a section of the Party will join up with the Communists. Mrs. Crawford is now a member of the C.P.G.B., as are also certain

other members of the I.L.P., whilst on the other hand some of the most violent Communists have remained in the I.L.P., and have not joined up with the Communist Party.

The B.S.P. became merged with the C.P.G.B. at the time of the latter's formation, and ceased to exist altogether, whilst its organ *The Call* was replaced by the organ of the new Party, *The Communist*.

Second S.D.F.—At the same time the National Socialist Party, led by Hyndman, which had formed the Right Wing of the British Socialist Party when the Left Wing split off from it in 1916, resumed the old name of the Social Democratic Federation, which it bears to-day. *Justice* continued to be its organ until 1925, when it was changed from a weekly to a monthly, with the new name *The Social Democrat*. Since the death of H. M. Hyndman in 1921 the S.D.F. has had no leader of outstanding personality. Its Executive Committee now includes the following:

Tom Kennedy, M.P. (General Secretary), H. W. Leo, Will Thorne, M.P., Jack Jones, M.P., F. Montague, M.P., W. G. Cluse, M.P. The late Dan Irving was also a member.

The offices of the S.D.F. have just been moved to the Hyndman Club and Institute, 54 Colebrooke Row, Islington.

The S.D.F. has always continued to advocate Marxian Socialism as interpreted by Hyndman in the past, but it has consistently opposed Bolshevism as a violation of social democratic principles, and denounced the form of Pacifism which tends to the advantage of Germany. The late Adolphe Smith was one of its most enlightened and patriotic members, who remained to the end of his life a true friend of France and enemy of German militarism.

By the end of 1920 the Communist movement in Great Britain had passed entirely out of the hands of Sylvia Pankhurst into those of the C.P.G.B. This was owing, not only to Lenin's displeasure, but to Sylvia's arrest in October of that year by the Government of this country on the charge of publishing matter calculated to cause disaffection in the Army and Navy. At the trial she was found not only to be working directly with Lenin, Zinoviev and an East-End Jew named Rosenberg, who occupied a high position in the Foreign Office at Moscow, but also to be in touch with Louis Fraina, international secretary of the Communist Party of America, through a Russian-Jew, Jacob Nosowitsky, who acted as courier between the United States and this country, where, according to his own account given recently in the Hearst Press (*Chicago Herald*, October 11, 1925), he was also in the employment of Scotland Yard. Letters were produced addressed by Sylvia Pankhurst to Lenin and Zinoviev showing how the distress of the unemployed was being exploited by the revolutionaries and complaining of the failure of the Communist Party to "rise to the occasion." One passage ran: "The Communist Parties are not large enough or intelligent enough to

make capital out of the situation. We are talking of a Communist Council of action. Colonel Malone, with whom I have just been speaking and who is a member of the Executive of the Communist Party, tells me his Executive does not wish to join with us or other parties, but to absorb us" (*Morning Post*, November 3, 1920.)

This rivalry led up finally to the excommunication of Comrade Sylvia Pankhurst by the C.P.G.B. after her release from prison, and the demand by this body that the *Workers' Dreadnought* should be handed over to them. This was not acceded to, and Sylvia retained possession of her organ. The liberty of speech enjoyed under Communism was thus described by Sylvia Pankhurst in this organ:

"Dressed in a little brief authority this Executive, which, meeting only fortnightly, is necessarily controlled by the paid officials who are always on the spot, was full of zeal to serve the Communist Party by controlling me. . . . The Comrades intended to enforce discipline in its most stultifying aspect. Comrade MacManus, as Chairman, informed me that they would not permit any member of the party to write or publish a book or pamphlet without the sanction of the Executive. Those who may differ from the Executive on any point of principle, policy or tactics, or even those whose method of dealing with agreed theory is not approved or appreciated by the Executive, are therefore to be gagged." (*Morning Post*, Sept. 19, 1921.)

Workers' Communist Movement.—Repudiated both by Lenin and the C.P.G.B., Sylvia Pankhurst now joined the 4th Internationale, started in this year, 1921, in Berlin under A. Bogdanov and claiming to be more advanced than Moscow. At the same time she continued to run her group, which in 1923 changed its name to the Workers' Communist Movement affiliated to the 4th Internationale (see account of this in *Daily Telegraph*, April 28, 1923).

Unemployed Workers' Organisation.—At about the same date she formed the "Unemployed Workers' Organisation," in which she was associated with a Miss Nora Smythe.

A.P.C.F.—These organisations have now ceased to exist and Sylvia Pankhurst has retired from the political arena, but another body, somewhat akin to hers, is still a going concern, namely, the Anti-Parliamentary Communist Federation, formed by Guy Aldred in 1921. This was the outcome of the Glasgow Anarchist Group, described in an earlier chapter of this book, which had taken over its present premises at 13 Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow, in May 1917. In May 1920 it resumed its old name of the Glasgow Communist Group, founded Bakunin House, and then, in 1921, became the A.P.C.F. divided into Federated Groups.

In view of this use of the name of Bakunin, who, at the Conference at Berne in 1869, had declared that he "abominated Communism," it is difficult to understand why Guy Aldred and his followers should call themselves Communists and not Anarchists. This may be attributed to expediency—owing to the present boom

in Communism and slump in Anarchism—or perhaps to a wish to disassociate themselves from the Kropotkin Anarchists of the Freedom Group, consisting of George Barrett, Sir Walter Strickland (a Cambridge don), Will J. Owen, John Wakeman and Dr. M. Zalkind, editor of the London Yiddish paper *Der Arbeiter Freund*. For some inexplicable reason the A.P.C.F. has never been able to agree with this group.

The Communist Federation (A.P.C.F.), whilst insignificant in comparison with the Communist Party (C.P.G.B.), continues to attract a certain amount of attention—mainly amongst undesirable aliens—owing to Guy Aldred's powers of soap-box oratory.

It should be noted that although the Communist Federation supports the seditious activities of the Communist Party, the two bodies are violently opposed, indeed the *Commune*, the official paper of the former, styling itself until lately "the organ of his Majesty's Communist Opposition," and now "an Organ of the Coming Social Revolution," declares it to be the duty of every true Communist to disassociate himself from the Communist Party. This hostility apparently arises from the fact that the Communist Federation is anti-parliamentarian and disapproves of the C.P.G.B. for taking part in politics, and also for its subservience to the Bolsheviks of Russia. A number of useful truths are frequently to be found in the *Commune*, this for example in the issue of November 1925 :

"It is an admitted fact that the activities of the Communist Party are not the result of a spontaneous proletarian movement in this country, but the dictation of a select committee possessing financial power in Moscow."

And the writer (Guy Aldred himself) goes on to ask how the Communists recently arrested can complain of their treatment, whilst remaining the "bribed and hired upholders" of the Bolshevik regime, with its Red Army and Code of Criminal Laws. "How can that be wrong in London which is right in Moscow?"

The Communist Federation has therefore never allied itself with the 3rd Internationale, and since 1920 has appeared to oppose it. In the words of Guy Aldred, it "objects to a few high priests in Moscow, mostly hypocrites, dictating to hirelings here." At the same time, the *Commune* has violently denounced the Anarchist Jewess, Emma Goldman, for her unfavourable report on Russia.

"Emma Goldman continues in her rôle of revolutionary scab. Her London admirers consist of Zionists who have no taste for Palestine and Jewish master tailors who prefer sweating in London to working in Moscow or Leningrad" (April 1925).

The Communist Federation is in reality a purely destructive association, to which it would be absurd to attribute any consistent policy. Guy Aldred's oratory consists mainly in a series of diatribes

against the British Empire and all forms of religion. Hatred of Christianity is its most distinguishing feature.

The Hyde Park Socialist Club.—Connected with the Communist Federation is the "Hyde Park Socialist Club," established in September 1925, an association which holds meetings and gives entertainments.

Such are the Communist parties at present in this country. Of the three existing in 1923—the C.P.G.B., the A.P.C.F. and the C.W.P.—only the first two remain, and of these the C.P.G.B., being the body specially chosen and financed to carry out the dictates of Moscow, is by far the more important. Before describing its further activities it will be necessary in the next two chapters to study the development of the Trade Union movement from 1921 onwards.

BOLSHEVISM IN IRELAND

It is difficult here to follow the course of Bolshevism in Ireland, owing to its connection with both secret and national movements, which do not enter into the scope of this book. Thus Sinn Féin, which in 1903 took over the work of the old Irish Nationalist movement, whilst forming an open revolutionary movement, cannot be classed as a part of the Socialist organisation, although no doubt it maintained relations with the great secret society of Ireland, the "Irish Republican Brotherhood," which in its turn co-operated with the agents of world revolution in America.

Communist Party of Ireland.—The Communist Party of Ireland, into which the former Socialist Party was transformed in 1919 after the creation of the 3rd Internationale, was a small and not very important organisation numbering only about 1,000 people. The national chairman was Roderick Conolly, son of James Conolly, founder of the Irish Socialist Republican Party, which had preceded the Socialist Party of Ireland, and the chairman of the Dublin branch, Liam O'Flaherty. Jim Larkin, after his release from imprisonment in the United States, brought into it fresh inspiration from the inner circles of the Moscow and American organisations, in both of which he played an important rôle.

The organ of the C.P.I. was *The Workers' Republic*.

Irish Workers' League—Irish Workers' Union.—In 1923 the Communist Party came to an end and the Irish Workers' League was formed by James and Peter Larkin. This in 1924 became the Irish Workers' Union.

Irish Transport Workers' Union.—Meanwhile the Irish Transport Workers' Union, under James Larkin and Conolly, took a leading part in the "red" movement.

Irish Communist Brotherhood.—The real force of the International Socialist movement, as opposed to the National Catholic movement, was supplied not so much by Russia as by the Communist Party of America, which maintained close relations with the Irish

Republican Brotherhood and the still more secret Irish Communist Brotherhood, founded in 1920 and controlled by a Supreme Council of Six. The members of these two Brotherhoods were in constant communication with both Germany and America, particularly the latter, where the Clan-na-Gael served as a cover to the I.R.B., whilst the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic formed the open organisation of the Clan-na-Gael. All this being a matter of secret circles, of which the members' names cannot be given as in the case of the open organisations dealt with here, we would refer readers interested in the subject to the series of articles entitled "The Realities of Revolution," which appeared in the *Patriot* from March 15 to June 14, 1923, where the amazing plot is at least partially revealed.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CAPTURE OF TRADE UNIONISM

It will have been noticed by every attentive student of the world revolutionary movement that during 1921 and 1922 a lull occurred and for a time it seemed as if Bolshevism might be a spent force.

Communism, in the form of State Socialism administered by an autocratic bureaucracy as in Moscow, had failed to attract the working-men. Lenin's instructions concerning the "higher discipline of the toilers," the institution of "a merciless dictatorship," "the absolute submission of the masses to the single will of those who direct the labour process" (*The Soviets at Work*, pp. 25, 35, 40. English translation, published by the Socialist Information and Research Bureau) were hardly calculated to inspire enthusiasm. The slogans that have a meaning for the "revolutionary proletariat" are those that convey a concrete idea, such as physical force, material gain or destruction, which Syndicalism and its parent Anarchy have always known how to frame. "The Mines for the Miners" was naturally a more alluring cry than "the Mines for the State." Schemes of nationalisation when clearly expounded left the great majority of the workers cold.

The great triumph of the Bolsheviks lay, then, in their success in capturing the revolutionary portion of the Trade Union movement by persuading it that Syndicalism was not incompatible with Communism. Lenin's initial error had been to deny this compatibility; quite frankly he had declared that the workers could not run industry and that it was no part of the Bolshevik scheme to allow them to attempt it (see, for example, *The Chief Task of our Times*, by Lenin, p. 12.)

The I.W.W.—Zinoviev calculated more shrewdly; he knew that the only hope for Bolshevism lay in winning over the Syndicalists. His famous letter to the I.W.W. of America in January 1920 was a triumph of sophistry, and must be quoted at some length in order to show the tactics adopted by the Bolsheviks for enlisting Revolutionary Trade Unionism in their support.

Up to 1919 the Trade Union movement had shown officially little sympathy with Bolshevism. The International Federation of Trade Unions, or "Amsterdam Internationale," had for its president the wise Trade Union leader W. A. Appleton, and had not as yet developed a Left Wing.

The British Trades Union Congress had appeared to concern

itself mainly with industrial questions, and it was not until 1919 that it entered into a scheme for co-ordination with the Labour Party. A National Joint Council was finally arranged in 1921.

The Confédération Générale du Travail of France was still largely controlled by the Reformist section. In America even the revolutionary I.W.W. had held aloof from Bolshevism. Its official organ, the *One Big Union Monthly*, had asked: "Why should we follow Bolshevism?" adding that all the Bolshevik Revolution had done was "to give the Russian people the vote."

It was in answer to this that Zinoviev, as President of the I.K.K.I., wrote his appeal. Replying to the objection here quoted, he observed:

"This is, of course, untrue. The Bolshevik Revolution has taken the factories, mills, mines, land and financial institutions out of the hands of the capitalists and transferred them to the WHOLE WORKING CLASS."

But he went on to explain that:

"The private property of the capitalist class, in order to become the SOCIAL property of the workers, cannot be turned over to individuals or groups of individuals. It must become the property of all in common, and a centralised authority is necessary to accomplish this change. The industries, too, which supply the needs of all the people, are not the concern only of the workers in each industry, but of ALL IN COMMON, and must be administered for the benefit of all."

This was of course a direct repudiation of Syndicalist theory, which advocates the control of each industry by the workers engaged therein. Moreover, what was the "centralised authority" referred to but the State which Syndicalists set out to destroy?

Zinoviev clearly recognised these differences of opinion, and set out to explain them away one by one.

Firstly. The question of the State.

"Many members of the I.W.W. . . are against 'the State in general.' They propose to overthrow the capitalist State and to establish in its place immediately the Industrial Commonwealth. . . We, Communists, also want to abolish the State. The State can only exist so long as there is class struggle. The function of the Proletarian dictatorship is to abolish the capitalist class as a class; in fact, to do away with all class divisions of every kind. And when this condition is reached then the PROLETARIAN DICTATORSHIP, THE STATE, AUTOMATICALLY DISAPPEARS—to make way for an industrial administrative body which will be something like the General Executive Board of the I.W.W."

We note, however, that to-day, seven years after these words were written, the State shows no signs of disappearing in Russia, but

on the contrary is stronger than ever, as shown by the recent publication of its criminal code.

Secondly. Zinoviev examines the weapon of Syndicalism—the General Strike. After remarking that the Communists and the I.W.W. are in accord with regard to the necessity of attacking the Capitalist State by DIRECT ACTION he says:

"The I.W.W. proposes to attain this end by the General Strike. The Communists go further. History indicates clearly that the General Strike is not enough. The capitalists have arms. . . . Moreover, the capitalists possess stores of food, which enable them to hold out longer than the workers, always on the verge of actual want. The Communists also advocate the General Strike, but they add that it must turn into ARMED INSURRECTION. Both the General Strike and the insurrection are forms of POLITICAL ACTION."

Thirdly. Zinoviev discusses the question of parliamentarianism. "Many members of the I.W.W. are bitterly opposed to making ANY use of legislations and other Government institutions for purposes of propaganda." But he goes on to show the utility of political campaigns as providing "an opportunity for revolutionists to speak to the working-class . . . to show the futility of reforms . . . and to point out why the entire capitalist system must be overthrown."

Having thus disposed to his own satisfaction of all the differences dividing the I.W.W. from the Bolsheviks, Zinoviev concludes by appealing to it and also to the W.I.I.U. (Workers' International Industrial Union), the insurgent Unions in the A.F. of L., and the One Big Union group, to come to an agreement with the American Communists for "common revolutionary action." The letter ends with the words: "The Communist International holds out to the I.W.W. the hand of brotherhood."

The hand was grasped—by a section of the organisation. The March issue of its organ, the *One Big Union Monthly*, published an article in which the following passage appeared:

"The I.W.W. contains the identical potentialities of the Soviet. . . . The real clash of power in this country is between the I.W.W. and the A.F. of L. . . . The I.W.W. is the American Soviet."

Precisely a year before Zinoviev's letter was written, the invitation to the 1st Congress of the 3rd Internationale in March had been sent out from Moscow, and the I.W.W.s of America, Great Britain and Australia were requested to send representatives. In June the weekly organ of the I.W.W., *New Solidarity*, announced:

"The I.W.W. has recognised the Communist International by deciding to send a representative to their congress. Now Left Wingers, are you true in your preachings? Are you Bolshevik? . . . Do you believe in uniting all the energies of the class-conscious proletariat? If you do there is but one course of action left. That is to join the I.W.W."

The I.W.W. in America has stood for the same principles that the Bolsheviks have—the class struggle, no compromise, the proletarian dictatorship and the final act of overthrowing capitalism. Are you consistent? Prove it."

But the I.W.W. sympathisers with the Bolshevik regime had spoken without the assent of all their comrades. The I.W.W. as a whole declined to ally itself either with the Komintern or with the Communist Party of America, although certain leaders of factions, such as the old Syndicalist William D. Haywood, went over to the Communists. From 1919 to 1923 persistent efforts were made by the 3rd Internationale to bring the I.W.W. into line; these efforts only met with partial success (*Congressional Record*, "Recognition of Russia," Part II, p. 422. 1924).

As a result of this refractory attitude, the Communists of America set out to undermine the I.W.W. by capturing the Trade Union movement through other bodies working in co-operation with Moscow. In this campaign a prominent part was played by William Z. Foster, I.W.W., and leader of the Left Wing of the A.F. of L., who in that organisation met with persistent opposition from the leader of the Right Wing, Samuel Gompers, a strong opponent of the Bolshevik regime.

The T.U.E.L.—Unable to swing the A.F. of L. sufficiently to the Left, William Z. Foster in April 1920 founded a new group called the Trade Union Educational League, with the object of carrying out in industrial circles the same propaganda that the Workers' Party of America was carrying out in the field of politics (*Reds in America*, p. 13). That the T.U.E.L. was actually a branch of the Communist Party was shown in a report that came to light in the Bridgman raid of 1922 (*Ibid.*, p. 131).

But, as will be shown in the following chapter, a new power had now arisen, which was to form the rallying centre for revolutionary Trade Unionism, under the banner of Moscow, and relegate the I.W.W. to the background.

Meanwhile, in England intensive propaganda was being carried on in the trade unions by the agents of Moscow, and gradually the dynamic force of the social revolution was passing from the hands of the theoretical Socialists into those of the organisers and financiers of industrial troubles. The skilful manner in which these ventriloquists projected their voices through the mouth of "Labour" was shown by Bernard Shaw of the Labour Research Department after the railway strike that took place in October 1919. On the principle of "If you don't want to be believed speak the truth," Shaw said at a Labour meeting on December 2:

"The Labour Research Department became the Publicity Department of the railway strike, and I knew pretty well how the thing had to be carried on. Put your memory back a little. The railway strike took place on a Friday. On the Saturday the whole country

was cursing the railwaymen. Your trains were all stopped. You were all convinced by your newspapers that here were the railwaymen, who had made a combination practically to extort enormous wages from the community at the expense of the general community. We set to work, and by the following Wednesday the country had become convinced that the Government had been engaged in a deliberate attempt to reduce the wages of the railwaymen." (*Morning Post*, Dec. 3, 1919.)

Bernard Shaw's real sentiments with regard to strikes were thus callously set forth later on in the *Labour Monthly* for October 1921:

"A Socialist State would not tolerate such an attack on the community as a strike for a moment. If a Trade Union attempted such a thing, the old capitalist law against Trade Unions as conspiracies would be re-enacted within twenty-four hours and put ruthlessly into execution. Such a monstrosity as the recent coal strike, during which the coal-miners spent all their savings in damaging their neighbours and wrecking the national industries, would be impossible under Socialism. It was miserably defeated, as it deserved to be."

The Co-operative Societies.—The railway strike of 1919 demonstrated the manner in which the advocates of the General Strike had now perfected their system. The old difficulty of how the strikers were to live during a national hold-up was believed to have been got over by a plan of joint action arranged between the Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee and the Central Board of the Co-operative Union. The way in which the community was to be starved out whilst the strikers thrived was thus implied by Fred Bramley, assistant secretary of the aforesaid T.U.C. Parliamentary Committee:

"We . . . set out to secure that if the railway dispute was extended (if it developed into a general strike) we should avoid, if possible, the withdrawal of men from co-operative employment in order that the co-operative movement could be used as a food-distributing agency on behalf of the workers.

"IN OTHER WORDS, WE WERE NOT GOING TO CUT OFF OUR OWN SUPPLIES." (*Evening Standard*, Oct. 17, 1919.)

Thus the co-operative societies, the sanest and most progressive movement that "Labour" had produced in this country, had now become an important part of the revolutionary machine. No wonder that Lenin, desiring above all the downfall of Great Britain, boasted that 1920 would realise his hopes.

Council of Action.—On August 9 of that year the Executive of the Labour Party, the Parliamentary Committee of the T.U.C. and the Parliamentary Labour Party met in an emergency conference at the House of Commons on the pretext that the Government was contemplating taking up arms against Soviet Russia for the defence of Poland. It was then decided to form a "Council of

Action" for the purpose of organising the workers to "down tools" in such an eventuality. This Council was formed of members of the three bodies participating, as follows:

P.L.P.:

W. Adamson, M.P. (elected Chairman)	
J. R. Clynes, M.P.	A. A. Purcell
Harry Gosling	R. B. Walker
A. Swales	Margaret Bondfield
Colonel Wedgwood, M.P., T.U.C.	

Executive of L.P.:

A. G. Cameron	Robert Williams
C. T. Cramp	J. Bromley
Frank Hodges	

Local Councils of Action were set up all over the country.

As in 1848 in France Poland, then the martyr country of the revolutionary Socialists but now the object of their anathemas, served merely as a pretext for rallying the forces of revolution, and it was obvious that "the machinery thus erected would be available for a general strike, with other objects in view" (*Morning Post*, September 21, 1920). As shown by a document published in this issue of the *Morning Post*, an essential point in the programme was again: "The capture by Labour of the local Co-operative Society so as to ensure the distribution of food to the strikers and their families." To this plan of campaign the so-called moderate Labour leaders on the Council lent their support.

What was not generally known at the time was that the real inspirer of the Council of Action was Kamenev, alias Rosenfeld, who had come over to London with Krassin in the Trade Delegation in the spring of 1920. Such was one of the first acts of a delegate from what the British Government chose to regard as a friendly power. At a Congress of Bolshevik Directors of Propaganda in Foreign Countries, held at Bremen in December of the same year, it was stated that the expenses incurred by the Trade Delegation to London (Kamenev and Krassin) in the organisation of centres of agitation in Great Britain amounted to £23,750 per month (*Times*, February 1, 1921).

The Triple Alliance.—Constitutional trade union leaders had, however, become aware of the danger of permeation by Bolshevism. In 1920 W. A. Appleton had resigned his presidency of the Amsterdam Internationale (I.F.T.U.) because it was becoming too revolutionary, and his place had been taken by J. H. Thomas. The Triple Alliance—that is to say, the leaders of miners, railwaymen and transport workers—then arranged for the General Strike to take place on April 15, 1921. The defeat of this plan was a terrible set-back for the revolutionary movement. England having been the main objective of the world revolutionaries from Marx to Lenin, the failure to reduce her to chaos meant, momentarily at

least, the failure of world revolution. For this failure there were several causes. The Prime Minister (Lloyd George), who had not yet discovered the nationalisation of the land to be the solution of all our troubles, uttered a warning to the nation on the "Great Peril," the rise of a party to power which "calls itself Labour, but is really Socialist," which wants "to plant the wild and poisonous berries of Karl Marxism in this country." There were some people who thought Socialism was "merely a bogey," but he knew it was "a terrible machine" that would "tear society to pieces" (*Morning Post*, March 24, 1921). At the same time he mobilised his forces precisely as the present Government did in May 1926. A further obstacle was provided by the railwaymen, who, it was found at the last moment, were unwilling to come out.

The result of the railwaymen's attitude was the decision to call off the strike on what is known in revolutionary circles as "black Friday" (April 15), and so to defeat the alien plot against England. It is impossible to attribute this to the restraining influence on the part of the trade union leaders. At the most critical moment of the crisis, on April 11, a Manifesto was published by the Triple Alliance calculated to inflame passions to the highest degree. The Government was accused of standing in with the mineowners in an attack on "Labour," and of having adopted provocative measures by organising a defence force in view of the anarchy to which, as the railwaymen clearly saw, the strike would inevitably lead:

"The present government," said this manifesto, "is not an impartial arbitrator in industrial negotiations, but an active, if secret partisan, and while it speaks of peace it behaves in a manner calculated to encourage war. . . . In addition to calling up the Reserves, it has adopted the new and odious expedient of forming a volunteer force as an instrument to be used against organised labour. In so doing it has lightly assumed the grave responsibility of provoking bloodshed and civil war."

"Therefore, in view of . . . the obvious, calculated and persistent hostility of the Government to the working classes, the Triple Alliance has decided to throw its full weight on the side of the miners."

This document bore the names of Herbert Smith and Frank Hodges on behalf of the Miners' Federation, of J. H. Thomas, C. T. Cramp and W. T. Abraham on behalf of the N.U.R., and of R. Gosling and Robert Williams on behalf of the Transport Workers' Federation. (*Evening Standard*, April 12, 1921).

The I.F.T.U.—A fortnight later, after the collapse of the strike, the Amsterdam Internationale (I.F.T.U.) published a further call to class warfare in celebration of May 1, which since 1889 has been known as "Labour Day."

"This year," declared the Amsterdam Manifesto, "the demonstration of Labour must be mightier than ever. Reaction has raised

up its head more audaciously in all countries; ever greater is the resistance of the bourgeoisie to the just demands of the workers; ever rigorous are the persecutions to which class-conscious organised workers are subjected by Governments. . . . We need only recall the horrors perpetrated against our fellow-workers in Hungary, Finland, Spain, etc. . . . We need only point out the recalcitrance of leaders of the League of Nations in dealing effectively with the economic restoration of Europe by solution of the problem of exchange or by improvement in the distribution of raw material. What care these gentlemen if their negligence will contribute everywhere to an increase of unemployment, and, consequently, of destitution among the working-classes."

This was signed by :

J. H. Thomas, Acting President.
L. Jouhaux, 1st Vice-President.
C. Mertens, 2nd Vice-President.
Edo Fimmen } Secretaries.
J. Oudegeest }

One might have supposed from this that the I.F.T.U. had gone red enough to satisfy even the most thorough-going of revolutionaries, but it will be noticed their particular degree of redness has never been the criterion by which the Bolsheviks of Russia have judged groups or individuals. This is why the term "Extremist," applied to their supporters in this country, is entirely misleading. One may go to the most extreme limit of revolutionary violence without satisfying the present rulers of Russia—as was shown by their abandonment of Sylvia Pankhurst. The real desideratum is absolute subservience to the dictatorship of Moscow. This was the rock on which the Amsterdammers and the Muscovites split: the former, whilst comprising a number of extreme revolutionaries, were not, as a whole, prepared to renounce all independence of action; further, they committed the unpardonable sin of demanding that Germany should be made responsible for the damage she had done during the war in the devastated regions of France and Belgium. Consequently it was decided to destroy Amsterdam and set up an opposition Trade Union Internationale.

Of course, Trade Unionism in Russia could only be a farce, since, as Robespierre perceived, under the dictatorship of the proletariat corporations of workers could not logically exist. As Trotsky himself stated: "In all Communist States officials are appointed by the State, and trade unions must only defend the interests of the workers by helping to raise production, and not by various exaggerated demands and threats of strikes" (*Pravda*, December 1920).

Hence in Soviet Russia the trade unions, all of quite recent birth, are not trade unions in our sense of the word at all, but simply regiments of workers controlled by leaders who are at the same time members of the Government. This was shown very clearly in the

chart published by the United States Congress in 1924, when the same names were found in the list of trade union leaders and the Central Executive of the Government of Russia.

In order to bring the workers under the heel of Moscow it was necessary, however, to set up a pretence of trade union organisation in Russia. Accordingly, the "All Russian Congress of Trade Unions" was formed in 1918; from this arose the "All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions" under Tolski (alias Joseph Isbitsky). At a conference of the Central Executive of the Russian trade unions held in Moscow on June 15, 1920, at which Robert Williams and A. A. Purcell were present, the plan of uniting all the left elements in the trade unions outside Russia was discussed, and these parleys continued until July 15, when an agreement was reached between the Russian trade unions, the Italian Federation of Labour, the Spanish, Jugo-Slav and Bulgarian trade unions to fight the Amsterdam Internationale, and set up a new Trade Union International in its place. The propaganda centre thus created was given the name of "The International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions."

This was the embryo of the R.I.L.U. or "Red Internationale of Labour Unions," known also as the "Profintern"—from the Russian words Professionalye Internatsional—which held its first Congress from July 3-19 in the following year, 1921. This time England was represented by Tom Mann, Nat Watkins, J. T. Murphy and Ellen Wilkinson, and the following International Executive Committee was formed:

Gen. Sec.: A. Losovsky (*alias* Solomon Dridzo).
England: Tom Mann.
Germany: Anton Mayer.
Russia: Nogin.
Spain: Orlandez.
United States: George Andreychine.

In the subsidiary propaganda organisations of the R.I.L.U., the English representatives included J. T. Murphy (Metal Workers), Nat Watkins (Miners) and Ellen Wilkinson (Workers' Union) (*Krassnee Internatsional Profsoyusov, Bulletin Ispolneetelnovo Buro*, No. 1).

The foundation of the Red Internationale of Labour Unions was a triumph of Bolshevik strategy. What the Komintern with its bureaucratic Communist propaganda had been unable to accomplish the R.I.L.U. was to succeed in carrying out by appealing to the corporative spirit of the workers. It was probably this stroke of diplomacy that turned the whole course of events, that averted the collapse of Bolshevism in 1921 and brought about the recrudescence of the revolutionary movement which has led to the crisis of to-day.

Just as the 3rd or Communist Internationale was intended to defeat the 2nd or Socialist Internationale of Brussels in the political

field, the R.I.L.U. was instituted to defeat the I.F.T.U. or Amsterdam Internationale in the industrial field. From this moment the word "Yellow" applied to the 2nd (Socialist) Internationale was always applied to the Amsterdam Trade Union Internationale, whilst the word "Red" was officially assumed by the Moscow Trade Union Internationale, of which the propaganda consisted largely of imprecations against the hated "Amsterdammers."

The R.I.L.U. was from the beginning avowedly "Anarcho-Syndicalist." In the resolutions of its 2nd Congress it is stated that: "The Congress approves of the attempts of the Executive Bureau to draw all the anarcho-syndicalist organisations into the R.I.L.U. for the joint struggle against the bourgeoisie and against reformism." The adherents of the R.I.L.U. in England, America, Holland and France were specially charged with the task of rallying the workers to the banner of the new Red Internationale. One of the first bodies to join up with it was the Anarcho-Syndicalist wing of the French C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail), which on February 16, 1922, constituted itself as the C.G.T.U. (Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire) and soon after decided to affiliate with the R.I.L.U. The leader of this party was Dondicol.

In the United States the T.U.E.L. (Trade Union Educational League), founded by William Z. Foster, was specially indicated as the body to be entrusted with the work of the R.I.L.U., whilst a Council was recommended for co-ordinating the work of the minorities in the A.F. of L., the I.W.W. and the independent unions. The most active of the latter were:

(1) The Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, a split from the "United Garment Workers of America," dated from 1914, and working particularly for the idea of the "One Big Union." The President was Joseph Hillman and the leading members were:

Joseph Schlossberg	August Bellanca
Hyman Lumberg	Alex Kohen
Samuel Levin	Lazarus Mariovitz
A. D. Marimmpetri	Frank Rosenblum

(2) The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, started in connection with the Rand School in 1914; the President was Benjamin Schlesinger, Fania M. Cohn Vice-President, and the official organ *Justice*, with S. Wyonopsky as editor and E. Liebermann as business manager. This was affiliated with the "Workers' Defence Union," of which Benjamin Schlesinger was also the President and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn the principal leader.

(3) The "Amalgamated Textile Workers," started in 1919 with A. J. Muste as General Secretary.

In a report discovered at the Bridgman raid of 1922 it was stated:

"At best the prospects of our influencing the labour movement are mainly in the predominantly Jewish organisations like the Inter-

national Ladies' Garment Workers, Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Hat, Cap and Millinery Workers, etc. Our activities in the I.W.W. have led to their liquidation in a number of Eastern cities."

The R.I.L.U. now formed the rallying point for all these revolutionary groups, and found in William Z. Foster its most valuable agent. At the Bridgman Convention he pointed out that the failure of the Socialist Party had been not to understand the importance of industrial work:

"The Communist Party is not going to make the same mistake. This laying so much stress on the importance of the trade union work is one of the most helpful features of the movement. When we lay stress on the importance of this work, we realise that we must capture the trade unions if we want to get anywhere. Different Communists differ as to the importance of capturing the unions in the revolutionary struggle. Some say that the trade union does not amount to anything; that it is just a neutral organisation and will never become a revolutionary unit. Others say that it is one of the really revolutionary instruments of the workers and will function as such in the revolutionary struggle. Syndicalists take the position that trade union work is the only thing. Although we may differ as to the positive value of the trade union work, we must agree with the negative, namely, that it is absolutely impossible to have a revolution in the country unless we will control the mass trade unions. This fact alone should justify the policy that the Communist Party of the United States is working out. If we wish a revolution, we must have their support. After our delegation came back from Moscow last year, it brought with us a program which we thought was a good practical program for this country, and we want to tell you this—a lot of people say that those in Moscow do not understand the situation. I want to dispute that. I found in the Red Trades Union International and in the Communist International and generally in Moscow, a keen understanding of the fundamentals of our situation in this country. I can say that I found a better understanding of the general fundamental situation in America than we can boast of here. It was a peculiar thing to find men like Radek and Lenin telling American revolutionary organisations that their industrial policy was wrong" (*The Reds in America*, p. 29).

So were "free-born Americans" to be taught to manage their own affairs by middle-class doctrinaires in the East of Europe with no history of trade union organisation behind them.

transferred from Manchester to London, with offices at 3 Wellington Street, Strand.

The Constitution of the Bureau stated that it should be independent of the Communist Party of Great Britain but should work in co-operation with it, thus making it clear that the British Bureau was not the outcome of the British Communists, but was directly under the control of the Executive of the Profintern in Moscow, just as the British Communist Party was under the control of the Executive of the Komintern.

A further clause in the Constitution declared that :

"The Bureau and its Committees shall conduct a vigorous campaign within the trade unions on behalf of the R.I. of L.U., prepare the programmes of action for adoption by the unions as alternatives to the compromising programmes of the yellow leaders of Amsterdam, and do all in its power to revolutionise the practice of the unions and draw them into the Red International of Labour Unions."

The two organs of the British Bureau were *All Power* (monthly), edited by H. Pollitt, and *The Worker* (weekly), published in Glasgow and previously the organ of the National Workers' Committee.

The British Bureau of the R.I.L.U. thus formed the first junction between the Syndicalist and Communist movements in this country. With Tom Mann, the old Syndicalist leader, at its head and Noah Ablett, who had figured in the "Mines for the Miners Movement" in 1913, supported by A. A. Purcell, one of the prime movers of the C.P.G.B., the two camps hitherto hostile had now established a point of contact which was to develop three years later into a larger organisation.

National Minority Movement.—This was the National Minority Movement, which began as the National Miners' Minority Movement, and was inaugurated at an R.I.L.U. conference of miners in London on January 26, 1924. Nat Watkins of the Moscow organisation was appointed organising secretary.

Minority groups were then formed in other important industries, so that the movement now consists of the following six groups :

Miners' Minority Movement.
Transport Workers' Minority Movement.
Metal Workers' Minority Movement.
Building Workers' Minority Movement.
General Workers' Minority Movement.
Printers' Section.

The Executive of the combined movement was formed as follows :

Hon. Chairman : Tom Mann.
Gen. Secretary : H. Pollitt.
Organising Secretary : George Hardy.

CHAPTER IX

THE BOLSHEVISATION OF BRITISH TRADE UN.

British Bureau of R.I.L.U.—In England the R.I.L.U. of a found allies ready to hand. In December 1920 J. T. Murphy back from Russia with plans for the organisation of the movement and in this same month the "British Bureau" of the "Provisional International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions" was established in Manchester, with George Peet (of Manchester) corresponding secretary and E. Lismer (of Sheffield) as organising secretary.

An inaugural meeting was held on January 23, 1921, with the following as members of the Bureau :

Chairman : Tom Mann, A.E.U., formerly Gen. Secretary I.L.P. and leader of the Industrial Syndicalist League, "Hands Off Russia" Committee.
J. T. Murphy, A.E.U., formerly on Executive Committee S.L.P., C.P.G.B., British representative on I.K.K.I.
Robert Williams, Secretary National Transport Workers' Federation, I.L.P., "Hands Off Russia" Committee, director of *Daily Herald*, Council of Action (1920).
A. A. Purcell, N.A.F.T.A., C.P.G.B., now M.P.
Emile Burns, N.U.C.
G. Kay.
V. Williams, Yorkshire Miners' Association.
T. Bell, Scottish Iron Moulders.

Amongst those who later joined the movement were :

Mrs. M. Bamber, National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers.
Ellen Wilkinson, now M.P. (N.U.D.A.W.), C.P.G.B., and British delegate to Moscow R.I.L.U.
Robert Page Arnot, N.U.C., C.P.G.B.
A. J. Cook, Executive Committee M.F.G.B., I.L.P.
Noah Ablett, Executive Committee M.F.G.B.
Richard Coppock, General Secretary National Federation Building Trade Operatives.
Harry Pollitt, boiler-maker, C.P.G.B.
Jack Tanner (A.E.U.), formerly Syndicalist and I.W.W.
George Hardy, formerly I.W.W.

In September 1921 the British Bureau of the R.I.L.U. was

After Pollitt's imprisonment in November 1925, George Hardy became Acting-General Secretary and his place as Organising Secretary was taken by Nat Watkins, now on the Presidium of the Executive Committee of the R.I.L.U. in Moscow.

Other leading members of the movement are Wal Hannington, Tom Quelch, Læber, Horner, Sam Elsbury, Thom, Booth, etc.

The offices of the National Minority Movement are at 38 Great Ormonde Street, London, and its official organs are *The Worker* and *The Mine Worker*.

It is usual to describe the National Minority Movement as the outcome of the British Communist Party. This is incorrect. The Minority Movement developed historically from Syndicalism, beginning with the Industrial Syndicalist Educational League of 1910, under Tom Mann, through the Miners' Reform Movement and the British Bureau of the R.I.L.U., at which point the alliance with Communism was made. This was directly carried out under the orders of the "Profintern." In the Foreword written by Tom Quelch to the English translation of the *Resolutions and Decisions of the Third World Congress of the R. I. L. U.*, the Minority Movement of Great Britain is referred to as having been initiated and inspired by the R.I.L.U. Amongst the resolutions passed at this Congress, which took place in Moscow in July 1924, we read the following :

"It is a question of conquering the minds of the masses, of winning them for the idea of Communism. No matter how obnoxious the Labour bureaucracy, and it is becoming more obnoxious every day, the revolutionary work within the Labour organisations should be continued steadily and systematically. . . . Sensing the approaching danger, the Labour bureaucracy sweeps away the remnants of democracy in the trade unions ; everything is decided by the officialdom. It is necessary to strengthen the struggle against the union officialdom, etc." (*The Tasks of the International Trade Union Movement*, p. 9. Published by the National Minority Movement, 38 Great Ormonde Street, W.C.1).

Further on the mandarins of Moscow observe :

"NOT ONE MASS ACTION OF THE BRITISH PROLETARIAT MUST TAKE PLACE WITHOUT OUR PARTICIPATION" (*Ibid.*, p. 77).

So the British workers were not only to be turned against their employers, but against their own trade union officials, provided these were not prepared to take their orders from Moscow—the tyranny of native leaders was to be replaced by the tyranny of a foreign power. This was the real meaning of the "One Big Union" idea, borrowed from the American I.W.W.—no longer a union among the workers of the world, but the uniting of the workers of the world under the yoke of the Moscow bureaucracy. These British trade union leaders who joined the Minority Movement thus proclaimed

themselves traitors to Trade Unionism and the agents of a foreign power.

It was at this same conference in Moscow that the promoters of the National Minority Movement in England received their orders and the inaugural conference was announced to take place in London in the following month of August 1924.

It will be seen, then, that the Minority Movement did not develop out of the Communist Party of Great Britain, but out of the Syndicalist movement after its capture by the Red Trade Union International of Moscow. The C.P.G.B., however, is now definitely linked up with the Minority Movement, and at the 1925 Congress of the Party two leaders of the Minority Movement—George Hardy and Nat Watkins—were present as "fraternal delegates."

By means of this intensive propaganda carried on by Communist agents amongst the industrial workers, the British Trade Union movement had veered steadily more and more towards Moscow. An obstacle was, however, presented by the International Federation of Trade Unions, or Amsterdam International, which still refused to affiliate with the R.I.L.U. In 1924 the personnel of the I.F.T.U. was as follows :

President : J. H. Thomas, M.P. (Great Britain).

Vice-President : L. Jouhaux (France).

C. Mertens (Belgium).

Th. Leipart (Germany).

Secretaries : J. Oudegeest (Holland), J. Sassenbach (Germany), J. W. Brown (Great Britain).

These were leaders denounced by Moscow as "yellow" or "reformist"; nevertheless, the I.F.T.U. had its Left or "Red" Wing, which included such men as A. A. Purcell (R.I.L.U.), George Hicks and Edo Fimmen, the Dutchman. In 1925 J. H. Thomas was replaced by A. A. Purcell, the rest of the Executive remaining the same.

From the time of its formation the R.I.L.U. of Moscow had "conducted a furious campaign" against the I.F.T.U., particularly during the year 1921-22, and declared its intentions of destroying "that pestilent yellow lair." In Article II, Clause 4, of the Rules of the R.I.L.U., it was stated that :

"The object of the Red International of Labour Unions is the amalgamation of all revolutionary class elements of the International Trades Union Movement, and the waging of a definite war with the International Labour Office at the League of Nations, and with the I.F.T.U. of Amsterdam, which, as a result of its programme and general policy, constitutes a rallying point for the international bourgeoisie."

The I.F.T.U. therefore continued to refuse to negotiate with the R.I.L.U.

The T.U.C.—Meanwhile the T.U.C. (Trades Union Congress) had developed a strong Left Wing. As we have seen earlier, a National Joint Council had been arranged by the T.U.C. and Labour Party in 1921. Since then the T.U.C. had continued to move steadily to the Left, and by 1925 it had fallen completely under the control of its Left Wingers. In that year its leaders consisted of the following :

President : A. B. Swales (A.E.U.), I.L.P.
 Vice-Chairman : A. A. Purcell, I.F.T.U., R.I.L.U.
 Secretary : Fred Bramley (N.A.F.T.U.), I.L.P.

(All these were now made honorary members of the Moscow Soviet, see *Sunday Worker*, April 19, 1925.)

Assist. Secretary : W. M. Citrine (Electrical Trade Unions), I.L.P.

The T.U.C. being affiliated to the I.F.T.U., and the same allies of Moscow figuring in the Executive of both, it was easy to arrange a plan of combined action. An ingenious ruse was devised. Neither the I.F.T.U. as a body nor the T.U.C. were willing to join up with Losovsky and the Profintern—the open appropriation of the name “Red International” by the latter being calculated to alarm sane trade unionists—but what was there to prevent an *entente* with the trade unionists of Russia who did not designate themselves by this objectionable adjective ? The bridge leading to Losovsky and the R.I.L.U. being impassable, another bridge to Moscow must be constructed, leading to Tomski and the All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions.

That such an alliance was from the point of view of orthodox Trade Unionism as much a farce as the other would have been, is evident from the fact that the All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions, formed in 1919, was under the R.I.L.U. and therefore simply a department of the Soviet Government ; Tomski, its President, was a member of the Presidium of the T.S.I.K. (Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R.) ; and all the following members of its Executive—Rykov, Rudzutak, Andreiev, Losovsky (of the R.I.L.U.), Schmidt, Evdokimov, Lutovinov, Melnichansky, Dogadov, Antipov, Lepse and Seniushkin—were, or had been at some time, also members of the T.S.I.K., that is to say, of the Russian Government.

The overture came from Tomski himself, who appeared at the Hull Congress of the T.U.C. in 1924 to convey fraternal greetings from the All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions and appeal for “international unity.” This proposal was enthusiastically received, and it was immediately decided to send a delegation to Russia to attend the Congress of the All Russian Council and report on conditions under Soviet rule (*Labour Year Book*, 1925).

The delegates, who left London on November 7, 1924, and returned on December 19, were Purcell, Herbert Smith, John

Bramley, Ben Tillott, A. A. H. Findlay, John Turner and Fred Bramley. As might be expected from the known sympathies of the majority of these delegates, they found everything delightful on arrival ; Purcell declared that “Soviet Russia was the first bright jewel in the world’s working-class crown,” and Tillott described it as “the hope of the world’s workers” (*Daily Telegraph*, December 5, 1924). The Report, published a year later by the delegation and accepted by their British comrades, met with ridicule from Continental Socialists. Thus Friedrich Adler, ex-secretary of the L.S.I. (Labour Socialist International), wrote :

“I must openly confess that never since the excesses of the German Social-Imperialists during the war have I read a book that has so shocked me by the baseness of its outlook and the shamelessness of its assertion as this report” (*Morning Post*, June 2, 1925).

The largest group of German trade unions—the Allgemeine Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund—published the following denunciation :

“Unpleasant facts are passed over with diplomatic subtleties and the compilers are not afraid even of lies in order to put the Russian system in a better light. . . . It is shocking that seven trade unionists whose names were held in repute should go to Russia for study and circulate to the international world a wretched and clumsy piece of work in the form of a report. The Bolsheviks must be laughing up their sleeves” (*Daily Mail*, October 26, 1925).

Trade Union Unity Movement.—In the course of this visit to Russia, the British delegates arranged with the All Russian Council to set up a joint committee, and in December the plan for the “Anglo-Russian Trade Union Unity Committee” was definitely formulated by the Left Wingers of the T.U.C., with the hearty approval of *The Worker*, organ of the R.I.L.U., *The Workers’ Weekly* (C.P.G.B.) and of Tom Mann, who pressed the idea at a conference of the National Trades Council in the following March, whilst Losovsky himself sent a telegram of congratulation, addressed to the *Sunday Worker*. The new movement thus had all the Communist elements at its back.

An invitation was now sent (March 1925) by the General Council of the T.U.C. to the All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions to send delegates over to England for a Conference in April. The invitation was accepted and seven representatives arrived, led by no other than Tomski himself. The conference was composed as follows :

All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions :	
M. Tomski	N. P. Glebov-Avilov
V. M. Mikhailov	Olga Chernishova
G. N. Melnichansky	V. Y. Yarotsky
I. I. Lepse	

General Council of British T.U.C. :

A. B. Swales	W. Thorne, M.P.
A. A. Purcell	Ben Tillet
H. Boothman	Julia Varley
J. W. Bowen	R. B. Walker
G. Hicks	Fred Bramley
E. L. Poulton	George Young

It should be noted that at any rate the first four names on the Russian delegation were those of men who were, or had been, members of the Central Executive Committee of the Russian Soviet Republics. By conferring with these people the British trade unionists were, therefore, not negotiating with fellow trade unionists, but with what corresponded to the Cabinet Ministers of a foreign government violently hostile to Great Britain. What would have been said if the British Fascists had invited a number of Signor Mussolini's ministers over to this country in order to confer with them on the project of overthrowing Parliament and replacing it by a Fascist régime? We cannot doubt that such a proceeding would have been found contrary to the Constitution of Great Britain. But to the advent of the Bolshevik delegation no obstacle was offered. The Soviet Press itself could only account for this by the supposition that the Conservative Cabinet was now "climbing down" (*Morning Post*, March 31, 1925).

The result of admitting these delegates, described by the *Morning Post* as "all specially trained agitators and propagandists of purely 'intellectual' origin, and in no way representative of the Russian working masses" was naturally an intensification of the revolutionary movement in the British trade unions. In this same month of April the first number of the official organ of the new movement, *Trade Union Unity*, appeared, published by the Labour Research Department at 162a Buckingham Palace Road. The editorial board was composed of Left Wingers belonging both to the T.U.C. and the I.F.T.U.—A. A. Purcell, George Hicks and also the Dutch Left Wing member of the I.F.T.U., Edo Fimmen.

Amongst contributors to *Trade Union Unity* have been A. B. Swales (Chairman of the British Trades Union Congress), Fred Bramley (Secretary of the same), Herbert Smith (President of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain), Ben Turner (General President of the National Union of Textile Workers), Ben Tillet (Transport and General Workers' Union), John Bromley, M.P. (General Secretary of Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen), Arthur Pugh (General Secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Federation), etc. The May number (1925) contained a message of hearty congratulation from Tomski (Joseph Isbitsky), Chairman of the All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions, together with a portrait of this personage.

The attitude of *Trade Union Unity* has throughout been

antagonistic to the I.F.T.U., to which its directors belong, and derisive towards the old I.F.T.U. leaders, such as Oudegeest, Mertens and Joubaux—an attitude constituting treachery, not only to orthodox, that is to say non-political, Trade Unionism, but also towards Trade Unionism that works for Socialism without accepting the dictatorship of Moscow.

The further result of permitting the so-called Russian delegation—which had promised to refrain from propaganda—to land in this country and inoculate Trade Unionism still further with the Bolshevik virus was seen at the Conferences of the National Minority Movement and of the T.U.C. that followed.

At the former, which took place on August 29 and 30, 1925, with Tom Mann in the chair, the necessity of doing away with the British Empire was openly proclaimed. Saklatvala declared: "I denounce the Empire in the name of the working-classes. I am an implacable enemy of the Union Jack" (Great applause). H. Pollitt observed that: "The British Empire, as at present constituted, stands for the exploitation of the workers" (More applause). Amongst the speakers were A. Gossip and Nat Watkins. Plans were put forward for Councils of Action, for a Workers' Defence Corps, Factory Committees and for further capturing the Co-operative Movement.

"The machinery of the Co-operatives is an essential alliance in the coming struggle for the feeding of the strikers' wives and families. We must get inside the Co-ops. and link them up with the Trade Unions, ready for collective action. Every Trade Unionist should be a Co-operator and every Co-operator a Trade Unionist."

The Annual Conference of the T.U.C. took place at Scarborough in the following month of September. Tomski was once more present, together with Dogadoff, a member of the Presidium of the Profintern and formerly of the T.S.I.K. The Conference then presented Tomski with a gold watch as a token of respect.

Resolutions were put forward in favour of the "One Big Union" scheme, of the destruction of (British) Capitalism and of the break-up of the British Empire, and the two latter were carried by huge majorities:

Resolution carried by 2,456,000 votes to 1,218,000:

"This Congress declares that the Trade Union movement must organise to prepare the Trade Unions in conjunction with the party of the workers to struggle for the overthrow of Capitalism.

"At the same time Congress warns the workers against all attempts to introduce capitalist schemes of co-partnership which in the past have failed to give the workers any positive rights, but instead have usually served as fetters retarding the forward movements.

"Congress further considers that strong, well-organised Shop Committees are indispensable weapons in the struggle to force the capitalists to relinquish their grip on industry, and, therefore, pledges itself to do all in its power to develop and strengthen workshop organisation."

Resolution adopted by 3,082,000 votes to 79,000 :

"This Trades Union Congress believes that the domination of non-British peoples by the British Government is a form of capitalist exploitation having for its object the securing for British capitalists (1) of cheap sources of raw materials ; (2) the right to exploit cheap and unorganised labour and to use the competition of that labour to degrade the workers' standards in Great Britain.

"It declares its complete opposition to Imperialism, and resolves (1) to support the workers in all parts of the British Empire to organise the Trade Unions and political parties in order to further their interests, and (2) to support the right of all peoples in the British Empire to self-determination, including the right to choose complete separation from the Empire." (*Labour Year Book*, 1926.)

After the conference Citrine and George Hicks went back to Russia with Tomski and Dogadoff.

So much for the assurances given to the constitutional press in the previous month by Fred Bramley, secretary of the General Council of the T.U.C., that the revolutionaries who talked about class warfare were not likely to enlist the help of trade union leaders and did not represent trade union opinion in this country.

Much comfort was derived by the public from the fact that at the Annual Conference of the Labour Party that began at Liverpool soon after the T.U.C. Conference at Scarborough, on September 29, affiliation with the Communist Party was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

In reality the opposing decisions of the two congresses merely marked a stage in the struggle for power between rival bodies. The "moderates" of the Labour Party had realised that the centre of gravity had shifted from 33 to 32 Eccleston Square, headquarters of the T.U.C., whilst the extremists saw that 16 King Street had been superseded by 38 Great Ormonde Street. The doctrinaires of both Socialism and Communism saw that they could no longer retain their hold even on the "revolutionary proletariat." This fact became clear under the late Labour Government. In the May 1924 number of *New Standards: a Journal of Workers' Control*, edited by Mr. and Mrs. G. D. H. Cole, the apostle of Guild Socialism observed that the advent of a Labour Government had "given place to a mood of criticism and dissatisfaction." The assumption of office had brought the active men of the Labour movement "face to face with realities"; and the questions had arisen: "Where are we going? What are we trying to do?"

"For years past the Labour movement has been living on its own hump. It has done no fresh thinking. It has moved forward by the momentum of ideas already old and in need of re-statement."

And G. D. H. Cole concluded with this lament:

"In plain terms, the Communist Party is a failure, the I.L.P. is played out, the S.D.F. is a mere haven of refuge for Socialists ill at

ease in other groups, the Fabian Society a mere table-rapping voice from the dead, and the Guild Socialist movement almost non-existent as an effective force."

In a word, "advanced thinkers" had awakened to find themselves "back numbers," Mr. Cole's pet brand of Socialism was now stigmatised as reactionary by the R.I.L.U. (see denunciation of Guild Socialism in *Report of the Third Congress of the Profintern in Moscow*, July 1924, p. 71, English trans.), and his own Labour Research Department was passing out of the hands of the Intellectuals into those of Communist trade union leaders.

Labour Research Department.—In 1925 the personnel of the L.R.D.—which must not be confused with the "Joint Research Department of the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party"—was as follows:

George Hicks	Rajani P. Dutt
A. L. Bacharach	J. T. W. Newbold
G. Burgneay	Harry Pollitt
Emile Burns	Ellen Wilkinson
A. J. Cook	R. Page Arnot
Maurice H. Dobb	

The address of the L.R.D. is now 162 Buckingham Palace Road.

The Plebs League, at the same address as the above, had in 1925 the following Executive:

Hon. Secretary:	Winifred Horrabin
Office Secretary:	Kathleen Starr
Executive Committee:	M. H. Dobb
	George Hicks
	Cedar Paul
	R. W. Postgate
	M. Philips Price
	Mark Starr
	Ellen Wilkinson

The National Council of Labour Colleges, of which the *Plebs* is the official organ, had at the same date a large Executive, including the following:

Hon. President:	A. A. Purcell
President:	J. Hamilton
Gen. Secretary:	J. P. M. Millar
Treasurer:	Mark Starr
	G. S. Aitken
	C. Brown
	W. Coxon
	W. T. A. Foot
	R. Coppock
	A. Gossip
	J. Gregory

The head office of the N.C.L.C. is at 22 Elm Row, Edinburgh. The London Labour College, founded in 1909, is at 13 Penywene Road, Earl's Court, London. Secretary : W. T. A. Foot.

In an interesting series of articles by W. Faulkner in the *Patriot* for September 24, October 1 and 8, 1925, an account was given of the dispute between the N.C.L.C. and the Workers' Educational Association, founded twenty-two years ago and regarded as too moderate by the N.C.L.C., which is now in full control of the whole Labour College movement.

CHAPTER X

SUBSIDIARY COMMUNIST ORGANISATIONS

IN 1925 the Central Executive of the Communist Party of Great Britain was as follows :

Chairman : A. MacManus.

H. Pollitt	C. M. Roebuck
J. R. Campbell	T. A. Jackson
William Gallacher	Mrs. Helen Crawford
T. Bell	A. Horner
J. T. Murphy	William Joss
R. P. Arnot	A. Ferguson
A. Inkpin	Beth Turner
R. Stewart	Nat Watkins
R. P. Dutt	E. H. Brown
W. Hannington	

One of the most dangerous illusions is to suppose that the strength of Communism in this country is to be estimated by the membership of the C.P.G.B. (Communist Party of Great Britain), which the Communists themselves are anxious to assure us stands only at 5,000 and has remained throughout stationary. (Note the reiteration of this figure by one speaker after another at the last Congress of the C.P.G.B.) In reality, the number of members is probably a good deal larger, but the important point is that membership of the official Communist Party in this country is not essential to being a leading member of the Communist organisation in this country. As has been shown in the preceding chapters, some of the most ardent Communist propagandists and even the most dangerous revolutionaries in Great Britain do not figure, at any rate openly, on the lists of the British Communist Party, but belong to such bodies as the Plebs League, Labour Research Department, I.L.P., or, again, to such avowedly Communist organisations as the R.I.L.U. and Minority Movement, under the control, not of the C.P.G.B., but of Moscow itself.

But besides these larger organisations, from 1921 onwards a number of subsidiary groups have been formed by agents both of the Komintern and of the Profintern in this country. These are as follows :

The N.U.W.C.M.—Passing over the Young Communist League, which will be dealt with in the Youth Section of this book, we come to the "Unemployed Committees," which Zinoviev ordered the West European Secretariat of the I.K.K.I. to create and develop as affiliations of the International Union of Unemployed. This Union, Zinoviev in the same circular went on to observe, "may become one of the secret ramifications of our organisation in Western Europe, and serve as a base for the future work of the Secretariat. . . . By means of skilful manoeuvres, the International Union of Unemployed will constitute an efficacious means for the complete overthrow of capitalism, not only in Western Europe, but throughout the entire world" (*Sunday Pictorial*, June 21, 1925).

In conformity with this policy, the R.I.L.U. of Moscow ordered its British members to reorganise the Unemployed Committees in this country, thus bringing them under the control of Moscow (Second World Congress of the R.I.L.U.: Resolutions and Decisions published by the British Bureau of the R.I.L.U., 3 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.2 (1922), pp. 27 and 45). Accordingly, at the end of 1921 the National Unemployed Workers' Committee Movement was formed, with offices, first at 3 Queen Square, now at 105 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

The National Organiser of the N.U.W.C.M., which is affiliated with the C.P.G.B., was Wal Hannington, C.P.G.B. and R.I.L.U., who still retains this post. Amongst the leading members of the movement were Harry Homer, C.P.G.B. and R.I.L.U., George Cooke, Horace Newbold, George Wheeler, Holt, Haye, Jackson, Buxton, etc.

The so-called "Hunger Marches" on London that took place in November 1922 were carried out by this body. A number of the marchers, finding they had been duped by the leaders of the N.U.W.C.M. returned home in disgust, their return fares being provided through the generosity of the public. One of the marchers declared: "It is cruel that men should be deluded by being asked to march all the way from Scotland and the north of England, when nothing can be done for them by the National Unemployed Workers' Committee Movement. All that has been done for us is to feed us on a lot of Communist propaganda in which we have no interest whatever" (*Daily Mail*, December 1, 1922).

Another activity of the N.U.W.C.M. is the organisation of "Unemployment Sunday." This was celebrated last year (1925) on June 21, when meetings were arranged in co-operation with the General Council of the T.U.C., and addressed by Purcell, Swales, Robert Williams, George Hicks and Ben Tillet.

At a special conference of the I.L.P. on December 13, 1925, J. Allen Skinner moved that "the conference viewed with satisfaction the continued co-operation of the T.U.C. General Council, with the National Unemployed Workers' Committee Movement." R. G. Bowyer opposed the resolution, saying that "there was no

use for the N.U.W.C.M. in the Trade Union movement as a whole. It was a subversive and disruptive movement, and it was merely used to increase the Communist representation on the Trades Councils and at the Trades Congress." Nevertheless the resolution was adopted. (*Morning Post*, December 14, 1925).

The N.U.W.C.M. has thus a double connection with Moscow—directly with the Profintern, and indirectly with the Komintern through the C.P.G.B. and through the Bolshevik sympathisers in the T.U.C. At the last Congress of the C.P.G.B. (June 1, 1925), it was officially represented by its assistant secretary, Fred Douglas.

The organ of the movement is *Out of Work*.

W.I.R.—Next in order of formation was the Workers' International Relief.

The central body to which it belongs had been formed on December 4, 1921, under the inspiration of the Komintern at a Conference held in Berlin, presided over by the well-known Spartacist and "Special" member of the I.K.K.I., Clara Zetkin. The organisation took the name of "Meshrappom," from the Russian words *Mejdu Rabochim Pomoch*, meaning, literally, Inter-Workers' Aid (*The Worker*, organ of the R.I.L.U. in Glasgow. Article by Freiherr von Schoenaich, September 12, 1925). A provisional committee was formed and headquarters established at 11 Unter den Linden, Berlin, under the direction of Willi Münzenberg. The following were elected to the Presidium:

Clara Zetkin.

Krestinski, representative of the All Russian Relief Committee in Berlin.

Grassmann, General Federation of Labour, Germany.

Coates, — (Zelda Kahan?).

Madeleine Marx, member of "Clarté."

The ostensible purpose of the W.I.R. was the relief of famine in Russia, Southern Ireland, etc., the establishment of soup kitchens in Berlin and other German towns. We note, however, that the W.I.R. has never thought of starting soup kitchens for the suffering poor of London. On the contrary, when an appeal was made for canteens for the London unemployed the *Daily Herald*, controlled by George Lansbury, one of the Vice-Presidents of the W.I.R., wrote:

"The letter is an appeal for a familiar object—soup kitchens. . . . Soup kitchen statesmanship, however well-intentioned, is but tinkering of the feeblest kind" (Date of February 23, 1923).

Yet in the *Daily Herald* of January 23, 1923, had appeared a glowing panegyric of the same idea when carried out by the W.I.R.:

"The organisation for the Russian Workers' International Relief is now working full steam here in providing hot meals and soup kitchens for unemployed and starving families in the German towns."

Apparently only German workers were to have Communist propaganda washed down with hot soup. For this was, of course, the real object of the W.I.R., as indicated in one of its official communications :

"The W.I.R. has united all sections of the workers internationally on the basis of *class-conscious impartial relief* [note the contradiction between these two adjectives !]. The W.I.R. is the first international expression of the Unity of Workers, and has united all tendencies and sections of the Labour Movement" (An open letter to delegates to the Minority Movement Conference, date of January 25, 1923).

That this last pretension was false is shown by the strong denunciation of the W.I.R. by Dr. Friedrich Adler (President of the Austrian Workers' Councils, and later one of the two secretaries of the L.S.I. or Second International), who was present at the inaugural conference in Berlin, and declared that he was able to see with his own eyes its purely Communist administration in every detail. (*Labour Magazine*, December 1924).

According to the detailed minutes of the W.I.R. in the possession of the L.S.I., it was stated as one of the rules of the organisation that in forming National Committees "the Secretary chosen by the Committee is responsible for his activities to the Committee, and to the central office in Berlin. It is the duty of the Communist representative on this Committee to see to it that the Secretary is a Communist."

In April 1923 an appeal was sent out by the British branch of the association which was described as the W.I.R.R. (Workers' International Russian Relief), but some four months later the second R. was dropped, and the name W.I.R. was retained. Amongst the Vice-Presidents and members at this date were George Lansbury, N. Klishko of the Russian Trade Delegation in 1923, J. T. W. Newbold, C.P.G.B., the Rev. H. Dunnico, leader of the "Peace Society," A. A. Purcell, C.P.G.B., T.U.C., Edgar T. Whitehead, Philip Rabinovitch of Arcos (All Russian Co-operative Society), etc. The official organ of the movement was the *Soviet Russia Pictorial*, later known as the *Workers' International Pictorial*.

As Dr. Adler had pointed out with regard to the Berlin group : "Under the cloak of humanity they appeal to all kind-hearted people, and are always successful with this method." Yet occasionally the ruse failed, as in the case of Mrs. Katherine Bruce Glasier (I.L.P. and Fabian Society), who, having been drawn into the movement under the guise of helping starving children, denounced it in unmeasured terms as an engine of class warfare—an accusation which met with no official repudiation (see her letter and reply by the W.I.R. reproduced in the *Patriot* for April 23, 1923).

In 1925 the leading members of the W.I.R. were given officially as follows :

International Centre in Berlin.

Germany : Münzenberg, Ledebour, Clara Zetkine.

France : Reynaud, Toller, Henri Barbusse (founder of "Clarté," a secret society under the direction of the Grand Orient, see later, p. 103).

Russia : Gasparowa, Kameneva.

Ireland : Mrs. Despard, Larkin, McBride, Daly, Lawlor.

Australia : Pickard.

Italy : Misiano.

The British organisation was as follows :

Headquarters : 26 Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

Vice-Presidents :

Alfred Barnes, M.P.	G. Lansbury
J. Bromley	J. T. W. Newbold
Alexander Gossip	J. O'Grady, M.P.
David Kirkwood	W. Straker
N. Klishko	A. A. Purcell, M.P.

Executive Committee :

Chairman : H. J. May (Sec., International Co-operative Alliance)

Mrs. Helen Crawford	Mrs. Winifred Horrabin
Rev. H. Dunnico, M.P.	(Hon. Sec., Plebs League)
Miss A. Honora Enfield	George Lansbury, M.P.
(Sec., Women's Co-op. Guild)	Miss Nellie Lansbury
W. N. Ewer	Mrs. Montefiore, C.P.G.B.
Mrs. Ewer	Mrs. Marjorie Newbold
Walter Holmes	Mrs. Hilda Saxe-Meynell
Miss Ella Klein	S. Saklatvala, C.P.G.B.
Neil McLean, M.P.	Miss Evelyn Sharp
W. McLaine, C.P.G.B.	Mrs. Mark Starr
Dr. V. N. Polovtsev	Robert Stewart, C.P.G.B.
Philip Rabinovitch	Miss Ellen Wilkinson
Miss Rose Cohen, C.P.G.B.	Dr. Robert Dunstan, I.L.P.
Dr. Margaret Dunstan	

Secretary : Mrs. Helen Crawford, C.P.G.B.

The headquarters of the Irish Committee are at 47 Parnell Square, Dublin. Hon. Secretary, R. Stewart.

The I.C.W.P.A.—In 1925 the International Class-War Prisoners' Aid was started, a branch of another Russian organisation formed in 1922 by the Komintern, under the leadership of Zinoviev and known as the M.O.P.R., from the initials of the Russian words *Mejdunarodnoe Obshtchestvo Pomochi Rabochim*, meaning literally International Society for Help of Workers, but since in Russian the words for workmen and for revolutionaries begin with the same letter R—signifying to the initiated for the Help of Revolutionaries. In fact, in the West of Europe no secret is made of this double interpretation, and the M.O.P.R. is officially known as the *Secours Rouge International*, and in England sometimes as

the International Red Aid. Here, however, it was judged prudent to follow the precedent of Moscow by painting the words "International Workers' Aid" on the office door of the I.C.W.P.A.

The inauguration of the British branch is thus described in the *Daily Herald* of January 8, 1925 :

"A British branch of the 'International Class-War Prisoners' Aid' has been started at 10 Fetter-lane, London, E.C.4.

"The secretary, W. Hannington, in announcing the formation, says :

"It is the British section of the International Class-War Prisoners' Aid that was started in 1922, arising out of the wholesale and terrible persecution of the active fighters of the working class in Germany, Poland, Bulgaria, Italy, Rumania, Hungary and Esthonia, and many of the British Colonies."

On the following day Wal Hannington, who, it will be remembered, was also the leader of the N.U.W.C.M., gave the same account in the *Workers' Weekly* and went on to say :

"We have now established in Great Britain the British section of the I.R.A., which we shall call in this country the 'International Class-War Prisoners' Aid.'

"The following will be the nature of its work :

"(1) To spread amongst the British workers information concerning the capitalist persecution and tyranny against the workers in all parts of the world.

"(2) The propaganda to carry emphasis of the increasing need for international working-class solidarity.

"(3) To raise money to provide legal defence and financial assistance to all class-war prisoners and their dependents.

"(4) To organise campaigns for bringing pressure to bear upon the Governments to release all those lying in jail because of their working-class activities."

By October 1925 the members of the Committee of the I.C.W.P.A. included the following :

Secretary : Wal Hannington.

Mrs. Helen Crawford

Tom Mann

A. Gossip

Chaman Lal

Emile Burns

Lajpat Rai

Harry Pollitt

S. Saklatvala

J. D. Thom

R. Stoker

Bob Lovell

The last named has acted as secretary since the imprisonment of Hannington in November 1925.

The press in this country constantly confuse the I.C.W.P.A. and the W.I.R. It should, therefore, be carefully noted that the I.C.W.P.A. is the British branch of the M.O.P.R., founded in Moscow in 1922, and the W. I. R. is the British branch of the Meshrapom. founded in Berlin in 1921. The two organisations are, therefore, quite distinct, although both are directed by the Komintern. In

Russian, as we have shown, their names are almost identical. These resemblances are probably intentional, being designed to create confusion and lead the "Capitalist press" into committing blunders.

The S.C.R.—A more intellectual group, organised for the purpose of co-operation with Moscow, is the "Society for Cultural Relations Between the Peoples of the British Commonwealth and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics," founded in May 1924, and run by Miss Llewelyn Davies of the Women's Co-operative Guild and Mrs. Catherine Rabinovitch, wife of Philip Rabinovitch of Arcos.

Amongst the principal supporters were the following :

H. Baillie-Weaver (Theosophical Society)

H. N. Brailsford

Fred Bramley

C. Roden Buxton

G. D. H. Cole

Dr. Robert Dunstan, I.L.P.

J. L. Garvin, editor of *Observer*

J. M. Keynes

Joseph King, I.L.P., 1917 Club

H. J. May

Bertrand Russell

G. Bernard Shaw

R. H. Tawney, Fabian Society

Miss Sybil Thorndike

Mrs. Sidney Webb

H. G. Wells

E. F. Wise

Mrs. Wise

Leonard Woolf

Michael S. Farberman

The offices of this society are at 23 Tavistock Square, and its ostensible mission is to supply information about conditions of life in Russia. Usefulness to Moscow is indicated by the following description : "The Communist International favours it (the S.C.R.) as a fertile ground for Communist propaganda of the intellectual variety."

The first three of the above organisations are absolutely Communist in aim, not under the direction of the British Communist Party, but of Moscow. It will, therefore, be seen that in arresting the leaders of the C.P.G.B. the Government was only interfering with one section of the Communist organisation in this country. These arrests were made as the result of a raid on the headquarters of the C.P.G.B. in King Street in October 1925, and twelve members of the Party—MacManus, Pollitt, Gallacher, Inkpin, Hannington, Cant, Rust, Campbell, Wintringham, J. T. Murphy, T. Bell and Page Arnot—were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. These men were not perhaps the most dangerous revolutionaries in this

country, who, though not—at any rate avowedly—members of the C.P.G.B., belong either to the R.I.L.U., Minority Movement, Trade Union Unity Movement or one of the organisations which have been described.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that a close connection exists between all these, and at the same time between each and Moscow, hence their activities are skilfully co-ordinated under a central command. In this way joint demonstrations are frequently organised by members of the different groups. Thus on March 29 of this year a meeting ending in disorderly scenes was organised in Hyde Park by Bob Lovell of the I.C.W.P.A. and M. Prooth of the N.U.W.C.M. Again we find agitation for the release of political prisoners, carried out jointly by the I.C.W.P.A. and W.I.R. In April speakers on Clapham Common at a demonstration for this object included MacManus, C.P.G.B., Robert Stewart, C.P.G.B. and W.I.R., Nat Watkins, R.I.L.U., George Hardy, Minority Movement, H. N. Brailsford, I.L.P., whilst members of the S.C.R. contributed to the funds of the I.C.W.P.A. for the release of men imprisoned during the General Strike under the Emergency Powers Act. The signatories to the appeal sent out for this purpose by the I.C.W.P.A. included William Paul, Rutland Boughton, A. J. Cook, Dr. Marion Phillips, Dr. Dunstan, George Lansbury and other members of Parliament.

Left Wing Movements.—Another method adopted by the Communists for camouflaging their activities is to form so-called "Left Wing Movements" in the Labour Party, I.L.P. or trade union groups. These have been organised all over the country, and serve as rallying points for Communists who, particularly since the arrests of last November, find it more politic not to describe themselves as such, so as to remain within the Labour Party, which has officially repudiated Communism. The organ of the movement is *Left Wing*. In December of last year (1925) a circular was sent out by the C.P.G.B. proposing the formation of a combined "Left Wing Group," composed of all the members of the Labour Party who had voted against the decision of the Liverpool Conference of the Labour Party, to exclude the Communists. The moving spirit behind this movement is said to be W. Paul, a member of the C.P.G.B. Executive, whilst the secretary of the Greater London group known as the "Left Wing Provisional Committee" is W. T. Colyer, arrested in America in 1920 as a member of the American Communist Party, who at the Liverpool Conference seconded the resolution that "the British Empire must be entirely smashed if the workers of this country were to improve their conditions" (*Daily Herald*, October 1, 1925).

It is, therefore, easy to see how, by the simple device of not registering as a member of the group in King Street, a man may proclaim himself not to be a Communist whilst working as an active agent of Communism under the direct control of Moscow.

CHAPTER XI

POST-WAR PACIFISM

In Chapter IV a survey was made of the Pacifist activities of Socialists in England and America during the War. From an examination of the points there given, two important facts emerge: namely, (1) That the same people who distinguished themselves in the peace-at-any-price movement when this country was threatened by a foreign foe were equally prominent in the war-at-any-price movement directed against British industry and the prosperity of the Empire after the international conflict had ended; (2) That the concern displayed by our Pacifists for the interests of the foreigner applied only to our enemies and never to our allies. The same people who wept over the starving children of Germany or Russia remained dry-eyed over the sufferings of the French and Belgian children during the war and amidst their professions of love for humanity were capable of giving vent to vitriolic sentiments with regard to France. The intimate connection between pro-Germanism and Bolshevism will thus be shown by incontrovertible evidence.

We shall now follow this double rôle of Pacifism since the War ended.

Amongst the organisations active between 1914 and 1918, the "No Conscription Fellowship" has ceased to exist; the rest have continued their campaign, which since it is no longer a matter of ensuring a triumph for German arms, has been waged for the purpose of enabling Germany to evade the payment of reparations, of breaking our Entente with France, and of helping the restoration of German industry by spreading discontent amongst our own industrial workers.

The U.D.C.—Since the ending of the War, the subversive rôle of the Union of Democratic Control has been made still more apparent by its avowed connection with "Clarté," the International of Socialist Intellectuals, founded in Paris in 1919, with headquarters at 49 Rue de Bretagne, offices at 12 Rue Feydeau and a lodge at 279 Rue des Pyrénées under the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient of France. The leader of this society was Henri Barbusse, author of the defeatist novel *Le Feu*, and amongst prominent members were Anatole France, Professor Aulard of the Sorbonne, Georges Brandes, Madeleine Marx, Victor Cyril, Vaillant Couturier and a number of prominent British Pacifists and Socialist writers. "Clarté," being a secret society, does not enter into the scope of this book, except in its relation to the U.D.C., which the latter has

now admitted, though without revealing the names of those British members who are known from other sources of information to have belonged to it.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, herself a leading member of the U.D.C., stated in reference to the "Clarté" group that "their policy is very much the same as that of the Union of Democratic Control in England" (*A Political Pilgrim in Europe*, p. 129). This admission throws a significant light on the character of the U.D.C., in view of the fact that "Clarté" ended by definitely joining up with the French Communist Party (Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, *Builders of Peace*, p. 130). Since 1924, however, "Clarté" appears to have ceased to exist, though more probably it has only gone further underground and continues to work under another name.

The U.D.C., however, is still going strong. In 1923 it published a Manifesto on "The State of Europe," declaring that the Versailles Treaty had "created an impossible situation in Europe," and that the nation should "insist upon dropping once and for all the demand for Reparations." This Manifesto was signed on behalf of the Executive of the U.D.C. by Major C. R. Attlee, Mary Hamilton, J. A. Hobson, E. D. Morel, Arthur Ponsonby, F. J. Shaw, (Mrs.) H. M. Swanwick, H. B. Lees-Smith, Charles Trevelyan and Hamilton Fyfe, the present editor of the *Daily Herald*, which has always shown itself consistently pro-German. E. D. Morel, as editor of the U.D.C. organ *Foreign Affairs*, until his death in 1924 continued his work for Germany even to the point of denouncing the Socialist Government of luke-warmness in the matter of letting Germany off reparations (see article by W. Faulkner, "Morel & Co. Again" in *Patriot* for July 31 and August 7, 1924).

The W.I.L.—The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is still active. Its headquarters are now at Maison Internationale, 12 Rue de Vieux Collège, Geneva, with Jane Addams still as President and Miss Madeleine Doty as secretary.

The offices of the British section are at International House, 55 Gower Street, W.C.1, with, in 1925, an Executive Committee that included the following:

President: Mrs. H. M. Swanwick.
 Chairman: Miss K. D. Courtney.
 Hon. National Secretary: Miss Mary Chick.
 Hon. Foreign Relations Secretary: Dr. Hilda Clark.
 Hon. Treasurer: The Lady Courtney of Penwith.
 Hon. Assistant Treasurer: Mrs. Laurence Binyon.
 Miss Margaret Ashton Lady Parmoor
 Miss Adela Coit Dr. Ethel Williams
 Miss Emily Leaf

The N.M.W.M.—Another Pacifist organisation that has been active since 1919 is the No More War Movement (known until recently as the No More War Committee), an offshot of the now

defunct No Conscription Fellowship, which joined up with the "War Resisters' International," formed by various Resisters' groups in France, Holland, Germany, America, Austria, Scandinavia, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, etc.

The Constitution of the N.M.W.M. is officially given as follows:

"The Movement shall be known as the No More War Movement, being the British Section of the War Resisters' International.

"The object of the Movement shall be to make the idea of personal resistance to War, by refusal to assist in any way in armed conflict, the backbone of every movement towards World Peace and Universal Brotherhood. Together with this purpose, the Movement seeks to assist in removing the causes of War and in building a new social order based on National and International co-operation for the common good.

"Membership shall be open to all who sign the Declaration.

"THE DECLARATION

"Believing that all war is wrong, and that the arming of nations, whether by sea, land, or air, is treason to the spiritual unity and intelligence of mankind, I declare it to be my intention never to take part in war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, whether by bearing arms, making or handling munitions, voluntarily subscribing to war loans, or using my labour for the purpose of setting others free for war service. Further, I declare my intention to strive for the removal of all causes of war and to work for the establishment of a new social order based on co-operation for the common good."

In 1925 the personnel of the N.M.W.M. was composed of the following:

Chairman: George Lansbury, M.P.
 Treasurer: Harold J. Morland.
 Financial Secretary: Ida J. Tinkler.
 Press Sec. and Editor: *No More War*, W. J. Chamberlain.
 Secretary: Beatrice C. M. Brown.
 Organising Secretary: Lucy A. Cox.

Executive Committee

Bertram Appleby	Margaret Newbould
Walter Ayles	Helen Peile
Harold F. Bing	A. Noel Simpson
A. Fenner Brockway	E. V. Watring
H. Runham Brown	Wilfred Wellcock
J. Theodore Harris	Theodora Wilson Wilson
Marguerite Louis	

The offices of the N.M.W.M., which were at 304 High Holborn, have recently been changed to 11 Doughty Street, W.C.1.

There is also a Youth Section, of which the secretary is Phyllis Bing, 6 Alton Road, Croydon. The organ of the Movement *No More War* appears monthly.

Fellowship of Reconciliation.—The No More War demonstrations that take place from time to time all over the country appear not to be organised directly by the N.M.W.M., but by the Fellowship of Reconciliation working in collaboration with the N.M.W.M.

The origins of the F.O.R. have been given earlier (see p. 35), but since the War it has been organised on a larger scale, and now calls itself in England the "International Fellowship of Reconciliation"; in France, "La Réconciliation," and in Germany the "Versöhnungsbund," with the further title of a "Movement Towards a Christian International."

The International Secretariat is at 16 Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1. The General Secretary is the Rev. Oliver Dryer and the Assistant Secretary Miss M. L. Moll.

At a Conference held in Holland in 1920 the so-called "Christian International" thus formulated its declaration of faith:

"We believe that it is our Father's will that the present social order should cease, and be replaced by a new order wherein the means of production will be used to supply the simple needs of all mankind. Under a system of private capitalism this seems to us impossible."

The International Peace Society.—Another international Pacifist organisation is the Peace Society, dating from 1816, of which the origins were given in Chapter IV of this book (see p. 32), and which is now described as the International Peace Society, with Continental headquarters at 38 Avenue Marceau, Courbevoie, Paris.

The objects of the Society are stated to be:

"To diffuse information tending to show that war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity and the true interests of mankind; and to point out the means best calculated to maintain permanent and universal Peace, upon the basis of Christian principles."

The British headquarters are at King's Buildings, Dean Stanley Street, Westminster, S.W.1., and its personnel is as follows:

President: E. T. John.

Vice-Presidents

The Bishop of Ripon	Rev. Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D.
The Bishop of Truro.	Rev. John Hutton, D.D.
The Suffragan Bishop of Plymouth.	Sir Donald Maclean.
Lord Ashton.	T. P. O'Connor, M.P.
Lord Shaw.	Miss P. H. Peckover.
Lord H. Cavendish-Bentinck.	Rev. Thomas Phillips, B.A.
Barrow Cadbury.	Sir John Simon, M.P.
Sir W. H. Dickinson.	Philip Snowden, M.P.
T. R. Ferens.	The Chief Rabbi.
Lord Emmott.	The Canon of Westminster Abbey.

Treasurer: Jonathan Edward Hodgkin.

Director and Secretary: Rev. Herbert Dunnico, J.P., M.P., C.C.

Executive Committee

A. Kemp Brown, M.A.	Rev. W. Long.
Rev. Humphrey Chalmers, M.A.	The Hon. Mrs. J. Doyle Penrose.
Miss M. Evans.	Rev. T. Phillips, B.A.
Hubert A. Gill, M.A.	T. Richardson.
Thos. Groves, M.P.	R. Simpson.
J. J. Hayward, M.A.	Ben Spoor, M.P.
David Hunter, O.B.E.	Walter Windsor, M.P.
Morgan Jones, M.P.	W. Wright, M.P.

The organ of the Peace Society is *The Herald of Peace*.

Two offshoots of the Peace Society are:

The United Peace Fellowship—Peace Scouts.—The United Peace Fellowship of the Churches, also under the Rev. H. Dunnico, with headquarters at 47 New Broad Street, E.C.2, and the International Peace Scouts, formed in February 1923, as an amalgamation of the "Band of Peace Union," the "Crusaders of Peace" and the London section of the "British Boys' and Girls' Peace Scouts." The President is again the Rev. H. Dunnico and the Vice-Presidents:

A. Barnes, M.P.	Alderman Ben Turner, M.P.
Thomas Groves, M.P.	W. Windsor, M.P.
George Lansbury, M.P.	W. Wright, M.P.

The National Council for the Prevention of War.—The National Council for the Prevention of War was formerly the National Peace Council referred to in Chapter IV (see p. 32) and changed its name in 1925. It is described as "a federation of organisations working against war."

The official declaration of principles is as follows:

"The Council does not seek to take over the work of any existing organisation working against war, but desires to strengthen the work of each organisation by the co-ordination of all."

"GENERAL OBJECTS"

"(a) To promote, organise, co-ordinate and make effective public opinion in favour of, and efforts for, the prevention of war and the development of international goodwill and co-operation;

"(b) To co-operate with other organisations or bodies in the international peace movement;

"(c) To secure in the schools and colleges an education for international friendship and understanding;

"(d) To take all such steps as may, in the opinion of the Council, be necessary or desirable to give effect to the above purposes."

"IMMEDIATE AIMS"

"(a) Progressive revision of the Peace Treaties;

"(b) Immediate and progressive Reduction of Armaments by International Agreement;

"(c) Support and extension of the work of the League of Nations."

The Executive is composed of the following :

President : Earl Beauchamp, K.G.
 Ex-President : The Lady Parmoor.
 Chairman : Mr. Oswald Mosley, L.P.
 Treasurers : Mrs. George Cadbury, M.A., C.B.E.
 Mr. F. C. Linfield.
 Directing Secretary : Mr. J. H. Hudson, M.A., M.P.
 Publication Secretary : Mr. Norman Angell.

The offices of the Council are at Millbank House, 2 Wood Street, S.W.1.

Some of the principal people who have associated themselves with the work of the National Council are : Major C. R. Attlee, M.P., the Bishop of Birmingham, J. R. Clynes, M.P., the Rev. H. Dunnico, M.P. (director of the Peace Society), Sir William Goode, Arthur Henderson, M.P., J. A. Hobson, M.A. (U.D.C.), E. T. John (President of the Peace Society), George Lansbury, M.P. (Chairman of the No More War Movement), the Bishop of Manchester, Professor Gilbert Murray, L.N.U., the Rev. Thomas Nightingale, Lord and Lady Parmoor, Philip Snowden, M.P. (U.D.C.), Mrs. Philip Snowden (U.D.C.), Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, M.S. (President of the W.I.L.), Charles Trevelyan, M.P. (U.D.C.), and the late H. Baillie Weaver.

Thirty or forty organisations are now affiliated to the Council. The chief are :

The National Free Church Council.
 The National Brotherhood Council.
 The Co-operative Union (with 4,000,000 members).
 The Women's International League.
 The Women's Co-operative Guild.
 The Iron and Steel Trades' Confederation.
 The National Reform Union.
 Co-operative Holidays' Association.
 The Cobden Club.
 The No More War Movement.
 The Friends' Peace Committee.
 The Union of Democratic Control.
 The Church of England Peace League.
 The National Association of Schoolmasters.

The National Council for the Prevention of War has a working agreement with the League of Nations Union by which Professor Gilbert Murray, Chairman of the L.N.U., sat on the Executive Committee of the Council, and Baillie Weaver, member of the Council, sat on the Executive Committee of the Union.

The L.N.U.—The League of Nations Union, founded on October

13, 1918, comprises a strange assortment of people, ranging from orthodox Conservatives to revolutionary Socialists, united by the aim "to secure the whole-hearted acceptance by the British people of the League of Nations." The agreement to sink party differences in this common cause seems, however, to work out in a somewhat one-sided manner, as described in a communication to the *Patriot* :

"There are speakers of all shades of this political belief on their lists. But there is the difference in their attitude that Conservatives who speak on behalf of that body drop their party creed and stake their all on the League. The Socialist Wing, however, do not drop their own pet theories ; they find themselves in their element prating about Internationalism and World Brotherhood, and making gibes at patriotism" (*Patriot*, February 21, 1924).

The writer goes on to quote the instance of an L.N.U. speaker in Glasgow, who proclaimed himself a strong adherent of the Labour Party, attacked France and urged the restoration of Germany's possessions in East Africa. There seems, therefore, some ground for the opinion held in certain quarters that the L.N.U. "is rapidly degenerating into a pro-German society" (*Daily Mail*, March 13, 1926).

Such are the principal Peace Societies, which have been active in this country since the War ; besides those described above may be mentioned the Women's Union for Peace, the Arbitrate First Bureau, the Friends' Council for International Service (Secretary, Carl Heath of the National Peace Council), the Society of Friends' Peace Committee, the Jewish Peace Society, the League to Abolish War, etc.

It is now time to turn to America, and follow the connection between the Pacifist groups described in Chapter IV and the Bolshevik movement.

People's Council of America.—At the point where this account broke off, the "First American Conference of Democracy and Terms of Peace" had declared itself in sympathy with the "Russian Council of Workmen and Soldiers," formed under Kerensky (see p. 38) and on p. 54 another group was mentioned, the "People's Council of America," formed in June 1917 after the Russian model. Amongst the members of the latter organisation were again the leading Pacifists—Emily Green Balch, Morris Hillquit, the Rabbi Magnes, Louis Lochner, Rebecca Shelly, Joseph Schlossberg, etc.

People's Freedom Union.—This was absorbed after the signing of the Armistice by the "People's Freedom Union," under Charles Recht, a lawyer, later on legal adviser to Ludwig Martens, a German subject, who was afterwards appointed by the Bolsheviks the representative of Russia in the United States (*Lusk Report*, p. 641), but finally deported.

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.—The

Pacifists now set about organising a further peace demonstration, and in May 1919 the Women's International Committee for Permanent Peace held an International Conference at Zurich, when the name of the organisation was changed to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Jane Addams, who had again come over from the United States, was elected International President, with Emily Green Balch as secretary.

An interesting light is thrown on the leadership of the W.I.L. in America, in the report presented to the United States Congress on the subversive activities of the American Civil Liberties Union in 1925 :

"On the A.C.L.U. committee we also find the three chief leaders of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, which is endeavouring to prepare the way for the communist uprising by bringing about complete disarmament of the country. They are Sophonisba P. Breckenridge; Agnes Brown Leach, wife of Henry Goddard Leach, of the pink Forum; and Jane Addams. Miss Addams, with anarchist Berkman's friend, Frank P. Walsh, was in February, 1920, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Public Ownership League, in association with Glenn E. Plumb, Frederic C. Howe, J. L. Engdahl, etc. She was listed as a stockbroker in the Russian-American Industrial Corporation, with Lenin, Debs, and others. She is a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. At a dinner given by the Fellowship of Reconciliation on June 9 in California specimen guests were representatives of the Communist Federated Press, members of the Industrial Workers of the World and communist workers, a leader of the Young Communist Internationale, a director of the local American Civil Liberties Union branch, and an attorney for communists and Industrial Workers of the World. At another meeting a member, after praising Miss Addams, announced that she would never be patriotic until she gained the communist ends she strove for."

American Civil Liberties Union.—The most important Bolshevik-Pacifist organisation in the United States, since the rise of the Soviet regime, is the "American Civil Liberties Union," a reorganisation of the National Civil Liberties Bureau, into which were merged a number of the preceding Pacifist bodies—the American League to Limit Armaments, the American Union Against Militarism, the People's Freedom Union, the Emergency Peace Federation, etc. This new body came into existence on January 12, 1920, with Roger Baldwin, a notorious Pacifist and "an old hanger-on of the Berkman Anarchist gang," as its director (*Congressional Record* for December 19, 1925, p. 3).

On its Committee were found, besides the leaders of the Pacifist societies mentioned above—Jane Addams, Rabbi Magnes, Sophonisba P. Breckenridge, Agnes Brown Leach, Morris Hillquit, representative of the Soviet Bureau, etc., Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, an I.W.W. agitator—avowed revolutionaries such as William Z. Foster (of the T.U.E.L.), James H. Maurer, friend, aider

and abettor of Anarchists and Communists, and Norman Hapgood of the Hearst Press.

At a Congress of the United States Senate last December (1925), the poisonous activities of this organisation were fully revealed in the course of a communication from Francis Ralston Welsh, in which it was stated that the A.C.L.U.—which should have been called the Unamerican Criminal Licence Union, had consistently supported Communists, murderers, dynamiters and other criminals.

National Council for the Prevention of War.—The American organisation, known as the National Council for the Prevention of War, was formed in about 1921, some years before the National Peace Council in England adopted this name. It is not clear if there is any connection between the two societies. The American one, which was formerly the National Council for the Reduction of Armaments, was reorganised by Frederick J. Libby, a notorious Pacifist, who, on the call to arms when America joined the war, hastily became a Quaker, and secured safe employment in administering relief (Marvin, *op. cit.*, p. 59). By means of this organisation, which has been described as "virtually a Communist affair" (*Congressional Record*, "Recognition of Russia," 1924, p. 5), affiliation and co-operation were brought about with a large number of societies and individuals, the openly acknowledged purpose of which is to undermine the loyalty of American citizens (Marvin, *op. cit.*, p. 59). A Woman's Joint Congressional Committee was formed to bring in women's movements, such as the National League of Women Voters, the Women's Committee for World Disarmament and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of which the National Chairman in America was Mrs. George T. Odell.

The societies that have now been enumerated are only a few, but the most important, of the countless Pacifist groups working in this country and America—the list could be enormously extended. In reviewing this vast network of Pacifist organisation, in which one finds the same people figuring again and again, one is inevitably brought to inquire why all these separate societies apparently working for the same end continue to exist. Whence comes the money to finance these innumerable offices, secretaries and publications? The answer is surely that since, in the words of Mr. Fred A. Marvin, "Pacifism is but a name given to one form of action to create world Communism and Socialism" (*Ye Shall Know the Truth*, p. 50), the organisation of both is carried out on the same principle—that of forming a ramification of groups which by their number elude observation and by the slightly differing shades of redness appeal to people of all kinds, ranging from mild visionaries to the advocates of forcible revolution. The great fault we have to find with our Socialist-Pacifists is that they are not really out for peace at all. From Marx's "iron battalions of the proletariat" to the words of the "Red Flag," the language particularly affected

by the Socialists who vaunt the blessings of peace has always held a strong military flavour. Not only do these opponents of war between nations and professed advocates of arbitration demand that there should be no "truce with Capitalism" and no arbitration between employers and employed, but even the ordinary machinery of war inspires them with no indignation, provided it is manipulated by the two most military nations of the world to-day. Neither the ruthless legions of Imperial Germany nor the red troops of Soviet Russia, but only the simple and kindly soldiery of Britain, France, Belgium and America have been the objects of their denunciations. Indeed, our Socialists, on their visits to Bolshevia, have been known to address hearty congratulations to the troops, whilst George Lansbury, Chairman of the "No More War Movement," has declared: "The war-cry of the Red Army is 'Freedom for All!' We in England must take our stand with them!"

It is this obvious inconsistency which distinguishes the anti-patriots we know as Pacifists from the sincere seekers after world peace.

CHAPTER XII

YOUTH MOVEMENTS

THE earliest attempt made by Socialists to gain influence over the minds of the youth of this country was the Socialist Sunday School Movement, started by members of the S.D.F. In *Justice* of May 16, 1891, A. A. Watts wrote a letter to the Editor saying: "I throw out as a suggestion for our members and our Executive the formation of Socialist Sunday Schools."

The idea was carried out in the following year, and in November 1892 the first Sunday School was started in Battersea, with two scholars; these increased to eighty-six in the course of the next two years.

In the issue of *Justice* for February 10, 1894, a letter appeared under the heading of "Save the Children," signed by Charles R. Vincent (Canning Town), Mary Grey (Battersea) and T. Partridge (Walworth), saying: "We have agreed to the following resolution as the best means to save the children from the prevailing ignorance and superstition:

"That we endeavour during 1894 to establish a Sunday School Union in connection with the S.D.F."

In the same month J. Watts, Treasurer and Hon. Secretary of the British Socialist Sunday School Committee, wrote that a Committee had been appointed by the Bristol Socialist Sunday Society for the purpose of forming a Sunday School in that city.

The Battersea Sunday School seems to have proved highly successful, for in the issue of *Justice* for September 8, 1894, Mary Grey wrote to say that the children had been taken for a picnic to Kenley, and that "coming home they sang all the way, and repeatedly called: 'Three cheers for the social revolution!'" The movement developed largely under the influence of A. P. Hazell, of the S.D.F., and Archibald Russell, who edited the official organ, *The Young Socialist*.

In this same year of 1894 a certain Tom Anderson founded the first of the Glasgow Socialist Sunday Schools, but these were taken over in 1906 by the National Council of the British Socialist Sunday School Union, which does not inculcate the blasphemous and violent teaching of Tom Anderson, continued later in his Proletarian schools. The attitude of the Socialist Sunday Schools towards religion—in contradistinction to that of the Proletarian and also the Com-

munist Schools, which will be dealt with later—was described in 1923 by Stanley Mayne, formerly General Secretary to the National Council, in the words: "Within the Socialist Sunday School Movement we have opinion ranging from atheist and agnostic over the whole gamut of the Christian Church." Owing to the disinclination of the S.S.S. and the Communist Party—with which Mayne appears to have sympathised—to unite, he resigned his post a few months later. The question of religion was perhaps more concisely put last year at a Conference of the S.S.S. in London, by Councillor R. Chandler, of West Ham, who was reported as saying:

"The Socialist Sunday School movement is not opposed to religion, neither are we supporting it; we are merely cutting it out. Our Socialist movement is greater than any religion, its ideals are greater than Christ or greater even than God, and we want to bring about a universal brotherhood" (*Patriot* for February 26, 1925).

Precisely by their appearance of moderation and professions of idealism—derided by the Bolsheviks—the Socialist Sunday Schools are more insidious than the openly revolutionary and atheistic variety. They have always borne a noticeably German character; the hymn-books used contain a number of German names over the words or tunes. The air of the "Red Flag" is, of course, that of the old folk-song, "O! Tannenbaum, o, Tannenbaum, wie schön sind deine Blätter." The same German inspiration may be observed throughout the Continental Youth Movement, of which it is now necessary to trace the origins.

In 1900 a Congress of the 2nd Internationale, which, as we have seen, had passed completely under the control of the German Social Democrats, took place in Paris, and the plan of organising a more systematic Socialist Youth movement was put forward but not immediately organised on an international basis. Isolated groups were soon formed, however: the first in Holland by some members of the Social Democratic Labour Party (S.D.A.P.) and named "De Zaaier" (the Sowers); others followed in Sweden (1903), in Denmark, Finland and Spain (1906), in Norway and Italy (1907) (*Armia Kommunisticheskovo Internazionala*, published by the 3rd Internationale in 1921, pp. 91-6).

International of Socialist Youth.—In this same year of 1907 the movement was at last internationally organised in Germany, and the "International Relations Committee of the Socialist Youth Organisations," briefly known as the "Internationale of Socialist Youth," at first completely revolutionary in character, was founded during the International Socialist Congress in Stuttgart. The leaders were Karl Liebknecht, Rolland Holst and Alber. In 1910 the more moderate Socialists succeeded in obtaining an influence, but in 1915 further attempts were made to turn the movement in

a revolutionary direction. Its organ, *The International of Youth*, continued publication throughout the War.

Young Communist International.—After the War and the Russian Revolution, on November 20-29, 1919, the Left elements of this organisation held an International Conference in Berlin, and took the name of the "Communist Youth International" or "Young Communist International," which proceeded to affiliate itself with the 3rd Internationale (*Labour Year Book*, 1924, pp. 381, 388).

It was from the headquarters of the Communist Youth International at 63 Feurigstrasse, Berlin, that the publications of the Communist Youth movement continued to be sent out in different languages. These included the following, the first of which, it will be noted, retained the old name of the Socialist Youth organ:

Jugend-Internationale (monthly), translated into English as *The Young International*, later as *The International Youth*. *Internationale Jugendkorrespondenz* (every ten days).

For children:

Der junge Genosse (The Young Comrade).

Das Proletarische Kind (The Proletarian Child).

The English translation of the last named (printed in Berlin) was sold in Glasgow under the title of *An International Magazine for Proletarian Children*. Amongst the contributors were the editor, E. Hörnle, and such names as Max Barthel, Morris Rosenfeld, Leo Andreas, Hella Rosenblum, etc.

Besides this literature printed in Berlin, each country had its own organs printed and published at home under the inspiration of Berlin and Moscow. Some of these were as follows:

ENGLAND: *The Young Worker* (weekly).

The Red Dawn (monthly).

FRANCE: *L'Avant Garde Communiste et Ouvrière*.

HOLLAND: *Der jonge Communist*.

SWITZERLAND: *Die Neue Jugend*.

ITALY: *Avanguardia*.

UNITED STATES: *The Young Communist* (illegal).

RUSSIA: *Youni Kommunist*.

Youni Proletar.

NORWAY: *Klassekampen*.

AUSTRIA: *Die Kommunistische Jugend*, etc.

Young Communist League.—The result of the first (Berlin) Congress of the Communist Youth International was to create Communist Leagues of Youth in a number of different countries, and when the second Congress met in Moscow from July 9 to 20, 1920, the representatives of these leagues from no less than forty countries were present (*Internazionale Molodyeji*, No. 12, 1921, p. 6). An important centre of direction was now created in Moscow

by the Russian section of the movement, under the control of the Komintern, which came to be called the "Komsomol" from the Russian words *Kommunisticheski Soyuz Molodyeji*, meaning Communist League of Youth. The members of the Central Committee in Moscow included Lazar Shatzkin (on the Berlin Executive Committee), Ignat, Plasunov, Smarodin and Feigin. A later development of the Komsomol was the "Young Pioneers."

The Young Communist Leagues now formed in the different countries were thus not branches of the Komsomol of Moscow but of the Young Communist International of Berlin—known in Russia as the *Kim* (*Kommunisticheski Internatsional Molodyeje*)—affiliated to the Komintern of Moscow. At the same time, all these Young Communist Leagues, being directed by the Communist Parties in the countries to which they belonged, and the Communist Party of each country being affiliated with the Komintern, they were also connected with the latter, and were, therefore, under the double control of Berlin and Moscow.

Before the foundation of the British Y.C.L. in 1921 the Communist Youth movement in this country was represented by three bodies. These were: (1) The Young Socialist League, which joined up with the Young Communist International after the Berlin Congress in 1919 (*Communist International*, No. 13, p. 2617). The organ of the Y.S.L. was the *Red Flag*, edited by Nathan B. Whyer, a teacher in the Central London Socialist Sunday School, and a frequenter of the "Brotherhood Church" in North London which was started before the War, and where the speakers have included Saklatvala, Sylvia Pankhurst, and P. H. Lewis, the Communist who is frequently heard in Hyde Park. (2) The Young Workers' League, with its organ, *The Young Worker*; and (3) the International Communist School Movement, with the *Red Dawn*. In 1921 the last two were merged into the Y.C.L., and their organs combined in the *Young Communist*, with the sub-heading, "Organ of the Young Communist League: British Section of the Young Communist International." The first number, dated December 1921, states:

"With the birth of the Young Communist League, as the result of the fusion of the Young Workers' League and the International Communist School movement, and with it the first issue of *The Young Communist* (with which is incorporated *The Young Worker* and *The Red Dawn*), an epoch is marked in the history of the Young Proletarian movement in this country."

On another page the Y.C.L. of Russia is described as the "largest league within the Young Communist International," hence it is clear that the Y.C.L.s of England and Russia were both a part of the Berlin organisation, which remained in that city until 1924 (see *Labour Year Book* for 1924, p. 475), when it seems to have been moved to Moscow. The *Bulletins* of the Young Communist League,

the *Young Communist Review* and *International Youth*, now appear to be out of circulation in this country.

The headquarters of the Young Communist League of Great Britain were at first the same as those of the Communist Party—16 King Street, Covent Garden—and the editor both of the *Young Communist* and another paper, the *Young Rebel*, was James Stewart, of the Y.C.L. Executive (see *Labour Who's Who* under his name). Later the headquarters were removed to 36 Lamb's Conduit Street, with S. Goldsmith as editor of the *Young Communist*, and finally to 38 Great Ormonde Street, the same address as the National Minority Movement, where they are at the present moment. About two years ago the *Young Communist* changed its name to the *Young Worker*, reverting to that of the organ of the former Young Workers' League, and now appears weekly. The Y.C.L. has also formed a children's branch, called the Young Comrades' League for boys and girls between the ages of ten and fourteen, of which the organ is the *Young Comrade* (monthly).

The National Executive Council of the Y.C.L. was not properly constituted until 1922, when the following were elected:

H. Young	McDermott
S. Goldsmith	Ballantyne
Ruskin	Ramsay
Shaw	Redfern (Secretary)

In 1925 the National Executive Committee was constituted as follows:

National Secretary: Frank D. Springhall (also leader of the Young Comrades' League).

Secretary: William Rust.

D. Wilson	H. Smith
J. Cohen	J. Robertson
W. Tapsell	J. Prothero
A. Pearce	J. Shields
E. Rothstein	H. Young
W. Duncan	C. M. Roebuck

E. Woolley

In the following November (1925) Rust was amongst the Communists imprisoned for sedition, and in May Springhall was convicted under the Emergency Powers Act brought into force during the General Strike, and sentenced to hard labour.

The work of organising the Communist Sunday Schools, which has been going on since 1920—some of which in 1925 took over the name of Young Pioneers in imitation of Soviet Russia—has been carried on by the Y.C.L. These schools were said to have ceased to exist. This was not the case, at any rate in 1925, when forty were still in existence, mostly held in cinemas or laundries, where sex teaching of the most demoralising kind was given. The

teachers were in almost all cases aliens. Admittance was very difficult to obtain, as were the *Red Catechisms* and other pamphlets provided; one of the worst of these, entitled *Communist Rules*, was published in 1921.

The Proletarian Schools, organised in 1918 by Tom Anderson (formerly of the Socialist Sunday School Movement), are confined to Glasgow and the surrounding neighbourhood (N.C.U. pamphlet, *The Truth about the Red Schools*, p. 10). Their organ is a singularly blasphemous and indecent publication named *Proletcult*: "a magazine for Girls and Boys."

The attention of the clergy has frequently been drawn to these centres for the corruption of youth with little result, and the only attempt to draw the children away from them by opposition schools has been made by the British Fascists' "Children's Clubs," providing counter-attractions in the form of wholesome amusement and simple teaching on religion and patriotism.

But the Socialist and Communist Sunday Schools are not the most important poison-centres, since parents are not obliged to send their children to them. For working-class youth the Socialist and Communist teachers in the Government schools at which attendance is compulsory are a greater danger, for in these it is the best types of working-class children they are able to pervert. But here again apparently no general action is to be taken.

The Young Socialist International.—We have seen that at the Conference of the International of Socialist Youth in Berlin in 1919 only a section of the movement constituted itself the Young Communist International, the remainder continued to disassociate themselves from the Communist movement.

The International of Working-Class Youth.—Early in 1921 the Social Democratic Young Workers' International was formed in Amsterdam by members of the parties attached to the 2nd Internationale, and at about the same time the Young Workers of Austria, the German districts of Czecho-Slovakia, etc., organised the International Union of Socialist Workers. These two Young Socialist Internationals held a number of Conferences, and finally, at Hamburg during the Session of the Labour Socialist or 2nd Internationale in 1923, a new Young Socialist International was formed, called the "Internationale of Working-Class Youth" or Sozialistische Jugend Internationale, under E. Ollenhauer, with headquarters at 3 Lindenstrasse, Berlin (*Labour Year Book* for 1924, pp. 381, 382, 475, and for 1925, p. 41). This organisation has made considerable progress, and has a membership in twenty-two different countries, by far the largest being in Germany, where it now amounts to 102,000 (*Labour Year Book* for 1926, pp. 381, 382). In Great Britain the figure of 5,000 given is drawn entirely from the I.L.P.

I.L.P. Guild of Youth.—Early in 1924 the I.L.P., true to its traditions in seeking inspiration from Germany, started to organise the "I.L.P. Guild of Youth" for bringing more young people into

the Socialist and Pacifist fold. By the end of the year a large number of branches had been formed all over the country. The question of forming a "united front" with the Young Communist League has recently been discussed, but decided against by the National Committee of the Guild. A contingent of "comrades," headed by Arthur Tetley, a member of the National Committee, attended the 2nd Congress of the Socialist Youth International at Amsterdam from May 26-29, at which Eric Ollenhauer of the Berlin headquarters took the lead. The I.L.P. Guild of Youth is now affiliated to the "British League of Esperanto Socialists," in which a number of Communists are also concerned.

The official organ of the Guild is *The Flame*, edited by Clare Brockway, and published at 14 Great George Street, Westminster.

Like the Socialist Sunday Schools, the I.L.P. Guild of Youth is not avowedly revolutionary or anti-Christian, but carries on its campaign under the guise of Pacifism, brotherhood or the return to nature.

The Fellowship of Youth for Peace.—We have already referred both here and in America, to the "International Fellowship of Reconciliation" or "Versöhnungsbund," of which the International Secretariat is situated in this country, under the control of the Rev. Oliver Dryer, with offices at 16 Red Lion Square, whilst the national branch is conducted by P. W. Bartlett, with offices next door at No. 17. This organisation in America was instrumental in forming the "Fellowship of Youth for Peace" early in 1924, as part of the War Resisters' International, with which the F.O.R. is affiliated. From September 18-22, 1924, a joint conference of the F.O.R. and the F.Y. for P. was held at Seaside Park, New Jersey, and amongst members then elected to the council of the new movement were a number of members of the American Civil Liberties Union, including Roger Baldwin, A. J. Muste and John Haynes Holmes, of which the subversive aims have been described earlier, whilst several members of the W.I.L. were present as speakers. Mrs. Margaret B. L. Robinson, an ardent patriot, president of the Massachusetts Public Interests League, wrote on May 6, 1925:

"A movement which is showing itself to be full of danger in Massachusetts is the so-called Fellowship of Youth for Peace. At a meeting held under its auspices last week in Boston, which I attended, the presiding officer was a well-known Socialist, Harry Dana, and the speaker a Belgian Socialist, Gust Muey. Three times during the evening the audience was urged to attend a ball for the benefit of Sacco and Vanzetti" (Fred Marvin, *Ye Shall Know the Truth*, p. 66).

In the summer of 1925 William Q. Harrison and another delegate sailed for England, and a meeting was arranged for July 1 by the F.O.R. at its international headquarters, 16 Red Lion Square, at which he was to speak on "the American Youth Movement and its relation to the International Youth Movement."

Another meeting took place on the 9th of the same month at the Friends' Meeting House, 136 Bishopsgate, to welcome the two Youth Movement delegates from America. This was convened by the "Federation of British Youth Movements," of which we shall now trace the origins in Germany.

The International League of Youth.—As we have seen, the Socialist Youth Internationale existed in Germany before the War. Just after the War had ended a Pacifist Youth Internationale, named the "International League of Youth," was formed by a Dane, Hermod Lannung, and the aims of the League, drawn up at a preliminary conference in Copenhagen and confirmed in 1922 at a further conference in Hamburg, were set forth as follows:

"The aim of the International League of Youth is to awaken Youth to the inherent unity of the peoples of the world, and to make future war impossible by a fellowship based on trust and friendship.

"In the meantime, believing in the principle of compulsory arbitration, the League advocates the limitation of armaments, with a view to their ultimate abolition, and the substitution of an International Police Force for the present National Military System. It will do all in its power to further the establishment of a true League of Nations.

"To further this aim the British section has consented to act as a central International Bureau for Youth of all nations. It will collect and disseminate reports as to the activities of all Youth Movements federated to the International League of Youth, and will publish a three-monthly report in this magazine." (*Youth*, Spring 1924.)

The Central International Bureau, formed by the British Section, was located at 152 Abbey House, Westminster, under the direction of Miss Moya Jowitt; the official organ of the movement being *Youth* (quarterly), edited by Rolf Gardiner of St. John's College, Cambridge, and circulated by the headquarters in Abbey House, and also by the German agent of the League, Hans Seligo, in Leipzig.

According to the account given in *Youth* for the spring of 1924, the International League of Youth was organised in the following manner.

A number of members of the leaders' council who had been present at a great International Youth meeting at Hollerau in August 1923, afterwards met at the castle of Lauenstein and formed a circle known as the Lauensteiner Kreis, in order to engage in "a common search and discovery of new ways and means in the technique of Western politics, economics, education, art and science." For this purpose four "watch-towers" were created, from which observations could be carried out—the first at Berlin, for communication with the East and especially with Soviet Russia; the second at the Jugendheim on the Ostsee, for communication with the North—Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland; the third at first stationed in Berlin and working in close connection with the Quaker offices there, but afterwards removed to 152 Abbey House, Westminster, so as to "link up Berlin and London in direct com-

munication"; the fourth looking out on the Mediterranean, having at present no abode but in the hands of responsible members of the Union principally resident in Frankfurt-am-Main.

The chief members of the British group, besides Moya Jowitt, were John Hargrave, S. Darwin Fox, Rolf Gardiner, and Roland Perrill. These people, all of pro-German sympathies, were contributors to *Youth*, whilst in the number of that organ already referred to we note an article by Harold Bing on behalf of the Youth Section of the No More War Movement, of which Phyllis Bing was secretary. Amongst the foreign contributors we find the names of Fritz Klatt, Karl Wilker, Gustave Wyneken, Anton Mayer (the same that we encountered on the Moscow organisation of the R.I.L.U.?) and Arnim T. Wegner. Besides publishing extraordinary blasphemies—notably in the above-mentioned number, where an article appears headed by a revolting caricature of the Crucifixion—*Youth* went in for the cult of nature.

The Nudity Movement.—In Germany before the War the so-called "physical culture movement" had become the vogue, which found expression in the cult of nudity, as practised by the sect of German Communists known as "Adamites" in the fifteenth century. "It became the *grand chic* of an advanced set (in Berlin) to give naked parties, at which the men smoked huge cigars and the women were clothed only in bracelets, anklets, tiaras and rings" (article by Austin Harrison in the *English Review*, October 1914). Since the War this movement has grown in dimensions, and owns a number of groups, institutes, libraries, holiday camps, bathing resorts, etc. A "Nudity" candidate was even put up for election to the Reichstag, and secured over 20,000 votes (article in *Sunday Express*, July 19, 1925). According to an American writer, Bruno Lasker, it has made great headway in the Youth Movement of Germany, which is described as "introducing new and stimulating elements. One of these is the cult of nakedness." Another was described as being free love. Mr. Lasker went on to describe the crusade of one of the leaders of this movement, Herr Muck-Lamberty, who "with a following of twenty-five youths and girls," walked from town to town through the forests of the mid-German hill country, leading the children in harmless games of a cheerfulness they had never known, "teaching the young men and women dances and songs drawn from the very sources . . . of the German spirit. . . . But one day it was discovered that they were living not only in economic communism, but also what seemed at first complete sexual promiscuity" (see interesting pamphlet by Mrs. Margaret L. Robinson, *The Youth Movement*, issued by the Massachusetts Public Interests League, Boston quoting article in *Survey Graphic*, December 1921).

Walter Pahl was one of the advocates of this movement, and in an article in *Youth* and the American periodical the *New Student*, which brought out a "Special Supplement published in Germany,"

described the religion of the movement. Before the War youth had become sceptical of Christianity; but after it the cry went up: "God is dead!" Youth became the enemy of the Church. "Naked and Free" they denied dogma and doctrine, and found a new God—the body. They were Christians no longer, so they released the body and set themselves to "the dance of the earth and the stars within us," in order to restore the great harmony and holiness into our lives. "Dancing in fact offers the greatest religious emotion to a great part of our German youth." It is here we can trace the inspiration of the eurythmic dancing practised by the Steinerites of Germany, the Bolsheviks of Russia and certain sects in our own country, which being, however, of the secret and occult variety, do not enter into the scope of this book.

The New Gymnosophists.—One group practising the nudity cult which does not appear to be a secret society may, however, be mentioned here, that is "The New Gymnosophical Society," which was founded in 1922. The object of this group was frankly admitted to be the propagation of nude culture, because not only physical but "psychological" health is much benefited by this practice. In connection with this society, which is still in existence, or was as recently as last summer, is at least one Club, near London, where the members pass week-ends entirely without clothes. It seems that they do not always remain within bounds, since a couple were found wandering in this condition on the Sussex downs last summer (*Sunday Express*, August 20, 1925). The police appear to have taken no action in the matter.

A co-educational school is connected with this movement.

Federation of British Youth Movements.—The English branch of the International League of Youth for Peace has now ceased to exist, and its work has been taken over by the "Federation of British Youth Movements," which was founded in January 1924, with headquarters at 135 Bishopsgate, under the following personnel:

Chairman: Arthur Peacock.

Secretary: Miss Margaret Porteous.

National Secretary: Theodor Besterman (of the Guild of Citizens of To-morrow, a subsidiary organisation of the Theosophical Society).

Treasurer: Miss Phyllis Bing (of the No More War Movement).

A Conference of the Federation was held on May 2 and 3, 1925, arranged by G. W. Arundale of the Theosophical Society, with which the Federation seems to be closely connected.

At a further meeting in June, held in the form of a garden-party at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, the following Theosophical groups were represented: The Guild of Citizens of To-morrow, the Order of the Round Table, the Servers' Group of Young Theosophists, the World Federation of Young Theosophists. Besides

these there were delegates from the No More War Movement, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Young Friends' Movement, the I.L.P. and the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry of the Kibbo Kift. The outstanding feature of this gathering of the Federation of British Youth Movements was said by an observer to be predominantly foreign, and in particular German. German songs were sung.

Kibbo Kift.—The movement known as Kibbo Kift, which also carried on the work of the International League of Youth, is generally said to have been formed in England in the spring of 1921, with branches in Germany, Russia, Holland, France, Italy and Algeria. From inside evidence it appears, however, that it was organised in this country as early as 1919—that is to say, at about the same time that the International League of Youth was formed in Copenhagen, under German auspices, so that instead of being a British movement with foreign branches, it seems not unlikely that it was all along a part of the German "Jugendbewegung," and of the International Federation of Youth. At any rate its teachings and aims are identical, whilst John Hargrave, its reputed founder, whose "anti-militarist" views had necessitated his leaving the staff of the Boy Scouts, was, as we have seen, a contributor to *Youth*, in which Kibbo Kift and its later organ the *Nomad*—the first one was called the *Mask*—were advertised. Further, the address of the Business Manager of the K.K., Kinsman G. C. Morris, was the same as the address of the British branch of the International Federation of Youth—152 Abbey House, Westminster—and Moya Jowitt, the director of this bureau, was also the organiser of the K.K. scheme, described as "world survey." The connection, if not the actual identity, between the two movements is, therefore, evident.

The K.K. is described in a leaflet by the editor of the *Nomad*, under the pseudonym of "White Fox"—presumably Hargrave himself—as being a "world peace movement," which was largely to be achieved by camping out; and its objects included the re-organisation of industry on a non-competitive basis, international disarmament, international free trade, an international currency system, and the establishment of a World Council including every civilised and primitive race or nation—formulas familiar to everyone acquainted with the literature of International Socialism or Grand Orient Masonry.

The Kibbo Kift is, in fact, a semi-secret society, and as such cannot be thoroughly gone into here. This fact is very clearly brought out in a novel, called *Young Winkle*, by John Hargrave himself, in which the references made to a mysterious brotherhood active all over the world, to a ceremony of initiation, as also to "tribal patriotism" and the happiness of savagery, are strangely reminiscent of the German Illuminati. Leaving this occult aspect of the K.K. aside, however, no doubt can be entertained as to its anti-patriotic and subversive tendencies, the leader's sneers at the

Boy Scouts, at "militarism"—nothing, of course, about the Prussian variety—his remarks on the evil of work, his insistence on sex teaching and jeers at religion, plainly show the true character of the organisation which he controls.

The "world survey" idea of the K.K., directed by Miss Moya Jowitt, a scheme certainly more practical than occult, merits some attention. In the May 1925 number of the *Nomad*, the young "Kinsmen" are enjoined to make maps, giving the population, industries, etc. One of the directions runs:

"Visit and find out full information about, and make a list of, all the present institutions, such as hospitals, museums, schools, colleges, institutes, societies, movements, organisations, places of worship, places of amusement, theatres, etc., in your district."

Before the War German spies were known to be engaged on making maps precisely on these lines. This habit of map-making may not be all to the future advantage of Britain.

The K.K. is not confined to England; in France it acquired land at Le Talon, Chevreuse, Seine-et-Oise, where an International camp was held in August 1924. In Poland it exists as a Woodcraft League, known as the Zjednoczenie Wolnego Harcerstwa; in Holland it goes under the name of "Stormvogels." The last named was at first composed of children from six to twelve years of age, who formed an avowedly Communist group led by Francine Ruygers, and in August 1924 went bodily over to the Young Communist organisation. This is illuminating, since in England the K.K. professes to have no connection with Communism, although in July 1923 it was stated that two delegates would attend the Conference of the League of Communist Youth in Dresden. In view of all this, it is interesting to read the names on the Advisory Council of the K.K. in this country, published at this date. These included Norman Angell, H. G. Wells, Rabindranath Tagore, Havelock Ellis, Stephen Graham, Professor Julian S. Huxley, Maurice Maeterlinck, Henry W. Nevinson, Maurice Hewlett, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Professor Patrick Geddes, and J. Howard Whitehouse. It should be noted that the last name on this list is that of the head master of a school founded at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, some six years ago, for the purpose of carrying out new methods of education, including what was termed self-government. A letter advertising the scheme appeared on its inauguration in the *Times*, and two years later a further letter was addressed to the same paper signed by the head, J. Howard Whitehouse, also by Dean Inge, Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck, Charles F. Masterman (editor of *The Nation*), Harold Laski (London School of Economics and member of the Executive Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union), Henry W. Nevinson and Noel Buxton (Labour Party and 1917 Club). Two out of these seven supporters of the Bembridge School were, therefore, on the Council of the Kibbo Kift.

At the moment of this book going to press a notice appears of a meeting to be held on "The Men of the Trees," by Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker, who, we note in the *Nomad* for December 1924, was presented by "White Fox" at Abbey House with a copper plaque, inscribed with a message of brotherhood in symbol-writing.

My object in following up all these connections is not to censure everyone who takes part in movements of this kind—e.g., it is not alleged that every supporter of the Kibbo Kift is fully cognisant or would approve of all it is and does—but to show by what an intricate system of interlockings the members of subversive organisations contrive to spread their propaganda.

The movement for the demoralisation of British youth—the undermining of patriotism and of belief in religion, and the revolt against discipline—is very skilfully organised. For the children of working-class parents there are the Socialist and Communist Sunday Schools and the teachers of the same doctrines in the Government schools; for both working-class and middle-class children the various Socialist, Communist and Pacifist leagues; for the boys and girls of the rich there is the insidious propaganda instilled by masters, mistresses, lecturers and university dons, secretly in the service of the country's enemies. And unhappily for all classes, there is the influence of those of the clergy who have sold their birthright for a mess of red pottage.

CHAPTER XIII

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY

THE Socialism professed by certain members of our clergy to-day must not be confounded with the "Christian Socialism" advocated in the middle of the last century by Kingsley and Maurice. The doctrines they taught were not at all identical with those known politically as Communism or as Socialism. If in spirit they had something in common with the Utopian Socialists of France, they held nothing of the spirit expressed in Karl Marx's *Communist Manifesto*, which appeared at the time they carried on their campaign. The formula now generally accepted as that of Socialism—"the nationalisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange"—enters nowhere into their teaching, which was not to advocate an economic theory that had already proved a failure, but simply the reconstruction of the social order based on Christian principles. However impracticable such an idea might be in view of Christ's own statement: "My kingdom is not of this world," it was, nevertheless, sincere and free from the bitterness of modern Socialism. For, whilst denouncing social evils, nowhere did they preach class war; on the contrary, in *Alton Locke* Charles Kingsley condemned it in unmeasured terms, whilst the anti-Christian teaching of Robert Owen in their own day and of Karl Marx—whose influence only became felt in England after their lifetimes—was the very antithesis of theirs.

Unlike Lord Shaftesbury, however, who declared Socialism to be "a plague deep-seated and rancorous," they did not realise that materialism and class hatred were almost always the accompaniments of the economic theory of Socialism; and so, by calling themselves Socialists, they coupled together the names of two creeds which, as the German Socialist Bebel truly observed, "stand towards each other as fire and water." This was, perhaps, excusable in men who, living before the Marxian era in this country, could not see for themselves whither real Socialism must lead.

But for men who can look back on the last forty years of Socialist agitation, the position is entirely different. They know, or should know, that since the founding of the Democratic Federation in 1881, Socialism in this country has been almost entirely derived

from the teaching of Marx, whose insistence on materialism, militant atheism and advocacy of the class war, has divested the word Socialism of all the idealism thrown around it by the Christian Socialists of the last century. To profess Socialism now is to range oneself, whether consciously or not, with the enemies of Christianity, as Mrs. Margaret L. Robinson has well explained in her admirable pamphlet, *Christian Socialism, a Contradiction in Terms*.

So, whilst the old Christian Socialists took the discredited word Socialism and strove to invest it with the spirit of Christianity, our so-called Christian Socialists of to-day take the pure and beautiful doctrines of Christianity and infuse into them the spirit of class hatred.

The Christian Social Union.—One of the first organisations formed to disseminate the idea of Christianity in relation to social life was the Christian Social Union, which, according to the head of the Industrial Christian Fellowship with which it joined up in 1918, originated much earlier, having been formed by Maurice and Kingsley (who died respectively in 1872 and 1875), supported by Canon Scott Holland, Bishop Gore and the Bishop of Lichfield (letter from the Rev. P. T. Kirk to the *Patriot*, November 30, 1922). The writer of this letter describes it as "most certainly not avowedly Socialistic."

Another Christian Socialist organisation was the Guild of St. Matthew, founded in 1877 by the Rev. Stuart Headlam, which also does not appear to have been revolutionary in character; but the **Church Socialist League**, formed in 1908, had for its founders two men who have taken an active part in agitation—the Rev. F. L. (now Canon) Donaldson, who describes himself as a "convinced Christian Socialist" and who led and organised a march of Unemployed from Leicester to London in 1905, and the Rev. Conrad Noel, Vicar of Thaxted, Essex, who for many years has preached the most virulent class hatred.

The Catholic Crusade.—It was not, however, until after the rise of the Bolsheviks to power that the "red clergy" openly took up their stand with the world revolutionaries. In America Bishop Montgomery Brown proclaimed himself the "Bishop of Bolsheviks and Atheists." Conrad Noel, whilst continuing to profess Christianity, started his revolutionary Catholic Crusade in 1918. The Hon. Sec. was at first the Rev. H. O. Mason, the Rectory, Elland, Yorkshire; in 1925 Robert Woodifield; whilst supporters of the movement included the Rev. G. B. Chambers and the Rev. C. J. Bucknall, who has recently been presented with the living of Delabole, North Cornwall.

The Catholic Crusade has no official organ, but a number of pamphlets have been published by it, including *A Manifesto*, setting forth its objects, one of which is said to be "to break up the present world, and make a new in the power of the Outlaw of

Galilee: Destruction not Reconstruction"; *Creative Democracy*, which describes "Apostolic Bolshevism and Democratic Succession: the Christian Soviet and the Episcopal International"; *The Catholic Crusade*, merely incoherent and blasphemous ravings; *The Christian Religion: Dope or Dynamite*; *Is Jesus the Revolutionary Leader?* etc. It is difficult to discover the doctrines of any particular brand of Socialism in these publications, which are as dull as they are revolting, and preach only a sort of aimless anarchy. There is, however, perhaps more method than might be supposed behind the madness of the Catholic Crusade, which appears to be not unconnected with a certain secret society of an occult description. To follow up this line of investigation would take us beyond the limits of this book; it may, however, be mentioned that a certain clergyman who not long ago created a scandal by his open expression of Bolshevik views is known to the present writer by irrefutable evidence to have been a member of the society in question, whilst the bishop who supported him was head of an institution whence a number of members of the same society were drawn.

The I.C.F.—The "Industrial Christian Fellowship," which was formed out of the Navy Mission on November 11, 1918, and afterwards amalgamated with the Christian Social Union, is a society of a very different order from the Catholic Crusade, from the leader of which it has publicly disassociated itself. Indeed, it professes not to be Socialist at all. "We stand," it declares, "for Christ and His principles, independent of party." And again, "The Fellowship is not political; it is a spiritual effort, for we hold that Christianity must pervade every department of life."

But this does not prevent the I.C.F. in its official organ, *The Torch*, from paying tribute to such Labour members of Parliament as it may consider to be particularly fit instruments for this purpose; as for example, J. H. Thomas, George Lansbury, C. G. Ammon, "Bob" Williams, etc. Nor did it deter one of its body of directors, the Rev. F. E. Mercer, from writing a pamphlet called *Why Churchmen should be Socialists*; nor another from declaring at a public meeting that "the Capitalist system has broken down and will end in a rotten chaos." (*The Patriot*, August 9, 1923).

Another leading light of the I.C.F., the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, is alleged to have spoken at a Labour demonstration beside George Lansbury on October 8, 1922, and with Saklatvala at Bow Baths on February 25, 1923. It was on Armistice Day, 1921, that he levelled his famous insult against the men who had fought for England by saying that:

"He had appealed to the troops during the war, and encouraged them to fight on the ground that they were fighting for freedom and honour. He knew now it was nothing of the kind. There was no freedom and there was no end to war. We had lied as a nation and

besmirched our honour. We had broken our promises and gone back on our word in half a score of cases. . . . They were mad, he said; he himself was mad; they were all mad out there. They were given decorations for what they did when they were mad" (*Morning Post*, November 12, 1921).

Remonstrances addressed to the I.C.F. with regard to such utterances have been met with the reply that the speaker was not speaking in the name of the Fellowship, but as a private individual. We have not heard of this system of dual personality leading to the appearance of a member of the I.C.F. on the platform of, say, —the British Fascists.

A dual personality appears, moreover, to be the characteristic not only of individual members of the I.C.F., but of the society itself. Thus on March 12, 1926, the present writer received a circular of the I.C.F. in which it was again stated that:

"It may not be out of place to reaffirm the fact that the I.C.F. is not pledged to any political party or to any scheme of economic reform. It stands for Christ and His principles, independent of party, and seeks for means to pursue and extend its work and to proclaim its message boldly and fearlessly as the Holy Spirit may direct."

Appended to this was a leaflet describing an I.C.F. speaker "in a poor class district" pacifying the revolutionary tendencies of the crowd.

Yet at this very moment it appears that the I.C.F. was issuing a questionnaire on the coal crisis marked "confidential," inquiring into the miners' grievances and every detail of the coal trade, and requesting that the document should be returned on March 6, just when the Report of the Coal Commission was expected (*Morning Post*, March 3, 1926). It certainly seems strange that a society, not pledged to any scheme of economic reform, and standing only for "Christ and His principles," should institute a searching inquiry into the economic aspect of the coal trade, precisely at the moment when the Government was engaged on the same task. There has been close co-operation between some of the officials and fervent Socialists who are notorious promoters of the class-war, and whose public records are no security whatever for any deep interest in the triumph of Christianity. The circulars of the I.C.F. contain many statements in exact agreement with the policy of the Socialist Party; and have been quoted in the *Patriot*, from November 9, 1922, to January 18, 1923, during its controversy with the Fellowship. In that controversy it was shown that the public literature of the I.C.F. is, in effect, a preaching that the way to the original Christian objects of the Fellowship is marked out by the Socialist Party; and is to be preceded by the destruction of the capitalist system.

The following names, which appear on the circular of March 1926, presumably form the present personnel of the I.C.F. :

PRESIDENTS :

The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of York.
The Archbishop of Wales.

VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHAIRMAN :

The Bishop of Lichfield.

VICE-CHAIRMEN :

Bishop of Woolwich.
Major-General F. Maurice.

HON. TREASURERS :

Everard Hesketh.
Frank Hodges.

HON. TRUSTEE :

Lord Henry Bentinck.
William Cash.
Major J. D. Birchall, M.P.
Lord Beauchamp.
Margaret Bigge.
Lord Daryngton.
Sir Lynden Macassey.
Bishop of Manchester.
Sir Robert Newman, M.P.
Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard.
Constance Smith.
Sir Edwin Stockton.
Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

GENERAL DIRECTOR :

P. T. R. Kirk.

The headquarters of the I.C.F. are at Fellowship House, 4 The Sanctuary, Westminster.

The League of the Kingdom of God.—A so-called Christian society which makes no effort to conceal its Socialistic character is the "League of the Kingdom of God," the name assumed in 1923 by the Church Socialist League before mentioned. The character of the society is officially given in these words :

"The League is a band of Churchmen and Churchwomen who believe that the Catholic Faith demands a challenge to the world by the repudiation of capitalist plutocracy and the wage system ; and stands for a social order in which the means of life subserve the common weal."

The particular brand of Socialism that the League favours seems to be Guild Socialism, with which members of the Church Socialist

League, notably Maurice B. Reckitt, had been associated, when working in the Fabian Research Department with G. D. H. Cole.

The three leaders of the movement in the year that the change of name took place were Maurice B. Reckitt (Vice-Chairman of the C.S.L.), the Rev. Paul Stacy and N. E. Egerton Swann. Later the Rev. T. C. Gobat was made Chairman, H. H. Slessor (now Sir Henry Slessor) became Vice-Chairman and A. Hunter, Treasurer. George Lansbury, who is just now agitating to get the blasphemy laws revoked, and the Rev. J. Bucknall are also members.

The official organ of the League is the *Commonwealth* (monthly), edited by G. W. Wardman at Letchworth Garden City, Herts.

Society of Socialist Christians.—Another so-called Christian society that makes no secret of its political aims is the "Society of Socialist Christians," started in 1924 as an amalgamation of smaller societies. The Secretary is Charles Record, 8 Victoria Avenue, Elland, Yorkshire, and the official organ of the society is *The Crusader* (weekly), printed by G. W. Wardman (editor of the *Commonwealth*) at the Commonwealth Press, Letchworth, and published by the Crusader Committee at 1 Mitre Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

The aims of the Society of Socialist Christians are officially set forth as follows :

"The Society of Socialist Christians is a body of people who, acknowledging the leadership of Jesus Christ, pledge themselves to work and pray for the spiritual and economic emancipation of all people from the bondage of material things, and for the establishment of the Commonwealth of God on earth.

"Recognising that the present capitalist order of society is fundamentally anti-Christian, the Society will strive for the creation of an international Socialist order based on the communal control of the means of life and co-operation in freedom for the common weal.

"The Society will work as part of the Labour Movement. It believes that the necessary transformation of our social order requires a change of heart and mind and will, and a corresponding change of political and industrial arrangements ; substituting mutual service for exploitation, and a social democracy for the struggle of individuals and classes."

The last number of the *Crusader* (for May 28, 1926) quite frankly approved of the recent General Strike, and deplored the blindness of the *Christian World* in describing it as a failure. On another page the editor of the *Daily Herald* is referred to as "Comrade Hamilton Fyfe." Amongst contributors to the organ, and to the series of "Crusader Booklets," are Father John Corner Spokes (editor of the *Crusader*), Father Harold Buxton, the Rev. Seaward Beddow, the Rev. W. G. Peck, the Rev. W. E. Orchard, Father Gilbert Clive Binyon, Fred Hughes, B. C. Boulter, etc.

C.O.P.E.C.—In April of the same year (1924) that the Society of Socialist Christians was founded a conference took place at

Birmingham to discuss the application of Christianity to social, industrial, political and international problems, at which the following resolution was passed :

" That the Christian faith is fundamentally opposed to the spirit of Imperialism as expressed in desire of conquest, maintenance of prestige, or the pursuit, in other forms, of the selfish interests of one nation at the expense of another."

From this Conference arose the society known as C.O.P.E.C., standing for " Christian Order of Politics, Economics and Citizenship." The Conference was presided over by Lord Parmoor, then a member of the Socialist Government, who vehemently denounced war and regretted that the Churches had not been unanimously Pacifist during the Great War. Other speakers included Sir Henry Slessor, E. D. Morel, and also the Rev. Studdert Kennedy of the I.C.F., who declared that in future the Churches ought to support the right of our forces to mutiny and for our sailors to lay down their arms. It is only fair to add that in the following November Mr. Kennedy expressed what appear to be absolutely opposite views, declaring that any attempt at disarmament would be madness (*Times*, November 11, 1924). Since then, however, he seems to have reverted to anti-Imperialism. It is impossible to keep pace with the vagaries of some of these people.

A number of Pacifist and Socialist organisations, such as the U.D.C., I.L.P., Fellowship of Reconciliation, No More War Movement, League of the Kingdom of God, etc., were represented at the C.O.P.E.C. Conference. The Chairman then elected for the Committee of International Relations was E. F. Wise, who had left the Board of Trade to take employment under the Soviet Government.

The anti-patriotic and Socialist tendencies of C.O.P.E.C. have been shown up by the Rev. Prebendary Gough, in his admirable little book, *The Fight for Man*, where he wrote : " The ordinary wholesome Christian can only view all this ' Copec ' parody and perversion of Christianity with disgust." Dean Inge, in a letter to the *Morning Post* on January 1, 1925, described " Copec " as " the latest and most insidious attempt to politicise the Church and capture organised Christianity for Socialism."

In these words the Dean draws attention to the greatest danger that confronts the Christian world. It is not the avowed Communists, whose very violence repels all sane and wholesome minds, who are likely to bring about the overthrow of Britain, and with her the whole of civilisation ; it is the so-called idealist and professing Christian who most effectively carries out the devil's work. Let those of the clergy, whether Church of England, Nonconformist or Roman Catholic—for renegade priests are not unknown—who are preaching Communism, anti-patriotism and class hatred under the guise of Christianity be denounced in the same unmeasured terms

here as in America, where Senator Blanton, in the concluding remarks of his exposure of the Bolshevik movement in the States, declared : " If the ministers of the Gospel have sold their services to Russia, it is our duty to make it known to the public " (*Congressional Record*, December 19, 1925, p. 7).

Was it not written that in the latter days false prophets would arise and deceive the very elect ?

CHAPTER XIV

CONCLUSION

WE have now seen a fraction, but only a fraction, of the vast network of Socialism stretched over the civilised world. To pass the whole in review would be the work of years. For when we consider that in our own country alone, to which the greatest amount of space in this book has been given, only the most important societies have been mentioned, and that the list of societies, leagues, groups and "movements"—Socialist, Pacifist, pseudo-religious or frankly anti-religious—could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, what would be the result, if we were to do this in the case of every part of the world, including the Far East, on which the Bolsheviks' attention is now specially concentrated? The network thus revealed would surely be bewildering enough to make the human brain reel. And even then the picture would be incomplete if we were still to exclude the secret societies that provide so much driving power behind the open movements. For example, in our own country one of the most influential groups working for Socialism, the inner circle of the Theosophical Society, enters into the category of secret societies, and has, therefore, necessarily been excluded.

Enough of the open network has, however, been shown to give some idea of its vastness and of its plan of construction. We have seen how the marvellous brains behind it know how to utilise everything that comes to their hand, so that they have now been able to penetrate every sphere of human endeavour—art, literature, education, women's movements, religious movements—and to gain control of all the means of publicity—the press, the theatre, the cinema, and also broadcasting, which, even under a Conservative Government, serves as a mouthpiece for Socialist propaganda.

Let us make no mistake, the disintegrating doctrines of international Socialism are spreading slowly but surely throughout our country. It is true that at the last General Election Conservatism won a sweeping victory, yet there was an increase of a million votes for the Socialist Party. It is true that the General Strike has this time been defeated, yet over three million free-born Britons came out with the docility of Russian *moujiks* at the call of their leaders in an attack on the life of the nation. In 1921 the railwaymen were clearly unwilling to join in what some of them called a Bolshevik move; in 1926 they obeyed—not to a

man, for the few who stayed in proved the possibility of disobeying strike orders—but in a vast majority. The evil has been progressive.

Optimists have declared that the weapon of the General Strike has now been broken. It will only remain broken as long as the means for maintaining the life of the community remain in the hands of a Constitutional Government. The plan to starve the nation into submission to the dictates of the trade union leaders by means of a General Strike was the basis of the plot in 1921 and 1926. Had the offer of the T.U.C. to control the food supplies of the country been accepted, how far might this scheme not have been realised? The present Conservative Government knew better than to accept: a Socialist Government would not dare to refuse, even if it wished to do so.

The question then arises: What are we doing to prevent the advent of a government to power which either by legislation or the General Strike will bring about the ruin of our country? On one hand we see the vast organisation of Socialism, on the other a few patriotic societies, appealing often vainly to the public for support.

Let us examine the essential points in which Socialist organisation surpasses our own, and consider how, by taking a leaf out of the enemy's book, we might be able to put up a more effectual opposition.

I. THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT HAS UNLIMITED FUNDS AT ITS DISPOSAL

Besides financial aid from abroad, the Socialists exact contributions from Socialist and non-Socialist workers alike. We not only tolerate this political levy being made on our own supporters, but do not counter it by subscribing generously ourselves. Conservatives who think nothing of spending a guinea for a stall at the theatre will grudge ten shillings towards anti-Socialist propaganda.

II. THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT IS CO-ORDINATED

Although these innumerable Socialist and Pacifist groups, working in different ways for the same ends, continue to exist—since their leaders well know that amalgamation would be fatal—they are able by an ingenious system of interlocking, and by placing the same people on the councils of several different groups at a time, to co-ordinate their activities in the form of literature, meetings, demonstrations, etc.

Our societies are not only disconnected, but too often, instead of being allies, they are rivals. It is not that there are too many of them, for there would be work for all to do if only it were properly apportioned. Some plan of co-operation should be devised which would prevent them ploughing the same furrow and getting in each other's way.

III. THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT IS INTERNATIONALLY ORGANISED

The strength of Socialism in every country depends largely on foreign support. The interchange of communications between countries not only furnishes information but brings variety and enthusiasm into the movement. International Conferences are also a great source of inspiration. In 1922 the Communist Party had no less than twenty linguists translating foreign books, papers, etc., and preparing them for publication.

The anti-Socialist societies in this country have practically no linguists, ignore much that is published abroad in the interests of the cause, and hold very little communication with kindred groups in other countries. No International Anti-Socialist Conferences have been organised that in the present writer's opinion are likely to be of any great value to the cause. What is needed is an International of Patriots, composed of the groups in every country standing for sane nationalism, private property, morality and the Christian faith.

IV. THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT HAS INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENTS BEHIND IT

The first thing the Bolsheviks did when they seized the reins of power was to establish a Bureau of Information. In this country the Labour Party Joint Research Department acts as a clearing-house of information for the Labour Party and the T.U.C., whilst the Labour Research Department performs the same office for associates of trade unions, local Labour parties, Socialist and Communist societies of an "extreme" kind. "The Department furnishes statistics, arguments, literature and newspaper articles to order" (*Publicity Manipulation*, pamphlet, published by the Boswell Printing and Publishing Company).

On our side neither the Conservative Party nor the independent anti-Socialist societies have any central bureau for the collection and distribution of information to which propagandists can apply with any certainty of finding the data they require. Each society collects a certain amount of information which it keeps for its own use. All this put together and collected would be of enormous value—at present each collection is necessarily incomplete.

V. THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT WELCOMES ENTHUSIASTS

Moderate Socialists, whilst publicly professing to disapprove of "Extremists," invariably stand by them against the constitutional parties. Even when it comes to deeds of violence, the whole force of the Socialist movement—political, Pacifist and "religious"—will be put into action to save the offender from punishment.

On our side the Moderates deride enthusiasts, whom they are fond of describing as "Extremists." They fail to recognise, as

do the Socialists, that the driving force of every party lies in its strongest wing. The Conservative Party must develop a Right Wing as strong as the "Labour" Party's Left Wing, if it is to hold its own.

VI. THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT GIVES NO QUARTER TO THE ENEMY

Socialists never lose an opportunity of scoring over their opponents or fail to detect a weak spot in their armour. They believe in using every method of warfare, fair or foul.

We, on our part, from a mistaken spirit of "fair play," avoid touching our opponents on a vulnerable point and leave our strongest weapons to rust in our armoury. On the pretext of "giving the other side a hearing," the Conservative press, whilst closing its columns to "Die-hards," opens them to revolutionary Socialists. "Labour" agitators can now make large sums by writing for it. The Socialist press never makes the mistake of inviting a convincing Conservative writer to put his point of view before its readers. Socialism has it all its own way, and is able to use the organs of its opponents for its propaganda.

The above are some of the differences between Socialist and anti-Socialist organisation which, if removed, would lead to the strengthening of our cause. I do not say that we should follow the Socialists' lead on every point. For the success of Socialism is above all due to the fact that it is essentially a system of deception. It wins the uneducated classes by false promises, the semi-educated by false premises, and the unwary by camouflage. To modern Socialists, as to the Jacobins of France, "Tous les moyens sont bons."

But there is no reason why Conservatism, whilst retaining its old traditions of honour and fair play, should not free itself from the time-honoured reproach of stupidity and of inertia. Let us admit this to the credit of our opponents: they work a great deal harder than we do. The propaganda of Socialism goes on ceaselessly and with unrelenting energy. Day and night it circulates in factories and mining centres, at the street corners of our great cities and in our peaceful villages. So the red tide rises steadily, and unless we work far harder than we have done before, and above all organise as we have never done, this island may be submerged as were France and Russia before us.

DIAGRAM OF THE MOSCOW ORGANISATION

THE part of the large chart accompanying this book which relates to Moscow being arranged so as to show the chronological order in which the various international departments of the Russian Communist Party came into existence, it has been thought advisable to add a diagram showing the shape the whole Moscow organisation now takes, together with its present personnel. The Bolshevik system of world government will thus be seen resting on two principal pillars: (1) the T.S.I.K. (Tsentralnii Ispolnitelnyi Komitet) or Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R. (Union of Socialist Soviet Republics), composed of Russian subjects, corresponding to our Cabinet and controlling the State Departments of the Government, and (2) the I.K.K.I. (Isполnitelnyi Komitet Kommunisticheskovo Internatsionala) or Executive Committee of the Komintern (Communist Internationale), composed of representatives from all countries, directing the activities of the Communist Parties affiliated to it everywhere. Between the two comes the Profintern (Red International of Labour Unions), also international in form, exercising the same control over the Red Trade Union movement in all parts of the world.

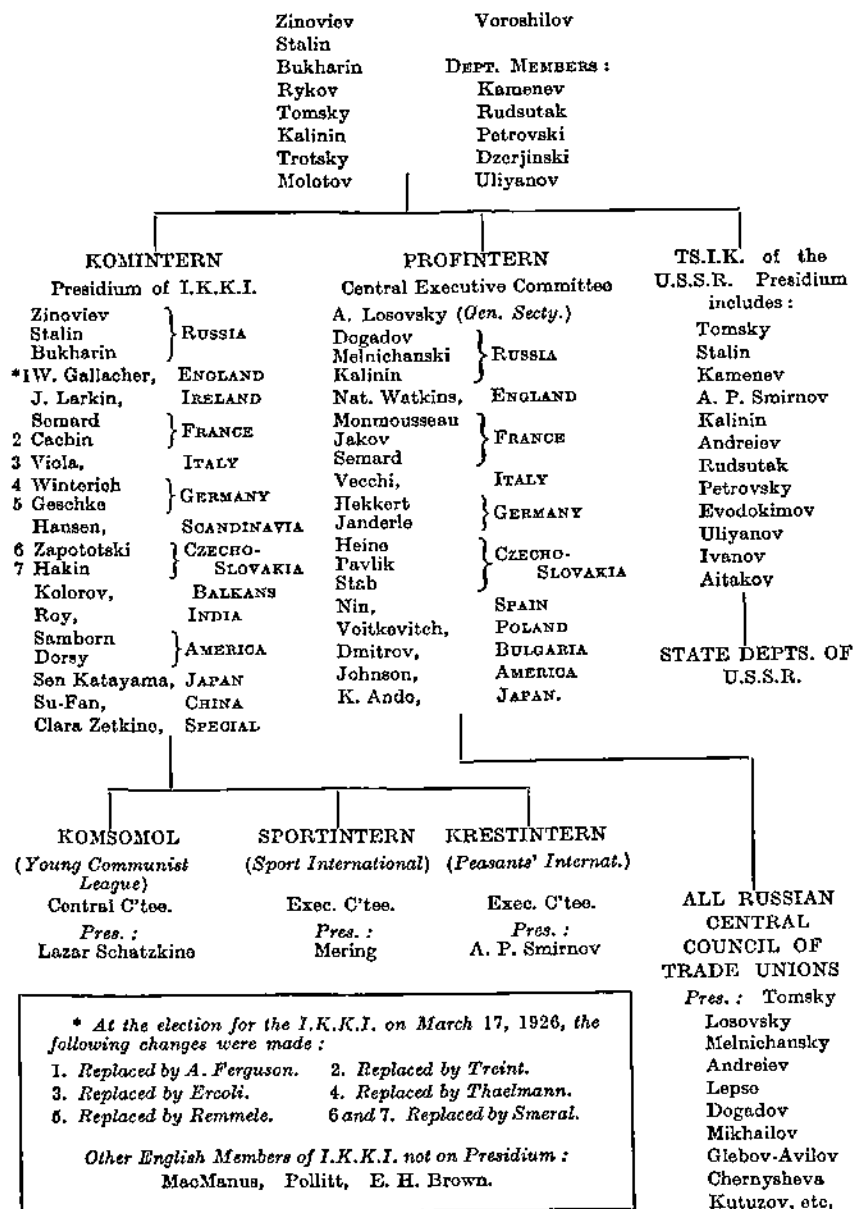
The point this diagram is particularly intended to illustrate is that since the Polit-Bureau of the Russian Communist Party controls the T.S.I.K., the I.K.K.I., the Profintern and, through this last, the All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions, and since the same men who compose it also figure in the Executives of all these bodies, therefore the Communist Parties and the Red Trade Union organisations in all countries affiliated with these are in reality controlled by the Russian Government.

It should be understood that, as the personnel of all these committees changes constantly, the lists here given only apply to the present moment.

The Sport Internationale and the Peasants' Internationale that appear both in the chart and the diagram, are not dealt with in the course of this book, as their affiliations in this country are not yet of any importance.

DIAGRAM OF THE MOSCOW ORGANISATION

POLIT-BUREAU OF THE RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY,
UP TO MARCH 1926



ABBREVIATIONS

Note.—Where not otherwise indicated these societies belong to Great Britain.

TRADE UNIONS

A.C.W.U. (Am.)	Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union.
A.E.U.	Amalgamated Engineering Union.
A.S.E.	Amalgamated Society of Engineers.
A.S.L.E. & F.	Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen.
A.S.W.	Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers.
A.T.W. (Am.)	Amalgamated Textile Workers' Union.
A.U.B.T.U.	Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Unions.
I.L.G.W.U. (Am.)	International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.
I.T.G.W.U.	Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.
N.A.F.T.A.	National Amalgamated Furnishing Trades Association.
N.F.B.T.O.	National Federation of Building Trade Operatives.
N.T.W.F.	National Transport Workers' Federation.
N.U.D.A.W.	National Union of District and Allied Workers.
N.U.G.W.	National Union of General Workers.
N.U.J.	National Union of Journalists.
N.U.R.	National Union of Railwaymen.
N.U.T.	National Union of Teachers.
S.W.M.F.	South Wales Miners' Federation.
T.W.F. (Ir.)	Transport Workers' Federation of Ireland.
U.P.W.	Union of Post Office Workers.
W.F.M. (Am.)	Western Federation of Miners.

OTHER ORGANISATIONS

A.A.	American Anarchists.
A.C.L.U.	American Civil Liberties Union.
A.F. of L.	American Federation of Labour.
A.L.L.A.	American League to Limit Armaments.
A.N.C.	American Neutral Conference.
A.P.C.F.	Anti-Parliamentary Communists' Federation.
A.R.C.C.T.U.	All Russian Central Council of Trade Unions.
A.R.C.P.	All Russian Congress of Peasants.
B.B. of R.I.L.T.U.	British Bureau of Red International of Labour Unions.
Belg. L.P.	Belgian Labour Party.
B.K.S.P.	Union of Fight-and-Propaganda Clubs (Holland).
B.N.C.P.	British National Peace Congress.
B.S.P.	British Socialist Party.
C. of A.	Council of Action.
C.A.P.	Communist Workers' Party of Holland.
C.C.	Catholic Crusade.
C.G.T. (Fr.)	Confédération Générale du Travail.
C.G.T.U.	Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire.
C.L.C.	Central Labour College.
C.L.P. (Am.)	Communist Labour Party of America.

ABBREVIATIONS

C.O.	Conscientious Objector.
C.P. (Am.)	Communist Party of America.
C.P. (Aust.)	Communist Party of Austria.
C.P. (Belg.)	Communist Party of Belgium.
C.P. (Fr.)	Communist Party of France.
C.P.G.	Communist Propaganda Groups.
C.P.G.B.	Communist Party of Great Britain.
C.P. (Hol.)	Communist Party of Holland.
C.P.I.	Communist Party of Ireland.
C.S.L.	Church Socialist League.
C.S.U.	Christian Social Union.
C.W.S.D.	Councils of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates.
D.F.	Democratic Federation.
E.P.F. (Am.)	Emergency Peace Federation of America.
Fab.	Fabian Society.
F.G.	Freedom Group.
First Am. C.D.T.P.	First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace.
F.B.Y.M.	Federation of British Youth Movements.
F.I.O.M.	Federazione Italiano Operai Metallurgichi.
F.O.R.	Fellowship of Reconciliation.
F.R.D.	Fabian Research Department.
F.S.R. (Am.)	Friends of Soviet Russia.
G.O.G.	Glasgow Communist Group.
G.S.	Guild Socialism.
H.O.R.O.	Hands Off Russia Committee.
I.A.P.A.	International Arbitration and Peace Association.
I.C.F.	Industrial Christian Fellowship.
I.C.W.P.A.	International Class War Prisoners' Aid.
I.F.T.U.	International Federation of Trade Unions.
I.L.P.	Independent Labour Party.
I.L.Y.	International League of Youth.
Int. Peace Scouts	International Peace Scouts.
I.P.S.	International Peace Society.
I.S.L.	Industrial Syndicalist League.
I.S.R.B.	Irish Socialist Republican Brotherhood.
I.W.U.	Irish Workers' Union.
I.W.W.	Industrial Workers of the World.
J.P.S.	Jewish Peace Society.
K.A.	Kropotkin Anarchists.
K.K.	Kibbo Kift.
L.K.G.	League of the Kingdom of God.
L.N.U.	League of Nations Union.
L.P.	Labour Party of Great Britain.
L.P. (Nor.)	Norwegian Labour Party.
L.P.F.	League of Peace and Freedom.
L.R.C.	Labour Representation Committee.
L.R.D.	Labour Research Department.
L.S.I.	Labour Socialist International — 2nd or Hamburg International.
Mensh.	Mensheviks.
M.F.G.B.	Miners' Federation of Great Britain.
M.M.M.	Miners' Minority Movement.
M.R.M.	Miners' Reform Movement.
N.C.C.	National Council Against Conscription.
N.C.C.L.	National Council for Civil Liberties.
N.C.F.	No Conscription Fellowship.
N.C.L.C.	National Council of Labour Colleges.
N.C.P.W.	National Council for the Prevention of War.
N.G.L.	National Guilds League.

N.M.M.	National Minority Movement.
N.M.W.C.	National Mine Workers' Committee.
N.M.W.M.	No More War Movement.
N.P.C.	National Peace Council.
N.S.P.	National Socialist Party.
N.U.W.C.M.	National Unemployed Workers' Committee Movement.
P.C. (Am.)	People's Council of America.
P.L.	Plebs League.
P.S.S.S.M.	Proletarian Socialist Sunday School Movement.
Q.	Quaker.
R.Col.	Ruskin Labour College.
R.I.L.U.	Red International of Labour Unions.
R.P.S.	Rationalist Peace Society.
R.S.D.P.	Russian Social Democratic Party.
Russ.S.F.	Russian Socialist Federation.
S.C.R.	Society for Cultural Relations.
S.D.F.	Social Democratic Federation.
S.D.A.P. (Hol.)	Social Democratic Labour Party of Holland.
S.D.P. (Aust.)	Social Democratic Party of Austria.
S.D.P. (Ger.)	Social Democratic Party of Germany.
S.D.P. (Hol.)	Social Democratic Party of Holland.
S.D.P. (Sw.)	Social Democratic Party of Switzerland.
S.L.	Socialist League.
S.L.P.	Socialist Labour Party.
S.L.P. (Am.)	Socialist Labour Party of America.
S.P. (Am.)	Socialist Party of America.
S.P. (Fr.)	Socialist Party of France.
S.P. (Ger.)	Socialist Party of Germany.
S.P.G.B.	Socialist Party of Great Britain.
S.P. (It.)	Socialist Party of Italy.
S.P.L.	School Peace League.
S.P. (Sw.)	Socialist Party of Switzerland.
Spart.	Spartacists.
S.S.S.	Socialist Sunday Schools.
S.S.S.M.	Socialist Sunday School Movement.
T.S.	Theosophical Society.
T.U.C.	Trade Union Congress.
T.U.C. (Par. C'tee.)	Trade Union Congress Parliamentary Committee.
T.U.E.L. (Am.)	Trade Union Educational League.
T.U.U.	Trade Union Unity.
U.D.C.	Union of Democratic Control.
U.S.F.	University Socialist Federation.
W.D.U. (Am.)	Workers' Defence Union.
W.E.A.	Workers' Educational Association.
W.I.C.P.P.	Women's International Committee for Permanent Peace.
W.I.L.U. (Am.)	Workers' International Industrial Union of America.
W.I.L.	Women's International League.
W.I.L.P.F.	Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.
W.I.R.	Workers' International Relief.
W.P. of Am.	Workers' Party of America.
W.P.C.	Women's Peace Crusade.
W.S.F.	Workers' Socialist Federation.
Y.C.I.	Young Communists' Internationale.
Y.C.L.	Young Communists' League.

INDEX OF PERSONS

The initials after the names of persons denote the organisations with which each is or has been connected and of which the full title is given in the preceding list of abbreviations. In the case of trade unions, initials are enclosed in brackets. The figures following the initials indicate the page of this book on which the connection of the person with the society in question is mentioned; initials not followed by a figure indicate organisations to which the person is known from reliable sources to belong, but with which their connection may not be mentioned in the course of this book.

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Note.—The real names of Parvus, Trotsky and Zinoviev are given correctly in brackets in above Index and not quite correctly in Text, pages 41 and 44. Apfelbaum is one of Zinoviev's pseudonyms.

On page 113 reference is made to Bristol Socialist Sunday Society. This should read Bristol Socialist Society.

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CHART ACCOMPANYING "THE SOCIALIST NETWORK" BY NESTA H. WEBSTER.

This chart is arranged latitudinally in chronological order throughout, and longitudinally according to countries.

A single line between the various organizations signifies connection or descent, a double line thus denotes transformation of one society into another or change of name. Thus a single line shows that the Central Labour College arose out of the Fabian Society or that the C.P.G.B. is connected with the Young Communist League; while a double line shows that the British Socialist Party became the Communist Party of Great Britain.

out of the Fabian Society or that the C.P.G.B. is connected with the Young Communist League; while a double line shows that the British Socialist Party became the Communist Party of Great Britain.

ENGLAND

AMERICA

IRELAND

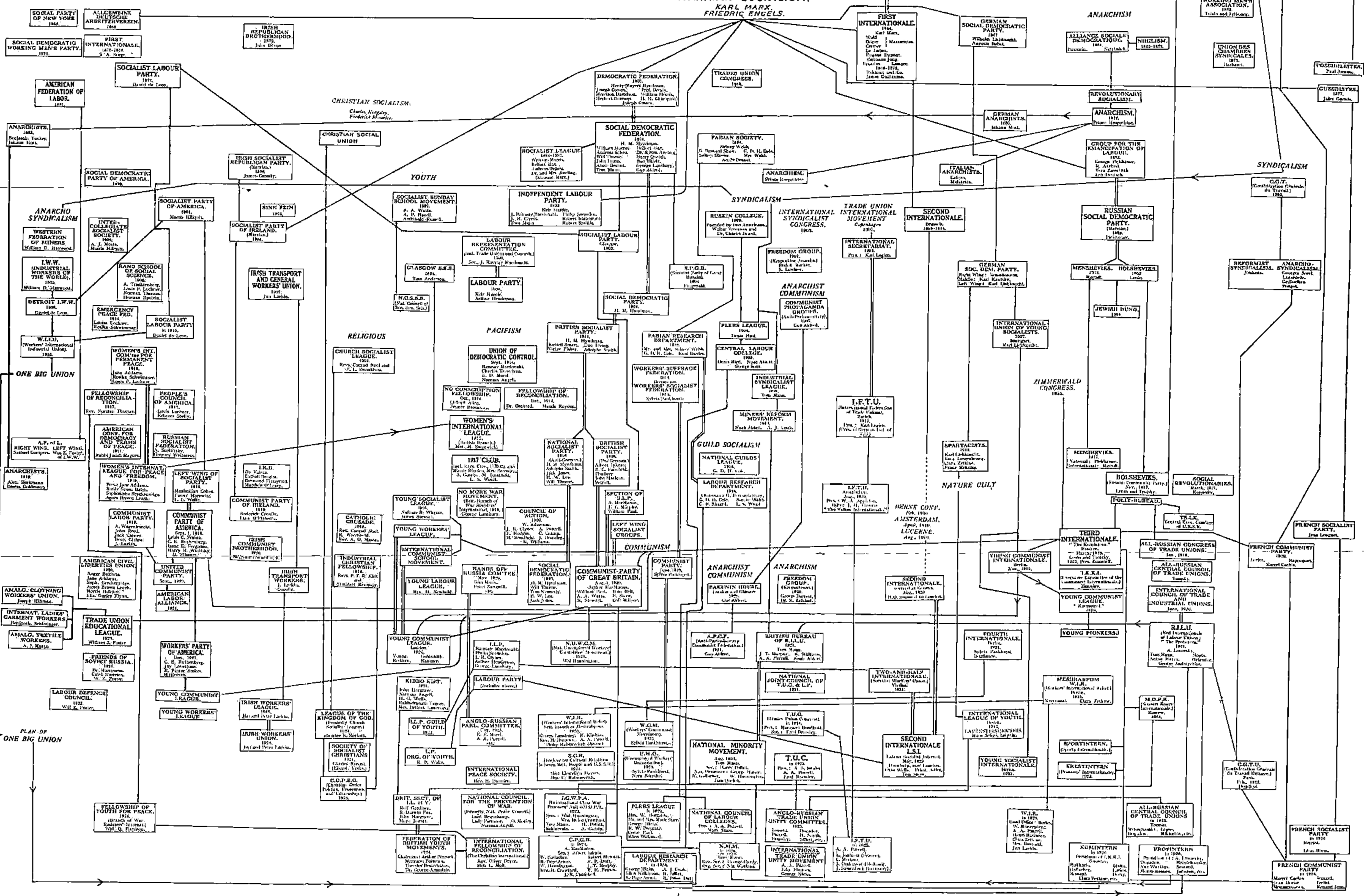
INTERNATIONAL

RUSSIA

FRANCE

MARXIAN SOCIALISM.

KARL MARX.
FRIEDRICH ENGELS.



Germany and England

by: Nesta Webster

Prefatory comments by Jackie P.

THIS is the little book that opened my eyes about the mass of massive lies we've all been told about Germany under National Socialism, and specifically it's Chancellor, Adolf Hitler.

To my mind the greatest lie was that "Adolf Hitler planned to conquer the world and enslave the inhabitants of all nations". In reality the ones making those accusations are the ones who plan to conquer the world. The defeat of Germany was a defeat for all the inhabitants of the world, just as Adolf Hitler predicted.

The group promulgating that big lie was successful in its efforts to instill a deep sense of both fear and hatred of the man who wanted only to restore some of the areas of land that had been sliced out of Germany by the Versailles Treaty after WWI, bring the German people back into the fold of their natural country borders, and protect western Europe from the Communist/Bolshevik tyranny threatening to wreak its havoc throughout the continent, and the world.

In another small book titled, The Nameless War, Captain A. H. M. Ramsay gives convincing evidence of the above statement. For some of our readers this will be a turning point (as it was for me). The more lies you uncover, the more truth you desire. Those of you who would rather remain blissfully ignorant will leave now. Those of you who know the truth and hate the truth will be frothing at the mouth that the lies are being exposed.

Captain Ramsay was a veteran of the first World War, a former member of His Majesty's Guard, and -- at the time of his arrest and imprisonment -- a member of the British Parliament. He was arrested without formal charges and thrown into Brixton Prison for nearly three years because he discovered and attempted to reveal the culprits who were clamoring for, orchestrating and promulgating what became the Second World War.

Nobody wanted war in England or Germany except Winston Churchill and the War Hawks who controlled him and the press (just like in the U.S. of A.

then and today). When Prime Minister Chamberlain returned from a trip to Germany where he had entered into one-on-one conversations with Chancellor Hitler, he announced to the Parliament and the British people that "there will be no war".

Behind the exuberant celebrations of the people in both Germany and England, the planners went to work. Inside of one week, the controlled press was printing lies about the Prime Minister and began clamoring for his resignation. He was blamed for a military blunder that had actually been committed under Churchill's orders as Admiral of the Navy. Instead of Churchill standing accused, it was Mr. Chamberlain.

Chamberlain was out; Churchill was in, and on the very evening of the day Churchill became Prime Minister (May 11, 1941), England began indiscriminate bombing of Germany. . . homes, churches, schools, hospitals, slaughtering defenseless men, women and children (just like the U.S. has done in Afghanistan, Iraq, and dozens of other nations).

The situation is the same now as it was then, and the same unseen hand at work today is the same force behind every revolution and war carried out since time immemorial. . . the English Revolution in the 1600's (which resulted in the entrenchment of the Bank of England); the French Revolution, Russian Revolution (creation of the U.S.S.R), and the foiled (thanks to Mussolini and Hitler) Spanish revolution which Mrs. Webster relates in this book.

Germany and England was presented to me by a friend in her senior years, along with several boxes of books she had been accumulating over the past four decades. As I sat reading this book, in the privacy of my home, I was silently (and sometimes audibly) gasping in shock at the revelations herein.

First, Mrs. Webster's reference to the 'Jews' who controlled the U.S.S.R. and whose minions were over-running western Europe and literally running Germany under the Weimar Republic created a first-impression that she was "anti-Semitic". Until that time, any information sent or given to me about the Jews, was set aside without a glance, believing that the givers of this information were 'Jew haters'. I wasn't. And I'm not today.

However, there is no denying that the plan for World Dominion is a millenia-old plan, and those born into the 'religion' of Talmudism (they call themselves Jews) are being used by their Elders to push the plan -- along with tens of millions of "Christian-Zionists". The word 'religion' is emphasized,

because Judaism is not a religion, according to Moses Mendelsohn, a learned Jew well-known and respected by Jews. Mendelsohn said that:

"Judaism is not a religion, it is a LAW, religionized".

While researching and writing the book-in-progress titled "[Jewish Persecution](#)", it became clear that Mendelsohn meant what he said, and it is true. There is no such religion as Judaism anyway; the religion is 'Talmudism' or 'Pharisaism'. It IS a LAW which contains the plan for World Dominion, and it is well-hidden 'neath its cloak of religion.

Second, Mrs. Webster's comments about and quoted statements by Adolf Hitler presented an absolutely shocking portrait of an individual whose words - - and more importantly, his actions -- spoke volumes for his love of Germany and her people, as well as his abhorrence for the Jews who had spoiled Germany mentally, emotionally and morally, while totally devastating the economy and well-being of the German population. They controlled the banks (economy), the government, education, the press, and entertainment (just like today in America).

Unfortunately, their 'lesser brethren' Jews were always the brunt of the machinations of their Elders, as told by Benjamin Freedman in his speech to a group of people in the late 1960's. When you [read that speech](#), if you haven't already, you see parts of it could have been a speech made fairly recently. He mentioned the forces building toward World War III by the orchestrated unrest in the Middle East.

The historical preview given at the beginning of the first chapter was confusing and little understood by me on the first reading. That is because I had NO knowledge or understanding of the history of the meddlesome creatures who call themselves Jews, and who have succeeded in infiltrating every government and nation that has ultimately been destroyed by their machinations.

If the reader takes a look at the names and backgrounds of individuals in very high places in the U.S. (and now state governments) today, it will become obvious that Jews -- who purportedly constitute only 3% of the U.S. population -- hold disproportionate numbers of positions of great power and influence in administrative, legislative and judicial branches of government, as well as all branches of the military under the Department of Defense. Not only that, they are advisors, speech-writers, and so forth, to non-Jews in high places.

If our reader is in the beginning stages of awakening to the lies, it may be helpful to return to the beginning of chapter one for a re-read after finishing the book. That may be totally unnecessary and maybe I only suggest it because I realized on the second reading that I had not fully understood those first few pages of pre-history review the first time 'round.

We present ***Germany and England*** for your reading with deep gratitude to Karen A., who transcribed it for us. . . for you.

The book from which this was transcribed showed no publication date. It was apparently taken from the paper or newsletter Mrs. Nester published, titled "The Patriot" (as referenced below the title). In this writing she alluded to the "England of 1938. . ." as well as a quote by Adolf Hitler in October, 1938, so we are fixing the date of writing in late 1938 or very early 1939.

-- Jackie

July 11th, 2003

P.S. Just before sending this to our webmaster (and he IS a "master" webmaster), Darren Weeks, we received a forward from a BBC item on the death of a Lord Shawcross, who led the British prosecution at the Nuremberg war crimes tribunal. The following statement attributed to Shawcross is relevant and confirms the information Mrs. Webster presents in *Germany and England*. We have not seen the speech given at Stourbridge. If our reader has access to the entire speech we would appreciate notification. Thank you.

July 28th, 2003

Sir Hartley Shawcross, said in a speech at Stourbridge, March 16, 1984

"Step by step, I have arrived at the conviction that the aims of communism in Europe are sinister and fatal. At the Nuremberg Trials, I, together with my Russian colleagues condemned Nazi Aggression and Terror. I believe now that Hitler and the German People did not want war.

But we [England] declared war on Germany, intent on destroying it, in accordance with our principle of Balance of

Power, and we were encouraged by the 'Americans' around Roosevelt.

We ignored Hitler's pleading, not to enter into war. **Now we are forced to realize that Hitler was right. He offered us the co-operation of Germany:** instead, since 1945, we have been facing the immense power of the Soviet Empire. I feel ashamed and humiliated to see that the aims we accused Hitler of, are being relentlessly pursued now, only under a different label."

Germany and England

By Nesta H. Webster

Reprinted from THE PATRIOT, OCTOBER and NOVEMBER, 1938, and
Revised.

Foreword

For the benefit of the younger generation or of foreigners who, never having read “Trilby,” may fail to understand the meaning of the frontispiece to the book, it should be explained that the famous novel of this name, written and illustrated by the late George du Maurier, which appeared in 1894, described the history of an artist’s model named Trilby in the Quartier Latin of Paris, who, without any natural voice, was hypnotized to sing by a clever Jewish musician named Svengali, and fell completely under his power.

The point in reproducing it here is to show that the British people are being hypnotized to repeat the phrases put into their mouths at the wave of a conductor’s baton.

Herr Hitler in October, 1938 [said]:

“England would be well advised to stop governing Europe.”

GERMANY AND ENGLAND

I. THE VOLTE FACE.

To the dispassionate observer who happens to possess a memory, nothing is more extraordinary than the paroxysm of fury and suspicion with regard to Germany's intentions which broke out last spring in our country where -- until five years ago -- pro-Germanism was de rigueur in "intellectual" and so-called "advanced" circles.

This kind of pro-Germanism was of long standing. It was seen after the Franco-Prussian War when *The Times* of 18 November, 1870, gave prominence to Carlyle's letter deploring the "cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France" and ending with the fervent hope that "noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany should be at length wielded into a nation and become Queen of the Continent."

Before the Great War [WWI] when the hostile intentions of Germany toward the British Empire were clearly evident; when German officers were drinking to "der Tag," [\[the Day\]](#) whilst German writers openly committed their plans for world power to paper and incident after incident showed that war was inevitable, all those who warned our country were derided or insulted. It was even suggested that Lord Roberts should be deprived of his pension for conducting his campaign for National Service.

The Day -- when it at last arrived -- was hailed with rapture by the German people. The women threw their hats into the air with joy and the *Daily Mail* of 3 August 1914, published a photograph of a whole London street filled with young Germans cheering for war.

Meanwhile the same sort of crowds of Socialists and Pacifists who have recently been parading London shouting for war with Germany were then agitating for non-resistance to German aggression.

Even when the grey legions of Germany were marching through Belgium and Flanders on their way to these shores, the Socialists held meetings of protest against national defence, and the reluctance to fight engendered by their propaganda proved a serious check to recruiting. All this when we were at war with an autocracy headed by an Emperor with a ruling caste of Junkers to whom Socialism in any form was abhorrent!

This anti-patriotic campaign was maintained throughout the War and the fifteen years that followed it. Socialists, Communists and Pacifists continued to clamour for greater gentleness to be shown to Germany, declaring that we had “been mad to fight” her and that the Treaty of Versailles should be torn up.

In Liberal, and even in Conservative circles, the same sentiments were frequently expressed –

“the Germans are our natural allies; in the next war we hope we shall be marching with them against France.”

It must be admitted that the incivility sometimes shown to British travelers to France had something to do with these sentiments. Indeed, towards 1930, especially after Mr. Philip Snowden accused France of “bilking her obligations,” feelings between the two countries had become so bitter that those of us who loved France lived in dread of an open rupture with her.

It was but natural that France, having suffered twice within fifty years from invasion by German armies, should fear and distrust Germany’s further intentions more profoundly than England whose soil had never been trodden by a foreign foe since 1066 and that she [France] found some difficulty in believing that Germany had undergone that “change of heart” of which our Socialists and Pacifists spoke with so much assurance.

For, as all well-informed people in this country were aware, the spirit of militarism had not been crushed in Germany. Military associations were openly drilling, secret societies aiming at a war of revenge were formed, stores of ammunition were being secretly piled up.

At the same time close co-operation took place between the “Eastern” school of German militarists and Soviet Russia, Bolshevik propaganda emanated from Berlin as well as from Moscow, the Communist Party of Germany was the largest in the world outside Russia and in all countries Communism aimed particularly at the destruction of France and of the British Empire.

All this was shown in my *Surrender of an Empire* (in 1931) against which a boycott was organised in the Press. In those days it was “French militarism” which had become the bogey of our Pacifists just as in France the perfidy of England became the theme of certain French writers.

I remember during that period attending a meeting in London of a certain association which purported to arrange debates and discussions on world politics from a non-party point of view, which, as usual, meant that only “Left” views were given a fair hearing.

On this occasion a German had been invited to speak, and he held forth at great length on the grievances of Germany, observing that, although he himself was not a Nazi, Nazi-ism was but the natural outcome of German resentment at the policy of disarmament imposed on Germany by the Allies.

This was received with sympathy by the audience, a member of which rose at the end of the address and said:

“I am the Bishop of _____ and I am sure that everyone here must feel ashamed of the way in which we are disarming Germany whilst we ourselves are continuing to arm.”

As no one dissented it was evident that this sentiment was shared by all those present. Not one person in that crowded hall rose to observe that we had just scrapped a number of cruisers and were disarming – as is now generally admitted – to the point of danger.

Now, today a leading official of that same association is trumpeting an appeal for an increased national defence *against* the German menace!

If Germany at the present time considers she has grievances, and that the Treaty of Versailles should be scrapped in favour of a policy more in accord with calm judgment and altered circumstances, how can she be blamed by those who formerly encouraged her to think she had greater grievances than those she now puts forward?

Either they were wrong then or they are wrong now; in either case we should not be guided by their opinion.

Now we -- who were never pro-Germans in the sense of seeking peace at any price and of endangering the security of our own country, but who held, on the contrary, that in view of the disturbed state of Europe we must remain fully armed -- nevertheless recognised that many errors had been made in the Peace Treaties. It is clear that the policy of forcing Germany with the sword at her throat to admit war guilt, and the absurdity of incorporating the Covenant of the League of Nations in the Treaty of Versailles, could never lead to lasting peace.

[note: the “League of Nations”, formerly the 'League to *Enforce* Peace', is now known as the “United Nations”]

Again and again revisions of the Treaties were demanded by the Germans and their friends in this country but when Hitler, finding that nothing was to be gained by arbitration, decided to take the law into his own hands, the Socialists and Pacifists who from 1914 to 1933 had pleaded the cause of Germany, raised a howl of execration and declared that the Treaties must now be enforced even at the cost of war.

What happened to bring about their change of front? The accession of Hitler to power. Now Hitler had in the past shown himself, at moments, as a fire-brand. But how often have we been told in the case of our own Socialists that office “sobers”?

It certainly seemed to do so in the case of Hitler, who, once in control of his country, abandoned his aggressive attitude toward the Allies. But at the same time he put down Bolshevism and took the control of Germany out of the hands of the Jews.

By these measures it was not only Germany that profited but the two greatest dangers to our country were removed. For the support given to Germany by “International Finance,” which would have enabled her to defray the cost of another war at any moment, was withdrawn and the link between Germany and Soviet Russia was broken.

The floods of Bolshevist propaganda flowing from Berlin into all parts of the British Empire were checked at their source. The resentment of the German people towards the Allies as the cause of all their sufferings gave way to passionate enthusiasm for a leader who set out to restore their country by constructive methods.

The old Pan-German dream of world power was replaced by a Nationalist scheme for the union of all German peoples under one head, leaving the peoples of other countries to work out their own destinies.

Then was the moment for the ending of war hates and of peace between the nation which, throughout thirteen years of endless congresses and assemblies, had been the professed aim of European statesmen, of the talkers at Geneva and countless Pacifist associations.

Then was the moment for the whole civilized world, which for fifteen years had been tossed on the waves of unrest set in motion by Moscow, to see in Hitler, as it should have seen in Mussolini, a saviour from the greatest enemy of the human race – the hideous system of tyranny which threatened to spread itself into every country, well stigmatized by Mr. Winston Churchill at its onset as “the bloody baboonery” of Bolshevism.

Instead of this Hitler was reviled, as Mussolini had been reviled after he had saved Italy from the grip of the Red octopus. Such is the power of the Press, and of mass hypnotism exercised over the minds of the British public that they were now made to regard Hitler as their mortal enemy.

Yet in the place of an autocratic Emperor at the head of a military caste and of a warlike German nation, we were faced by a ruler who, although a dictator, represents the will of 90 per cent of the population, a plain man of the people, an ardent social reformer, too Socialistic for us but clearly sincere, a leader who whilst restoring the confidence and self-respect of the German people has quelled in them the spirit of hatred towards our country.

Instead of young Germans cheering for war in the streets of London we have had the youth of Germany cheering Mr. Chamberlain as the messenger of peace through the streets of Munich.

And this was the moment when we were told that a world war was inevitable in order to crush the “German menace.”

Chapter II.

Governessing Europe

Great indignation has been aroused in certain circles lacking in a sense of humour by Herr Hitler's recent remark that England would be well advised to stop "governessing" Europe.

The expression in reality was singularly apt and indicated no hostility to the British people, but conveyed advice that many of us would be glad to see laid to heart by our politicians. For it is as much to England's interest as to Europe's that she would refrain from putting her finger into every Continental pie and thereby burning it severely. The Daily Express, though in no way sympathetic to Nazi-ism or Fascism, has from the beginning persistently repeated the slogan of "Keep out!" – unless our own vital interests were threatened.

As I observed in the opening words of "The Surrender of an Empire," Britain until 1914 had remained in lofty isolation from the dusty arena of Continental strife. So might she have of that infernal machine – the League of Nations, devised, as we now know, at the head Lodge of the Grand Orient of France on the 28th and 29th of June, 1917.

That it was an infernal machine constructed to blow up the foundations of Europe – for America, whose President was its principal advocate, carefully kept out of it herself – was evident to all but the most incorrigible optimists. For since disputes were henceforth to be settled by a tribunal composed of all the Powers, any conflict between two nations would automatically draw in all the rest so that every war, instead of remaining localized, was bound to develop into a world war.

Thus, far from proving a scheme for ensuring perpetual peace, its real effect would be to keep Europe in a state of perpetual warfare.

Moreover, since the sympathies of the League lay clearly on the side of the Left, its influence was to promote internal strife and encourage the class war, and those countries which resolutely put down Bolshevism were liable to find the forces of the League arrayed against them.

Now the League having after some twelve years proved its futility – and in the opinion of many people its harmfulness – and having been deserted in consequence by some of the leading Powers, might have been left to collapse quietly, like a deflating balloon on the shores of Lac Léman and Europe might

have been allowed to return to its former method of settling quarrels between nations by conflict between those concerned, without interference from the rest of the world.

But to this neither England nor France – or, rather, the Leaguists of those countries, for in both there were many disbelievers in the League from the time of its inception – would consent.

Since the League was defunct the Governments of England and France in close co-operation with Soviet Russia, formed themselves into a coalition described as the Democracies. That is a most ridiculous term since the "Democracies" include Monarchist England, passionately loyal to its King, attached to its ancient traditions and predominantly Conservative, and at the same time Soviet Russia, the most brutal tyranny the world has ever seen.

However, the countries variously described as the "totalitarian States" – a word not to be found in the dictionary but presumably implying absolute autocracies – or the Dictatorships, are Italy and Germany led by men of the people primarily concerned with improving the lot of the working-classes and supported by the overwhelming majority of the population.

The Democracies then proceeded to take up the role of the League and arrogate to themselves the right to interfere in the affairs of all other nations, thus constituting themselves a tribunal for – as Hitler expressed it – "governessing" the world.

Now the first qualifications of a governess are calmness, orderly habits, firmness and an even temper; a woman who perpetually quarreled with her own family, boxed her sisters' ears, hurled the furniture about and defied the parental authority could hardly be expected to maintain discipline or command respect in the schoolroom.

The French Chambre des Députés, divided into warring factions, some of them bitterly opposed to their own Government and actually coming to fisticuffs during debates. The rulers of Russia are busily shooting their former colleagues, later on their generals, admirals and airmen. The British Government is battling with rebels against the Constitution in the House of Commons and sending troops out to Palestine in order to crush the revolt of the Arabs at the loss of the freedom promised them.

All these Democracies seem -- both to Germany and Italy -- hardly qualified to "governess" the rest of Europe, and certainly not those States in

which a united people live contentedly under one man who, if a Dictator, nevertheless dictates according to the will of the people.

Hitler in asking us to “look at home” is really not unreasonable; indeed he showed considerable restraint in not drawing more invidious comparisons between the unrest prevailing in Democracies and the happiness which travelers in Germany observe everywhere amongst the population of that country.

We are frequently told that there are many secret malcontents in Hitler’s Germany and that in private conversations with travelers they admit their dissatisfaction with the Führer. That may be so, since no form of Government can content everybody and there were many rebels against the German monarchy, still more against the Republic that followed on the war. And foreign travelers on the look-out for grievances are still sure to find them.

As Monsieur Madelin observes in his book on the French Revolution, men are always discontented under whatever government they live, however excellent it may be, and if people are asked to complain they will do so loudly.

Doubtless the equalitarian schemes of Herr Hitler, with which we as anti-Socialists must strongly disagree, have met with resentment from the possessing classes but have satisfied the great majority of the population.

At any rate it is the Germans’ own affair, not ours, and we have no more right to attack the Führer for his system of government than he would have to attack us for our administration of the dole, demanding that it should be replaced by his plan of Labour camps as leading to happier results – which no doubt is true.

As to the concentration camps of Germany, about which we hear so much, what are we to believe? Returning travelers bring back totally conflicting accounts; the rest of us only know what our papers tell us, and but a short time ago they were telling us that the inmates of our own prisons were treated with inconceivable brutality. We did not believe that; why, then, should we believe all that they tell us about Germany?

Neither in the internal nor in the external policy of foreign Governments have the Democracies the right to interfere except where their own interests or security are concerned.

If in the case of Czechoslovakia England and France as victors in the Great War held they were entitled to maintain the conditions laid down in the Treaty of Versailles, however unworkable they had become, what earthly right had they to intervene between Italy, their former ally, and Abyssinia, or between the opposing parties in Spain, which had remained neutral?

In each case their policy was based on opposition to Fascism, and its only effect was to deprive Abyssinia of any independence it might have enjoyed and to prolong the civil war in Spain. It will be said that Germany and Italy also intervened in Spain, but the fact habitually ignored by our Press and Left politicians is that intervention by the French, Russians, and a few British Communists began in August, 1936, and by the Germans and Italians not until four months later.

Moscow had determined to set up a Soviet Republic in Spain, and the “totalitarian” states [\[Italy and Germany\]](#) resolved to prevent the execution of a plot which might have set all Western Europe aflame. That was their crime.

Again, what is the reason for the hatred stirred up against Japan? If that country had begun by attacking us in Hong Kong or Shanghai we should have had every right to oppose her. But she had begun as early as 1919 by resolutely opposing Bolshevism while China allowed itself to be penetrated by the influence of Moscow; in 1920 Lenin declared that it was in China the British Empire would be overthrown.

So, in spite of the hostile attitude shown to us by the Chinese from the time of the Boxer riots onwards, the kidnapping of the Englishwomen and by the murder of missionaries, the agitation carried out after 1924 by the Kuomintang working in close co-operation with Soviet Russia, under whose inspiration anti-British riots broke out at Shanghai and Shameen in 1926, the British concession in Hankow was attacked in 1927 to the cry of “Down with British Imperialism!” and finally handed over to Chinese control.

In spite of all this British sympathies are with “martyred China,” whilst Japan, the land of “bushido,” our ally in the Great War, Japan – who showed us no hostility until we acted for the League of Nations in intervening between her and China – is reviled as the enemy of Great Britain.

It is now the fashion to speak of the cruelty of the Japanese character and we are asked to believe that the nation which supplied the Cheka with Chinese torturers is kindly in comparison.

I have been in both countries long ago, and during the week I spent in China I saw cruelty such as I shall never forget all my life. During two months in Japan I saw nothing but kindness, love of nature and of children. And whilst in Canton we passed through terrifying mobs howling execrations at us as “foreign devils”, in Japan we met nothing but smiling villagers who crowded round us in welcome and showed never a trace of xenophobia.

We are told that British businessmen much prefer the Chinese to the Japanese; so they did then, simply because the Chinaman was more to be depended on than the temperamental Japanese. Nevertheless in 1931 it was from British business men in China that my “Surrender of an Empire” containing a chapter on the Chinese question received the greatest encouragement; a series of extracts from it were contributed by them to the Hong Kong Daily Press and republished in pamphlet form at their expense. *

*See [Appendix 1](#)

Can it be mere coincidence that all those countries we are now taught to hate [[Japan, Italy and Germany](#)] are those which have shown the strongest opposition to Bolshevism?

Chapter III

THE QUESTION OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Ever since Hitler came to power in 1933 the secret directors of world affairs have never relaxed their efforts to bring about a war between England and “the Dictators,” that is to say, between England and Italy or German. The dictatorship of Stalin is never mentioned in this connection, except as an aid to the cause of Democracy.

No adequate pretext was found, however, until the recent crisis over Czechoslovakia. Hitler’s march into Austria early this year had merely provided an “incident” which could only be used as evidence of his hostile intentions.

Now, as I pointed out in *The Surrender of an Empire*, our own folly in breaking up the Austro-Hungarian Empire was bound to lead to the Anschluss and this was recognized by far-sighted Englishmen before the Treaty of St. Germaine was made.

In a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* of March 26, 1938, Lady Wester Wemyss recalled the fact that,

“when the destruction of the Hapsburg Monarchy was beginning to be mooted in Allied circles, Lord Wester Memyss, then First Sea Lord, drew up a memorandum (quoted in his *Life and Letters*) in which he pointed out the cogent reasons why the disappearance of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy would necessarily entail eventual German hegemony over Central Europe. This memorandum he sought to circulate amongst His Majesty’s Ministers, where, however, it met with no attention.”

The annexation of Austria by Germany last spring was thus the direct result of our own policy.

If in this matter -- in that of Hungary and of other territorial changes in the map of Europe -- we made mistakes, we have got to bear the consequences and redress the grievances we have created or allow those who suffer from them to take the law into their own hands.

Weakened Austria demanded the Anschluss, and even the Socialists of France in 1928 gave it their approval, but when at last Hitler tired of words, marched across the frontier and averted civil war, the storm aroused could hardly have been greater if he had bombed Bucharest.

Germany cannot, of course, demand the status quo of before the War. She cannot expect the Allies to renounce all the fruits of victory, nor has she done so. No attempt has been made to regain Alsace and Lorraine, and Hitler has declared that he is content to leave those provinces to France, he has in fact never shown any inclination to annex an inch of territory that was not predominantly German.

What he has demanded is that those territorial changes which have proved to be a source of continual unrest and of misery for the Germans affected by them should be revised, and if the matter could not be settled by arbitration he was prepared to take independent action. This was the case with regard to Czechoslovakia which was made the pretext for the Democracies threatening to bring about a world war.

That it was but a pretext is clearly evident, for only madmen could seriously contemplate sacrificing millions of lives and bringing unspeakable horrors on the world merely in order to keep three and a-half million Germans under subjection to the Government of Czechoslovakia; one cannot imagine so large a proportion of the human race to have become suddenly afflicted with homicidal mania.

There must then have been a motive for their apparent madness, and that motive was in fact plainly avowed in the current phrase: "We must stop Hitler."

The pretext then, this time, was Czechoslovakia. Now probably not one in a hundred ordinary people who make of that country a second Belgium and talk of the "gallant little nation" bearing the martyrdom with exemplary patience, have any idea what, or possibly where, Czechoslovakia is; like the blessed word "Mesopotamia," it has become to them a sacred cause for which no sacrifices of blood and suffering would be too great.

Existing before the War as Bohemia, Moravia and part of Silesia, the country now known as Czechoslovakia had for nearly a hundred years been the scene of constant strife between the Czechs and Germans inhabiting it. The conflict thus did not originate with the peace Treaties, but merely entered on a new phase when an artificial state was created by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye in 1919, comprising a population of over thirteen millions belonging to

six or seven nationalities, of which some seven million were Czechs, who then formed the Government, in which the remaining minorities were very inadequately represented.

The three and a-half million Sudeten Germans were thus placed under the rule of their former opponents, and their representatives in the first Czechoslovak Parliament immediately entered a strong protest on June 1 and 9, 1920, declaring that they, the Germans, “had no part in any agreement or establishment of that State,” and that: “The whole Czechoslovak legislation represents a glaring infringement of the Minorities Protection Treaty.”

As years went by the bitterness between the two races increased, and although the Sudeten Germans sent innumerable appeals to the League of Nations against a growing oppression from which they suffered, they met with no response.

For this oppression the Czech Government was to blame, whilst Lord Winterton in his speech in the House of Commons on May 11, 1934, stated that,

“the whole of the land in Czechoslovakia belongs to Jewish moneylenders, and not to the peasants who are occupying it”.

When this state of things had lasted for nearly twenty years and Hitler finally announced that, since the grievances of the Sudetens had not been redressed by arbitration, Germany would rescue them by forcibly taking over the Sudeten districts, the Democracies announced their intention of assembling their combined armies, navies and air forces “in defence of Czechoslovakia.”

This is what they call Hitler threatening to bring about a world war, and describe him as a breaker of treaties. What treaty had he broken?

If anyone had broken a treaty it was France or rather the French Government. From the time that the “Geneva Protocol” (or the Arbitration and Sanctions Protocol) was put forward in 1924 under the aegis of Benes and Politis, the representatives of Czechoslovakia and Greece at the League of Nations, British Conservative Governments had firmly refused to follow the lead of France and other countries in guaranteeing the security of the frontiers in the East of Europe, including that of Czechoslovakia, and it was in September, 1927, two years after the Locarno Pact, guaranteeing the frontier between France and Germany had been signed, that the “Geneva Protocol” was

revived and met with the strongest opposition from Sir Austen Chamberlain who, in the finest speech of his life declared:

“You invite us to take for every country and for every frontier the guarantee which we have taken for one by treaty. If you ask us that, you ask us the impossible... You do not know what you ask us. You are asking nothing less than the disruption of the British Empire. I yield to no one in my devotion to this Great League of Nations, but not even for this League of Nations will I destroy that smaller but older league of which my own country was the birthplace and of which it remains the center.”

France, however proceeded on her own account, in December 1934, to sign a Three Power entente with Czechoslovakia and Soviet Russia and in May, 1935, a separate military pact with Russia, a complete violation of the principles of the League, according to which military alliances were to be replaced by peaceful arbitration.

We were thus in no way bound to “stand by France” in the recent crisis by “going to the rescue of Czechoslovakia” since we had repeatedly refused to join her in the undertakings she had entered into with this protégé of the Soviets for which only the French of the Left felt any particular sympathy. Indeed, according to the Locarno Pact we were more bound to stand by Germany, since by that treaty we had undertaken to defend her if attacked.

The Franco-Soviet Pact, deplored by all right thinking Frenchmen, was really the beginning of all the trouble in Europe from 1934 onwards, for Germany, finding herself flanked on both sides by hostile Powers, one wholly and the other in part inflamed with hatred of Hitler as the opponent of Bolshevism, now started to re-arm openly.

It was not that the re-armament of Germany began at this juncture for, as was pointed out in the chapter of this book, secret arming had gone on in Germany ever since the War but had to a great extent been winked at by Great Britain.

Now that Hitler was in power, however, matters took on a different aspect and his open announcement of Germany’s intention to re-arm against an equally open and hostile alliance was regarded as a *casus belli* and Czechoslovakia provided the pretext for starting a world war on Nazi-ism and Fascism.

That we were saved from this appalling catastrophe was mainly owing to the vision and magnificent courage of our great statesman.

Hitler never wanted war with England and that he was willing to co-operate with her in a scheme for averting a general conflagration was shown by his appreciation of Mr. Chamberlain who on his part very wisely avoided the “governess” attitude, still less the “mailed fist” advocated by that former supporter of the League of Nations Union for promoting peace – Mr. Duff Cooper. Instead he talked to the Führer as man to man, giving him credit for good will and for a sincere desire to find a peaceful solution to the Sudeten question.

For this solution the Czechs themselves have every reason to be grateful, for had the threat of “rescuing” them by force materialised no plan seems to have been evolved for carrying it out. Owing to the geographical position of Czechoslovakia the Germans, driven into war, could have overrun the whole country before their opponents could have appeared on the scene and the chief sufferers would have been the Czechs themselves.

How little the situation was apprehended by the general public in this country is illustrated by an amusing story told me by a doctor. He had gone to visit one of his patients and found him lying on a sofa with a large cigar in his mouth repeating that he “felt so humiliated.” On the doctor enquiring the reason he replied that England had failed to rescue the Czechs. The doctor then asked how he proposed we should rescue them. The man had not the vaguest idea!

Now let us imagine what we should have done if the British subjects had been placed in the position of the Sudeten Germans. Supposing that instead of winning the War we had lost it, and that while it lasted the Sinn Feiners instead of merely stabbing us in the back – as Lloyd George expressed it – had openly joined up with Germany, and as a reward after the victory Ireland had been reft from the British Empire and given independence by the Central Powers, subjecting Ulster against its will to the Dublin Government.

Does anyone suppose that England, though forced with the sword at her throat to sign such a treaty, would have sat down under it for ever, after it had proved disastrous? Would she have calmly endured seeing loyal Ulstermen oppressed and made to feel themselves a subject and inferior race?

Possibly under certain governments she might; but if at the end of twenty years a strong British patriot had been raised to power and determined to rescue

the victims of Sinn Fein tyranny by insisting force if reason could not prevail, would Germany have been justified in stigmatising him as a madman, out to trample over the whole of Northern Europe?

Let us further consider what we did do when we believed our nationals were oppressed in the Transvaal. After recognising the independence of the Boer Republic in 1884, the alleged oppression of the Uitlanders led to the second South African War of 1899, in the course of which we annexed the whole Transvaal.

The case for the Sudeten Germans is surely stronger, since they were not immigrants into a foreign country, but the old inhabitants of a land which had been theirs from time immemorial, and which against their will had been placed under a Government hostile to them.

Fortunately for the peace of the world no League of Nations existed at the time of the last Boer War, so the conflict remained localised in South Africa, and the Kaiser's telegram President Kruger was regarded in this country as a most unwarrantable act of interference.

What could have been said if he had called on all the Powers of Europe to resist us?

But, though the war was generally disapproved abroad, no one thought of flying into a panic and asking what England might be expected to do next, the Germans fearing for Tanganyika, the Belgians for the Congo, the Portuguese for Mozambique; they left it to the Boers and British to fight it out, with, in the end, a peaceful understanding.

Let us hope that the recent crisis may lead to equally happy results, and that the Czechs may find themselves delivered from an alien domination. For in reality Czechoslovakia enlisted the sympathies of the secret promoters of world revolution merely as a dependency of Soviet Russia, with whom she had made a Pact of Mutual Assistance on May 16, 1935, and had entered into very cordial relations.

Guileless English Christians who speak tearfully of the small and martyred nation with its heroic leaders, Presidents Masaryk and Benes, are no doubt aware that Czechoslovakia was not merely a breeding ground of Bolshevism but of militant atheism.

The International of Proletarian Freethinkers was founded in that country in 1925, and at Easter, 1936, a world Congress of so-called “Freethinkers” was held in Prague at which the Vice-President of the Soviet “League of Militant Godless” and other Russians were present, also delegates from twelve other countries, including several Frenchmen noted for their literary achievements in blasphemy.

These were received by the Vice-Mayor of Prague, Dr. Kellner, who expressed his joy that the Congress should be held in that city. The President of the Congress, a Belgian named Terwagne, thanked the Vice-Mayor, observing that the delegates “appreciated the free-thought of the Czechoslovakian Republic . . . a deputation of delegates to the Congress was also received by President Benes. *

*”The Universe” for 22 May, 1936.

Such were the leaders of a country on whose behalf the world in September last was to be plunged into the most frightful war in history. Who knows whether the Czechs themselves may not come to rejoice at being purged of these elements? Already we have read that the youth of Czechoslovakia carried out demonstrations at which the cry of “Out with the Jews! Czechoslovakia for the Czechoslovaks!” was raised.

It will be curious to notice the attitude of our War Party in this country if Czechoslovakia goes Nazi and anti-Semite and we are called upon to implement what is regarded in some quarters as the rather imprudent undertaking to defend her frontiers, especially if these are invaded by the good friends of that Party – Comrades Stalin, Litvinoff and Co.

Perhaps then they will discover that the Czechs are an unworthy race, to which we owe no obligations. And then too demonstrators, carrying in procession what Mr. Churchill in an earlier phrase of his chameleonic career called “the filthy red flag of International Communism,” may change their slogan to “Down with Czechoslovakia!”

Chapter IV

BOLSHEVISM AND FASCISM

The defence of Czechoslovakia having been only a pretext for the world war into which we have narrowly escaped being plunged, and the destruction of the Dictatorships – other of course than Stalin's – its real object, let us consider the nature of those systems which, at the cost of countless human lives and untold suffering, it was held necessary to destroy.

On this subject most people in our country depended for their information on the Press and especially on the newspapers, which in the main opened their columns freely to anti-Fascist views and firmly closed them on contrary opinions and even on authoritative statements of fact.

England has thus become a gigantic parrot house in which words pass from mouth to mouth without any comprehension of the real issues at stake. The analogy perfectly applies to the methods employed. For in the teaching of a parrot the procedure is, I believe, to place a thick cloth cover over its cage and then to go on clearly enunciating the same phrases over and over again until it has learnt to repeat them of its own accord.

This is precisely what has been done to the British public; it has been kept in the dark as to the truth of world events and misleading statements have been made to it by the press and by that whisper that the secret directors of world events well know how to set in motion so that from the most raucous macaws down to gently twittering budgerigars the same catch-phrases are obediently repeated.

The two most current and the most absurd of these are

(a) that "Bolshevism is the outcome of Fascism" and

(b) that "Bolshevism and Fascism are really the same thing" and therefore equally to be fought.

(It will be noted, however, that the people who say this seldom display any inclination to fight Bolshevism.)

Now with regard to the first phrase, that Bolshevism is the outcome of Fascism, history shows exactly the contrary; no “Red” rising has ever followed on a system for forcibly preserving law and order unless an attack had first been made on that system by subversive forces.

From the French Revolution onwards a “White Terror” has always been the sequel to a Red.

Fascism – under which term for the sake of brevity we must here include Nazi-ism – **was both in Italy and Germany the reaction to the destructive activities of the Communists.**

And if in all such reactions there has been an element of violence, it is because terrorism can only be put down by counter-terrorism and a nation which has been kept in a state of fear and subjection under a tyranny once known as Jacobin and now as Bolshevik, inevitably turns with fury upon its oppressors as soon as its liberty has been restored.

As a French historian has well expressed it:

“Nothing is so terrible as those who have been afraid and are afraid no longer!”

As to the second phrase, what could be more ludicrous than to bracket Bolshevism and Fascism together? The only point they have in common is that both are autocracies. But the police force is an autocracy, demanding unquestioning obedience from its subordinate ranks; is that then a reason for bracketing it with a band of Chicago gangsters who have to obey the murderous dictates of their leaders?

The difference between the two is no greater than the difference between Bolshevism and Fascism. For Bolshevism is destructive of all that constitutes civilisation whilst Fascism sets out to correct those parts of civilisation which, in common with all sincere social reformers, it regards as defective.

A further and most important difference between the two is that whilst Bolshevism seeks to spread its doctrines all over the world and organises Communist Parties in every country, working under the obedience of Moscow for the overthrow of constitutional government and supplying them freely with funds, Fascism has never sought to proselytise and has never been accused, even by its bitterest enemies, of forming affiliations abroad or of financing any foreign group.

Indeed Mussolini, somewhat egotistically, declared at the onset that Fascism was for Italy alone and that Italians only were capable of comprehending its ideals. The various groups of “British Fascists” became the butt of his pleasantries.

Hitler expressed himself in much the same way with regard to Nazi-ism and in his insistence on “race” and the superiority of the German race over any other discouraged imitators. And that is only logical, since **the essence of Fascism and Nazi-ism is Nationalism, whilst that of Bolshevism is Internationalism.**

This being so why should Fascism be continually denounced as a menace to this country whilst Bolshevism is declared to be innocuous? People who exclaim with an air of heroic determination: “We will not have Fascism here!” are really making themselves supremely ridiculous – they have never been asked to have it. But if the Italians and Germans choose to have it what business is it of ours to interfere? It is this “governessing” of other nations with regard to their internal arrangements as much as their foreign policy that led Hitler to protest.

What then is this monstrous thing against which we are warned, so repeatedly? In Italy the word Fascism is now seldom used since it signifies only the first point in Mussolini’s programme – the suppression of Bolshevism in Italy, and that was accomplished long ago. Fascism was thus only a means to an end, and that end was the establishment of “the Corporate State.”

This took place quite constitutionally; the King remained on his throne, in fact it was he who, after the march on Rome, sent for Mussolini and gave him full discretionary powers. After four years of reconstruction the Corporate State was created in 1926 by an act of legislation.

Its principles are a system built up on Trade Unions of organised labour on the one part, and Capitalism on the other, and its object is to promote peaceful relations between the two. Together they form a corporation or guild and enter into agreements which cannot be infringed without rendering the defaulting party liable to prosecution, so that Capital cannot tyrannise over Labour and Labour cannot hold a pistol at the head of Capital.

Space forbids a fuller exposition of the system, but that it is one which has contented the workers of Italy is clearly apparent; at the same time it has forcibly suppressed the stirring up of class hatred. For the same reason the Press is now not free.

When we observe the mischief-making role of many of our newspapers, we cannot help wishing that Fleet Street could be put under a like control.

In Germany the same ideals inspired Hitler. He himself, like Mussolini, had sprung from the ranks of the workers and felt keenly the misery of their lot at the hands of heartless employers; he felt too, as every thinking man must feel, the injustice between extreme poverty and vast riches acquired by the exploiters of labour. At the same time he realised the wickedness and futility of the class war. For this reason he hated Marxism, which he saw as “a world pestilence” to be destroyed before any constructive new order could be introduced.

That both in Germany and Italy immense reforms have been effected nobody can deny. Agriculture has been encouraged so as to provide the population with home-grown food – in Germany at any rate superior to that which is to be found in Great Britain* - and thus to render the country self-supporting.

*G. Ward Price, “I Know These Dictators,” p. 115, and confirmed to me on the day of writing this by an English friend just returned from Bavaria who speaks with particular enthusiasm of the marvellous vegetables grown there. Mr. Ward Price’s book should be read by everyone who wishes to know the truth about Germany and Italy under Hitler and Mussolini.

The housing problem has been dealt with and slums abolished; the workers’ conditions of life have been raised, their physique improved; holidays and amusements are provided for them; and their self-respect is stimulated so that each worker feels himself of value to the State.

How far this frame of mind will last we cannot guess; the weakness of all Socialist schemes lies in the fact that they depend on the degree of enthusiasm their originators are able to keep up; all we can say now is that in both these countries the people as a whole seem happy.

Undoubtedly in both, the new order has pressed hardly on the upper classes, but why Socialists should rave against it seems at first inexplicable. The fact that the upper classes are allowed to live in peace, provided they do some useful work for the State, no doubt arouses the fury of the Bolshevik who holds that the hated bourgeois should be “liquidated,” after perhaps having his eyes gouged out.

The fact that the drawing-room Socialists, who disclaim all ideas of violence and have long preached the doctrines which Hitler and Mussolini have put into practice, not only disapprove but foam at the mouth when the names of the “Dictators” are mentioned, suggests one or both of two conclusions – either that they do not really wish for Socialism but adopt it as a pose, or that Socialism is a camouflage for something else.

If it were not so they would praise the Dictators’ social reforms, even if they condemned their methods of government. But no, the Dictators and their systems are condemned by them as wholly evil.

It may be that both these conclusions are correct. The vast number of “Socialists” to be found in drawing-rooms, universities, newspaper offices, etc., or whose ideas are set forth in books well boomed by publishers and Press, are undoubtedly actuated by the primitive instinct of self-preservation. They know that the sort of stuff they talk and write will pay, and that to profess “Left” views is the only way to a successful career. Of the real doctrines of Socialism many of them know nothing.

But there are those who know. And these are **the secret directors of world revolution, who use Socialism and Communism alike in order to achieve their real aim – world domination.**

For this reason they stir up strife between classes and nations. For this reason they hate “the Dictators” who have rendered them powerless in the lands that the Dictators control.

In order to judge of the influence the Dictators exercise one has only to compare the effect on the character of the populations ruled respectively by Hitler and Mussolini and on the other hand by Stalin: in the first: hope and purpose; in the second: dull despair; in the first: the friendly salute of the raised arm; in the second: the clenched fist of hatred and blood lust.

The great evil of Marxism lies in its appeal to the basest instincts of human nature – to self interest, to greed and envy.

The only honest Socialist I have ever talked with – who had known Marx personally and for this reason detested him – used to say:

“We have not got to tell people what they would gain by Socialism but to ask them what they are prepared to lose. True Socialism means sacrifice, self-denial in the common sense”.

This is the Socialism that both Hitler and Mussolini have set out to inculcate and because the noblest instinct in human nature is its passion for self-sacrifice, they have met with a tremendous response: in Italy the women brought their wedding rings to help the cause, in Germany families sit down contentedly to their single dish meal once a month in aid of the Winter Relief Fund.

It is natural that the drawing-room Socialists in our country would not enjoy this sort of thing at all. It is one thing to write and talk of the beauties of Socialism, it is quite another to have to buy a cheaper make of car because some people are starving.

Still less can the Italian or German systems please those who are using Socialism merely as a cover to their own scheme of world domination.

Chapter V

HITLER

In the last article some explanation was given for the Socialists' hostility towards the systems instituted in Italy and Germany, in spite of the fact that in many respects these systems resemble those which they themselves have advocated. But this was not to go to the root of the matter. The real cause de guerre is the policy of the Dictators with regard to the Bolsheviks and the Jews.

Mussolini was long in coming to the conclusion that the Jewish question must be faced, for in Italy the Jews were few and exercised little influence; thus for many years he carefully avoided any appearance of anti-Semitism. It was only when he found that the Jews presented an obstacle to his plans for the reorganisation of labour and for limiting the profits of the middle-man that he realised the necessity for curbing their activities in public life. For this reason and for his forcible suppression of Bolshevism, hatred was stirred up against him to the same extent as against Hitler.

Hitler, however, from the beginning of his public career, proclaimed himself an "anti-Semite." But this was no new thing in Germany. From the time of Martin Luther, who, after demanding equal rights for the Jews, found himself obliged to denounce them as arch-liars and the most dangerous enemies of Christianity, and even from before this day, the Jews have almost always been disliked, distrusted, and at times persecuted in large parts of Germany.

As their influence in commerce and other spheres of public life increased during the end of the nineteenth century, feeling against them rose higher and higher; they were resented, boycotted, and precluded from becoming officers in the German Army.

Yet throughout all this period up to the outbreak of the Great War, and again during the years that followed, Germany was regarded with particular sympathy not only by our Socialists, Pacifists and intelligentsia, but also by the Jews themselves. Before the War they had again and again expressed all their passionate loyalty to Germany as the one country on which all their hopes were set.

For although despised and hated, they were able to make money in a country where, as Hitler says, "gold was a god," to a larger extent than in any other except perhaps the United States.

They were also allowed to occupy positions in the learned and professional classes out of all proportion to those held by Germans. Though largely barred by society, they were encouraged by the Hohenzollerns, who had always believed in making use of them, from Frederick the Great with his münzenjude to Wilhelm II with his Rathenau at the end of a private telephone wire.

It was thus that during the War so many of the Jews in this country hoped for the final victory of Germany and provided some of her most useful spies and informers.

It was a Jew, Ernst Lissauer, who coined the phrase “Got strafe England” and composed the “Hymn of Hate” *against the land which had protected his race, of which the beginning has been translated thus:

French and Russian they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot,
We love them not, we hate them not;
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate,
We have but one and only hate;
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone,
England!

Refrain:

Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down,
We love as one, we hate as one
We have one foe, and one alone –

England!

*Published in "The Evening News" for 10 December, 1937, and headed "German Poet dies in exile."

Lissauer on being exiled from Germany by the Nazi Government declared that he was sorry he had written those words and really meant them for Russia; if so it was the most remarkable slip of the pen since he had specifically mentioned Russia as not the foe. No doubt, however, he was sorry; we are all sorry, very sorry, when we find we have backed the wrong horse.

But in the main, it was Russia that the Jews -- including those in England -- regarded as their principal enemy, and it was out of hatred for Russia that they sided with Germany against the Allies.

After Russia had been brought low and a hideous revenge taken on her by the predominantly Jewish Bolsheviks, and the Kaiser had been got rid of, the Jews started Bolshevising Germany, and having got her almost completely under their control they remained pro-German until the rise of Hitler.

It was then that the whole Jewish power was turned against Germany.

The Jews had not minded a certain amount of persecution, which after all mainly affected the humbler classes of their race, as long as they were given power in the State. But this is precisely what Hitler took from them, hence largely the cry of persecution.

Hitler himself had been slow to adopt an attitude of anti-Semitism.

As he relates in "Mein Kampf," he was at first revolted by the hostility shown towards the Jews which he encountered in Austria and attributed to their religion:

"As I thought they were persecuted on that account, my aversion to remarks in their disfavour almost grew into abhorrence. . .

I considered that tone, especially that adopted by the anti-Semitic Press of Vienna, unworthy of cultural traditions of a great nation."

But by degrees he came to the conclusion that "the Jewish religion" was really a misnomer:

“Through his own original being the Jew cannot possess any form of idealism, and therewith belief in the Hereafter is completely foreign to him. One cannot however imagine a religion according to the Aryan conceptions in which the conviction of life after death in some form is lacking.”

This statement entirely accords with those made to me by two Jews, quite independently of each other, who assured me with deep regret that the Jews of Western Europe rarely believe in God or the immortality of the soul; their outlook is entirely material.

For this reason it is not surprising that Karl Marx having declared that “religion is the opium of the people,” Jews should, as Hitler further observed, have become the chief propagandists of Marxism – “that world pestilence”.

He saw them, too, as the oppressors of the working-classes and at the same time the agitators who stir them to revolt, he realised “their glibness” and “their artfulness in lying” on which Martin Luther in his treatise “Von den Juden und ihren Lügen” (Concerning the Jews and their Lies) had expressed himself with far greater violence some four hundred years earlier.

Above all, Hitler saw the fear they are able to inspire in order to drive all rivals or opponents off the field:

“anyone with intelligence enough to resist the Jewish lure is broken by intimidation, however determined and intelligent he may be.”

“Mein Kampf” is really an amazing book when one considers that it was written by a young soldier with little education, most of whose life had been spent in the direst poverty or in the trenches. Hitler writes in no spirit of Jew-baiting but as a bacteriologist calmly examining through his microscope the action of certain noxious bacilli on the human body.

He observes the influence exercised by the Jews in the world of art; he sees them as “the inspired creators of those hideous inventions for the cinema and the theatre,” of “those unclean products of artistic life as given to the people.”

“It was pestilence, spiritual pestilence, worse than the Black Death, with which the nation was being inoculated” – especially the youth of Germany.

“Anyone,” he says, “who has not lost the capacity for entering into the souls of the young will realize that it must lead to their grave injury.”

And elsewhere he adds: “The State must declare childhood to be the most precious possession of the nation.”

In his strictures on pre-Nazi Germany Hitler is undeniably justified; it was a matter of common knowledge just before and after the War that Berlin became a center of iniquity, its night life worse in some respects than that of Paris; vice of an unspeakable kind was flaunted with impunity, nude midnight orgies took place in the West End of the city – a cult that may in fact be said to have originated in Germany; the Jugendbewegung, chaotic and uncontrolled, encouraged license among the young; filthy and blasphemous books poured forth from the German Press.

Whether Hitler is right in attributing all this to the Jews we cannot tell; there are depraved elements of every nation which need no inciting to vice. The fact remains, however, that since Hitler started to purge town life in Germany, pornographic books and pictures have disappeared from the shops, the Youth movements have become clean and healthy, the cult of nudity has been suppressed. And all this has coincided with the expulsion or voluntary departure of a number of Jews from Germany – not of Jews in the mass, since thousands still live there in peace, but without the power to influence the public mind which they formerly enjoyed.

Once-Christian England, in welcoming Jewish refugees indiscriminately to her shores, shows surprisingly little concern for the effect some of them may have on the minds and morals of her people, especially on the youth of the country.

We cannot help, moreover, noting, since this influx began, the change that has come over our Press; a once decent popular paper has boomed the nudity movement; another, which a few years ago could have been safely placed in the hands of a child, publishes matter exalting immorality and sneering at virtue; cartoons by artists not of British race, vulgar and not in the least funny, designed to create bad blood between classes and nations, are published with impunity.

Meanwhile the view of those to whom all these things are hateful, of those who crave to see their country restored to its former greatness as a beacon shedding the light of truth and justice on the world, are denied a hearing.

If this is the “liberty of the Press” enjoyed under “democracy,” I should prefer the censorship of the Dictators.

Chapter VI

HITLER AND THE JEWS

Since, as was shown in the preceding article, the main cause de guerre against Hitler is his treatment of the Jews, it is most urgent for people in this country to know the truth about it. But that is just the difficulty. The British public derives its information from the newspapers or the radio, both of which are largely controlled by Jews and in their turn receive their information from Jewish sources.

Thus all that reaches it comes to it through a Jewish filter. It is only when we read in the papers something about which we ourselves know the truth that we see how grossly the public is misinformed.

Ever since certain Jewish papers abroad announced whilst I was living peacefully with my family in London, that I was really in Austria – a country I have never been to in my life – forming one of a secret Council of Five for carrying out pogroms and political assassinations all over the world, I have realised that there is no limit to the Jewish faculty for invention, and therefore that what appears in the papers with regard to Nazi Germany may be equally devoid of truth.

As long ago as 6 December, 1923, the Jewish World of London announced that “Adolf Hitler has been incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, having been found hopelessly insane.”

Propaganda of the same grotesque kind is carried on by word of mouth and the guileless British public swallows the wildest stories about the man who is represented to it as a sort of ogre eating babies in a cave.

I have seriously been asked whether it is true that Herr Hitler takes pleasure in watching Jews being tortured and even a learned man, accustomed all his life to weighing evidence, told me in a frenzy of indignation that the tortures inflicted by the Nazis equaled those of the Russian Cheka. I asked him for his authority for this statement and he referred me to a book of which he did not know the author's name or anything about him.

Where however does this savant spend his summer holidays? Very happily – in Germany! At the same time, although a great Dante scholar and in private life the gentlest of men, his hatred of Mussolini is such that he declares himself

unable any longer to appreciate the Russian language. To such a pitch of fanaticism may the best brains be brought under Jewish influences!

The first thing therefore to discover with regard to any story of anti-Semite violence is whether it is true or pure invention. Having proved the former the next thing is to find out (a) whether it was ordered by the Government or the act of irresponsible individuals, and (b) whether it was a reprisal for injuries received.

This is where the régimes of Germany and Italy on the one hand and Russia on the other differ so entirely.

In Soviet Russia cruelties far too horrible to be described merely as persecution were and are committed by the State Department once known as the Cheka, having its own locale in the Lubianka with Chinese and Jewish torturers all complete.

Can the Gestapo, or secret police of Germany, in any way compare with this? There is certainly nothing in the nature of the Cheka but there are concentration camps where prisoners are said to be “beaten up” – so for the matter of that are rioters beaten up by the American police. But no evidence of instruments of torture on the Russian or Chinese model has ever been produced.

Is it not moreover the fact that some of the acts of violence committed against the Jews has been spasmodic outbreaks of popular feeling, not ordered by the Government and even in certain cases condemned by it?

Moreover how far were such outbreaks by individual Nazis reprisals for those outrages committed on their comrades?

Here again we see the difference from the cruelties of the Bolsheviks. For the tortures inflicted by the Cheka and the commissars all over Russia have not been acts of counter-violence but barbarities inflicted on innocent men, women and children who had done no harm to anyone.

In Germany on the contrary the most horrible cruelties were committed by the Communists, who in that country as in Russia were predominantly Jews, before Hitler came to power; hundreds of Nazis were assassinated, others blinded or maimed for life, and once the Jewish power was broken they hurled themselves on their former oppressors. This was more particularly so in Austria where Nazi violence was greater than in Germany.

The frightful programme of the German Communist party was no figment of the imagination, as the raid on the Karl Liebknecht Haus clearly proved. There were all the secret preparations for world revolution, underground passages running all over Berlin, plans for blowing it up, and also whole departments devoted to planning the destruction of the British Empire.

Making, however, all allowance for provocation and irresponsible acts that the Nazi government may not have been able to prevent, we cannot help deploring certain of the methods employed against the Jews in Germany and Austria.

Persecution is never justified, and Jew-baiting whether by speech or print is not only cruel but stupid, for it defeats its own ends by enlisting sympathy in other countries with the Jewish cause; Herr Streicher with his *Stürmer* has doubtless had the effect of bringing many people abroad over to it.

A German tells me that only this kind of propaganda appeals to the uneducated classes in Germany and acts as a continual reminder to them of the Jewish danger. This may be true and the reason why Low's equally oppressive caricatures of Hitler and Mussolini continue to appear in the British press. There may be no other way of keeping up hatred of the "Dictators" in the minds of the less educated British public.

Those of us who recognise most clearly that the Jewish question must be faced cannot but (?) with that Herr Hitler, on taking over the immense power conferred on him, did immediately forbid any displays of violence and, further, ordain that no Jew should suffer merely on account of his race but only for conduct proved by fair trial to be reprehensible.

Arbitrary imprisonment or punishment is a system which has been abhorrent to every Briton from the time of the Habeas Corpus Act onwards. Again when limiting the number of Jews occupying posts in the professional classes, we regret that this very necessary measure of justice to the Germans should not have been carried out in a manner which could have raised no reasonable protests in foreign countries.

The Nazis in this respect displace the same lack of psychology as the Jews in their attitude to anti-Semitism. For directly the latter detect in anyone the least inclination to oppose Jewish supremacy in any sphere, and fail either by bribery, flattery, or intimidation to win him over, they proceed to attack him. If sufficiently important, in the Press, to injure him in his career even to the point of depriving him of his livelihood, and thus force him into an attitude of anti-

Semitism against his will. Both Jews and Germans fail to realize that persecution only strengthens the case of their opponents.

Another accusation frequently brought against the Nazi movement is that it is anti-Christian; if it were so it would be no new thing. For in spite of the piety that prevailed in a large part of old Germany atheism flourished there more freely than in any other country in the world (see my "World Revolution," p. 309). In 1931 the Russian "League of the Godless" found there its strongest support; a "general offensive against the Christian Church" was planned in Berlin, which was to become the headquarters of the Bolshevist anti-religious campaign. The advent of Hitler to power necessitated the movement being transferred to Czechoslovakia.

Nazi Germany is thus less anti-Christian than the Germany of some years ago, and it takes no part in the militant atheism and revolting blasphemies of the previous Godless movement. Only amongst a portion of the present Nazis the theory of "Nordic" superiority descending from Nietzsche, making of Germans the supermen of the world, has led to a race-ist "religion," regarding Germany as their only god and the formation of a powerful German bloc in the East of Europe as their final aim.

But this is where these extremists of Nazi-ism come up against another race-ism, for the Jews are still more convinced than their race is superior to all others; indeed in the Cabala the goyim (Gentiles) are denied human attributes – "the Jews alone are to be styled men" – and they look forward to the day when they shall rule the whole world and all other nations shall be wiped out. I admit I find the idea of a German bloc in the East of Europe less unpleasant.

Those Nazis, however, who oppose Christianity on the grounds that it is the outcome of Judaism have surrendered their strongest weapon, since it was this exclusive Jewish race-ism that Christ denounced, preaching instead love for all mankind.

Hitler himself gave the lie to the former theory in *Mein Kampf*, where he pointed out that Christianity is the very antithesis of Judaism and recalled how Christ drove out with a whip the money-changers from the temple of the Lord.

No one condemned the Jews more severely than did Christ, and one wonders, if He came to earth to-day, how many professing Christians would be willing to receive Him; too often their sympathies are with the money-changers rather than with Him who drove them out. If this was the attitude of some of

the German clergy one can understand Hitler's determination to prevent them propagandizing from the pulpit.

I write however as no blind admirer of Hitler or of Nazi-ism, for, like most Britons, I prefer a regime of greater liberty, such as we enjoyed in the days when England was a free country, to one under which, however necessarily, it is curtailed.

We must not forget that Hitler rendered an immense service, not only to Germany but to all Europe by stemming the tide of Bolshevism when it was flowing westward; later the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis was formed for joint action against the Komintern – on the lines advocated by the Netherlands Minister in the famous deleted passage of the British White Paper in 1919* - and Great Britain's misguided opposition to it made co-operation between our governments in this matter impossible.

*See The Patriot, December 8, 1938.

But Hitler might have realized more clearly that the policy of the British Government, under pressure from the Socialists and Jews, was not that of British patriots who are in exactly the same impotent position as his own Party before 1932, and therefore that in speaking of "England," this wide difference of opinion should be taken into consideration.

Moreover by driving out the Communists and Jews into other countries in such a way as to enlist sympathy for them, instead of keeping them humanely under control in his own, he disregards the fact that he is helping to spread Bolshevism abroad and actually to strengthen the Jewish Power.

The Nazi theory of Nordic superiority is also rather weakened by the fact that some of Hitler's worst enemies have been Germans whom he believed he could trust.

The terrible Röhm purge, -- though in no way comparable to the massacre of British officers in their bedrooms in Dublin on 21 November, 1920, of which some of the instigators were received with honour by Mr. Lloyd George at 10, Downing Street, eleven months later -- or again with the recent purges of Stalin, was the result of this misplaced confidence.

Again I cannot understand how a man of Hitler's brilliant intelligence can ever have trusted Ludecke, whom after one interview in 1924 I judged immediately as a man not to be taken seriously, and never again admitted

within my door. He departed hurling insults at this country, and the gullible British public has now filled his pockets with money for the book *I Knew Hitler*, which is in reality a treacherous attack on the leader who at last saw him in his true colours.

Yes, Hitler has not been altogether happy in his choice of friends – and there are perhaps others. . . but what government is free from treacherous elements? Did Mr. Chamberlain ever dream that whilst the whole world rang with applause at his great and heroic work for peace, he would find men of his own country and his own party base enough to attack him? Was there not reason to trust his opinion and that of Monsieur Daladier, formed by personal contact with the Führer, that there was good ground for the hope of peace between the Democracies and the Dictatorships in future?

Great capital has recently been made out of Hitler's hostile references to France in *Mein Kampf*, which having been written five years after the war, seemed to breathe a spirit of irreconcilable hatred.

But the point never explained to the British public is that at the time Hitler expressed himself in this manner the French had just occupied the Ruhr, a procedure which those of us who stood by France agreed with her in regarding as the only means for obtaining the reparations due to her by Germany, but which evoked a storm of protest from the Labour Party, the T.U.C., a number of Liberals and Conservatives and also from Mr. Lloyd George, who wrote on the subject with violent indignation in the *Hearst Press*.

If this was how they felt about France at that moment, Hitler, as a German, can hardly be blamed for describing her in one of those famous passages in *Mein Kampf* as “the inexorable enemy of the German people,” and if he has declined to omit them from later editions of his book it was because they expressed what he felt at the time they were written.

No author can be expected to rewrite his earlier works because circumstances have led him to adopt a different point of view. Ramsay MacDonald has never asked to withdraw his books in favour of Socialism when he assumed the leadership of a predominantly Conservative Government. But from the moment of Hitler's accession to power he showed by deeds his change of attitude, and from May 1933, to September, 1938, he repeatedly made attempts to bring about an understanding with France.*

*See [Appendix II](#) p. 35.

Unfortunately all these overtures were met with incredulity, just as in England the hand of friendship held out again and again by Hitler was rejected, although during the pre-Hitler era any gesture by the German delegates to the League of Nations was received with rapture. It is not as if any risk would have been a conciliatory spirit, to stop the attacks that were constantly made on him in our Press and to co-operate with him in securing the peace of Europe.

Even if this last offer had proved delusive what purpose could be served by treating it as if it were so and destroying all hope of understanding?

Hitler has never in the past shown himself the enemy of England. Already in Mein Kampf he declared it to be the country with which he most ardently desired German friendship.

Dr. Ernst Hanfstaengl, one of his earliest supporters and later his Foreign Press Chief, told me recently that in those days of 1923, Hitler, in recalling his experiences as a soldier during the terrible years of the War, said that nothing in his eyes seemed more insane and deplorable than the wholesale slaughter between the Germans and English. It was very painful to him to have to fire on Englishmen and at moments the sight of the dead bodies of the splendid Highlanders made him feel quite sick.

These are the sentiments which the war-mongers in our midst are trying to destroy by continued attacks on Hitler for which he naturally feels he is justified in retaliating. If they succeed in exasperating him beyond endurance, to the point of making him cry out: "Then let there be war!" they will have gained their end and we shall have them to thank for the world chaos that will follow.

Those of us who most admire Herr Hitler for his courage and patriotism earnestly wish that he would disregard all such provocations as unworthy of his notice and refrain from retorts which only give satisfaction to his opponents. For nothing could be further from the sentiments he has expressed in the past than to afford the Jews the triumph of seeing the two great Nordic nations, between which he has hoped for friendship, again.

NOTE. – Since this article was written news has come from Germany which adds further emphasis to what is said in it with regard to the persecution of the Jews; but as is also pointed out we must accept with extreme caution all that appears in our Press on the question.

If, however, these reports are true, those of us who stand for the principles set forth by THE PATRIOT from the beginning deplore as much as any other body of opinion the cruelty and injustice of avenging on the whole Jewish population of Germany a crime committed by one of their race. At the same time no evidence has been brought forward to prove the contention that the Jewish boy who so brutally murdered young Herr von Bath was not instigated, whilst the outrages committed by hooligans all over Germany were instigated.

In the case of a political assassination the murderer is always represented as a solitary fanatic and pays the penalty. Those who planned the crime go free – they are too powerful to be brought to justice. The Grand Orient of France which has already instigated so many Masonic murders and the Central European Bureau of the Komintern which since the occupation of the Sudeten land has moved from Prague to Paris keep their own secrets.

Chapter VII

A War of Hate

Ever since the whole civilised world hailed with joy the Munich Agreement and the Pact of Peace signed between Mr. Chamberlain and Herr Hitler, the newspapers have been busily assuring us that “a reaction has taken place” in public opinion, and that the peace at which we rejoiced was not a peace at all, but only a breathing space before Armageddon.

The truth is that if any such reaction took place it was mainly brought about by the newspapers themselves, particularly the popular and picture papers which have been doing their best to fan up a fresh panic and sabotage the agreements between the representatives of the Four Powers by perpetual sneers and insults leveled at the chosen leader of the German people.

How far did this contribute to their fury during the recent riots? If, after they had welcomed Mr. Chamberlain with ovations and Herr Hitler had given him reason to believe that he was sincerely desirous of peace, the Jewish question was still to be made a bone of contention and the reasons for inflaming British public opinion against the Führer, it is hardly surprising that they should feel increased resentment toward the race which, as they well knew, was behind the Press campaign of vilification.

Hence this resentment which reached its climax after the brutal murder of young vom Rath was largely worked up by the Jews and their friends in this country. So one injustice has been answered by another injustice, one hate by another hate, and a vicious circle has been created of which one cannot see the end.

The reports of our Press on recent events in Germany have proved useful by showing us the extent to which they have previously misinformed us. For five years we have been told that, life having become unbearable for the Jews in Germany they have been driven in thousands to take refuge abroad, and that it was our duty to let them swarm into our small and overcrowded island, and even oust our own people from their jobs in order to find employment for them.

But now we find that over half a million Jews were still living on in Germany, some in the greatest prosperity, owning a number of the finest and largest shops in the Kurfürstendamm (the Piccadilly of Berlin, as one paper explains) and many synagogues. Their martyrdom until this last crisis seems therefore to have been of a not unbearable kind.

It is further interesting to note that in all the diatribes now appearing both in the British and American Press, great care is taken to exonerate completely the German people and to concentrate the attacks on Hitler alone, although no evidence has been produced to show that he provoked the outbreak. The object of this is evidently to avoid offending the people of Germany in case one day Nazi-ism is overthrown, the Jews re-admitted and Germany is then restored to favour by the Democracies.

The campaign of hate against Hitler is calculated to do almost equal damage to Mr. Chamberlain. The brainless chatterers in London clubs and drawing rooms, calling themselves Conservatives, who in the same breath praise Mr. Chamberlain and abuse Herr Hitler do not perceive that they are playing the game of Mr. Chamberlain's enemies who, in the Press under their control, proclaim triumphantly that "his peace plan is now dead." They have certainly done their best to kill it.

If anything more were needed to show the fearful danger the Jewish question presents it is the suggestion that the treatment of the Jews in Germany should be made the reason for destroying the peace and for launching a world war involving the sacrifice of millions of lives and untold suffering to the human race.

Did we in the past ever dream of making war on any country – Russia, Rumania, Poland or Germany of the nineteenth century – when actual pogroms from time to time took place there? Much destruction, suffering and, above all, pecuniary loss have been endured by the German Jews in the present crisis but nothing in the nature of a pogrom, since no Jews are proved to have been killed during the riots.

Moreover, what better evidence could be produced to show the control the Jews have acquired over the councils of the nations if only their sufferings are to evoke sympathy from the so-called Christian world? Are they alone to wear the martyr's crown?

The Jews themselves are not deceived by the protestations. They know it is the wealth and power they possess which leads Press, politicians and private individuals to seek their favour. They know that when no corresponding advantage is to be reaped by shedding tears over the victims of persecution, the eyes of these sympathisers remain dry and their hearts unmoved.

Did the Democracies ever contemplate declaring war on the Bolsheviks when thousands of Christians were being tortured and 2,800,00 massacred, or

on the Spanish Government which also employed inhumane tortures and murdered 450,000 people – a figure which does not include those killed in battle?

Did the “humanitarians,” the intellectuals or the clergy other than the Roman Catholic – ever organise protests against these atrocities? Have they ever expressed even disapproval of our own treatment of the Arabs in Palestine referred to recently by Hitler in words which I know through communications received direct from British residents in Palestine to contain only too much truth.

Was ever hypocrisy more nauseating than the sanctimonious letters now filling our Press expressing horror of Germany’s treatment of the Jews from people who never felt a pang of pity for suffering Christians or Moslems? On the contrary the most powerful influences in our country have been directed in favour of the persecutors rather than the persecuted, and the hand of Soviet Russia dripping with the blood of a million martyrs is to be grasped in friendship by Christian England in the world conflict on which our warmongers’ minds are set.

Thus all those countries or factions abroad which have shown the greatest resistance to Bolshveism are not only to receive no sympathy, but are to be respresented to us as our enemies. If they were really so, if Germany were to launch a war of aggression against us or against France, or if any other Power were to attack us, British patriots would be found as united as in 1914, ready to fight whatever the cost might be.

And in the present state of the world, when new combinations arise daily, it is absolutely necessary for Britain to bring her armaments up to full strength. But this is not the kind of war into which our present jingoists wish us to be drawn, it is no desire to defend their country against a foreign foe which has driven hundreds of Communists into our army, it is on the contrary at the bidding of their alien directors that they are arming for the fight for world revolution.

The intended war will thus be a war of Bolshevism against Fascism, with Great Britain, to her eternal dishonour and eventual ruin, on the side of Bolshevism.

Of course this will not be the reason given to the nation or even perhaps realised by the rulers at the onset, some pretext will be put forward by the

secret directors of world affairs, as it was in the spring of this year with Italy, in the recent crisis with Germany; next time it may be Japan or Franco's Spain.

It does not matter with which of the Fascist States the quarrel is begun, the rest will come in with it and **the war will indeed become world wide.***

*And the war DID become world wide - see [Appendix V](#) we added. Mind boggling!

Chapter VIII

HORRORS OF THE HOME FRONT.

Such then is the position in Europe to-day. **No people of any country wish for war except Bolsheviks and Jews.**

The Germans do not want to fight the French nor the French the Germans, the true people of England do not want to fight either. Never, probably, throughout the last fifty years has there been so little animosity between the peoples of Europe. Yet never has war been prepared on so gigantic a scale. In every country the extraordinary spectacle is seen of the human race digging itself in as in a vast rabbit warren, for refuge against each others' bombs in the war we are being led to believe is inevitable.

How different is the atmosphere in our country to that which prevailed in 1914! Then, amidst all the grief and tragedy, there gleamed the glorious spirit of patriotism, of ardent desire on the part of all who stood for England to do their bit in the great conflict.

And in the hearts of the men who went out to fight there was no puerile hatred of the enemy, but burning love of country; even when the Germans were marching towards our shores the difficulty was to prevent fraternizing between the trenches, and "Fritz" was declared to be "not such a bad fellow after all."

Everyone laughed at the Punch cartoon of the German family having their "morning hate" against England.

Yet now when -- as every traveler from Germany has related-- the Germans have shown nothing but friendship for our country, it is the British family reading its morning paper at the breakfast table that foams at the mouth with hate against the "Dictators," and gentle old ladies clench impotent fists over the preposterous pages of "I Knew Hitler." Have we lost our national sense of humour?

Moreover, in the preparations for war how different is the spirit shown by the authorities to that of 1914. Then everything was done to allay panic, scaremongers were sternly rebuked, and the public was spared as much suffering as possible. But before and during the recent crisis and still at the present moment, the nation has been deliberately worked up into a state of "jitters," its flesh has been made to creep with the ghastly possibilities that lay before it.

Again, in the matter of air-raid shelters, of the evacuation of London and the billeting arrangements, orders were issued with the harshness of a Prussian drill sergeant – more than this, with a sort of gloating malevolence as if satisfaction was felt in official quarters at the power to inflict as much inconvenience and misery as possible on the British people.

Trenches which have the appearance of veritable death traps were dug in London's loveliest gardens without even the courtesy of notifying the owners, whilst in the matter of billeting, enough indignation has been aroused for it to be unnecessary to enlarge on here.*

*See [Appendix III](#) p. 35

And in reply to the very natural protests of the public at the invasion of their homes, a Conservative Home Secretary announced in the House of Commons that he had answered "as brutally as he could."†

†Daily Telegraph and Morning Post, for 4 November, 1938.

What is the explanation of this malignant spirit in our once free and kindly land? Where is the England we loved, the paternal government to which we had become accustomed? Is this the democracy we are told to fight for? Is this a foretaste of what we shall have to offer if war bursts on the world and a free hand is given to those who will be able to tyrannise over us?

Let us look facts in the face and realise what is at the back of this change in the spirit of our country:

England of 1938 is not the England of 1914 because she is no longer controlled by Britons. Ever since the war the Jewish power has been growing.

It was this that brought about the League for creating discord between the Nations, that set up the Soviet regime for carrying out the same process between the classes.

It was this which up in 1933 tried to turn us against France and since then against Germany and that is now destroying the peace of the world.

It is this again which, working on the spirit of our nation, has made the change in it that we see to-day. In 1914 love and courage; in 1938 hate and fear.

Hatred is a soil on which nothing fruitful can grow, hatred is sterile; it may help to win wars but only wars waged from love of country can bring permanent blessing to a nation. Britons in the past have not been easily worked up to hate, but this insane hatred of two men, Mussolini and Hitler, is being instilled in them by the Jews and those who benefit by them, and acting like a poison in the life blood of our people.

Germany is under a visible anti-Jewish dictatorship. We are under an invisible Jewish dictatorship, but a dictatorship that can be felt in every sphere of life, for no-one can escape from it.

Already the Jews can make or break the career of any man as they please. Once war broke out we cannot doubt that they would be found in every key position and would hold us at their mercy. Then the real purpose of the world war will become apparent. **As long as the Jews do not hold Germany they can never realise their final aim – world domination.** Therefore Hitler must be overthrown and the Jewish power restored.

It is idle to say that this vast ambition has been falsely attributed to the Jewish race. The dream of a Messianic era when they shall rule the world runs all through their “sacred” writings. Thus in its article on the Messiah, the Jewish Encyclopaedia says:

“In the rabbinical apocalyptic literature the conception of an earthly Messiah is the prevailing one, and from the end of the first century of the common (i.e. Christian) era it is also the one officially adopted by Judaism. . .

His mission is, in all essential respects, the same as the apocalypses of the older period; he is to free Israel from the power of the heathen world, kill its ruler and destroy its hosts, and set up his own kingdom of peace.”

The peace of death for all the Gentile world!

That this is still the plan of modern Judaism was confirmed to me in a conversation I once had with a young Jew who asked me for an interview. He said:

“I come to you to thank you for what you have written. Do not suppose I come as an anti-Semite since I am a Jew in the marrow of my bones. But in studying the question of Pan-Judaism I came

across your books, and they explained to me much that I had never understood before.

You are perfectly right in saying the Jews desire world domination, all my life I have heard them speak of it. And I am afraid, yes, I am afraid they will attain it. **But that can be only for a moment.**

The nations of the world will not be able to bear so intolerable a tyranny and they will rise, they will rise and there will be the greatest pogrom the world has ever seen. That is why I come to thank you, for in warning the world of this plan you may help to avert its execution and so save my people from the terrible fate that awaits them.”

Those friends of the Jews who encourage them in their thirst for power are thus their cruelest enemies.

How often has this prophesy recurred to me during the recent crisis! The Jewish power grows steadily in the West – in England, France and the United States, but in the East, the tide of anti-Semitism is rising everywhere. It covers nearly all Eastern Europe with the exception of Soviet Russia where it is kept down by force. Owing to events in Palestine the Moslem world is seething with it, and its repercussion reaches to far Japan.

Even amidst the pro-Semite bloc of the West it has numerous and vocal supporters. In England it is strongest among the working classes who have nothing to gain by seeking favour with the Jews.

The present movement, moreover, is not unprecedented in this country for anti-Jewish riots took place at the coronation of Richard Cœur de Lion, and Edward I found it necessary to expel all the Jews from England.

The Home Secretary has announced that he will prevent its recurrence by “stamping on anti-Semitism”; to do this will merely make it burst into flames. The function of Government is to prevent disorders; it cannot control opinions.

What, by the way, has become of the safety valve theory so freely applied when it was a case of Communists in the Park insulting the Royal Family and preaching revolution? Apparently it does not operate when free speech on the Jewish question is concerned.

We do not want to have pogroms or persecutions here, but if the British people are to see thousands of Jews pouring into their country to be given work or supported by charity whilst their own unemployed walk the streets; if Jewish children are taken in and given every advantage in feeding and education whilst the columns of our papers are filled with appeals for our own waifs and strays, for children's holiday funds and homes for cripples, the British people will be more than human if they do not express their resentment in a forcible manner.

The importation of the children from Red Spain was a sufficiently enlightening experiment, but they at least were segregated. We understand from the Press, however, that in preference to installing these Jewish children in camps or institutions reserved for them, they are as far as possible to be introduced into British schools and families and encouraged to associate with British children.

Has it not been considered what harm, physical and moral, may be done to our own children through contact with these unknown aliens from the lowest quarters of foreign cities? Are they to be thrust indiscriminately into Christian households where they may infect the bodies or corrupt the minds of the coming generation?

Is the boasted Christianity of England then all a sham if those who have been brought up outside it, or even to hate and despise it, are judged to be the right companions for Christian children? The sentimentalist will answer that Christian influences may win them over. Alas! evil is more contagious than good. Should our children be made the objects of so dangerous an experiment?

Moreover nothing would be more objectionable to professing Jews themselves than that what they describe as "perversion" should be practised on Jewish children. The Jewish world, August 25th, 1927 stated that:

"To induce Jews to abandon the faith with which they are born is a form of hostility to our people, which if not anti-Semitic in intention (or perhaps in fact) is as hateful to us as the machinations of anti-Semitism in its most virulent form." *

See also [Appendix IV](#) p. 36.

The so-called "Jewish problem" could surely be solved in a safer and simpler way. The vast unpeopled spaces of Soviet Russia, under the government of pro-Semite rulers, could accommodate the whole Jewish race –

Biro-Bijan has already been offered them – whilst the fabulous wealth of rich Jews all over the world could be used to settle them there.

The surest way to promote anti-Semitism in Great Britain is to bring them over here; and the only way to check it is to prevent the inevitable clash which their presence in large numbers would bring about. Unless our politicians will face the Jewish question fairly and squarely, here and in Palestine, in a spirit of justice to the indigenous population of both countries and of firmness in dealing with the Jews, the people may take the law into their own hands with consequences that no one can foresee.

Meanwhile the shadow of war hangs over England, a shadow that could be dispelled if the rulers of all countries would realise that it can end only in the ruin of civilisation. Failing this the one hope lies in attempting to open the eyes of the people, especially those of Great Britain, to the truth, so that they will refuse to be dragged into war at the bidding of an alien power. The British are slow to wrath but once they realise the nature of the tyranny to be imposed on them they will rise as one man to resist it.

[end of book - Reminder. . . the book from which this was transcribed showed no publication date. It was apparently taken from a paper or newsletter Mrs. Nester published, titled "The Patriot". She alluded to the "England of 1938. . ." and also to a quote by Adolf Hitler in October 1938, so we are fixing the date of writing in late 1938 or early 1939.]

APPENDIX I

Extract from letter of a Business Man in Swatow. (8th October, 1931)

. . . You will have heard of the anti-Japanese demonstrations recently in Hong Kong. I enclose cutting of a letter which the supineness of the H.K. Government inspired a member of this Community to address to the H. Kong Daily Press. It created some stir in the complacent Colonial dovecot.

The murder by 1,000 Chinese in the most brutal circumstances (brave fellows, armed with hatchets!) of a poor inoffensive Japanese and his family-- 6 in all -- led to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders being summoned to the aid of the police, which was immediately effective and resulted in at least 100 Celestials "knowing another Dawn than ours," though the official figure was a dozen!

I simply cannot help sympathising with the Japanese in this dispute with China over Manchuria and I hope they won't climb down at the behest of the well-meaning village idiots (in this respect only, of course!) who live so comfortably in Geneva!

Extract from H. Kong Daily Press.

.. . Imagine then the dismay and indignation of British subjects here when they read in their Hong Kong papers news of the anti-Japanese rioting in Hong Kong with its awful toll of butchered Japanese women and children. We could scarcely believe our eyes.

Appendix II

In his speech of January 30, 1934, Hitler said:

“France fears for her security. No-one in Germany wishes to threaten her and we are ready to do anything in order to prove this to her.”

Again on March 7, 1936:

“Throughout three years, I have tried slowly but continuously to create the foundations of a Franco-German entente.”

On March 16, 1936:

“I have tried to show that the maintenance of the doctrine of the hereditary enemy is and must be unreasonable for the two peoples.”

And in the week of the recent crisis, on September 26, 1938:

“I have affirmed that the question of Alsace Lorraine no longer existed for us. We all of us do not wish for war with France. We have no claims to formulate with regard to France. Absolutely none!

All territorial differences which existed between France and Germany are eliminated.

I see no difference whatever between us. We are two great nations which both wish to work and live. And they will live better if they work together.”

Appendix III

Extract from a letter of a British Officer. (October 27, 1938.)

. . . We did not realize the war scare much down here. The only shock we had was the threat to billet 6,000 slum children and women upon us, apparently for the “duration,” which might have been some ten years. I never heard a more fantastic or ill-digested scheme.

I had a lot to do in the last war with billeting large bodies of troops, and also disposing of refugees – and one thing I learned was that to dump swarms of undisciplined strangers on ordinary inhabitants and just tell the latter to carry on is the last thing to be done. It will produce rows, rapes, robberies, murders, food and water shortage and epidemics in no time at all.

Appendix IV

JEWISH CHILDREN IN ENGLAND.

It is perhaps hardly realized in this country that Christianity is not merely unacceptable by orthodox Jews but actually abhorrent to them. The plan of placing Jewish children in Christian schools or homes would therefore be as objectionable to them as to us. A Rabbi in a long article contributed to the Jewish Chronicle of April 6, 1923, on the danger of allowing Jewish boys to enter British public schools observed:

“It is a sorrowful fact that, in this free England, Jewish parents, of their own accord, are allowing their children, Sunday after Sunday, to join in Christian prayers and imbibe Christian doctrine.”

However, he added later:

“I readily admit that a certain number of these children pass through the fire unscathed.”

A Jewess writing to the same issue of this paper added her testimony by describing how a small Jewish boy after attending a Hebrew Kindergarten, was sent to a public school where he

“went to prayers with the other boys, but when he realised what was taking place he was so horrified that he repeated to himself the Shema.”

[Next](#) - Appendix 5 (we added) -- The WORLD AT WAR again, just as Mrs. Nester predicted; just as it was planned before the end of World War I; and just as World War III was foretold by the planners to finalize 'their' plan for World Dominion (whomever 'they' are. . . they call themselves 'Jews'). Make no mistake about it: This IS NOT the plan of our Heavenly Father/Creator.

Appendix V (our addition)

We will excerpt the last three paragraphs from Chapter 7 here, and you will see that Mrs. Webster's assertion was true.

The intended war will thus be a war of Bolshevism against Fascism, with Great Britain, to her eternal dishonour and eventual ruin, on the side of Bolshevism.

Of course this will not be the reason given to the nation or even perhaps realised by the rulers at the onset, some pretext will be put forward by the secret directors of world affairs, as it was in the spring of this year with Italy, in the recent crisis with Germany; next time it may be Japan or Franco's Spain.

It does not matter with which of the Fascist States the quarrel is begun, the rest will come in with it and **the war will indeed become world wide**.

Now, here is a list of the nations of the world at war with one another, showing "who declared war upon whom". This is from Voices of History, a compilation of speeches and documents from January through December, 1941. In the Appendices, beginning on page 655 we read:

Department of State Bulletin, December 20, 1941, and of February 7, 1942

TABLE OF DECLARATIONS OF WAR BEGINNING IN SEPTEMBER, 1939

Announced on or before December 31, 1941

The following table sets forth the declarations of war, recognitions of the state of war, etc., beginning with the German invasion of Poland in September 1939 and through 1941. For convenience the term *on* is used to indicated, for example, that Great Britain declared war *on* Germany. where time is given, it is the time used in the capital of the declaring country.

Poland and Germany No formal declaration of war*

* [see the [German White Book](#)]

Great Britain on Germany Sept. 3, 1939, 11 A.M.

France on Germany September 3, 1939, 5 P.M.

India on Germany September 3, 1939

Australia on Germany September 3, 1939

New Zealand on Germany September 3, 1939

Union of South Africa on Germany..... September 6, 1939

Canada on Germany September 10, 1939

Norway and Germany No formal declaration of war

Belgium and Germany No formal declaration of war

Luxembourg and Germany No formal declaration of war

The Netherlands on Germany May 10, 1940

Italy on France June 10, 1940

Canada on Italy June 10, 1940

New Zealand on Italy June 11, 1940

Australia on Italy June 11, 1940

Union of South Africa on Italy June 11, 1940

Greece on Italy October 28, 1940

Germany and Greece No formal declaration of war

Germany on Yugoslavia April 6, 1941

Italy and Yugoslavia No formal declaration of war

Yugoslavia on Bulgaria April 6, 1941

Yugoslavia on Hungary April 10, 1941

Bulgaria on Greece April 24, 1941

Bulgaria on Yugoslavia April 24, 1941

Germany on U.S.S.R. June 22, 1941

Italy on U.S.S.R. June 22, 1941

Rumania on U.S.S.R. No formal declaration of war

Finland on U.S.S.R. No formal declaration of war

Hungary on U.S.S.R. June 27, 1941

Albania on U.S.S.R. June 29, 1941

Great Britain on Finland Dec. 7, 1941

Great Britain on Rumania Dec. 7, 1941

Great Britain on Hungary Dec. 7, 1941

Canada on Finland Dec. 7, 1941

Canada on Rumania Dec. 7, 1941

Canada on Hungary Dec. 7, 1941

Australia on Finland Dec. 8, 1941

Australia on Rumania Dec. 8, 1941

Australia on Hungary Dec. 8, 1941

Union of South Africa on Finland Dec. 8, 1941

Union of South Africa on Rumania Dec. 8, 1941

Union of South Africa on Hungary Dec. 8, 1941

New Zealand on Finland Dec. 7, 1941

New Zealand on Hungary Dec. 7, 1941

New Zealand on Rumania Dec. 7, 1941

Japan on the United States Dec. 7, 1941

Japan on the British Empire Dec. 7, 1941

Great Britain on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

The United States on Japan Dec. 8

Canada on Japan Dec. 8, as of Dec. 7, 1941

Costa Rica on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

Dominican Republic on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

Guatemala on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

Haiti on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

Honduras on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

El Salvador on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

Panama on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

Cuba on Japan Dec. 9, 1941

The Netherlands on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

The Netherlands Indies on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

China on Japan Dec. 9, 1941

China on Germany Dec. 9, 1941

China on Italy Dec. 9, 1941

Union of South Africa on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

Australia on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

Free France on Japan Dec. 8, 1941

Germany on the United States Dec. 11, 1941

Italy on the United States Dec. 11, 1941

The United States on Germany Dec. 11, 1941

The United States on Italy Dec. 11, 1941

Costa Rica on Germany and Italy Dec. 11, 1941

Guatemala on Germany and Italy Dec. 11, 1941

Cuba on Germany and Italy Dec. 11, 1941

Nicaragua on Germany, Italy and Japan Dec. 11, 1941

Poland on Japan Dec. 11, 1941

Dominican Republic on Germany and Italy Dec. 11, 1941

Haiti on Germany and Italy Dec. 12, 1941

Honduras on Germany and Italy Dec. 12, 1941

El Salvador on Germany and Italy Dec. 12, 1941

Panama on Germany and Italy Dec. 12, 1941

Rumania on the United States Dec.12, 1941

Bulgaria on the United States Dec. 13, 1941

Bulgaria on Great Britain Dec. 13, 1941

Hungary on the United States Dec. 13, 1941

Czechoslovakia on all countries at a state of war with Great Britain, the United States, or the U.S.S.R. Dec. 16, 1941

Albania on the United States Dec. 17, 1941

Nicaragua on Bulgaria, Hungary, and Rumania ... Dec. 20, 1941

Belgium on Japan Dec. 20, 1941

Haiti on Bulgaria, Hungary, and Rumania Dec. 24, 1941

Great Britain on Bulgaria Dec. 27, 1941, as of Dec. 13,
1941

The Netherlands on Italy Dec. 30, 1941, as of Dec. 11,
1941

Union of south Africa on Bulgaria Dec. 31, 1941, as of Dec. 13,
1941

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THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY NESTA H. WEBSTER

(MRS. ARTHUR WEBSTER)

AUTHOR OF "THE SHEEP TRACK"

"For life, with all it yields of joy and woe;
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is;
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost
Such prize despite the envy of the world,
And, having gained truth, keep truth: that is all."

BROWNING, *A Death in the Desert.*

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PREFACE

IN history, as in modern life, the most celebrated people are not necessarily the most interesting. Historians, like journalists, have predilections for certain personages whom they combine to immortalize whilst passing over others who often present a far more absorbing psychological study. This is particularly so in the history of the eighteenth century in France. We have been told a dozen times the story of Julie de Lespinasse and her love-affairs modelled on "Clarissa Harlowe," of Madame de Staël and the victims of her amatory experiments, of Madame du Deffand, Madame Geoffrin, of Lauzun, Fersen, and Lafayette; yet one of the greatest romances of this enthralling period, the love-story of the Chevalier de Boufflers and the Comtesse de Sabran, has been allowed by English writers to pass into oblivion. Theirs was *the* "grande passion" of the times, "they loved each other," says Monsieur Victor du Bled, "with a deep love, so different to the *liaisons à la mode*, with a love such as we understand it"—we of to-day.

Both curiously modern, their letters have none of the rounded periods and stilted phrases of their contemporaries; they talk to each other, smile, laugh, and weep—we can almost hear them as we turn the pages. More than any other woman of her day—far more than the cynic of the Couvent Saint-Joseph—Madame de Sabran might be called the "Sévigné of the eighteenth century." Several writers have compared the two women, for both in character and circumstances there are striking points of resemblance between them but

Madame de Sabran was far more original than her seventeenth-century predecessor. "I feel your charm like that of Madame de Sévigné," Madame de Staël once wrote to her, "and in a greater degree, for there is more real feeling beneath it."

Madame de Sévigné, for all her wit, was quite conventional, and perfectly satisfied with the outer show of things. She entertained a deep respect for society, whilst Madame de Sabran was apt to be bored in crowds, even when composed of all the most important people; her simple, naïve letters, sometimes wrongly dated, often not dated at all, sometimes hastily scribbled at midnight when she was tired out after a party, sometimes lengthened out into lively *causeries*, have none of the tabulated accuracy of the great marquise, who, as she sat at her writing-table in the Hôtel Carnavalet, doubtless realized that her words would survive in large and magnificently bound volumes on the library shelves of the future. Madame de Sabran evidently never thought of publication; essentially a creature of moods, she wrote just as she felt, with something of the impromptu charm of Chopin, now gay, now plaintive, with here a little flash of temper, there a gleam of ever-lurking humour, here a riotous *joie de vivre*, there a tender melancholy, then all at once a wild outburst of passion like a stormy passage in the "Nocturnes" that in its turn dies down into peace and harmony once more.

So whilst Madame de Sévigné, alert, observant, at the Court of the Roi Soleil, was busy memorizing for posterity—and posterity does well to be grateful—Madame de Sabran in those rooms a hundred years later was too often dreaming to tell us all we should like to know; we must wait till she has been amongst fields and woods and mountains for her pen to let itself go in those exquisite descriptions of the world of Nature that was her true element. "J'ai été rêver toute l'après-midi dans un petit bois émaillé de fleurs.

Jamais le temps n'avait été si beau, ni le rossignol si amoureux ; il chantait à me rompre la tête. Devine, si tu peux, à qui je rêvais. . . ."

What was the lover to whom she wrote these nocturnes, and of whom she dreamt as she listened to the nightingale ? Perhaps the strangest lover that has ever destroyed a woman's peace of mind. In turn a seminarist, soldier, sailor, explorer, poet, social reformer, politician, and farmer by profession ; a wit, a rake, a libertine by nature, Boufflers was, nevertheless, that rare anomaly, a libertine with a heart, as much Don Quixote as Don Juan, alternating his amorous adventures with wild, unpractical schemes for bettering the conditions of humanity, beneath whose irrepressible gaiety—*ma trop grande gaiété*, as he regretfully described it—lay that *bonté sans mesure* that makes it difficult to be as severe to him as one would wish. I have no desire to whitewash Boufflers ; judged from the moral point of view, he was a bad man, yet he had something in him that many of his more virtuous contemporaries lacked, something that has escaped the authors of his biographical notices—a soul that, too often stifled by evil passions, found itself at last in a great love. So, as Monsieur Bardoux has expressed it, the author of cynical epigrams and licentious poems "a donné dans un siècle frivole le plus rare exemple d'amour vrai."

This is the Boufflers I have tried to show, the Boufflers to whom the woman he loved could say : " C'est mon âme qui t'aime ! "

The story of the Chevalier de Boufflers and the Comtesse de Sabran was first given to the world in a large volume of their correspondence, " La Correspondance inédite du Chevalier de Boufflers et de la Comtesse de Sabran, 1778-1788 " (Plon-Nourrit), edited by MM. de Magnieu et Prat in 1875, and compiled from the

original MSS. bequeathed by Elzéar de Sabran to his friend the Vicomte de Magnieu in 1842.

Unfortunately, this collection of letters—some of the most exquisite in the French language—was preceded by an inadequate biographical notice, supplemented by very meagre notes, whilst the writers' omission to date many of their letters resulted in a confusion that only infinite patience on the part of the compilers could have avoided. To the uninitiated reader the narrative was, therefore, almost impossible to follow, the more so because no biography of either of the writers had ever been written. Since then their story has been related by several authors in fragmentary form—in books dealing with them as members of a group, or with short periods of their lives, and finally Monsieur Gaston Maugras in his series—"La Cour de Lunéville," "Les dernières années de la Cour de Lunéville," "La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier," and "La Marquise de Custine"—has enabled us to follow through four enchanting volumes the career of the strange Chevalier.¹

In this book, therefore, I have attempted, for the benefit of English readers, to weave into a whole the fragments taken from all available sources—preferably contemporary sources—having recourse only to the works of modern writers for information that was not to be found elsewhere. It must be understood that nothing imaginary has been added, and if here and there the story reads like fiction rather than fact it is simply because more intimate details have been recorded about these two people than about most of their contemporaries. The dialogues introduced have been either translated verbatim or merely transposed from reported to direct speech. The following are the works from which this book has mainly been compiled :

¹ This series is not the biography of Boufflers, but the picture of a whole society—a vivid and fascinating description of life in the eighteenth century, through which the story of Boufflers recurs intermittently.

The early life of the Chevalier de Boufflers from : * "La Mère du Chevalier de Boufflers," by E. Meaume (1885); "La Réunion de la France et de la Lorraine," by the Comte de Haussonville; * "Le Chevalier de Boufflers et la Comtesse de Sabran avant 1788," by Pierre de Croze (an article in *Le Correspondant* for February 10, 1894); "La Cour de Lunéville," by Gaston Maugras (Plon-Nourrit), 1906.

The early life of Madame de Sabran from : * "Le Chevalier de Boufflers et la Comtesse de Sabran, 1788-1792," by Pierre de Croze (Calmann Lévy), 1894; "La jeunesse de Madame de Sabran" (articles in "La Revue de Famille"), by Lucien Perey, 1891.

Their lives after their meeting in 1777 to 1787 from : * "La Correspondance du Chevalier de Boufflers et Madame de Sabran," by Messieurs de Magnieu et Prat (Plon-Nourrit), 1875; * "Lettres du Chevalier de Boufflers à la Comtesse de Sabran," by Paul Prat (Plon-Nourrit), 1891; "La Cour de Lunéville, dernières années," by Gaston Maugras (Plon-Nourrit), 1906.

Their lives after 1789 from : * "Le Chevalier de Boufflers et la Comtesse de Sabran," by Pierre de Croze; "La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier," by Gaston Maugras (Plon-Nourrit), 1907; "La Marquise de Custine," by Gaston Maugras (Plon-Nourrit), 1907.

The story of Delphine de Custine in the Terror from : * "La Russie en 1839," by Adolphe de Custine (1843).

Besides these, I have found in the following contemporary and modern writers stray details concerning either Boufflers or Madame de Sabran :

Contemporary *mémoristes* : Voltaire, Rousseau, Grimm, Bachaumont, Chamfort, Rivarol, Charles Briauf, Cheverny, La Harpe, the authors of "La Galerie des États Généraux," Horace Walpole, the Prince de Ligne, the Comte de Tilly, the Marquis de Bombelles,

* The books marked with an asterisk are out of print. No edition of their letters is now available.

Madame du Deffand, Madame de Genlis, Madame de Staël, Madame Vigée le Brun, the Duchesse d'Abrantès, and the author of "The Mémoires of the Marquise de Créquy."

Modern authors: Octave Uzanne, Eugène Asse, Taschereau, and Arsène Houssaye in biographical notices to editions of Boufflers' works; Mm. Michaud and Jal in their biographical dictionaries, Monsieur Druon in a "Discours à l'Académie de Nancy," Boudet de Puymaigre in "Poètes et romanciers de la Lorraine," Monsieur Fuinel in "La Plume et l'Épée," Lucien Perey in "Le Duc de Nivernais"; Monsieur Victor du Bled in "Les Causeurs de la Révolution"; Joseph Turquan in "Les Femmes de l'Émigration," Monsieur de Lescure in "Rivarol et la Société française," Monsieur Bardoux in "Madame de Custine," Monsieur Imbert de St. Amand in an article "La Comtesse de Sabran," H. Morse Stephens in his "History of the French Revolution," Lady Blennerhassett in her "Life of Madame de Staël," etc.

If the story of Delphine de Custine in the Terror appears a digression from the main theme of this book I hope it will be forgiven on account of its interest. This appealing and dramatic episode of a period described to us more often by fiction than by facts, is all too little known in England, and seems to me to gain in force by being related as the sequel to Madame de Sabran's own life and attitude towards the coming Revolution. Indeed, the history of the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran would be incomplete without these pages of family history dealing with the immense crisis in which they played a part. The life of Delphine should be read by every one to whom this story appeals in "La Marquise de Custine," by Gaston Maugras. For the purpose of this book, however, I have not referred to this work of Monsieur Maugras, but have taken the story direct from the account given by Astolphe de Custine.

Besides reconstructing the story I have endeavoured to reconstruct the background on which it was enacted—the Revolutionary Era ; and if, to my more erudite readers, I seem to have enlarged on this subject at too great length, I would point out that many facts about the Revolution familiar to those who have studied it deeply are yet little understood by the general public in England for whom this book is intended. Learned works such as Alison's " History of Europe," " The Cambridge Modern History," etc., have naturally stated the case accurately, but in almost all *popular* books, the Revolution has been persistently misrepresented, and in consequence a host of popular delusions have grown up around it which must be dispelled if one would present fairly the point of view of those who played their part in that amazing drama.

" The French Revolution," said Burke, " is the most astonishing thing that has hitherto happened in the world." It is also the most complex—a fact of which the writers who reduce it to the simple proposition of an oppressed people rising against tyranny give no idea. We must read about it for years, in French, and preferably in contemporary records, before we can begin to understand anything of its causes or its results.

Besides contemporary records I have consulted for this book, as far as possible, impartial authorities, such as Taine, Droz, Martin, and also Louis Madelin, whose lucid and delightfully written history of the Revolution is perhaps the best popular work on the subject, and as an *ouvrage couronné par l'Académie* may be fairly regarded as the expression of enlightened French opinion.¹

As will be seen by the list of sources from which this book is derived, Monsieur Gaston Maugras is the only living author who has written about Boufflers, and, having had access to much unpublished material besides the

¹ Mr. Heinemann is shortly publishing an English translation of M. Madelin's book.

large number of original MSS. he has himself inherited, he must be regarded as the principal authority on the subject. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, for the purposes of this book, to obtain his permission to quote his works and highly desirable to consult his opinion on various points. A journey to Paris in September 1915 procured the result for which I had hoped—Monsieur Maugras, in spite of his anxiety on account of his three gallant sons now fighting in the armies of our heroic Ally, received me with the greatest kindness; he not only accorded me the permission to quote published material contained in his works and gave me valuable advice, but, with a generosity for which it is difficult to find adequate words of thanks, allowed me to make use of several unpublished MSS. and a charming picture which he was keeping for his next book. Monsieur Maugras' sympathy and encouragement have added greatly to the pleasure of my work.

I must also acknowledge my debt to the London Library, where in the valuable collection of eighteenth-century literature I was able, with the aid of the very efficient staff and by the kindness of Mr. Hagberg Wright, to find practically all the material I required.

N. H. W

March 7, 1916.

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On the cover of this book is represented the coat of arms of the de Boufflers used by all three branches of the family, but surmounted by the standards of the "colonel-général des dragons" and of the "colonel des gardes françaises" which in a letter to the Maréchal Duc de Boufflers, of January 1705, Louis XIV granted to him and all his posterity the privilege of adding to their escutcheon. (See Anselme's "Histoire généalogique de la Maison Royale de France," vol. v. p. 85.)



THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS

BOOK I *THE OLD RÉGIME*

CHAPTER I

" BERGERIES "

IN the middle of the eighteenth century, when France was fast hurrying to her ruin under Louis le Bien Aimé, another Court—a Versailles in miniature—held sway on the eastern border of the kingdom. Stanislas Leczinski, the dethroned king of Poland, had triumphantly married his only child, his little " Maryczka," to the greatest *parti* in Europe, the aforesaid Louis, and was living quietly at Wissembourg in Alsace, when, as a crowning piece of good fortune, the dukedom of Lorraine was offered to him by his royal son-in-law. Henceforth the court of Lunéville became the gayest resort of the day. Here came artists, poets, painters, wits and beauties from Paris to pass pleasant days and festive nights under the hospitable roof of " le philosophe bien faisant," to wile away the hours with dancing and music, with *tric-trac* and *comète* in composing verses and making love as the mood of the moment inspired them.

Meanwhile the king did not neglect the welfare of his poorer subjects, for he built hospitals, provided for orphans, and did all in his power—a power limited by

the suzerainty of France—to relieve the oppressions from which they suffered. Essentially democratic at heart, Stanislas could not endure the absurdities of court etiquette, and banished them as far as possible from Lunéville, whilst at Commercy, the little château where the Court spent part of the summer, life was even simpler. Here every one did exactly as they liked ; it was just like being at a glorious country-house full of well-chosen guests who never wished to go away.

The one exception to this pleasant rule was, however, the wife of Stanislas, Queen Catherine Opalinska, who hated Lorraine and longed perpetually for her native Poland. She was a worthy and charitable lady, but unfortunately her somewhat " dour " personality acted as a continual damper to the bounding spirits of Stanislas. Apart from her dislike for Lorraine, she had, however, a very real grievance, for, though queen in name, the real queen of Lunéville was not Catherine Opalinska, but Catherine, Marquise de Boufflers, who reigned not only over the Court but over the heart of the king.

Sixth amongst the many brilliant daughters of the Prince de Beauvau Craon, Catherine had married at the age of twenty-three the Marquis de Boufflers, grandson of the famous Maréchal de Boufflers, the defender of Lille and Namur, who had been created " duc et pair " by Louis XIV.¹ The marquis, true to his traditions, spent his life campaigning, and left his wife to keep the Court of Lunéville amused.² In this she succeeded admirably, and before long every one, from Stanislas down to his young comptroller of finances, fell under the spell of the irresistible marquise. The place she occupied in the king's affections was, however, one that had been long vacated by the poor queen. The Duchesse Ossolinska, the beautiful Comtesse Jablonowska, the Comtesse de Linanges, had each in turn held

¹ See Genealogy of the de Boufflers in Appendix, p. 420.

² The Marquis was killed in a carriage accident on February 12, 1751. He does not come into this story at all.

the monarch's wandering fancy ; but now for a year Catherine Opalinska had seen all her former rivals abandoned in favour of the young Madame de Boufflers, whom he had first met on his arrival in Lorraine.

No one more fascinating could be imagined. Though not strictly beautiful, she had nevertheless a dazzling complexion, glorious hair, and a divine figure. But her great charm lay in the fact that she was so unlike other people ! Many women of her world were gay, many attractive, but none possessed her sparkling sense of humour, her buoyant and never-failing vitality !

One spring evening, May 30, 1738, the Court assembled at Commercy for the summer were awaiting the return of Madame de Boufflers from the neighbouring town of Bar-le-duc, whither she had driven off gaily to transact some business. Her health at this moment demanded care, for her second child was shortly expected, and a serious-minded magistrate of the town had therefore been requested to escort her back. But the hour was growing late and the travellers were not yet in sight—what could have delayed their arrival ?

At last a cloud of dust was observed in the distance, which, as it rolled nearer, proved to be indeed the long-expected post-chaise moving heavily along the road ; but when finally it drew up before the steps of the Château no sprightly marquise appeared from the interior ; instead, the magistrate, a " grave and reverent seigneur," descended slowly to the ground, holding in his arms a bundle from which peeped out the tiny crumpled face of a new-born infant.

Bathed in confusion, the magistrate proceeded to explain the *contretemps* which had delayed their arrival. The post-chaise was half-way between Bar-le-duc and Commercy when Madame la Marquise became aware of the imminent arrival of the child she was expecting. No village was in sight nor any passer-by who could come to the rescue in this emergency ; there was nothing for it, therefore, but to stop the

carriage and take refuge on the grass by the roadside. . . . He himself had performed the part of *accoucheur*.¹

Little had the magistrate dreamt, when he set out with the marquise from Bar-le-duc, that he would be required to perform so strange an office ! No one who knew the lady, however, was surprised. Madame de Boufflers never could do things like other people, nor, they were destined to discover, could the baby. Who, looking down on its absurd small face that memorable spring evening, dreamt that this little son of the irresponsible marquise would be one day known to the world as the most original man of his time—the famous Chevalier de Boufflers ?

Long afterwards, when composing his own epitaph, the Chevalier described in these lines the extraordinary adventure of his birth :

" Ci-gît un chevalier qui sans cesse court,
Qui sur les grands chemins, naquit, vécut, mourut
Pour prouver ce que dit le sage,
Que notre vie est un voyage."

A strange journey, strangely begun, was the life of Stanislas de Boufflers !

This little incident, however, in no way interrupted the tenor of Madame de Boufflers' life ; so little impression, indeed, had it made on her that when, long afterwards, the date of the Chevalier's birth was inquired into, she could not even remember in which year it had occurred, and the baptismal register had to be consulted.² There were so many other things to occupy her attention at this moment—her books, her music, her games of *cavagnole* and *comète*, but, above all, her lovers.

The king, now nearly sixty, far from handsome and of enormous bulk, could not hope to retain the exclusive favours of the marquise. He had long since recognized in his chancellor, M. de la Galaizière, a serious rival ; but

¹ "Notice sur la vie de Boufflers," par Octave Ozanne, and "Le Chevalier de Boufflers," by Pierre de Croze in "Le Correspondant."

² "La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier," by Gaston Maugras, p. 267.

he accepted, the situation with all the philosophy of the day. There was also the poet Saint-Lambert, created by himself a marquis—" a great jackanapes and a very tiny genius," said Horace Walpole—with whom Madame de Boufflers acted in a pastoral play as Chloe to his Daphnis ; but of all her adorers—and they were many—the only one for whom she had any real affection was the young comptroller of finances, Monsieur Devau.

François Étienne Devau was born in 1712, one year after Madame de Boufflers, and at the age of twenty-five had already experienced a *grande passion*. The object of this youthful devotion was no other than the famous Madame de Graffigny, the friend of Voltaire and Madame de Châtelet, who, though seventeen years older than himself, returned his affection and initiated him into all the intricacies of that game of love which formed the favourite pastime of the eighteenth century. " Panpan," or " Panpichon," as his " chère Francine " christened him, learnt his lesson well, and, having recovered from his first experience, was now so well versed in the art of love-making that when he lost his heart to Madame de Boufflers he had no difficulty in holding his own even against such rivals as the king and his chancellor.

" Panpan "—for the name given him by Madame de Graffigny was soon adopted by all his friends—was one of those comfortable, selfish, sympathetic creatures so often loved by idle women. With Madame de Boufflers he was, says the *Journal de Collé*, an " animal privé "—or, as we should say to-day, a " tame cat "—and played the part of a sort of confidential butler (" une espèce de valet de chambre bel esprit,") whereby he ensured her undying affection. The bearer of a nickname is usually a loveable sort of person, and so Devau, having been the " cher Panpan " of Madame de Graffigny, became the " tendre veau " of Madame de Boufflers ; " Mon veau, mon charmant veau," we find her writing to him quite at the end of her life, long after other lovers were dead or forgotten.

Whilst Madame de Boufflers was amusing herself at Lunéville with *bergeries*—as the eighteenth century aptly described the love-affairs of the period—the baby, Stanislas, whose arrival had proved so untimely was sent away to a *nourrice* at Haroué, the country house of his grandmother the Princesse de Craon, mother of the Marquise de Boufflers.

The Princesse de Craon had led a gay youth, for she had occupied in the affections of the Duke Leopold of Lorraine the same place that her daughter now held in those of his successor Stanislas.¹ Apparently she took little notice of her new grandson, and confined her attentions to his elder brother, Charles Marc Régis, who had lived with her since his birth two years before.

As time went on little Stanislas found himself left out sadly in the cold. Charles looked on him as a baby, and refused to play with him, and he was reduced to creeping into the kennel of the big yard-dog, "Pataud," for companionship. Nobody bothered about him, but if the little boy was wanted some one would say carelessly, "Better look for him in Pataud's kennel!" and there he was almost sure to be found. In time the two friends became so inseparable that boy and dog alike were known as "Pataud," and "Pataud"—lit. "lout"—was the name under which the child destined to become the greatest wit of his day was known all through his childhood.

This pleasant friendship was at last interrupted, and the two Patauds were obliged to part, for at nine years old the boy Pataud returned to his mother at the Court of Lunéville.

Lunéville must have been an enchanting place for a small boy. King Stanislas was not unlike an Indian Rajah in his passion for mechanical devices, and the

¹ In spite of this distraction the Princesse de Craon found time to present the Prince with no less than twenty children, whilst the Duchesse Leopold became the mother of sixteen. (See "Family of the Prince de Craon" in Appendix, p. 422.)

garden of the Château was laid out at enormous expense to provide every kind of amusement. Here was a "Kiosque" in which to sit and listen to music, enlivened by clockwork figures representing the performer and at every turn one encountered cascades and fountains, sham rockwork and miniature lakes, cupolas and cottages, minarets and pagodas. Most exciting of all was the famous "Rocher," on which a life-size model of a village was erected. This too moved by clockwork, and on being wound up awoke to clamorous life—cocks crowed loudly, dogs barked, cats ran after mice, and a drunkard's wife leant out of a window and poured a pail of water on the head of her returning spouse in the most realistic manner.

Another amusement that awaited Stanislas de Boufflers on his return to Lunéville was his little sister Catherine, who had been born three years before. She was a plain child, and far from clever, but the Marquise de Boufflers was devoted to her, and would never allow her to be sent away to a *nourrice*, as her other children had been. Every one at Lunéville spoilt her too, and she was known there as "la divine mignonne." Little Stanislas was too warm-hearted to show any jealousy, and soon grew very fond of her, but it was for his mother that he kept his deepest affection.

Madame de Boufflers, at thirty-six, was still as fascinating as ever, and still as ever surrounded by admirers. Her younger son, watching her with serious dark eyes as she moved lightly about the palace in her rose-coloured satin slippers and gowns of flowered silk, as she sang to the harp or harpsichord the songs she had invented, or talked gaily, lightly, with here and there a peal of delicious laughter, thought his "belle Maman," as he called her, the most wonderful person in the world. "Her gaiety," he wrote long afterwards, "was like a perpetual spring-time in her heart that brought forth flowers to the last day of her life." (*Sa gaieté était pour son âme un printemps perpétuel qui n'a cessé*

de produire des fleurs nouvelles jusqu'à son dernier jour.)

But it was a gaiety that was never tedious, never of the tiresome chattering order; often she would sit in silence listening to other people whilst from time to time a gleam of humour flashed in her eyes "like a bright light behind a transparent veil." How perfectly she understood the art of conversation is shown in these verses she once composed :

" Il faut dire en deux mots
Ce qu'on veut dire ;
Les longs propos
Sont sots.

" Say all you want to
In a word ;
To be long-winded
Is absurd.

" Il faut savoir lire
Avant que d'écrire,
Et puis dire en deux mots
Ce qu'on veut dire.
Les long propos
Sont sots.

" Before you write,
First learn to read,
Then in a word
Say all you need.
To be long-winded
Is absurd.

" Il ne faut pas toujours conter,
Citer,
Dater,
Mais écouter !
Il faut éviter l'emploi
Du moi, du moi,
Voici pourquoi :

" Don't always date,
Quote and relate,
But listen !
Avoid the use
Of ' I ' and ' I,'
And this
Is why :

" Il est tyrannique,
Trop académique ;
L'ennui, l'ennui
Marche avec lui.
Je me conduis toujours ainsi
Ici,
Aussi,
J'ai réussi.

" It is tyrannical,
Too academical ;
Weariness, weariness
Lies that way.
To my creed
Then give heed !
For indeed,
I succeed.

" Il faut dire en deux mots
Ce qu'on veut dire ;
Les longs propos
Sont sots." ¹

" Say all you want to
In a word ;
To be long-winded
Is absurd."

What wonder that a woman who could carry out the principles contained in these lines should be universally

¹ From "La Cœur de Lunéville," by Gaston Maugras.

popular? "Ecouter!"—it was this perhaps, her talent for listening, that endeared her most to her admirers, for her replies to their impassioned declarations were not always to their liking. "She exasperated her lovers more by her witticisms than by her inconstancy"¹—yet they continued to love her.

How soon did the boy looking on at all this realize the truth about the "belle maman" he adored?—understand the true significance of these *bergeries* in which she played so charming a part? It is impossible to know how the realization came to him, but when it did come there were only two ways in which to meet it—with disgust, or with cynical indifference—Stanislas took the latter course. There was nothing, indeed, in his early influences to give him the most elementary ideas of morality, and since, at this discovery, one must either laugh or weep, he chose to laugh—and to continue to adore his mother. Yet he was at heart strangely serious. The attention he paid to the sermons of the Père Menoux, the court chaplain, so impressed the king that he exclaimed, "The boy is a flower destined to adorn the altar!" and henceforth the question of an ecclesiastical career for "Pataud" was often discussed by his mother and the king.

Meanwhile, the abbé to whom his education was confided was the last person in the world to increase the boy's respect for the Church. "L'Abbé Porquet" was a little fragile wreck of a man, yet so full of wit and gaiety that the king and Madame de Boufflers were both delighted by him.

The first evening he was asked to say grace at the royal table disclosed his entire lack of religious knowledge.

"L'Abbé," said the king, "will you repeat the Bénédicité?"

Porquet "regretted deeply," but—he did not know

¹ Mémoires du Prince de Beauvau.

it ! Theology, he proceeded to explain later, did not interest him ; he preferred Voltaire. But the principal thing in life was to enjoy oneself ! So that there should be no misunderstanding on the subject, he once wrote quite a pretty little verse about it :

" M'amuser, n'importe comment.
Voilà toute ma philosophie,
Je crois ne perdre aucun moment,
Hors le moment où je m'ennuie :
Et je tiens ma tâche finie,
Pourvu qu'ainsi tout doucement
Je me défasse de la vie." ¹

These sentiments, needless to say, found a ready echo in the minds of Lunéville, but the king, who believed in maintaining a respect for religious observances, felt it his duty to remonstrate with Porquet when he too openly expressed his sceptical opinions.

" L'Abbé," he remarked pleasantly, " you must really moderate your views. Try to believe in the religion of which you are the apostle—I give you a year to do it in."

Many years went by without any reformation on the part of Porquet, but in spite of this King Stanislas ended by acceding to the wishes of Madame de Boufflers and creating him his almoner. In this capacity it was the duty of the abbé to read the Bible aloud to him. One evening Porquet, overcome by slumber during the performance of his office, stumbled over the words with startling results. The chapter for the day was out of Genesis, and described how God appeared in a dream to Jacob ; but instead of saying, " Dieu apparut en songe à Jacob," the sleepy abbé read aloud this surprising sentence : " Dieu apparut en *singe* à Jacob."

" What ! " cried the king in bewilderment, " surely you meant to say ' en *songe* ? ' "

But the abbé had no intention of admitting his mis-

¹ From " *La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier*," by Gaston Maugras, p. 355.

take. Drawing himself up with dignity, he replied :
" Ah, sire, with God all things are possible ! "

The possession of such a ready wit could not fail to delight Madame de Boufflers, and a laughing flirtation sprang up between them. Verses of the most daring kind flowed from the pen of the marquise, who found a new pastime in teasing the little " abbé." The beginning of a poem she once sent to him gives a strange idea of the terms she was on with her son's preceptor :

" Jadis je plus à Porquet
Et Porquet m'avait su plaire ;
Il devenait plus coquet ;
Je devenais moins sévère. . . . "

It is difficult to imagine that Madame de Boufflers could ever have been very severe, and Porquet was certainly the most amusing addition to the laughing world of Lunéville. It was gayer than ever now, for poor Queen Opalinska was dead and the last restraining influence had been removed from the Court. Every evening the sound of laughter and music floated out from Madame de Boufflers' rooms into the Orangerie, and the days were spent in riding and shooting, or in acting comedies in the little theatre built by Stanislas. More and more people came from Paris and all parts of Europe to join the gay circle whence all ceremonial was banished and the whim of the moment was the only law.

One evening in February, when Stanislas de Boufflers was ten years old, a strange couple arrived at Lunéville.

Madame de Boufflers had been away on a visit, and she returned home bringing with her an odd-looking little man of about fifty-five, with sharp features and piercing eyes, who looked wretchedly ill, and a large bony woman of forty-two who was received by the King with transports of delight. These two were no other than Voltaire and his " divine Emilie," the Marquise du Châtelet.

King Stanislas, who adored genius, could not do enough honour to the philosopher, and to the authoress of a work on physics. The couple were lodged in the best

rooms of the Château, and all the *habitués* of the Court vied with each other in entertaining the distinguished guests.

Every one knows of the tragedy that followed, the infatuation of "la divine Émilie," for the young poet Saint-Lambert, who, dazzled by the attentions of the learned lady, forsook Madame de Boufflers and allowed himself to be drawn into the intrigue that had so sordid an ending.

Madame de Boufflers cared nothing for Saint-Lambert's defection, and soon after the death of Madame du Châtelet was amusing herself with another lover, the Comte de Tressan,¹ who had fled to Lunéville from the Court of Versailles, where he had incurred the displeasure of Madame de Pompadour.

De Tressan at once fell so madly in love with Madame de Boufflers that he seemed in danger of losing his reason. For two years he besieged her with burning declarations of passion. "All met," he wrote, "with coldness, abstraction, sometimes with a look of pity, but a look mingled with weariness, embarrassment, and mockery."

Baffled thus in his direct methods of attack, Tressan adopted a course curiously characteristic of the eighteenth century. Love, in this romantic age, was a malady to which every one was so liable that no one, falling a victim to it, felt it necessary to conceal the symptoms. Thus one lover would confide in another as an influenza patient might compare notes with a fellow sufferer on the stages of the disease. It was, therefore, quite natural that Tressan, tortured by the pangs of an unrequited love for Madame de Boufflers, should write to her old lover, Panpan, who, having passed that way himself, might be expected to sympathize with the sufferings of another victim to the malady.

"I cannot tell you, my dear Panpan," we find him

¹ Louis Elizabeth de la Vergne, Comte de Tressan (1705-1783), who had been brought up with Louis XV sharing his studies and amusements.

writing frantically, "all that I have endured since yesterday . . . you know, my dear Panpan, what my feelings are . . . the wildest passion has overcome me, and reflection has not yet restored my reason. . . . You must have seen for days how she has overwhelmed me with disdain, irony, and persiflage . . . endeavour, my dear Panpan, to discover her reasons. . . ." He longs to leave a kiss in her hair, to hide his aching heart in one of her little pink slippers—"dans une de ces jolies mules couleur de roses quoique je ne suis pas sûr cependant qu'il put s'y loger."¹

Apparently, however, the lady was not always cruel, for the letters convey hints of visits paid by her to his garden in Toul, where every flower reminds him agonizingly of her presence; and there were happy hours, too, when, seated by her harpsichord, the "divine warbler" (la divine fauvette), as he called her, sang to him alone.

"Farewell, queen of my thoughts, of my heart and of my reason . . .," he ends one of his letters to her; "believe me that I am, and only wish to be, what you desire, to adore without displeasing you, and to occupy only a few moments of your life. I kiss your right hand with respect. . . . I kiss, too, that poor little left hand that hovers so bravely over double octaves. Confess that I am very magnanimous to kiss those naughty little hands after the tricks that they have played on me. Ah! if I dared I would kiss . . .," etc., etc.¹

It is not surprising that if Madame de Boufflers received many effusions of this kind they should be met with the "persiflage" and "air of abstraction" of which Tressan complained in his letter to Panpan. Yet, though she could never resist laughing at her lovers, Madame de Boufflers was fundamentally the most good-natured woman in the world, and her kindness usually healed the wounds her mockery had caused.

We do not know how the affair of Tressan ended, but his letters to Panpan four years later convey no longer

¹ "La Mère du Chevalier de Boufflers," by E. Meaume.

the impression of unrequited love, and it is probable that he enjoyed the same favour as her other lovers. Madame de Boufflers was the incarnation of her age, the age that at the same time repels and fascinates. Voltaire and the so-called philosophers of the eighteenth century had undermined all belief in a hereafter, and the gay world danced with smiling indifference towards the abyss of nothingness—the "néant"—that they believed awaited them. It is said that Madame de Boufflers adopted as her own the epitaph composed by the Comtesse de Verrue, summing up in a word her own philosophy of life :

"Ci-gît, dans une paix profonde
Cette dame de volupté
Qui, pour plus grande sûreté,
Fit son Paradis en ce monde"

CHAPTER II

" A GOOD DEVIL, BUT A BAD SAINT "

WHILST his mother was amusing herself with " bergeries " Stanislas de Boufflers was leading a riotous youth under the care of the Abbé Porquet. In spite of his reputation for infant piety, the son of the " Dame de Volupté " had inherited strong passions and a spirit of adventure that, as the years went on, led him into all kinds of escapades. But in the eighteenth century a prelate had little need to cultivate austerity, and his behaviour appeared to no one at Lunéville an obstacle to his entering the Church as the king and his mother had arranged. Madame de Boufflers had only a small fortune of her own, and so little had she used her power over the king to enrich herself that Voltaire tells us " she had hardly the wherewithal to buy herself petticoats." Charles, her elder son (now the Marquis de Boufflers in consequence of his father's death), having followed the profession of his ancestors, the family resources were needed to defray his expenses in the army, and therefore some more remunerative employment must be found for Stanislas. The Church, with such powerful influence as the king's at his back, was obviously the shortest road to fame and to fortune, and so, regardless of the boy's glaring unfitness for an ecclesiastical career, the livings of Longeville and Béchamp were bestowed on him, and he became known to the world under the solemn title of the " Abbé de Boufflers."

Henceforth this strange abbé of eighteen was to be seen riding joyously to hounds, acting, dancing, singing, and composing ribald verses in the intervals of theo-

logical studies. Porquet, far from exercising any sobering influence over his pupil, became his boon companion, and the two abbés "rhymed together on woman, love, and folly."

Boufflers' talent for making verses provoked so much admiration at Lunéville that when he was only twenty it was decided to make him a member of the "Académie de Nancy," and, since Porquet must not be left out, both abbés were received there on the same day.

Nobody, of course, saw any irony in the address made to Boufflers on this occasion.

"Until now," the President remarked solemnly, "you have devoted yourself to the study of sacred books and theology, because you were born to enlighten vast dioceses and to be placed hereafter amongst the foremost pillars of the Church . . ."!

What must have been the feelings of the young abbé on hearing this exhortation? From the first he had never shown the least inclination to the calling chosen for him; no one more than he detested humbug, and as time went on he grew more and more to dread the thought of taking vows.

At last, one dreadful day, his mother told him that the time had come for him to go to Paris and enter Saint-Sulpice as a seminarist. Stanislas heard these words with dismay. He could not bear the idea of leaving Lunéville and the smiling hills of Lorraine. He thought of the glorious days spent in the chase across country on his English hunters, and with a sinking heart he felt the grim walls of Saint-Sulpice closing round him, shutting out the free outdoor life he loved. But in vain he begged Madame de Boufflers to change her mind and allow him to become a soldier like his father and brother, assuring her that he had no vocation for the priesthood; his mother only replied impatiently that he was a dreamer—what did he want with a vocation, when other priests got on so well without one? And though at last he threw himself at her feet and implored her to

reconsider her decision, nothing would move Madame de Boufflers ; she only told him not to weary her with more discussion ; he must go into the Church, and there was an end of it.¹

In desperation Stanislas sought the king and put his case before him. The old man, who was really fond of young Boufflers, showed no impatience, and listened sympathetically to all he had to say, but he would not reverse Madame de Boufflers' decision. He told him to be reasonable and to do what his mother wished ; all would be for the best. " We have great hopes for you," he ended kindly ; " I will do everything in my power for you, and help you to attain the highest places in the Church."

" I care nothing for advancement," Stanislas answered sadly ; " ambition has no place in my heart."

" What ? You would not care to be one day a great prelate—perhaps a cardinal ? "

" I would rather be happy than great."

The king understood this. He was at heart a simple soul, and could enter into the boy's feelings. Still, it was impossible to oppose Madame de Boufflers. So a few weeks later Boufflers, with despair in his heart, bade farewell to his mother and the " divine mignonne," to kind old Stanislas, to his friends Panpan and Porquet, and, last but not least, to his English hunters, and set forth on the long road to Paris.

Long afterwards, looking back on the world he left that day behind him, he wrote : " When I think of that Court of Lunéville I seem to be remembering the pages of a novel rather than years of my own life."

His heart sank still lower when he arrived at his destination and found himself within the gloomy precincts of the Saint-Sulpice under the vigilant eyes of the Père Couthurier and the pious priests of the seminary. No more for young de Boufflers the pleasures of the chase, nights of revelry, laughter, love, and song !

¹ " La Cour de Lunéville, dernières années," by Gaston Maugras.

But the depression that filled him on arrival did not last long, and his wild spirits soon came to the rescue. His career at Saint-Sulpice was, in fact, a series of outbreaks against discipline, and before many weeks had sped he was gaily filling up the *bénitiers* with ink wherewith the unsuspecting brothers adorned their foreheads, and enlivening discourses by his really remarkable talent for imitating the sounds of a farmyard. There were plenty of amusing people to welcome him in Paris—amongst them his mother's brother, the Prince de Beauvau, her sisters the Maréchale de Mirepoix and the abbess of Saint-Antoine,¹ and her aunt the Maréchale de Luxembourg (once the Duchesse de Boufflers), of whom much more anon.

The Marquise de Boufflers had often stayed in Paris, and indeed held an honorary post as lady-in-waiting to the king's old sisters, so she had many friends, who were all delighted to welcome the young seminarist. The trouble was that the rules of Saint-Sulpice forbade unlimited liberty, and Boufflers was obliged to refuse most of the invitations he received. Filled with indignation at this severity, he wrote home hastily to his mother: "I have just heard a frightful thing! I am only to be allowed out twice a month instead of twice a week, and then I must be in by five o'clock!"

It was agreed at Lunéville that this was intolerable, and a letter from Stanislas to the Père Couthurier had the desired effect of relaxing discipline in the case of the rebellious abbé.

Another hardship, however, awaited him at Saint-Sulpice. Boufflers, accustomed to the delicacies of the royal table, found the diet of the seminary all too meagre, and, being possessed of a healthy appetite, would have fared badly but for the kindness of his friends, who kept

¹ Gabrielle de Beauvau, abbess of the royal "abbaye" de la Rue Saint-Antoine. "Le Chevalier de Boufflers, son neveu, disait toujours qu'elle était la personne la plus naturellement spirituelle et la plus naïvement piquante qu'il eût jamais connue." ("Mémoires de la Marquise de Créquy," vol. ii. p. 133.)

him supplied with good things. These he consumed in the privacy of his cell, and wrote charming verses in return.

In a letter to his aunt, the *Maréchale de Mirepoix*, he describes amusingly one of these surreptitious banquets :

“ I must beg you, *Madame la Maréchale*, to pay yourself my compliments, to assure yourself of my respect, to ask yourself whether you are well, whether you had a good journey, and whether you are not very tired. . . . I have just been obliged to leave you for a moment in order to lunch on half a pie that the *Princesse de Chimay*¹ sent me; from it I have derived invincible courage wherewith to brave the diet of the seminary, and laid up a store of sobriety for the whole day. *Madame du Deffand* sent me lately two excellent cold partridges. . . . *Monsieur le Président*² sent me a tongue much better suited to the seminary than my own, for it is stuffed, and I am glad of it, as thus it is not in a condition to tell *Monsieur Couthurier* about my behaviour. . . . You see, from the account I have given you of my provisions and my verses, that my room is half *Parnassus* and half larder, and he who inhabits it is half poet and half ogre—but more ogre than poet! There, my dear aunt!—give my respects to my grandmother and kiss yourself from me on the forehead in the looking-glass—I hear a bell ring, so I take my surplice and hood and fly to service. . . . If I am scolded I shall say it was you who kept me! Good-bye—Good-bye!”

The *Maréchale de Mirepoix*, to whom these compliments were addressed, was the elder sister of the *Marquise de Boufflers*. As *Anne Marguerite Gabrielle de Beauvau Craon*, she had first married the *Prince de Lixin*, who was killed in a duel with the *Duc de Richelieu*, and after his death she made one of the few love marriages of the period, the object of her affections being the *Maréchal de Mirepoix*—“ a hard, polite, dry, and civilman,” says *Horace Walpole*, whom his wife, however, contrived to adore. She had, unhappily, another and

¹ The *Prince de Chimay* was *Boufflers*' first cousin.

² The *President Henault*, one of *Madame du Deffand*'s many lovers.

less admirable passion, and this was for gambling. "Madame de Mirepoix," Walpole observes, "is *the* agreeable woman of the world, when she pleases—but there must not be a card in the room." It was the besetting vice that ran through all her family, and that proved disastrous later on, as we shall see, both to the Marquise de Boufflers and her son the Chevalier.

But Madame de Mirepoix allowed her passion to lead her into depths never reached by her more irresponsible sister. Desperate to recoup herself and to cover her continual losses, she was reduced to befriending the King's favourites, first Madame de Pompadour and later Madame du Barry, thereby securing the aid of the royal purse to help her out of difficulties.

It was probably through Madame de Mirepoix that young de Boufflers made the acquaintance of the woman who was helping to ruin France. Soon after his arrival at Saint-Sulpice we find him riding constantly along the road to Versailles on a "great devil of a horse" and dismounting at the wonderful house next door to the Château where, amidst all that was most exquisite in the art of France, sat that amazing woman, her cheeks wasting beneath their rouge, her eyes bright with fever—Madame de Pompadour, nearing the end of her short and evil life. Yet behind the wreckage of her beauty her intellect was as alert as ever; though her charms had long since ceased to appeal to his senses, her mind still held sway over the feeble brain of the king; she was still able to amuse him, able by means of ceaseless effort to dispel his perpetual *ennui*.

Like many another woman who has lost the power to charm, she had now taken up a "cause." In the *entresol* of the Château she had secured a lodging for the "docteur Quesnay," and here, in the intervals of wheedling money and privileges out of the man who had raised her from obscurity to the place of power she occupied, she would find her way surreptitiously to join the crowd of social reformers that the doctor

collected around him. "This little *entresol*, the rendezvous of the boldest innovators, of the most determined *esprits forts*, of the most ardent materialists, was the secret laboratory of the coming Revolution, of disorder and destruction. To be met there—talking, dining, declaiming, conspiring together were such men as d'Alémbert, the chief of the Encyclopédistes, Duclos, who said of the great nobles by whom he was flattered : 'They fear us as thieves fear street-lamps. . . .' Rugged democrats in appearance, compliant in reality, eating with pride the good dinners of the great ones of the earth whose so-called dignity makes them smile ! . . ."¹

It was characteristic of such democrats to choose the King's own palace for their meeting-place, and the King's favourite for their presiding genius. Yet they knew, these so-called friends of the people, that the miseries the people suffered were owing to this woman in a greater degree than to any other cause. When, in 1750, the Revolution nearly broke out, the insults of the populace were all directed against Madame de Pompadour.

"We are dying of hunger !" cried the fishwives surrounding the carriage of the Dauphin as he crossed the bridge of La Tournelle. A few louis were distributed amongst them. But the cries broke out anew : "Monseigneur, we do not want your money ; it is bread we need. We love you well—but send away the miserable woman who is ruling the kingdom and causing us to perish. If we could catch her there would soon be little left of her !" And indeed Madame de Pompadour, venturing incautiously into Paris, was obliged to fly for her life to avoid being torn to pieces. The enraged people, baffled of their prey, threatened to march on Versailles and burn down the Château. Alas for popular justice ! the march was delayed thirty-nine years longer, and another woman, innocent of wrongs towards the nation, suffered in her stead.

But of all this Stanislas de Boufflers probably guessed

¹ "La Cour de Louis XV," by Imbert de Saint-Amand, p. 242.

nothing. Very young and generous-minded men are easily deceived by clever women with a chequered past behind them, and to the boy of twenty-three this brilliant woman of forty doubtless appeared a divinity. Accustomed from his youth to the most flagrant immorality, her position at the Court must have seemed to him quite natural, and she was skilful enough to pose as an advocate for the rights of the people, thereby appealing to that passionate love of humanity which lay at the bottom of his nature. He saw on one side the degraded Court, the weak and self-indulgent King, and on the other a band of reformers whose rugged speech and plain manners distinguished them from the false and polished courtiers, who discussed marvellous schemes of legislation by which a model state should be evolved out of the existing chaos.

At this period of his life, however, Boufflers was incapable of taking anything seriously for long, and as time went on he threw himself more and more into dissipation. Everything conspired to make him reckless—the wild blood that ran in his veins, the disastrous influences of his youth, and now the restraints of the seminary, which served only to whet his appetite for pleasure. When he *did* get out his pent-up spirits were apt to carry him away completely. Thus at the Prince de Conti's country house—"L'Isle Adam"—his behaviour led him into sad disgrace.

It was impossible, Boufflers had written home rapturously, to give an idea of the delights of "L'Isle Adam." "We are here in battalions . . . and there are pretty women by the dozen. I could imagine myself at the *salon* where everything enchants the eye but nothing holds it, so I have made up my mind to love every one at once."

At supper the pleasure of the day reached its height. In the eighteenth century supper-parties often turned into revels, and ended up with songs of a ribald kind. One evening, when the mirth ran high and champagne

flowed too freely, Boufflers, excited by wine and merriment, gave vent to an impromptu song even more daring than the rest, which reached the ears of the Dauphin¹ and brought him a severe reprimand from Court.

"I was unanimously condemned," he wrote with shame to the Abbé Porquet, "and unfortunately with justice."

Yet even this experience did not teach the irrepressible abbé to restrain his muse, for soon after we find him busily engaged on literary work in his cell. A theological treatise, no doubt? Alas, nothing of the kind!

In a few weeks the salons of Paris were startled by the appearance of a short story entitled, "Aline, Reine de Golconde," which told in really graceful language how a little milkmaid, by the exercise of her charms, rose to be queen of Golconda. The pastoral ending to this licentious tale is characteristic of Boufflers' whimsical turn of mind. The author, having described his encounters with his adored Aline at various stages of her triumphal career, explains that he has now retired to a desert to end his life in solitude:

"My reader has perhaps believed till now that it was to him I was telling this story, but, as he never asked me to do so, he will think it only natural that it should be addressed to a little old woman dressed in palm-leaves who has long inhabited the desert to which I have retired and had asked me to recount my most interesting adventures to her."

Needless to say, the little old woman turns out to be no other than Aline herself:

"'What! is it you again?' I cried. 'I must be very old, for, if I remember rightly, I am one year older than you; but it is impossible to be one year older than your face!'

"'What do our age or our faces matter?' she answered gravely. 'Once we were young and handsome; let us now be wise, and we shall be happier. . . .'

"Then she led me towards a high mountain covered

¹ Father of Louis XVI

with fruit-trees of different kinds ; a stream of clear and sparkling water ran in and out from the summit. . . .

" 'Look,' she said, 'is not that enough for your happiness ? This is my abode ; it can be yours too if you wish. . . .'

"I fell at the feet of the divine Aline, filled with admiration for her and of contempt for myself ; we loved each other more than ever, and became the universe to one another. I have already passed many delightful years with this wise companion ; I have left my wild passions and all my prejudices behind in the world ; my arms have become more industrious, my mind profounder, my heart more feeling. Aline has taught me to find a charm in gentle labour, in pleasant thoughts and tender feelings, and it is only at the end of my days that I have begun to live ! " (Ce n'est qu'à la fin de mes jours que j'ai commencé à vivre !)

The story of Aline is, of course, frankly pagan in its morality, and, to the cynical mind of the eighteenth century, it acquired an additional piquancy when it was discovered to be the work of the young seminarist—Stanislas de Boufflers.

"For six months 'Aline' was the rage. Innumerable copies passed from *salon* to *salon*, from boudoir to boudoir, from one set to another ; people fought for the manuscripts, they talked of nothing but the story and its author. Boufflers had a vogue he had never sought, and which for that reason was all the greater, and landed him straight away in the domain of gallantry. Every woman wanted to know the happy lover of the milkmaid, the simple and charming writer who by the freshness and pretty turn of his phrases had been able to excite the curiosity of a public wearied by the dulness of so many little novels. Dowagers had this *bagatelle* read out to them, and smiled as they applauded. At Versailles the whole Court was under the spell, and Madame de Pompadour took so keen an interest in reading 'Aline,' and retained such a favourable impression of it, that, according to Bachaumont, she conceived the idea of the little rustic farm and gardens of the Petit Trianon. She wanted to keep cows and milk

them herself, to dress up in the corselet and white petticoat of Aline and in this coquettish disguise to fascinate afresh her royal and inconstant lover."¹

For the modern mind it is difficult to understand the extraordinary success of "Aline." It is too irresponsible to shock us—for no one could take its morality seriously, and there is not a coarse word from beginning to end—but the impression left on the mind is of a rather charming absurdity. One must understand, however, the mind of the eighteenth century to appreciate its novelty. Artificiality had been so long the order of the day, stilted romances crammed with classical allusions, that Boufflers' little story was like a sudden getting back to Nature for these hothouse brains. His charming descriptions of fields and streams and of the "simple life," though commonplaces to us, were entirely new to them, and thrilled them with all the joy of a discovery. Boufflers was indeed a revelation to his age, for he dared to be perfectly natural. It was this that made the charm of his personality, and distinguished him from the puppet men of the *salons*. He never achieved anything really great in literature, but his verses have a whimsicality, an original turn to be found in no others of the period. "How can one seriously discuss the style of the Chevalier de Boufflers, since it consists in being without one?" wrote the Prince de Ligne. "He never wrote verses for the sake of writing them, but he seized on the point, the salt, the right word, the piquant and funny side of things in the society verses of which he was the god. How can any one compare him with Voiture, stilted, involved, dry, cold, and hard—he, with his charming carelessness, with gaiety in every verse, with his witty silliness and his good taste amidst the bad taste underlying it? In a word, he has his own way of saying things, and he says nothing but what he wants to say."

There was a further point about Boufflers usually

¹ "Notice sur la vie de Boufflers," by Octave Uzanne.

overlooked by his critics—the strange seriousness that lay behind all his folly. The buffoon who is only a buffoon soon becomes wearisome; the true humorist has almost invariably an underlying current of gravity, sometimes even of melancholy. Boufflers was no exception to this rule. Underneath all his fooling, through all his amorous adventures and his life as wit and man of fashion, as actor, poet, soldier, explorer, the same dream of a truer, simpler life pursued him—the life that but half mockingly he described at the end of "Aline": "Ce n'est qu'à la fin de mes jours que j'ai commencé à vivre."

These concluding words, as we shall see, proved strangely prophetic of his future.

The publication of "Aline, Reine de Golconde," settled, however, Boufflers' career. The story having been deliberated over by the authorities at Saint-Sulpice, the impious abbé was summoned and informed that grave doubts were entertained as to his vocation. Boufflers, always frank, heartily concurred with the opinion of his superiors.

"Nothing," he said fervently, "is further from my thoughts than the desire to become an ecclesiastic. Of course I have no vocation. I would far rather follow the calling of my ancestors, and be a soldier."

To this reply there was nothing to be said, and the Père Couthurier was faced with the unpleasant duty of informing Boufflers' relations that he must leave the seminary.

But the young abbé saved him any trouble in the matter by taking the law into his own hands. Without saying a word to any one, he watched his opportunity, and one day, when the holy brothers were engaged at prayer or meditation and the precincts were deserted, he hurried to his cell, slipped out of the hated cassock, tore off his hood, and crept out of the gate into the street.

Oh the joy of that moment! The gloomy portals of Saint-Sulpice behind him, the blue sky overhead, and

the great world of excitement and of adventure before him. He was free once more—free to make love and enjoy life like other men, without the shadow of the priesthood hanging over him ; and, as usual, he found a vent for his spirits by bursting into rhyme :

" J'ai quitté ma soutane
Malgré tous mes parents ;
Je veux que Dieu me damne
Si jamais je la prends.
Eh ! mais oui dà,
Comment peut-on trouver du mal à ça ?
Eh ! mais oui dà,
Se fera prêtre qui voudra.

" J'aime mieux mon Annette
Que mon bonnet carré,
Que ma noire jaquette
Et mon rabat moiré.
Eh ! mais oui dà,
Comment peut-on trouver du mal à ça ?
Eh ! mais oui dà,
Se fera prêtre qui voudra."

Yet, after giving vent to this ribald outburst, we find the extraordinary ex-abbé sitting down to write a letter of immense length to Porquet describing with the gravity of an elderly philosopher his exact reasons for changing his profession.

" Well, my dear abbé, here am I on the point of carrying out a project to which my humour has always inclined and which your reason has always blamed—that of changing my calling. It is no light thing to begin a new life, so to speak, at twenty-four ; and perhaps you will tell me that I ought to think it over more seriously than my age or my light-heartedness enables me to do ; but do not condemn me without having heard me out one last time ; and since, in the matter of happiness, the only true judges are the interested parties, let me plead and sum up my own case.

" I was on the road to fortune ; the first steps I made on it sufficed to show me this. The most favourable circumstances seemed to conspire in presenting a brilliant future to my imagination. I could, without merit, have obtained—like so many others—certain

privileges ; by means of a little hypocrisy I should probably have become a bishop ; perhaps, by a little knavery, a cardinal ; who knows but that a few more artifices and intrigues might not have placed me at the head of the Church ? But I would rather be aide-de-camp in the Soubise army : 'Trahit sua quemque voluptas.' The first rule for conduct is not to become rich and powerful, but to know one's true desires and follow them. Alexander, with the gold of Asia in his coffers and the sceptre of the universe in his hands, sought happiness in Babylon, and a little shepherd boy will find it in his own village if he wins for his wife the little peasant girl he loves.

"But to leave Alexander and return to myself (for I am much more like the shepherd boy than I am like Alexander), you know that the three principal traits in my character are hot blood, thoughtlessness, and independence. Compare such a character with the duties of the calling I had adopted and tell me whether you think I was fitted for it. You know how impossible it is for me, but how important it is for an ecclesiastic, to conceal all his desires, to disguise all his thoughts, to be careful of all he says, and to avoid drawing attention to all he does. Think of the bitter hatreds, the black jealousies, the miserable perfidies, that reign even more in the hearts of priests than of other men, and then of the hold that my frankness, my want of discretion, my levity, in fact, would have given over me ; you will admit that I was not made to live amongst those sort of people. Infer then, dear abbé, from my long letter, and still more from the long time we have lived together, that I may, as often happens, be carried away from my duties by my levity, by the gaiety of youth, by the force of my passions, but I will die rather than cease to be honest !"

This was Boufflers at his best ; all his life he hated hypocrisy. Nearly twenty years later we find him writing the same thing in briefer language : "J'aime mieux être bon diable que mauvais saint !" And this sentence may be taken as an epitome of his reasons for leaving Saint-Sulpice.

CHAPTER III

"MONSIEUR CHARLES"

THE doors of the seminary having closed behind him, Stanislas de Boufflers lost no time in embarking on his new career. The Seven Years War was not yet ended, and so there was still a chance of glory for a boy with the fighting blood of the de Boufflers rioting in his veins. Through the influence of his uncle, the Prince de Beauvau, he succeeded in getting a commission in the army of the Prince de Soubise, now engaged on a campaign in Hesse. At the same time he was created a Chevalier de Malte (Knight of Malta), an order that was both religious and military, and conferred on him the strange privilege of being allowed to attend mass with a surplice worn over his uniform. A more tangible advantage lay, however, in the fact that, as Chevalier de Malte, he was able to draw his revenues from the livings conferred on him by Stanislas, whilst renouncing all his vows except that of celibacy, a detail that at this period of his life did not trouble him at all, though, as we shall see, its consequences were destined to be far-reaching. And so Boufflers—henceforth to become famous as the Chevalier de Boufflers—set forth gaily to the war. How glorious to exchange the "great devil of a horse" that had carried the unwilling seminarist through the streets of Paris for the splendid chargers—named by him "Le Prince Ferdinand" and "Le Prince Héréditaire," after two generals in the enemy's army—now owned by this gallant captain of hussars!

With a song on his lips the Chevalier rode into the fiercest battles, and, returning to camp, laid aside his sword to write love-poems to the ladies he had left behind in Paris, or to delight his companions with his *bons mots* and his verses.

No less than his gallant ancestors did our Chevalier show himself worthy of his traditions, and at the end of the war the great-grandson of the defender of Lille returned to Lunéville with a splendid record for valour.

With the signing of the peace of Hubertville in 1763 the military career of Boufflers came temporarily to an end, and once more he found himself with no adequate outlet for his energies. The life at Lunéville soon failed to satisfy the man who was described as "le plus errant des chevaliers," and to satisfy his roving nature Stanislas from time to time sent the Chevalier on diplomatic missions, in which pursuit his ready wit might be expected to stand him in good stead. It proved occasionally too ready, as in the case of his visit to the Princess Christine of Saxony. This princess, the daughter of Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, and sister to the Dauphine of France, had just been made abbess of the convent of Remiremont, and Stanislas felt it incumbent on him to send her his congratulations on the event. The Chevalier de Boufflers, having been chosen as his emissary, no doubt looked forward to an amusing visit, for Remiremont was one of the gayest convents of the day, and the rendezvous of many pleasant people.

Unfortunately, on the journey he caught a chill which resulted in a badly swollen cheek. Now Boufflers at his best was never strictly handsome, and this ill-timed excrescence certainly did not improve his appearance. Whether the princess considered the luckless Chevalier guilty of some form of *lèse-majesté* in having permitted his cheek to swell before entering her presence, or whether she had some other cause for annoyance, history does not relate; we only know that the Prin-

cess Christine—a homely German with the opulent charms of her race—received him with marked coldness. This was too much for Boufflers, accustomed to be made much of by the great world, and as he made his way homewards he could not refrain from giving vent to his feelings by his fatal passion for rhyming. His version of the incident is given in a poem of which the two first verses are as follows :

" Enivré du brillant poste
Que j'occupe en ce moment,
Dans une chaise de poste
Je me campe fièrement,
Et je vais en ambassade,
Au nom de mon souverain,
Dire que je suis malade
Et que lui se porte bien.

" Avec une joue enflée,
Je débarque tout honteux :
La princesse boursouflée,
Au lieu d'une, en avait deux ;
Et son Altesse sauvage
Sans doute a trouvé mauvais
Que j'eusse sur mon visage
La moitié de ses attraits."

These irreverent verses convulsed Lunéville, but having been read by the Comte de Lusace, brother of "the puffy princess"—"la princesse boursouflée"—they finally reached the Dauphine and the Chevalier found himself once more in disgrace at the Court of France.

King Stanislas, however, undaunted by the fiasco of Boufflers' first venture as a diplomat, continued to employ him as envoy, and sent him to congratulate the Archduke Joseph (son of the last Duke of Lorraine) on his election as King of the Romans. This time the Chevalier acquitted himself well, and his letters to Lunéville describing the ceremonies that took place at Frankfort contained no further sarcasms about royal personages.

Yet Boufflers had not the makings of a courtier ; his

sense of the ridiculous was bound to assert itself at the wrong moment, and the impulsiveness which he recognized as one of his salient characteristics was no less fatal to his success at the Courts of Europe than it would have been to his advancement in the Church.

When, in the autumn of 1764, no other diplomatic mission was forthcoming, it occurred to the Chevalier to set forth on his travels for his own pleasure.

Now at this moment, Voltaire, having quarrelled finally with Frederick the Great, was living in retirement at Ferney; but the great world was not long in following him into his retreat, and it became the fashion for the *esprits forts* of the day—both men and women—to make pilgrimages to the shrine of their idol.

Madame de Genlis, in the course of an amusing description of her own visit to the great philosopher at whose doctrines she had always professed to be shocked, was obliged to admire his philanthropy :

"He took us through the village to see the houses he had built and the benevolent institutions he had made. There he is greater than in his books; for kindly thought is everywhere to be seen, and one can hardly believe that the hand which penned so much impiety, falsehood, and wickedness should have done things so noble, wise, and useful."

This was the Voltaire that appealed to the imagination of the Chevalier de Boufflers, the Voltaire he could remember on that memorable visit to Lunéville in his childhood as one of his mother's most fervent admirers, and he started for Ferney to renew his acquaintance with the philosopher. This time he did not "set forth proudly in a postchaise," but humbly and "incognito" as the impecunious artist "Monsieur Charles" visiting Switzerland in the exercise of his profession. Already the "Chevalier de Boufflers" was well known to the world, and only by concealing his identity would

he be able to mix with the people at his ease and study the life of the country through which he passed. Boufflers' chief interest in life was always humanity, and the cause of humanity the one purpose that fired his imagination. His visit to Switzerland was therefore a revelation to him, for it was his first sight of a free and happy country.

France at this period was at its lowest ebb of misery. The peasants were ground down by taxes—*corvées*, *tailles*, and *gabelles*—whilst the nobles and the clergy were exempt from taxation. A more monstrously unjust state of affairs it is impossible to imagine—no wonder that it roused the indignation of the large-hearted Chevalier, and that the sight of the happy Swiss peasants filled him with passionate regret for the miseries of France.

The "Lettres de la Suisse"¹ that he wrote to his mother, and which afterwards became so famous, are not merely charming as descriptions of the scenery, but interesting as showing the growth of democracy in the mind of a young man belonging to a country where at this period the rights of man were still only dreamt of, and whose sole experience of life was confined to Courts and the society of the rich and frivolous. The example of Stanislas le Bienfaisant had doubtless not been without its effect, but Boufflers was a natural humanitarian; no extraneous influences were needed to bring him to a realization of the injustices of human life. He went about the world on his own account, observing, studying, and drawing his conclusions, which are delightfully recorded in the letters from Switzerland. Their literary merit may not be so high as his contemporaries believed, but they are so simple, so natural, and so curiously modern in their style that they are

¹ All the letters quoted in this chapter are taken from the "Œuvres de Stanislas de Boufflers" (Briand, Paris, 1813). They have been published several times. In the British Museum there is a copy that belonged to Horace Walpole, and is marked throughout by Walpole's hand.

well worth reading through. A further interesting point is the modernity of the descriptions they contain—they might, indeed, be dated 1915 instead of 1764, so exactly do they coincide with the social conditions of the same country to-day.

Switzerland has been undoubtedly, all through its history, the model democracy of the world; nowhere are the inequalities of birth or fortune so little apparent as in that happy country. The Chevalier de Boufflers in one sentence puts his finger on that point in Swiss human nature which, even more than its excellent schemes of government, has contributed to its prosperity.

"The Swiss and French people," he wrote from Geneva, "are like two gardeners, of which one cultivates cabbages, the other flowers." There we have it in a word! A democratic government must be above all things utilitarian, and to a large extent material—the population for which it legislates must all be content not merely to work, but to make work the primary object of life and amusement its accessory.

But if the Swiss are content to cultivate cabbages, they are not without flowers all the same: Nature provides them! Nature, in giving it enchanting lakes and mountains, serene skies and glorious sunshine, has laid out this little country as a pleasure-garden where the planters of cabbages can take their ease and enjoy their leisure moments.

The Chevalier de Boufflers, watching these contented gardeners at work, was filled with interest and admiration.

"This country," he wrote to his mother, "is not so fertile as France, but the soil is cultivated by free hands. The men sow for themselves, and do not reap for others. The horses do not see four-fifths of their corn eaten by kings. . . . The peasants are tall and strong, the peasant women strong and handsome. . . . This nation does not amuse itself much, but it employs

its time well. Here men are industrious because work is a pleasure, for they are certain to secure the profit; it is as pleasant to till the ground as to reap. The laws of the Swiss are severe; but they have the pleasure of making them themselves, and he who is hanged for breaking them has the pleasure of seeing himself obeyed by the executioner. . . . Remind the king that in the freest country in the world there is at this moment the most faithful of his subjects, and you—sing to yourself from me: 'Love me as I love you.'"

The democratic spirit of Switzerland delighted the young man who had proved so unsuccessful as a courtier:

"Here I am in the charming Pays de Vaud, on the edge of the Lake of Geneva, bordered on one side by the mountains of Valais and Savoie and on the other by superb vineyards where the vintage is now in progress. The grapes are enormous and excellent; they grow from the edge of the lake right up to the top of Mount Jura, so that at one glance I can see grape-gatherers with their feet in the water and others perched high up on the rocks almost out of sight. The Lake of Geneva is a thing of beauty! It is as if the Ocean had given Switzerland its portrait in a miniature. . . .

"The most interesting thing of all is the simplicity of manners in the town of Vevai. I am only known there as a painter, yet am treated everywhere as I am at Nancy—I go into all kinds of society, I am listened to and admired by many people who have a great deal more sense than I have myself, and am shown civilities I should only expect in Lorraine.

"The Golden Age still exists for these people. It is not worth while to be a noble lord [*grand seigneur*] in order to associate with them; it is enough to be a man. Humanity, with these good folks, is all that kinship would be with others."

This appreciation of the dignity of human nature apart from the accidents of birth or fortune, this

detestation of snobbery which made life at Courts unendurable to the Chevalier, runs through all his writings. No wonder that, as time went on, he allowed himself to be enticed by the mirage of "equality," of the "equal rights of man" that danced perpetually before the eyes of the generous-minded men of his day. For them, too, the Golden Age was to dawn, the day when tyranny should be abolished and every man should be free and happy. Alas for all the high hopes that perished in the great disillusionment the terrible future held for them! But the Chevalier, as yet, did not dream of revolutions. "Place me at the king's feet," he ends a letter to his mother, "and tell him that the sight of a free people will never lead me to rebellion. Adieu, maman; I love you wherever I am, wherever you are."

The Chevalier tells his mother gaily of all his adventures, his joy at having made a humble pair happy by painting the portrait of the wife for the husband and refusing the payment the good people pressed on him; of his delight in discovering that even in austere Switzerland "*la femme est toujours femme. Non seulement la femme y est femme, mais elle est belle.*" Even as the impecunious painter. "Monsieur Charles," it is evident that the gallant Chevalier excelled in the game of love. "Out of thirty or forty girls or women," he writes to his mother again from Vevai, "there are not four ugly ones, and not one wanton. Oh the good and bad country!" The letter ends characteristically:

"Farewell, madame; here is a long letter, but if I added to it all the adoration that I feel for you, you would die of boredom. Place me at the king's feet, tell him of my follies, and announce the arrival of one of my letters to him in which I would rather be disrespectful than dull. Princes need to be amused more than adored. God alone has a deep enough fund of humour not to be bored by all the homages addressed to Him." (*Il n'y a que Dieu qui ait un assez grand*

fonds de gaieté pour ne pas s'ennuyer de tous les hommages qu'on lui rend.)

From Vevai "Monsieur Charles" made his way to Lausanne, at that date the pleasantest social centre of the country. Here lived most of the old aristocratic families, who composed a set of their own; but the lively element was to be found amongst the young people of the university—adepts in the eighteenth-century art of mingling study with frivolity. There were literary debates for discussing questions of history or philosophy, societies for essay writing, but there were always plenty of amusements—dancing and parties in winter, games and excursions in summer. At these pursuits the students were joined by a joyous band of young girls calling themselves the "Society of Spring," and who appear to have been the last word in modernity as we understand it in England to-day.

Gibbon, then a young man who spent some years at Lausanne—where he fell in love with the learned Mademoiselle Suzanne Curchod, later known to the world as Madame Necker and the mother of Madame de Staël—gives a description of this society at the date when the Chevalier de Boufflers arrived in Lausanne:

"La Société du Printemps consisted of fifteen or twenty young, unmarried ladies, of genteel, though not of the very first families, the eldest perhaps about twenty; all agreeable, several handsome, and two or three of exquisite beauty. At each other's houses they assembled almost every day, without the control or even the presence of a mother or aunt, they were trusted to their own prudence, amongst a crowd of young men of every nation of Europe. They laughed, they sang, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies; but in the midst of this careless gaiety they respected themselves, and were respected by the men. The invisible line between liberty and licentiousness was never transgressed by a gesture, a word, or a look, and their virgin chastity was never sullied by the breath of

scandal or suspicion. A singular institution, expressive of the innocent simplicity of Swiss manners."

It can be imagined how enormously the light-hearted chevalier enjoyed himself in this sort of society, and he writes home gaily to his mother :

"A day never passes without my receiving verses or sending them, without my painting a portrait and at the same time making an acquaintance, without my taking a cup of chocolate in the morning followed by three large meals ; in fact, I am enjoying myself so much that I wish you were in my place."

Geneva, that he visited later, was less to the Chevalier's taste. "Cité sournoise, où jamais l'on ne rit," said Voltaire and Boufflers heartily endorsed his verdict. "It is a large and dreary town inhabited by people who want neither for brains or money, but who make no use of either. What is prettiest in Geneva are the women ; they are bored to death, though they deserve to enjoy themselves."

It was December when the Chevalier arrived at Ferney and received a rapturous welcome from Voltaire.

"He received me as if I were his son," he writes again to his mother, "and shows me some of the kindness he would like to show to you. He remembers you as well as if he had only just seen you, and loves you as if he could see you. You can have no idea of all the good he does. He is the king and the father of the country in which he lives, he brings happiness to every one around him, and he is as good a father of a family as he is a good poet Whatever his printers may do, he will always be himself the best edition of his works. . . .

"The house is charming, the site is magnificent, the fare is delicate, and my room is delicious ; it has only one drawback—that it is not near yours, for, though I go away from you, I love you, and though I return to you I shall always love you.

"Voltaire talked a great deal about Panpan—and

how I like to hear him talked about !—and he ransacked his memory for the Abbé Porquet, but has never been able to find him ; little gems are easy to lose. Farewell, my beautiful, good, dear mother. Love me always a great deal more than I deserve ; it will still be a great deal less than I love you."

Voltaire was enchanted with his guest, and lost no time in also writing to the woman he remembered so well as the brilliant and amusing Marquise de Boufflers, the friend of his own "divine Emilie."

"I have the honour, madame, to be sheltering in my hovel the young painter you favour. You have reason indeed to love this young man ; he portrays marvellously well the absurdities of this world, and he has none himself. In this respect he is said to resemble his mother ; I think he will go far. I have seen young men of Paris and Versailles, but they were only daubers compared to him. I do not doubt that he will go to Lunéville to exercise his talents, and am persuaded that when you know him you will not be able to help loving him with all your heart. He has been a great success in Switzerland. A wag said he was here like Orpheus, only an enchanter of animals ; but the wag was wrong. As a matter of fact, there is plenty of wit in Switzerland, and your painter's worth has been very keenly recognized. . . . Keep a little kind feeling for me, and accept my sincere respect.

"THE OLD SWISS VOLTAIRE."

In another letter to the Maréchal de Richelieu Voltaire describes his guest's varied manner of life :

"The Chevalier de Boufflers is one of the most original creatures in the world. He paints in pastels charmingly. He will ride off all alone at five o'clock in the morning to go and paint women in Lausanne and make friends with his models ; from there he rushes off to do the same at Geneva, and then comes back to me to rest from his labours amongst the Huguenots."

It was to one of these Huguenots—a Madame Cramer—that Voltaire wrote this sonnet about Boufflers :

"... Mars l'enlève au séminaire
Tendre Vénus, il te sert ;
Il écrit avec Voltaire
Il sait peindre avec Hubert ;
Il fait tout ce qu'il veut faire.
Tous les arts sont sous sa loi.
De grâce, dis-moi, ma chère,
Ce qu'il sait faire avec toi. . . "

Voltaire at seventy had not lost the art of versifying, and he wrote an ode to the Chevalier :

"Croyez qu'un vieillard cacochyme,
Chargé de soixante et dix ans,
Doit mettre, s'il a quelque sens,
Son corps et son âme au régime.
Dieu fit la douce illusion
Pour les heureux fous le bel âge ;
Pour les vieux fous l'ambition,
Et la retraite pour le sage.

"Régner est un amusement
Pour un vieillard triste et pesant,
De tout autre chose incapable ;
Mais vieux poète, vieil amant,
Vieux chanteur est insupportable.
C'est à vous, ô jeune Boufflers,
A vous dont notre Suisse admire
Les crayons, la prose et les vers,
Et les petits contes pour rire ;
C'est à vous à chanter Thémire
Et de briller dans un festin,
Animé du triple délire,
Des vers, de l'amour, et du vin."

To which the Chevalier replied :

"Je fus, dans mon printemps, guidé par la folie,
Dupe de mes désirs et bourreau de mes sens ;
Mais, s'il en était encore temps,
Je voudrais bien changer de vie ;
Soyez mon directeur, donnez-moi vos avis,
Convertissez-moi, je vous prie,
Vous en avez tant pervertis !

" Sur mes fautes je suis sincère,
 Et j'aime presque autant les dire que les faire.
 Je demande grâce aux amours :
 Vingt beautés à la fois trahies
 Et toutes assez bien servies,
 En beaux moments, hélas ! ont changé mes beaux jours
 J'aimais alors toutes les femmes.

" Je regrette aujourd'hui mes petits madrigaux ;
 Je regrette les airs que j'ai faits pour mes belles ;
 Je regrette vingt bons chevaux
 Qu'en courant par monts et par vaux,
 J'ai, comme moi, crevés pour elles ;
 Et je regrette encore plus
 Les utiles moments qu'en courant j'ai perdus. . . ."

Unfortunately, the Chevalier at twenty-six was still far from having exhausted his propensity for amorous adventures ; there were yet many little madrigals to be composed, many little songs to be sung, many more horses wearied in hasting towards the charmer of the hour before these flickering fancies dwindled in the light of a great love at last.

At this period of his life the only lasting affection of which he seemed capable was his devotion for his mother. Here are extracts from his last two letters to her from Ferney :

" I am sending you, for a present, a little sketch of Voltaire¹ losing at chess. It has neither power nor accuracy, because I did it in a hurry, and in spite of the faces he makes whenever one wants to paint him, but the character of his face has been caught, and that is the important point. . . . I am still enjoying myself here, and am still loved though I stay on. You cannot imagine how agreeable this man's [Voltaire's] society is ; he would be the best old man in the world if he were not the first among men. . . . An Englishman came here yesterday who is never tired of hearing him talk English and recite all Dryden's poems as Panpan recites the

¹ This sketch was made into an engraving in the style of Rembrandt and much sought after in Paris. I have tried in vain to find a copy for reproduction in this book.

'Jeanne.' This man is too great to be contained in the bounds of his country: he is a gift from nature to the whole earth. . . .

"I painted here a pretty simpering little woman from Geneva, with much success; and, as she was thought to be very particular, every one is on their knees to me to paint them. But I am too tired of not seeing you in the midst of all my pleasures here, to give in to their requests; it is no good trying to enjoy myself, I miss you everywhere, for I need you in all my pleasures. Farewell, Madame la Marquise; it is two o'clock, and I am dead with sleep, and I expect I am sending you to sleep too with my letter."

Madame de Boufflers, though delighted with her son's literary talent—for his letters were read by every one at Lunéville and in Paris—was far too lazy to send many replies, and in his last letter to her the Chevalier remarks: "I see that I shall have to return to Lunéville and help you to write to me." "Le plus errant des chevaliers" longed only now to wander to one spot on the earth's surface, and that was Lunéville. "You, *ma chère maman*, as you are worth more than everything that amuses me here, in order to break the bonds that keep me, send word that you are ill and want me—that would be a reason for throwing up everything and flying back to you. But don't go and put it vulgarly, for I shall be obliged to show your letter!" (*N'allez pas vous y prendre grossièrement, parce que je serai obligé de montrer votre lettre.*)

Apparently even at this stage of her life the pen of the marquise could hardly be trusted not to overstep the bounds of propriety, and one can only hope a decorous reply was forthcoming. It contained, at any rate, the necessary summons, for soon after the Chevalier took leave of the sorrowing Voltaire and started on his homeward journey.

"Switzerland," wrote the patriarch of Ferney to Boufflers after his departure, "is astounded by you, Ferney laments your absence, the old fellow [Voltaire

himself] regrets you, loves you, and respects you infinitely."

Boufflers' journey back to Lorraine was enlivened this time by no incident more stirring than the difficulty of throwing off his incognito. It had been quite easy to transform the Chevalier de Boufflers into the obscure "Monsieur Charles," the artist, but when it came to the artist assuming the illustrious name of Boufflers, the authorities at Geneva became suspicious and the Chevalier narrowly escaped being thrown into prison as an impostor. He succeeded, however, finally in proving his identity and made his way safely back to Lunéville.

But the days of the little Court of Stanislas were now numbered. The king was growing old, and his youthful agility was impaired not only by growing infirmity but by increasing bulk. He was, in fact, so enormous that he could hardly walk about at all, and was reduced to playing eternal *tric-trac* by way of diversion. Gradually the brilliant circle he had gathered round him dispersed, gravitating to Paris in search of gaiety.

From time to time Stanislas himself journeyed to Versailles on a visit to his dearly loved Maryczka—the poor old Queen of France, now more than ever neglected by the king and courtiers. In 1765 her life was still further saddened by the death of her only son, the Dauphin. At one moment there had seemed some hope of his recovery, and the Chevalier de Boufflers was sent as envoy to carry his grandfather's congratulations; but the Chevalier arrived too late and the poor young prince died remarking pathetically that he had never enjoyed himself or done any good in the world.

After this tragic event a still deeper gloom settled over Lunéville. Even the king's daily *tric-trac* party was deserted, and the *bourgeoisie* of Lunéville had to be lured to the Château to play with him.

Madame de Boufflers, as infuriated a gambler as her sister, Madame de Mirepoix, found the innocent game of *tric-trac* far too slow a way of losing money and

waited till the King had gone to bed to play at the more fashionable game of *faro* with her friends.

Her daughter, "la divine mignonne," was now twenty-two and as plain as ever. She had been married at sixteen to the Comte de Cucé,¹ but her marriage was as disunited as most others of the period, and she continued to live at Lunéville with her mother. A few members of the old set still remained—Panpan ever faithful, Porquet still amusing, Tressan long since recovered from the pangs of unrequited love, and one or two women, such as Madame de Lenoncourt and Madame Durival, who gathered nightly at the gaming tables of the marquise.

Madame de Boufflers, to whom excitement and variety were as the breath of life, found this new order of things very hard to bear; but she was too good-hearted to neglect the king in his lonely old age. She remained at his side during the sad days that followed the death of his grandson, the Dauphin, when he refused to have any one else near him; she was with him when he went to pray at the tomb of Queen Opalinska; she listened with patience whilst he talked incessantly, as old people are wont to talk, of his approaching end. It came at last in an unexpected way.

One cold February morning the king had risen as usual at half-past six, and, dismissing his attendants, sat down before the fire to smoke his pipe, dressed in a wadded dressing-gown of Indian silk, a present from his daughter, the Queen of France. His pipe ended, the king rose and attempted to lay it down on the high mantel-piece; but, in reaching up, the edge of his dressing-gown caught fire and in a moment the cotton wadding was in a blaze. The poor old man shouted loudly for help, but by some strange misfortune all his attendants were out of hearing; he then tried to reach the bell, but in doing so he stumbled and fell forward into the fire-place. Here he lay still in flames when an old woman

¹ Louis Bruno de Boisgelin de Cucé, known later as the Comte de Boisgelin.

employed to scrub the floors heard his moans and rushed in to the rescue. Whilst calling for help she attempted herself to put out the flames, and in the effort was badly burnt. Even in his pain the king's sense of humour did not desert him: "How strange," he remarked to her, "that, at our ages, you and I should both burn with the same flame!"

Stanislas lingered on for a fortnight, and from his death-bed dictated a last letter to his daughter Marie referring gaily to her fatal present of the wadded dressing-gown.

"You gave it to me," he said, "to keep me warm; but it has kept me too warm."

On February 23, 1766, at the age of eighty-eight, Stanislas Leczinski ceased to breathe, and, with his last breath, the life of the little Court of Lunéville ended for ever. Since then no sounds of music and laughter have echoed from the rooms looking out on the *orangerie*, for the Château was immediately turned into barracks, and to-day the great *salons*, where once the rose-coloured slippers of the Marquise de Boufflers trod so lightly, resound only to the tramp of soldiers' feet and in the noisy life of the garrison the brilliant Court of the merry monarch Stanislas le Bienfaisant is long since forgotten.

CHAPTER IV

"AN ERRANT KNIGHT"

WITH the death of Stanislas the reign of Madame de Boufflers ended and the Court of Lunéville dispersed in all directions. The Comte de Tressan, his passion cooled, at last retired to the country and the soothing occupations of growing melons and writing romances; the frivolous Porquet fled to Paris, where he became one of the chief ornaments of Mademoiselle Quinault's *salon*. Thither the Marquise de Boufflers, with her daughter and the Chevalier, followed him the next year. Madame de Boufflers' resources were now at a very low ebb, for so little had she used her influence over Stanislas to her own advantage that he had completely forgotten her in his will, and her private income, amounting to a sum equivalent to about £3,000 a year of our money, was all too inadequate for any one so careless and extravagant as the marquise. Paris, where she had many hospitable relations, seemed therefore the best place in which to recoup her shattered fortunes.

The only trouble was that Panpan could not be induced to join her! Panpan, her own tame cat, Panpan whom she positively could not do without, selfishly crept away to his house in Lunéville (No. 23, Rue d'Allemagne), and all his little comforts which nothing would induce him to forego. In vain Madame de Boufflers wrote him letters describing the attractions of Paris—"mon tendre Veau"—it will be remembered that Panpan's real name was Devaux, and the marquise had adapted it to this term of endearment—"mon

tendre Veau, je n'ai pas passé trois jours sans vous écrire." She has loved him for thirty years she tells him, and the last three years have only deepened her affection. One day she will return to Lunéville: "Je vivrai et je mourrai en Lorraine mon cher Veaux"—Madame de Boufflers' spelling was always uncertain—meanwhile Marianne, his housekeeper, must take care of him and make his jams properly. There are dozens of these little notes, disconnected and kind-hearted, like the marquise herself.

But all her grief at parting from Panpan could not damp Madame de Boufflers' enjoyment of Paris. She was still only fifty-five, and was not this in the eighteenth century the very age at which to have a really good time? An old Court often produces a vogue in old age throughout society, and so the women who had been young with the king and led a riotous youth at the Court still held their own. Louis XV himself was old and *blasé*, the queen was given up to good works, and Versailles, in consequence, almost abandoned except on state occasions; but the faded yet still festive beauties of a former age betook themselves to Paris, and continued to enjoy themselves as much as ever. The most influential of all these old ladies was Madame de Boufflers' aunt, the Maréchale de Luxembourg, formerly the Duchesse de Boufflers. Twenty-four years earlier the Marquise de Boufflers, as a young married woman, had arrived in Paris on a visit to her mother-in-law the old marquise, who was in perpetual mourning for her husband. The young marquise found this far from exhilarating, and would have had a very dull time indeed if the Duchesse de Boufflers—sister-in-law of the old marquise¹—had not come to the rescue and introduced her niece to the gay world she frequented.

The duchesse, then thirty-seven and at the height of her successes, was one of the most scandalous women of her day. At the Court of the Regent her gallantries

¹ See Genealogy of the de Boufflers in Appendix.

had been of so outrageous a description that the Comte de Tressan—the lover of the Marquise de Boufflers—had immortalized her in a poem beginning with these daring lines :

"Quand Boufflers parut à la cour
On crut voir la Mère d'Amour.
Chacun s'empressait à lui plaire,
Et chacun l'avait à son tour."

The duchess, whose strongest weapon through life was an imperturbable sang-froid, declared herself delighted with the verse when it reached her ears.

"It is so clever," she remarked to the Comte de Tressan, whom she shrewdly suspected of having composed it, "that I would not only forgive the author, but I would embrace him!" The guileless Tressan immediately fell into the trap. "Well, Madame la Duchesse, it was I!" But, instead of the promised embrace, the unfortunate poet found himself soundly boxed on both ears.

The wild career of the Duchesse de Boufflers came, however, to an end in 1747, when the duc died. Three years later, she made a second marriage with the Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg, and therewith turned over a new leaf. Henceforth no one more correct than the Maréchale de Luxembourg could be imagined, and with her great name and position she had little difficulty in obliterating her abandoned past from the accommodating memory of her world. Society in its essentials remains the same throughout the ages ; like an uncertain tempered dog, it snarls loudest at the timorous. The woman who flinches is lost—let her approach it fearlessly, pat it boldly on the head, and it will lick her hand in admiration. So this amazing woman, twice a duchess, continued for thirty years to pat society on the head and in the virtuous Maréchale de Luxembourg the gallantries of the Duchesse de Boufflers were completely forgotten. Only on one fatal occasion did her past rise up and confront her with embarrassing directness :

this was when the Comte de Vaudreuil, a young man new to the Paris world, made his first appearance at the great Hôtel de Luxembourg. The maréchale, who enjoyed collecting successful artists at her supper-parties, had heard of the Comte de Vaudreuil's musical talents, and at the end of supper turned to him, remarking graciously : " Monsieur, I hear that you sing extremely well ! I should be charmed to hear you, but pray give us *no grand air*, only something simple ! I love all that is natural, gay, and witty ! "

Whereupon Monsieur de Vaudreuil, who had entirely failed to realize the identity of his hostess with the notorious Duchesse de Boufflers, broke into the first line of the famous couplet :

" Quand Boufflers parut à la cour——"

The consternation of the guests can be imagined ; what was to be done to stop this terrible young man before he reached the fatal fourth line ? An outbreak of coughs, sneezes, and throat-clearings failed entirely to drown the fine, sonorous voice of the singer until, suddenly finding every eye fixed on him in strangled horror, he paused abruptly. A moment, but only one moment, of hideous silence followed before the ready wit of the Maréchale de Luxembourg came to her rescue, and in a clear and hearty voice she sang the last line herself !

The situation was saved, and every one breathed freely.

It is easy to understand that a woman with these powers of resource should be able to steer a triumphant course through life, and she became in time the supreme arbiter of *le bon air* and *le bon ton* of her day. A young woman making her début in Paris at this period must of course be formally presented at Versailles, but the impression she created at the Hôtel de Luxembourg was of far greater importance.

The arrival of the maréchale at a country house with

her retinue of servants in gorgeous liveries and her cat—known to society respectfully as "Madame Brillant"—was enough to throw the whole party into a state of nervous apprehension lest some detail of the arrangements or some indiscretion of behaviour should incur the great lady's disapproval. Yet in appearance she was far from formidable—"a quiet little woman dressed in brown taffetas with a cap and cuffs of plain hemstitched muslin and no jewels or furbelows of any kind."¹

She was exceedingly generous to the poor; on her walks about Paris which Tronchin, her doctor, insisted on her taking daily, she used to carry gold coins in the knob of her long cane to distribute to any one who asked for alms, and at her death in 1787 she was honoured as a public benefactress.

It is evident that she was thoroughly kind-hearted, and though she might prove a formidable enemy she was certainly an invaluable friend. So the Marquise de Boufflers, reappearing in Paris under her powerful wing, found her social path made straight before her. Ere long she was enjoying herself wildly, flying from fête to fête, dining, supping, gambling, flirting, and turning night into day.

"She amuses herself as if she were only fifteen," wrote Madame de Lenoncourt, her old friend from Lorraine, to Panpân after meeting her in Paris, and she proceeds to pour forth on the maddening elusiveness of Madame de Boufflers.

"I supped three days running with your marquise; now perhaps I shall be three months without seeing her again. There are not enough card-parties in Paris, not enough princes, not enough plays for her—what time is left her? And then she maintains that she is fond of me! It enrages me—I wish I could find a good excuse for breaking with her!"²

¹ "Mémoires de la Marquise de Créquy."

² All these letters from Madame de Lenoncourt are quoted from "La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier," by Gaston Maugras.

"It is impossible," Madame de Lenoncourt writes again indignantly, "to settle anything with her—she is always at the place she did not expect to be at a quarter of an hour before. . . . She escapes like a bird, and it is a real grief to miss her all the time and see her seldom." That was the trouble—however annoyed one might feel with her one could not get on without her! She was so tiresome, so unreliable, yet so amusing, so unlike any one else, that it was no good trying to give her up and content oneself with worthier people. Who has not met her replica in London to-day—the woman incapable of consecutive thought or of settled purpose, who light-heartedly sacrifices every one's convenience to her own amusement, yet who charms by her very irresponsibility and whose gaiety disarms resentment? The Marquise de Boufflers was a type of woman more often to be met with in our century than in her own. In those days it was still the custom to be punctilious, to keep engagements, to converse connectedly, to write carefully worded letters. Madame de Boufflers would have none of this; the whim of the moment was her only law, and though she reduced her friends to frenzy, she kept them all the same. On her arrival in Paris she had found another old friend from Lorraine who evidently absorbed her a great deal more than poor Madame de Lenoncourt. This was the Chevalier de Listenay, now the Prince de Bauffremont, who had admired her in the old days in Lunéville, and now fell hopelessly in love with her. The prince was a bachelor, and every mother in society had designs on him for her daughter; but the prince had no eyes for any one but Madame de Boufflers, whom he followed about everywhere, and refused to be lured from her side by the most tempting invitations. The Duc de Choiseul had a bet with Madame du Deffand that Madame de Boufflers would marry the prince in the end; but the duc lost, for Madame de Boufflers was enjoying herself far too much to enter on any engage-

ment so binding as marriage, and she remained a widow till her death.

As time went on her passion for gambling—the besetting vice of her family—led her more and more into debt. Wherever high play prevailed at the Maréchale de Luxembourg's, at her sister's the Maréchale de Mirepoix, at the Prince de Condé's, at the Court, the indefatigable marquise was to be found playing far into the night—even on through the next day without rising from the table; winning, then encouraged to win more; losing, then venturing another throw in the hope of retrieving losses, as gamblers have always done since the world began. It was no uncommon thing for her to lose 1,000 louis in an evening, and the Chevalier, who was often with his mother on these occasions, lost 200 louis, of which he did not possess a penny. Even the Abbé Porquet allowed himself to be carried away by the prevailing mania into losing nearly everything he had. "The Birds' frenzy for gambling is infectious," Madame du Deffand wrote after a card-party in her *appartement*, where they had played till five o'clock in the morning. "The Birds" was the term by which Madame du Deffand invariably referred in her letters to the inseparable trio: Madame de Boufflers, her daughter, Madame de Boisgelin, and her niece, Madame de Cambis; when Madame de Boufflers alone is in question she is spoken of as "the Mother Bird"—"la Mère Oiseau."

Madame du Deffand herself was too clever to ruin herself at faro or *biribi*, and she played seldom; her *salon* was far more intellectual than that of the Maréchale de Luxembourg, and so she was inclined to feel a light contempt for Madame de Boufflers' set. "The Birds," she says, "are the frivolous flock admitted indiscriminately everywhere." They were certainly foolish, these feckless birds, with their craze for gambling and indifference to anything but the claims of the passing hour, but they amused Madame du

Deffand. The "Mother-Bird" was kind-hearted too, hardly a day passed without her dropping in at the Couvent St. Joseph to enliven the old blind woman with chatter about "operas, comedies, books old and new, dress, and pompons."

Meanwhile, the Chevalier de Boufflers, still in Paris with his mother and sister, was at the height of his popularity. Every *mémoriste* of the period refers to his *bons mots* and his verses. "The Chevalier's *bon mot* is excellent," wrote Horace Walpole to Mr. Conway: "and so is he. He has as much *bouffonnerie* as the Italians, with more wit and novelty. His impromptu verses are often admirable. Get Madame du Deffand to show you his 'Embassy to the Princesse Christine. . . .'" Madame du Deffand, who often mentions the Chevalier in her letters, had apparently a peculiar fondness for his disrespectful verses on the "Puffy Princess," for we hear of her singing them after supper to the assembled company at a party given by the King of Sweden—a strange performance for an old lady of seventy-four!

The Chevalier's own supper-parties were some of the gayest in Paris. "You have supped with the Chevalier de Boufflers," Walpole writes again; "did he act everything in the world, and sing everything in the world, and laugh at everything in the world?"

Chamfort, the wit, and author of the "Maximes," described Boufflers as he appeared at this period in the following verses:

"Tés voyages et tes bons mots,
Tés jolis vers et tes chevaux
Sont cités par toute la France;
On sait par cœur ces riens charmants
Que tu produis avec aisance;
Tes pastels frais et ressemblants
Peuvent se passer d'indulgence,
Les beaux esprits de notre temps,
Quoique s'aimant avec outrance,
Troqueraient volontiers, je pense,
Tous leurs drames et leurs romans
Pour ton heureuse négligence
Et la moitié de tes talents.

"Jouis bien d'un destin si beau,
Brille dans nos camps, à Cythère ;
Sûr de plaire, et toujours nouveau
Chante les plaisirs et Voltaire ;

"Garde ton goût pour les voyages,
Tous les pays en sont jaloux ;
Et le plus aimable des fous
Sera partout chéri des sages,
Sois plus amoureux que jamais ;
Peins en courant toutes les belles,
Et sois payé de tes portraits
Entre les bras de tes modèles."

This was Boufflers as the world saw him—"le plus aimable des fous," a wit, who but for his subtlety might have been simply a buffoon, a rake, who but for his fastidiousness might have been a debauchee. In Paris no supper-party was complete without him—his strange face with the mocking mouth and small, piercing eyes was to be seen at the supper table in the gorgeous dining-hall of the Hôtel de Luxembourg with its marble floor, its gods and goddesses overhead ; at Sophie Arnould's, the actress whose lovely face Greuze has immortalized for us, or in the gilded rooms at the Louvre where "all that was most powerful and illustrious at the Court and most important in the town came reverently" to the receptions of the retired actress, the great Mademoiselle Quinault.

But there was another Boufflers—Boufflers, as his friends knew him, and of these the most devoted was that naïf and charming creature—the Prince de Ligne. "Charlot," as Boufflers called him, adored his friend. "I prefer the Chevalier de Boufflers to the whole dictionary of the Encyclopédistes !"

"He wishes, I believe, to be like the Chevalier," Madame du Deffand wrote of the Prince de Ligne ; "but he has not nearly so much wit." Yet the portrait he has left us of Boufflers shows that he was no slavish imitator of his friend, and is so delightful that it must be quoted at length :

“ Monsieur de Boufflers was in turn an ‘abbé,’ a soldier, an author, an administrator, a deputy, and a philosopher; and amongst all these callings he was only out of place in the first. Monsieur de Boufflers thought a great deal but always, unfortunately, in haste. His restlessness is what has most deprived us of his wit. . . . One would like to be able to glean all the ideas he let fall on the high-road, together with his time and his money. He had, perhaps, too much mind to be able to fix it on anything whilst the ardour of youth inspired him; this mind of his had to work on its account and subdue its master, and so he shone at first with all the fitfulness of a will o’ the wisp, but age alone gave him the steadiness of a beacon. A limitless wisdom, profound subtlety, airiness that was never frivolous, the talent for giving point to ideas by the contrast of words—these are the distinctive qualities of a mind to which nothing is unfamiliar. Happily he does not know everything, but he has skimmed all kinds of knowledge, and by his depth surprises those who think him frivolous, by his lightness those who have discovered he was deep. The foundation of his character is an unbounded goodness of heart (*une bonté sans mesure*); he could not endure the idea of any suffering creature, and would give up the actual necessities of life to help him. He would go without bread to feed even a reprobate, above all his enemy: ‘Poor wretch!’ he would say. He had a servant on his land whom every one denounced to him as a thief; in spite of that he kept her on, and when asked why he did so answered, ‘Who would take her?’ There is childishness in his laugh, and awkwardness in his bearing; he holds his head down and twiddles his thumbs in front of him like a harlequin, or else keeps his hands behind his back as if he were warming himself; his eyes, small and agreeable, seem to smile; there is something kindly in his face, something simple, gay, and naïf in his manner; there is heaviness in his figure and carelessness in his person. He sometimes has the stupid look of La Fontaine, and one would say he is thinking of nothing when he is thinking the most.”

Several of his biographers have described Boufflers

as ugly, but "Madame de Créquy"¹ tells us this was a slanderous legend started by a jealous rival, the Abbé de Talleyrand, who, at the time of the publication of "Aline, Reine de Golconde," attempted to pass himself off as the author of the famous story. Boufflers, hearing of the imposture, waited till he met the Abbé de Talleyrand in the *salon* of the Duchesse de Choiseul, and then broke a pause in the conversation by asking him genially whether he happened to know the works of Rabelais.

"Obviously," the abbé said drily.

"Obviously? Yet not well!" said the Chevalier

"Dare I ask you why?"

"Monsieur l'Abbé," answered the author of "Aline" with a bow, "I asked you whether you knew the works of Rabelais because I had omitted to tell you that it was I who wrote them."

"Out of revenge for this," "Madame de Créquy" says, "the abbé went about saying everywhere that the Chevalier was intolerably ugly, and this is a point I cannot admit. Monsieur de Boufflers has nothing in his face that is not dignified and noble, intelligent and witty, and this is all that can be required of a man's appearance. . . ."

It is evident, however, that the Chevalier was by no means an Adonis; moreover, in spite of the good qualities described by the Prince de Ligne, he had several very bad faults. One was temper—he would fly into a passion on the smallest provocation, and then recover himself as quickly. His early life at Lunéville, and later on in Paris, taught him nothing of self-control or restraint, whilst morality, as we have seen, was non-existent at this period. What wonder, then, that Boufflers, with passions intensified by an artistic temperament, flung himself into dissipation of every kind?

¹ The authorship of these Mémoires is doubtful and therefore when referred to in this book the name of Madame de Créquy appears in inverted commas.

Life in Paris at that period was, for a young man with talents, a perpetual feast, and the Chevalier was extraordinarily versatile. He rode magnificently, danced, sang, and acted brilliantly, painted, played the violin, composed neat verses at a moment's notice, and made love with all the skill and finesse of his day.

"Women revelled in him," says one of his contemporaries. "He adored them as they wish to be adored; with fury but without fidelity, for fear of boredom. He swore them eternal passions of a fortnight and he kept his word faithfully."¹

For love, to him, was simply an art like all the rest. His love-affairs were endless; yet, if no woman at this moment had the power to hold him it was because she merely charmed his senses and never touched his heart. Many women, too, gave themselves too readily, and Boufflers was too adventurous to find pleasure in easy conquest. One day he laughingly wrote these lines to a lady who "threatened to make him happy":

À UNE JEUNE FEMME

(QUI ME MENAÇAIT DE ME RENDRE HEUREUX).

"O ciel ! je suis perdu ! Quoi ! déjà des faveurs !
Quand j'ai promis d'être fidèle,
Quand je vous ai juré les plus tendres ardeurs,
Je m'étais attendu que vous seriez cruelle ;
Je m'étais arrangé pour trouver des rigueurs ;
Ah ! si je vous suis cher, soyez plus inhumaine ;
Laissez à mon amour le charme des desirs ;
Pour le faire durer, faites durer sa peine ;
Je ne vous réponds pas qu'il survive aux plaisirs."

"Boufflers," says Monsieur Druon, "was really the spoilt child of his century," and certainly every one did their best to spoil him. The country houses welcomed him as rapturously as the *salons* of Paris; at Montmorency, with his great-aunt the Maréchale de Luxembourg, at L'Isle Adam with the Prince de Conti, at Chanteloup with the Duc de Choiseul, later on at Saint-

¹ "Récits d'un vieux parrain," by Charles Brifaut.

Ouen with the Duc de Nivernais, the arrival of the Chevalier was greeted with shrieks of delight. He would appear often quite unexpectedly; the guests, looking out of the windows, would suddenly perceive an odd figure on some strange screw of a horse wandering across country over hedges and ditches, and ambling finally up to the door. Behold! it was the Chevalier de Boufflers, whose recent losses at cards had reduced him to this makeshift steed. Then what laughter and rejoicings would follow, what impromptu rhyming, what glorious fooling, what rollicking songs around the harpsichord!

It was at Montmorency that Boufflers, a few years earlier, whilst still a seminarist, had encountered Jean Jacques Rousseau, who was then living at the Mont-Louis, and, whilst paving the way for the Revolution with his satires against the society he professed to despise, was basking complacently in the favour of the once profligate old *maréchale*. Boufflers evidently agreed with his friend the Duchesse de Choiseul in her opinion of the philosopher, whom she described as a "charlatan of virtue." Rousseau, she declared, would go to the scaffold willingly if it would add to his celebrity. To be unnoticed was the one thing he could not endure, and he was deeply mortified to find that Boufflers took no notice of him. "The Abbé de Boufflers, a young man as brilliant as it is possible to be," he says naïvely in his "Confessions," "was the only person in the *maréchale's* society who never paid me the least attention." He observed, moreover, that after Boufflers' visits to Montmorency his own popularity waned appreciably, his discourses appeared dull and heavy beside the abbé's sparkling wit, and even the *maréchale* herself seemed to think less of him. Desperate to reinstate himself, he attempted to conciliate Boufflers, with fatal results, for Boufflers only responded to his advances with a practical joke. He painted an appalling portrait of the *maréchale*, which she declared with truth was not in the least like her. Boufflers, so as to put Rousseau in a corner, appealed to

him for his opinion. "The portrait," says Jean Jacques, "was horrible. . . . The treacherous abbé consulted me, and, like a fool and a liar, I said the picture was a good likeness. I wanted to cajole the abbé, but I did not cajole the maréchale, who put me in her black books, and the abbé, having brought off his *coup*, made fun of me."

After this it is not surprising to find Rousseau writing acidly of our Chevalier: "He has many half-talents . . . he makes little verses and writes little letters very well, plays the timbrel, and daubs a little in pastel."

Rousseau had now left Montmorency, and Boufflers' popularity was greater than ever. Even the shy little Duchesse de Lauzun thawed in time beneath the rays of her cousin's gaiety. Amélie de Boufflers, the granddaughter of the Maréchale de Luxembourg, had married, when she was only fourteen, the dissipated Duc de Lauzun, who never showed her the least affection. Rousseau adored her. "Amélie de Boufflers," he wrote, "has the face, the gentleness, and the timidity of a virgin; there can be nothing more pleasant or more interesting than her face, nothing tenderer or more chaste than the sentiments she inspires." She was indeed so timid—like "a little frightened bird," says Madame du Deffand—that at first her witty cousin paralysed her with terror, and she could not say a word to him. "She is as amiable as one can be by signs!" wrote Boufflers laughingly; but after a while they became the best of friends, and he composed verses for her so complimentary that they bathed her in blushes but met with no rebuff.

However, neither the Arcadian joys of the country houses nor the suppers of Paris satisfied for long the restless Chevalier de Boufflers, and we find him perpetually rushing off on some wild chase after adventure.

The struggle of Corsica for liberty under Paoli took him post-haste to that island.

"I have always had a fancy for revolutions [J'ai toujours eu la fantaisie des révolutions]," he wrote from Marseilles to the Duchesse de Choiseul, little

dreaming how terribly his fancy was one day to be realized. "I shall be very glad to see this poor people throw off a horrible yoke. I have formed great ideas of Paoli, of his virtues and his talents. A man who has done everything without resources, who has resisted rulers more powerful than himself, who has succeeded in governing his fellow countrymen, ungovernable hitherto, who has only used his authority to ensure the liberty of his nation, seems to me a worthy successor of the Romans and of the greatest kind of Romans."

The Chevalier was not wrong in his estimate of Paoli—a greater man than Boufflers, Napoleon Bonaparte, born the following year in Corsica, found in Paoli his earliest inspirations. Paoli became the idol of Napoleon, who, like Boufflers, shared his adoration for the Romans. But the Revolution estranged them, for Paoli could not forgive the usurper of the throne of France or the people that had committed the excesses of 1793. "The wretches!" he exclaimed to Lucien Bonaparte, "they have murdered their king! their king, the best of men! A saint, a saint, a saint! No, Corsica will have no more of them, nor will I! Let them keep their blood-stained liberty; it is not needed by my brave mountaineers. It would be better for us to become Genoese again."

These expeditions of the Chevalier's proved, of course, disastrous to his finances, and he was obliged at times to search for remunerative employment. Thus, in 1770, we find him once more soliciting a diplomatic mission through the Duc de Choiseul—who was still at that date a minister of the king—in the following characteristic letter:

"MONSIEUR LE DUC,

"I am told that the confinement of the Infanta of Parma is shortly expected, and you are too polite not to pay her a little compliment. I hasten to offer my services, as I have been thinking that you would perhaps send an 'envoy extraordinary,' and you certainly could not find one more extraordinary than myself. I am not new to politics; I had my first en-

counter with the Princess Christine, from there I went to Frankfurt to drink the health of the King of the Romans, and some time later I arrived at the death of the Dauphin to compliment him on his recovery. I feel that I have all the required ability and talents to harangue, on this occasion, the father, the mother, and even the child without a word of remonstrance from any one ; but what will please me most will be to go all over Italy afterwards on the profits of my embassy and to travel on velvet. I think my plan will be much appreciated by my creditors, and I hope it will be by you also. Awaiting your reply, I am, monsieur le duc, with all respect," etc.

The duke, strange to say, declined the services of this candid ambassador, and Boufflers was obliged to cast about for some other mission. Soldiering was no doubt his natural profession, and at this moment the prospect of a campaign in Poland offered itself. The patriotic insurrection known as the "Confederation of Bar," directed against Catherine II of Russia, was just beginning, and it occurred to the Chevalier to offer his services to the Poles. Once again the cause of freedom was in question, and the idea of fighting for a small oppressed people against Catherine the Great fired his imagination.

So, bidding farewell to his friends in Paris, he set forth for the East of Europe, stopping on his way at Lunéville to pay a flying visit to his old friends Panpan and Madame de Lenoncourt.

"The Chevalier," Madame de Lenoncourt says in a letter to Paris, "arrived here yesterday from Chanteloup as mad as his mother ; he is starting for Vienna, Germany, Bohemia, and has not a penny. . . . He is going to serve in the army of the Confederates in Poland, where he will be hashed or hung. Why play at the knight errant ? It is most annoying."¹

Voltaire, at that time an ardent admirer of the

¹ From "La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier," by Gaston Maugras.

Semiramis of the North, as he called Catherine the Great, was equally derisive of Boufflers' latest project.

"If I were to question the Chevalier de Boufflers," he says in a letter of this date to the Empress, "I should ask him how he could be so absurd as to join those wretched confederates who are wanting in everything, above all in good sense, rather than go to pay his court to the one who will bring them to their senses. . . . I implore your Majesty to make him a prisoner of war; he will amuse you very much; there is nothing so original as he is, nor sometimes so agreeable. He will compose songs for you, he will sketch you, he will paint you. . . ." To this the great Catherine, who saw no humour in the Chevalier going to the rescue of her rebellious subjects, replied drily: "I have a remedy for dandies without a vocation who leave Paris to act as preceptors to brigands. This remedy comes from Siberia, and is taken on the spot."

But Boufflers' philosophy, unlike Voltaire's, did not include a worship of the great. He had, as we have seen, none of the talents of a courtier; his sympathies were always with the weak and oppressed.

Unfortunately, he was destined to disillusionment, for the Poles whose cause he had taken up with so much fervour proved churlish and ungrateful. Arriving on the frontier of Poland, he found nothing ready for the campaign, and the forces he had been promised were not forthcoming.

"The Polish marshals," he wrote, "laugh at the Confederation; they take every one's money and no one's orders." And so, instead of the fighting he had hoped for, the Chevalier found himself condemned to a maddening inactivity. "Hard work is nothing, but the tedium of contradiction, the continual realization of one's own helplessness, the ingratitude of the people one serves, the ill-will of those on whom one depends, are torture to the soul."¹

¹ From "La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier," by Gaston Mangras

At last, in desperation, he threw up his post with the army and made his way back to Austria. For some months he wandered about, in Hungary, Silesia, Bohemia welcomed at many of the châteaux in the countries through which he passed, yet always restless and dissatisfied in his search for a purpose in life, always thwarted in his belief in human nature.

The Hungarians proved no less disappointing than the Poles.

"Whatever good qualities one may attribute to Messrs. the Hungarians," wrote the Chevalier, "believe me, that they are the sorriest soldiers in Europe—lazy, mean, selfish, vain, and silly. Add to that they are dirty, coarse, and rascally—and then love them!"

And so Boufflers, sane, and cynical returned to Paris, where, like many another disappointed man of strong passions, he flung himself once more into dissipation.

And then suddenly something happened that changed the whole current of his life. He went one evening—as he had done a hundred times before—to a party at the Maréchale de Luxembourg's.

In the splendid rooms, with their dim gold and wonderful paintings, their carved lions of the Luxembourg and heraldic eagles of the Montmorency, the lights from a myriad of blazing candles lit up the brilliant crowd he knew so well. As he moved amongst them many women turned their powdered heads towards him; exquisitely artificial smiles greeted him; pretty, provoking eyes drew from him the usual graceful compliments. And then, all at once, he found himself looking into a small, whimsical face—the face of a very fair woman framed in an aureole of glorious hair. Who was she? The young Comtesse de Sabran, of whose wit and beauty he must often have heard, though they had never chanced to meet before. But now, as she raised her eyes to his—such wonderful blue eyes, half tender and half mocking!—Boufflers' heart stood still with joy and wonder, for in their inmost depths he read the realization of his dreams.

BOOK II
THE GOLDEN AGE

CHAPTER I

" FLEUR DES CHAMPS "

ONE March day of 1749, twenty-eight years before this fateful evening at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, the life of Eléonore de Sabran had begun on a tragic note. Her mother, the beautiful Mademoiselle de Montigny, had married a stern and selfish man, Monsieur de Jean de Manville, with whom she found no happiness. She longed for a child to fill her empty life, but when at last this wish was realized it brought her only bitter disappointment ; the little girl born to her was lovely, but as time went on Madame de Jean made the piteous discovery that her intellect was defective. After this she had only one desire—that another child might be sent to comfort her ; but this hope, too, was destined to end in tragedy, for on giving birth to a second daughter—lovelier than the first, and with every sign of a brilliant intelligence—Madame de Jean died. And so Eléonore and her weak-minded sister were left motherless. Their father, sterner than ever, left them always with the servants and the two poor little sisters lived out their lonely childhood with never a loving word or a caress.

From time to time, however, a coach would draw up at the door of the house from which an old lady descended. This was their grandmother, Madame de Montigny, who considered it her duty to come and see

to the welfare of her daughter's children. Little Eléonore's heart always beat painfully on these occasions, for Madame de Montigny was a really terrible old lady. She believed in no sentimental nonsense with regard to children. "Fear," she was wont to say, "should be the foundation of all education."

So, whilst the two trembling babies made their curtsies and timidly kissed the hand held out to them, she would look at them sternly, deliver a reproof whenever possible, and then, with her stiff brocade gown rustling as she moved, sweep out of the room and drive away again in her coach.

But worse was still to come. A year or two later Monsieur de Jean married again!

This was the beginning of a dreadful time for the children, for the new Madame de Jean proved the traditional stepmother, and the necessities of life were actually denied them. At this even the stern grandmother was roused to wrath.

"My daughter's children neglected, ill-fed, without proper clothes? The thing is intolerable!" Without more ado the strong-minded old lady ordered the children to be dressed in their cloaks and hats, and, calmly packing them into her coach, drove off with them to her house in the Rue des Vieilles-Audriettes. Nothing would induce her to let them return to their father again.

Here at last one ray of comfort came to poor little Eléonore, for Madame de Montigny had a son who lived with her and who turned out to be the kindest of fairy uncles. He soon became devoted to Eléonore, but so great was the power of old women at that period that even a middle-aged man stood in awe of his mother, and it was only by stealth that Monsieur de Montigny dared to show any affection for his niece.

One glorious day, however, he did a bold thing, for he made her a present of the loveliest little dog, called Zina, which Eléonore took immediately to her heart, and, like the other lonely child of this story—Stanislas de Bouf-

flers, who had found a friend in Pataud—she took to confiding in Zina. " I told her quite quietly all my troubles when my heart was full," Eléonore wrote long afterwards. " Zina seemed to understand her mistress's grief, and licked my hands when she saw me crying."

At last the time came for the two children to be sent away to a convent according to the custom of the day, and Zina was allowed to go with them. Life in many eighteenth-century convents was very gay; the abbess and sisters were usually women of the world, far from austere, who entertained the most frivolous society of Paris in the convent parlours, and initiated the young girls committed to their care into the *bon ton* and *le bel usage* which was to fit them to take their place in the world. The convent chosen, however, for the little de Jean de Manvilles—le Couvent de la Conception, 354 Rue Saint-Honoré—was apparently not of this light-hearted order, for the nuns proved hardly less severe than the grandmother.

At first all went well, but after a few days the school-girls, having discovered the elder sister's mental weakness, were brutal enough to make her the butt of their jokes, and the child, dimly realizing she was being made fun of, flew to her younger sister for protection. Eléonore, we are told, " defended her bravely against the big girls, fighting like a little lion with *pensionnaires* a head taller than herself, and soon, by dint of feet and fists, forced them to leave in peace the poor sister she cared for and protected like a mother."

Eléonore de Jean at this period was so pretty and charming, so spirited and warm-hearted, that even the nuns in time could not refrain from spoiling her a little, and the kindness they showed her ended by rousing the resentment of her companions, who determined to injure her in the eyes of their superiors. Accordingly several unruly spirits who had amused themselves in playing practical jokes upon the nuns succeeded in throwing the blame on Eléonore; whereupon the nuns, indignant at

what they believed to be the ingratitude of their favourite, determined on a terrible punishment. Zina, the adored Zina, into whose velvet ear Eléonore had poured all her troubles, was taken away from her and handed over to the gardener, a rough, brutal sort of man, into whose tender mercies the little girl saw her dog confided, with a sinking heart. All through the night that followed she wept bitterly and early in the morning ran down to the gardener's cottage to find out if all was well; but, alas! her worst fears were realized, for the gardener, with a callous laugh, informed her that he had killed Zina! Pale and trembling, she fled back to the house and threw herself on her bed in an agony of grief.

Every one who as a child has loved a dog, and, through dark hours that only come to unloved children, has felt its exquisite powers of sympathy, will understand her despair. Zina, her one, her faithful friend, cruelly murdered—did Zina know, did Zina understand that the mistress she had trusted was powerless to protect her against the brutal crime? Such agonizing questions recurred again and again to the mind of Eléonore lying in her narrow convent bed sobbing passionately through the long days and nights that followed, until at last she became so ill with grief that even the nuns repented of their severity. It was true that, as they hastened to explain, the gardener had acted on his own initiative and was now dismissed for his cruelty, yet they realized uneasily that they were to blame for having placed the dog in his keeping. Since, however, in ungenerous natures to realize one has wronged another person is to increase one's resentment against them, the nuns loved Eléonore less than ever in consequence of this tragic event, and their ill-will was further increased by the fact that the story of Eléonore and the murdered Zina spread through Paris and raised a storm of indignation.

By the time the little girl was well enough to come downstairs public sympathy expressed itself in a tangible form, and dogs of all shapes and sizes poured into the

convent parlour as offerings to Zina's mistress. But neither the most engaging of pugs nor the friendliest of spaniels could console her for her loss ; Eléonore tearfully shook her head, declaring that no dog could ever take the place in her heart that Zina had occupied, and she refused them all.

When the new year came Eléonore was still under the ban of the nuns' displeasure. It was the custom at the convents for the *pensionnaires* to write home letters of congratulation to their parents on this occasion, and since letter-writing at this period was an exceedingly formal affair, the nuns were wont to provide a model letter in the stilted and ceremonious language of the day. This year, however, Eléonore, being in disgrace, was denied the doubtful privilege of copying the model letter and was told that she must compose one on her own account to send to her father. This was terribly alarming—how was a little girl to remember all the pompous phrases and laboured compliments her stern parent would expect ? Then, suddenly a bright idea came to her. Madame de Sévigné, she remembered, had written the finest letters in the French language, so, since the nuns of the Conception would not help, why not have recourse to the aid of the celebrated marquise ? Luckily a volume of the letters was to be found in the convent library, and Eléonore, soon deep in its contents, made an astonishing discovery. The art of letter-writing lay simply in writing as one talked ! Here in these immortal letters were no tortured phrases, no profound reflections, but just the thoughts and feelings of a clever and warm-hearted woman who wrote of what she saw and heard around her. Why should not she, Eléonore de Jean de Manville, do the same—forego the formalities contained in the model letter, and just write to her father as if she were talking to him ? Taking up her pen, she let herself go and then awaited anxiously M. de Jean's verdict. To her delight, her father declared that she had never written a better expressed letter, and inquired the reason

of this sudden improvement in her style. This was not calculated to allay the nuns' irritation, and when Eléonore, encouraged by the success of her first effort, embarked on a correspondence with her friend Marie de Bavière¹ at the convent, by way of improving her new-found talent, the nuns were so displeased that they sentenced both the writers to have the letters they had written each other folded into the shape of donkeys' ears and tied on to their heads during lesson hours. One wonders whether these hard and dreary women lived to realize their want of discernment towards the girl who was to become the author of letters that a hundred and thirty years later were described as "some of the jewels of French prose."²

Eléonore de Jean, like the heroine of a fairy story, was condemned all through her childhood to incessant cruelty—stepmother, grandmother, nuns, one after one contrived to make her life miserable, yet never succeeded in spoiling her charming nature. There was never a less "blighted being" than Eléonore.

When at last the two sisters left the Couvent de la Conception it was to return once more to the rigid rule of their grandmother. Madame de Montigny's arrogant manner had not softened during the three years the little girls had spent at the convent, and now that poor Eléonore was once more at her mercy all the old bullying began again, every fit of ill-temper the old lady experienced was vented on her unfortunate granddaughter, and even the kind uncle could do little to make her life bearable, as on one fatal occasion he tried to do. Eléonore, being a perfectly natural girl, loved pretty things and she had often longed for one of the bouquets of artificial flowers it was just then the fashion to carry in one's hand. One day, to her joy, her uncle made her a present of one of these bouquets—the loveliest she had ever seen! She was so pleased with

¹ Later the Marquise de Hautefort.

² "Life of Madame de Staël," by Lady Blennerhassett.

it that when the moment came to go out with her grandmother in the coach she could not bear to be parted from it and took it with her to beguile the tedium of the drive. All the way she kept on looking at it, admiring each flower separately, when suddenly her grandmother turned on her and exclaimed angrily :

" Eléonore ! You are carrying flowers, and you know they always make my head ache ! "

" But, madame, they have no smell, for they are artificial ! "

" I tell you they make my head ache ! "

" Madame, it is impossible, since they are not real——"

" Do not argue with me. I forbid you to carry flowers ! " And, before Eléonore could say another word, Madame de Montigny had snatched the bouquet from her hand and thrown it out of the carriage window.

Eléonore, with tears in her eyes, saw her lovely flowers lying in the mud of the Paris street and the coach rolled on, leaving them to be crushed by the wheels of the next carriage that passed that way. At seventeen such griefs as these are very bitter and poor Eléonore had few pleasures to brighten the monotony of her life.

A point that was always a matter of discord between Eléonore and her grandmother was her affection for her father. He cannot have been a very lovable person, but for all that she adored him—perhaps because, as she tells us, she had no one else to love.

Madame de Montigny hated her son-in-law, and nothing enraged her more than the little attentions Eléonore showed him from time to time. Once, when she had spent two months over some drawings for him, the grandmother discovered her at work and threw them all into the fire. Meanwhile the stepmother, furiously jealous of Eléonore, was equally determined to prevent her seeing anything of her father.

The two women between them did everything they

could to keep Monsieur de Jean and his younger daughter apart, but Eléonore firmly persisted in going every day to visit him.

One morning she arrived as usual, and was just about to go in at the door, when the servant told her that Monsieur de Jean had gone out.

"I will come in and wait for him."

The footman looked very much embarrassed, and murmured something about Monsieur de Jean being expected in late.

"Then I will return later," she said; but at that moment the abbé who lived with the de Jeans—in those days a tame abbé was *de rigueur* in every well-conducted house—came out of Monsieur de Jean's study, and suddenly the girl understood the situation. Her father was at home and would not see her!

"Monsieur l'abbé," she said going up to him in the passage with tears in her big blue eyes, "you were with my father?"

"Yes," the abbé said gently.

"And he refuses to see me!" cried Eléonore, bursting into a passion of weeping.

"Her tears," said the abbé afterwards, describing the scene, "covered her lovely face, she hid her head in her hands, and in her agitation the comb that with difficulty held up her wealth of hair fell out, and a forest of fair hair forming a unique contrast to her brown eyebrows and long black lashes, covered her from head to foot like a thick mantle."

The kind abbé, cut to the heart at the sight of her distress, walked home with her through the streets and did his best to console her. In answer to her questionings he was obliged to admit that her stepmother was the cause of Monsieur de Jean's refusal to admit her; she had succeeded in persuading her husband that old Madame de Montigny's animosity towards him was shared by Eléonore.

The poor child implored the abbé to contradict this

monstrous accusation, and reached home comforted by his promise to do what he could to put the matter right; but his intervention was not needed, for a short time after this Madame de Jean died, and Eléonore was now able to hope that nothing would prevent her father from seeing her, or possibly from offering a home to his two children.

She waited anxiously, daily expecting a summons from Monsieur de Jean; but a fresh obstacle lay in the way of her happiness.

It appeared that her father, always dominated by stronger natures, had fallen under the influence of a certain Chevalier who was nothing more than an adventurer and who determined to acquire some portion of Monsieur de Jean's large fortune. Having for months frequented the house and acquired control over the old man's weak will, he now made the infamous proposal that he should marry the elder of Monsieur de Jean's two daughters, whose feeble-mindedness would offer no obstacle to his schemes. By this arrangement he and his wife would live with Monsieur de Jean, whilst Eléonore would remain on with her grandmother.

Eléonore's indignation at this plot may be imagined, but she was powerless to oppose it, and the marriage would certainly have taken place had not her poor sister died suddenly at the very moment fixed for the wedding. The Chevalier, finding himself balked of the fortune he hoped to acquire through his wife, had no intention of allowing this trifling misadventure to interfere with his plans and calmly proposed to Monsieur de Jean that he should now marry Eléonore instead of her sister.

In the eighteenth century marriages were arranged by the parents of the young couple concerned without any reference to their wishes, and in many cases the future husband and wife met for the first time on the day of their marriage. But Eléonore de Jean, for all her gentleness, was less docile than most girls of her

period, and she had no intention of being handed over to anybody without her own consent, so when the Chevalier, having secured her father's approval of his plan, presented himself at Madame de Montigny's for an interview with his future bride, an unpleasant surprise awaited him. Eléonore possessed not only a firm will, but a fiery temper, and the sight of this miserable fortune-hunter roused her to so much indignation that she told him in scathing terms what she thought of his proposal, and it was a very abject and resentful man who made his way out of Madame de Montigny's *salon*.

Needless to say, the baffled Chevalier henceforth did his best to injure Eléonore in the opinion of Monsieur de Jean, and she was beginning to despair of ever taking any place in her father's affections, when Monsieur de Jean was suddenly struck down with paralysis and the doctors ordered him to go and take the waters at Bourbon-l'Archambault. Here at last was Eléonore's opportunity; the desire to take care of any one old or ill or helpless was always one of her strongest characteristics, and she determined now to go with her father and look after him through his illness.

Her grandmother was furious at the suggestion.

"You must choose between your father and me—if you go with him I will never see you again as long as I live."

The threat held little terror, for life had not been too sweet under Madame de Montigny's roof. But with the innate courtliness of her day she answered gently:

"Deeply as that would grieve me, madame, my choice is made. I must follow my father."

"And what will happen to you if your father dies at Bourbon?" Madame de Montigny asked coldly. "I shall go into a convent," said Eléonore and her uncle, Monsieur de Montigny, her one friend in this stern household, who was in the room during this conversation, could not refrain from applauding her decision.

So poor Eléonore, with all the courage and inex-

perience of her seventeen years, set off with her father and his retinue of servants to the baths of Bourbon l'Archambault, very proud and happy to have the old man in her charge and free at last to show him all the affection she had felt for him and of which he was, alas! so unworthy. No sooner had he completed his cure, owing to Eléonore's care and devotion, and returned to Paris once more in good health, than he fell again under the influence of the rascally Chevalier, and his daughter was obliged at last to realize that it was useless to attempt to counteract the adventurer's power over the old man.

Madame de Montigny, who had not carried out her threat of refusing to see her granddaughter again, received her back on her return to Paris. Eléonore was now nineteen, an age that in the eighteenth century was already quite mature, and the question of a marriage for her must be seriously considered. Monsieur de Jean, at the instigation of the Chevalier, sent various impossible aspirants to pay their court to the lovely Mademoiselle de Jean, who, as they all well knew, would inherit a large fortune on the death of her father. Needless to say, these gentlemen shared the same fate as their accomplice the Chevalier, and retired one and all discomfited, nor did the eligible young men approved by Madame de Montigny meet with any better success.

Eléonore, as a matter of fact, could not bear young men, and certainly most young men of her day were far from inspiring confidence. These scented, powdered, and brocaded exquisites who paid her well-turned compliments and appeared so deeply impressed by her charms would, she knew, find other charms far more alluring a few months after marriage. Love between husbands and wives was in their philosophy only for the *bourgeoisie*, and marriage was merely an arrangement out of which one should secure the greatest possible advantages.

Wise little Eléonore had no intention of being married

for her money and then neglected. If she married any one it should be some one who would love her for herself—some one to whom she would be necessary. She had always been unloved, poor child, and she could not face the prospect of a loveless marriage. Now, amongst the guests who came most often to the house of Madame de Montigny was a very famous and distinguished person—the old Comte Elzéar Joseph de Sabran-Grammont, Seigneur de Beaudinar, who had covered himself with glory in the Seven Years War. He was a magnificent-looking man, this old sailor, now nearly seventy, with his white hair and stern, well-cut features that softened strangely when he talked to Eléonore on his visits to her grandmother. Eléonore admired him immensely. Was he not the great Comte de Sabran, bearer of one of the most splendid names in France,¹ whose prowess on the sea had made him the admiration of the world?

Everybody knew the story of his career: how, as commander of the *Content*, he had won a victory over Admiral Byng, and later, when in command of the *Centaure*, had taken part in one of the most terrible naval battles of his day. The *Centaure*, cruising off the coast of Gibraltar, was attacked by four British ships, but for seven hours the gallant commander defended himself against the enemy; with broken masts and torn sails, and with eleven bullet-wounds in his own body, he held on valiantly until all his ammunition was exhausted and the last cannon had been charged with his silver plate. Then only, when the ship began to sink and he saw no further hope of saving the crew, he was obliged to surrender; but the English, sportsmen

¹ The de Sabrans dated from 993, and were therefore about the seventh oldest family in France. They had many illustrious ancestors—Guillaume de Sabran, who fought in the first Crusade; Garsande de Sabran, wife of Alphonse II, Comte de Provence, who held a *salon* in the twelfth century, and whose granddaughter Marguerite was the wife of Saint Louis; also Elzéar de Sabran, who was canonized. It has been said that every royal house of Europe is descended from a Sabran.

as they have always been throughout their history, were filled with admiration of their heroic adversary, and showed him every respect and consideration during the two months that he spent as prisoner of war. At the end of that time he returned to France, and Louis XV, receiving him in a private audience at Versailles, presented him to the Queen and Dauphin with the words : " The Comte de Sabran is one of ourselves ! "

To the romantic imagination of Eléonore de Jean it is no wonder that the Comte de Sabran appeared more interesting than the frivolous young men who were proposed to her as *partis*.

He was so kind and so charming that by degrees she began to treat him as a friend and tell him of her troubles, to which he listened sympathetically, never dreaming that this lovely child could think of him as other than a father.

Eléonore was curiously innocent. With all her cleverness she knew little of the world, and it is probable that she understood nothing about marriage, when it occurred to her that it would be perfectly delightful to spend her life with this dear old friend. The more she thought about it the more the idea took hold of her mind. If they wanted her to marry some one, why not the one man for whom she could feel real affection ?

She determined at last to ask the advice of her uncle, and the following morning Monsieur de Montigny received a message asking him to come to her room.

Eléonore, as fresh as a rose, her beautiful fair hair unpowdered, and wearing a morning wrapper, received him with a smile.

" You sent for me . . . ? " he began wonderingly.

" Yes," she said, " for you care for me—I can confide in you."

And then she told him of the great idea that had come to her. Here, in this household of her grandmother's, she was so alone and friendless ; her father cared nothing for her ; what was she to do ?

"There is nothing for it," she ended; "I must marry." And, whilst her uncle wondered which of the many *partis* suggested she had decided to accept, she added calmly: "I have found the man who will be my protector and my guide—the Comte de Sabran!"

"But," murmured M. de Montigny, amazed at this announcement, "you are only nineteen and he is sixty-nine!"

"I shall be everything to him—he will love me—he will protect me!" Eléonore repeated, and nothing would persuade her to reconsider her decision—the Comte de Sabran was the only man she could think of marrying! Monsieur de Montigny finally agreed to discuss the matter with his mother and Monsieur de Jean, and, having secured their approval, proceeded to sound the Comte de Sabran on his feelings for Eléonore. The old man made no secret of his admiration for her, but had never hoped that he could be accepted as a lover. However, when Monsieur de Montigny delicately conveyed to him that this was not altogether impossible, the gallant admiral, who had lost none of the ardour of youth, dashed off immediately to ask Eléonore to marry him. Eléonore received him with an enchanting smile, and in answer to his proposal said that nothing would please her better than to become his wife. The Comte could hardly believe in his good fortune, and since at sixty-nine one cannot afford to wait long for happiness, he lost no time in making Eléonore de Jean the Comtesse de Sabran.

At the time of her marriage Eléonore, still a child, with unawakened passions, was perfectly happy, happier than she had ever been in her short, sad life. Released at last from the petty tyrannies and vexations that had made existence so wretched, peace seemed to her the greatest blessing in the world.

At first, too, the change from the position of a repressed and slighted girl to that of a great lady brought

with it much amusement and excitement. The Comte de Sabran hastened to present his young wife at the Court, and this, in the leisurely days of the eighteenth century, was no hurried affair such as presentation at Court means to us—a moment's appearance before the royal presence, a few curtsies, and a graceful exit; it entailed the spending of several days and nights at the Château of Versailles and taking part in all kinds of festivities. Presentation to the king came first, then visits to the apartments of all the royal family in turn during meal-time—a custom to our minds strangely suggestive of a visit to the Zoo—and in the evening the *débutante* must take her place on one of the stools arranged around the royal card-table—a privilege accorded only to the highest rank and known as the *droit des tabourets*; or she must figure in a *contre-danse* at a ball in the great Galerie des Glaces.

It was all very brilliant and wonderful to the girl who had seen nothing of the world, this dazzling Court with its perpetual pageants—trumpets blowing fanfares, guards in sixteenth-century uniforms drawn up in the marble courtyard when the king went a-hunting; rows of brilliantly attired courtiers and ladies in immense silken paniers forming a hedge down the length of the long Galerie when his Majesty went to mass; an exotic world of exquisite delicacy and stately beauty such as we to-day can only dream of, and that, as Taine remarks, must have been seen if we would realize the "triumph of monarchic culture." It was no slight ordeal to make one's first appearance before such an audience—an audience none too kindly in its verdicts—and several *mémoristes* have recorded their feelings of terror when, as young girls with the unaccustomed pile of powdered hair on their heads, and the unwieldy paniers attached to their waists, they faced the fire of all these critical eyes. Eléonore de Sabran was, in fact, so overcome with shyness that she persistently hid herself behind the women with the largest paniers in the room in order

to escape attention. She need not have feared criticism, for the Court thought her charming.

"Her virtues," said the Prince de Ligne, "are so natural, so simple that one takes them only for accomplishments. . . . She brought into the world so much candour and such ignorance of evil that everything must be a surprise to her native innocence."

There must have been many surprises for so guileless a mind at the Court of Louis XV in that fateful year of 1769. Ever since the death of Madame de Pompadour, five years earlier, life at the Court had been terribly dull; but now a whisper went round that a fresh fancy had fired the jaded passions of the king, and that before long a new beauty would make her appearance at the Court. Rumour proved correct, for just after Eléonore de Sabran's presentation the Comtesse du Barry burst upon the disgusted world of Versailles. Here in this historic gallery, where the Roi Soleil had shone in his splendour and Madame de Montespan, in her dress of "gold on gold, worked with more gold," had won the unwilling admiration of Madame de Sévigné, a *grisette* was to be seen as the favourite of the king, a girl straight from the underworld of Paris, the toast of hair-dressers and valôts, who but a short time ago was doling out ribbons behind the counter of Labille, now moved, insolent and triumphant, between the rows of courtiers ranged along the Galerie des Glaces—the courtiers who derisively hummed the refrain attributed by some people to the Chevalier de Boufflers¹:

"Lisette, ta beauté séduit
Et charme tout le monde;
En vain la duchesse rougit
Et la princesse gronde;
Chacun sait que Vénus naquit
De l'écume de l'onde."

Two or three duchesses and princesses did more than blush and scold; they signified, with icy politeness, that

¹ "Madame du Barry," by Claude Saint-André, p. 43.

they felt their presence at the Court to be superfluous, and, shaking the dust of Versailles from their satin slippers, retired to their country houses to form courts of their own at which the great world assembled. Amongst those who did not leave or even protest was, unhappily, the Chevalier de Boufflers' aunt, the Maréchale de Mirepoix, who, up to her ears as usual in gambling debts, could not afford to offend the king, and, to the fury and disgust of her family, took the new favourite under her protection.

What did Eléonore de Sabran think of all these things, peeping out from behind the protecting paniers? Did she understand, or wonder, like that other innocent girl, the Dauphine Marie Antoinette who arrived in France a year later, "What was precisely Madame du Barry's office at the Court?" Did she guess anything of the misery as well as the vice that lay behind the outward splendour of Versailles—the half-starved servants in the palace, the ruined tradesmen, the disaffection that was growing steadily in the minds of the courtiers themselves?

"Things will last my time!" said the king, with atrocious cynicism, and the favourite, in her gilded attics, served to charm away an occasional mood of remorse that overcame him at the thought of the impending deluge.

It is probable that the extraordinary innocence of Eléonore de Sabran kept her from these visions, for in all her writings she has told us nothing of her impressions at the Court of Louis XV.

We know, however, that she was an immense success there; her charm and wit, her "blue eyes irised with brown," her tiny feet on which she danced so divinely in minuets and *contre-danses*, became some of the chief topics of conversation. When she appeared in the great Galerie des Glaces beside her husband—a gallant figure for all his white hair and stooping shoulders, yet old enough to be her grandfather—every one

smiled; yet it was not a smile of derision. These people, accustomed to laugh at innocence, found Eléonore's innocence piquant and refreshing; her wit and charming manners saved her from the *gaucheries* of inexperience. Into this exotic atmosphere she brought a breath of such freshness and simplicity that in time she became known amongst them by the affectionate sobriquet of "Fleur des Champs"—the name by which the Prince de Ligne and other of her contemporaries refer to her.

The curé of Saint-Roch, who believed in turning beauty to account, was in the habit of inviting the most attractive women at the Court to make a collection after mass for the poor of his parish. The year before the marriage of Eléonore, the celebrated Comtesse d'Egmont had performed this office, and by her *beaux yeux* raised a large sum for the curé's charities; but now the fame of the young Comtesse de Sabran reached the curé's ears, and he lost no time in enlisting her services in the cause of his poor.

The curé's scheme succeeded beyond his wildest expectations, for the church was so packed with people eager for a glimpse of the new beauty that she was hardly able to make her way through the crowd. As each golden louis was dropped into the alms-bag she rewarded the giver with a smile so charming that the organist, looking down from the organ-loft, resolved not to be left out, and hurriedly forsook his post to win a smile for himself as he added his louis to the rest.

The last year's beauty, Madame d'Egmont, hearing of the large sum collected by her successor, hastened to the presbytery to find out the exact amount, and was obliged to admit herself beaten—the *beaux yeux* of Madame de Sabran had proved more potent than her own! But women in eighteenth-century France were often extraordinarily generous to each other's attractions, and Madame d'Egmont was quite ready to congratulate her successful rival.

Madame de Sabran, all through her life, seems to have been as much appreciated by women as by men ; she was too far removed above the intrigues and the scandals, that made up the lives of many of her sex to incur their jealousy. She had no need for the advantages for which they were scheming ; she did not want their lovers.

The young courtiers who, on seeing her at first with her old husband, had hoped to find her willing to embark on *bergeries*, were indeed sadly disappointed, for Eléonore turned a deaf ear to the most exquisitely worded compliments, whilst amorous glances only met with gentle mockery. "Fleur des Champs" was lovely, they decided, but hopelessly unapproachable ; her marriage, they discovered, was not one of convenience ; she was really devoted to the Comte de Sabran !

This fact, however surprising it might seem to the *séducteurs* of the Court, was nevertheless true. At the end of her visits to Versailles, Eléonore was perfectly content to drive away in her gilded coach out of the great Cour de Marbre with the dear old man at her side. She was so proud of him—this hero of the *Centaure*, with his "majestic" features and courtly manners, who showed her such tender care. As time went on it was her turn to care for him, for his health was failing. Eléonore's heart always went out to the weak and helpless, and she nursed him as devotedly as she had nursed her father at Bourbon l'Archambault ; but when, a year later, a little daughter was born to her—a lovely cherub with golden hair and blue eyes like her own—her happiness was complete. Often, remembering the tragedy of her own birth, she would press the little creature to her heart and murmur as she kissed it passionately : "Thou, at any rate, shalt know a mother's love !"

The little girl was christened Louise Eléonore Melanie, but she was never called anything but Delphine, evi-

dently in memory of the famous ancestress of the de Sabrans, Delphine de Signe who lived in the fourteenth century, and became the wife of Elzéar de Sabran, canonized later for his "sublime virtues." So when, four years after the birth of Delphine, a little son was born to Eléonore de Sabran, it was natural he should be called Elzéar.

Elzéar came into the world so weak and delicate that at first his life was almost despaired of, and though his mother's care enabled him to live, he was all through his childhood too precocious and highly strung for happiness.

The old admiral, however, was delighted at the birth of his heir.

"Now," he cried, "I have nothing left to wish for!" He lived only a year to enjoy his happiness.

Just a week before the birth of Elzéar, Louis XV had died, and the following summer Madame de Sabran was summoned to Rheims for the coronation festivities. She had many friends in the Court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette—two had been with her at the Convent of the Conception, Madame de Tourzel and Madame de Hautefort, who, as Marie de Bavière, had corresponded with Eléonore and incurred the nuns' displeasure; Madame Clothilde, the sister of Louis XVI, popularly known as "Gros Madame" on account of her immense size, had a great affection for Madame de Sabran; so, too, had Madame de Marsan, her lady-in-waiting, and therefore, though Madame de Sabran had no post at the Court, she was invited to go with it on this great occasion.

She never forgot the gorgeous ceremony that inaugurated this ill-fated reign. Amongst the brilliant crowd gathered in the great cathedral, she watched with eyes of wonder the crown of Charlemagne glittering with precious stones placed on the young king's head, heard the dim vaults echo to the cries of "Vive le Roi!" whilst at the same moment, according to

immemorial custom, a number of birds were let loose as a symbol that "men are never more happy than under the rule of a just and enlightened prince."

So great was the emotion, so passionate the loyalty of the people for the royal pair who were to take the place of the dissolute old king that the queen fainted away and had to be carried out into the air.

Madame de Sabran had just returned from the ceremony when a despatch was brought to her containing sad news. The Comte de Sabran, whose failing strength had prevented his going with her to Rheims, had been struck down in her absence by a paralytic stroke. She lost no time in hastening to his side, but arrived too late ; when she reached home the old husband she had chosen and loved so tenderly had breathed his last. Eléonore shed many bitter tears, and for a year she lived in complete seclusion at the house of her husband's nephew, the Bishop of Laon.

Monseigneur de Sabran was only thirty-six, and though, unlike many prelates of his day, his morals were irreproachable, he was thoroughly a man of the world, and life at his summer palace—the Château d'Anizy, ten miles from Laon—was pleasant as well as peaceful.

During the quiet year Madame de Sabran spent at Anizy with her children she took the opportunity to improve her talents, she drew and painted, read a great deal, taught herself Italian, and played the harpsichord. Her friends, coming from Paris to see her, found her lovelier than ever in her black gown and the black veil draped around her golden head.

"Come back to Paris !" they begged at last. "How long must so much charm and beauty remain buried in the provinces ?"

In the end she yielded to their persuasions. She was so young—only twenty-six—and life still lay before her. She was rich, too, and for the first time free—decidedly Paris was not without its attractions. At this moment a charming house in the Rue du Faubourg-

Saint-Honoré belonging to the financier Bouret happened to be for sale.

Madame de Sabran went to see it and bought it immediately. It was here that she was living peacefully with her children, surrounded by her friends when an invitation to supper at the Maréchale de Luxembourg's brought about the event that changed the current of two lives for ever, and on this memorable evening Stanislas de Boufflers and Eléonore de Sabran met for the first time face to face

CHAPTER II

"A GARDEN ENCLOSED"

THE Chevalier de Boufflers lost no time in paying his court to the lovely widow; the very day after their meeting at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, he presented himself, with his friend, the Prince de Ligne, at her house in the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré.

The Rue Saint-Honoré and its continuation the Faubourg was at this date the most varied street in Paris; here lived many of the most fashionable *mar-chands de frivolités*, the most brilliant courtesans, and here, too, were some of the great convents and the houses of the old nobles. But the Faubourg was essentially the aristocratic end of the street, and still to-day, on its south side, several of the magnificent historical houses, with their huge *portes cochères* remain—the Hôtel de Guébrian, the Hôtel de Charost (now the British Embassy), and the Hôtel d'Aguesseau. Between these and the Hôtel d'Evreux (now the Palais Elysée), where either the number 43 or 45 now stands, was the house of Madame de Sabran. It must have been a perfectly delicious retreat amidst the whirl of Paris life, shut off by its massive entrance from the noise of the street, whilst on the other side were the rooms in which she lived, with their windows looking south over a sea of green, beyond which, on the left, were the Place Louis XV (now the Place de la Concorde), and the great gates of the-Tuileries. A sunny terrace ran along this side of the house, from which steps led down into the enormous garden, where smooth green lawns

shaded by splendid old trees stretched right away to the Champs Elysées. To-day, as one walks along the green alley known now as the Avenue Gabriel, bordered by the tall iron railings of these old gardens, one catches for a moment a glimpse of the stately world of eighteenth-century Paris. Beneath some of these very trees the women of the reign of Louis XVI walked perhaps in their flowing muslin gowns on summer mornings; through that great gateway Madame de Sabran may often have passed with Delphine and Elzéar into the Champs Elysées. Her house is gone, but those remaining close by give one an idea of its appearance, and in looking out of the south windows of the British Embassy one sees—but for such modern disfigurements as the Eiffel Tower—much the same prospect as she saw from the windows of her salon a hundred and thirty years ago.

Inside the house was charming, for Bouret had decorated it at enormous cost, yet with far from plutocratic floridness of taste, and the exquisite mouldings, carvings, and panellings of that enchanting period formed a perfect background to the furniture and "bibelots" that Madame de Sabran had collected.

Of all these things, however, the Chevalier de Boufflers probably saw little at this first visit; he had eyes, not for the shrine, but only for the divinity it held. The sudden thrill of emotion he had felt the evening before at the supper-party was intensified a hundredfold now that he saw her in her own surroundings, dressed with the subtle simplicity of which she made an art. She never wore anything that glittered, says one of her contemporaries, but "with infinite skill, made use of the simplest ornaments. She appeared to have arranged nothing and to have left everything to chance; but, when one looked at her closely, one saw that nothing had been forgotten."¹

The Chevalier de Boufflers, gazing at her fascinated,

¹ "Galerie des Dames Françaises."

realized that here at last was the reality, the naturalness he had often sought in vain ; here, too, was a purity and goodness for which, cynical man of the world that he was, he still retained a lingering reverence. Long years afterwards he wrote a story called " Ah ! si . . . " in which the picture of the " Comtesse de Blum " is evidently a description of his feelings at his first meeting with Madame de Sabran, for the details he gives exactly coincide with those given by Madame Vigée le Brun and other of her contemporaries :

" Imagine . . . not the most striking thing you have ever seen, but, what is a great deal more, the most fascinating : a soul visible rather than mere beauty, that is what struck me at the first glance. . . . "

But after that first electrical moment he began to realize her outward beauty, which he describes in detail :

" That beautiful hair, of which the silvery fairness contrasts so charmingly with the colour of the eyebrows and lashes, that delicate complexion, with its candid whiteness, those blooming cheeks that seem tinged by innocence ; . . . those eyes, the colour of pansies that shed more light than they receive ; and that nose that, by its shape, its fineness, could belong to no one else and seems like the point of meeting of all the other charms of the whole face ; even that chin, at which one cannot help looking ; . . . that *tout ensemble* at the same time noble and arcadian [*champêtre*] elegant and simple, quiet and animated, that makes up her appearance ; that almost aerial body in which Nature has only made use of matter to show forth grace and to incorporate a spirit. . . . " ¹

¹ Madame Vigée le Brun, who describes Madame de Sabran in her memoirs as *fort jolie*, has evidently not flattered her in the portrait reproduced in this book, but she has shown us the woman as she knew her with the look of teasing tenderness, the enigmatic smile, the rebellious hair, the wit, the whimsicality, the careless attitude so natural to her. This picture is now in Liège. M. Pierre de Croze, on p. 116 of " Le Chevalier de Boufflers et Madame de Sabran," says he has seen six portraits of her in all of which she has blue eyes, fair hair, and nearly black eyebrows and

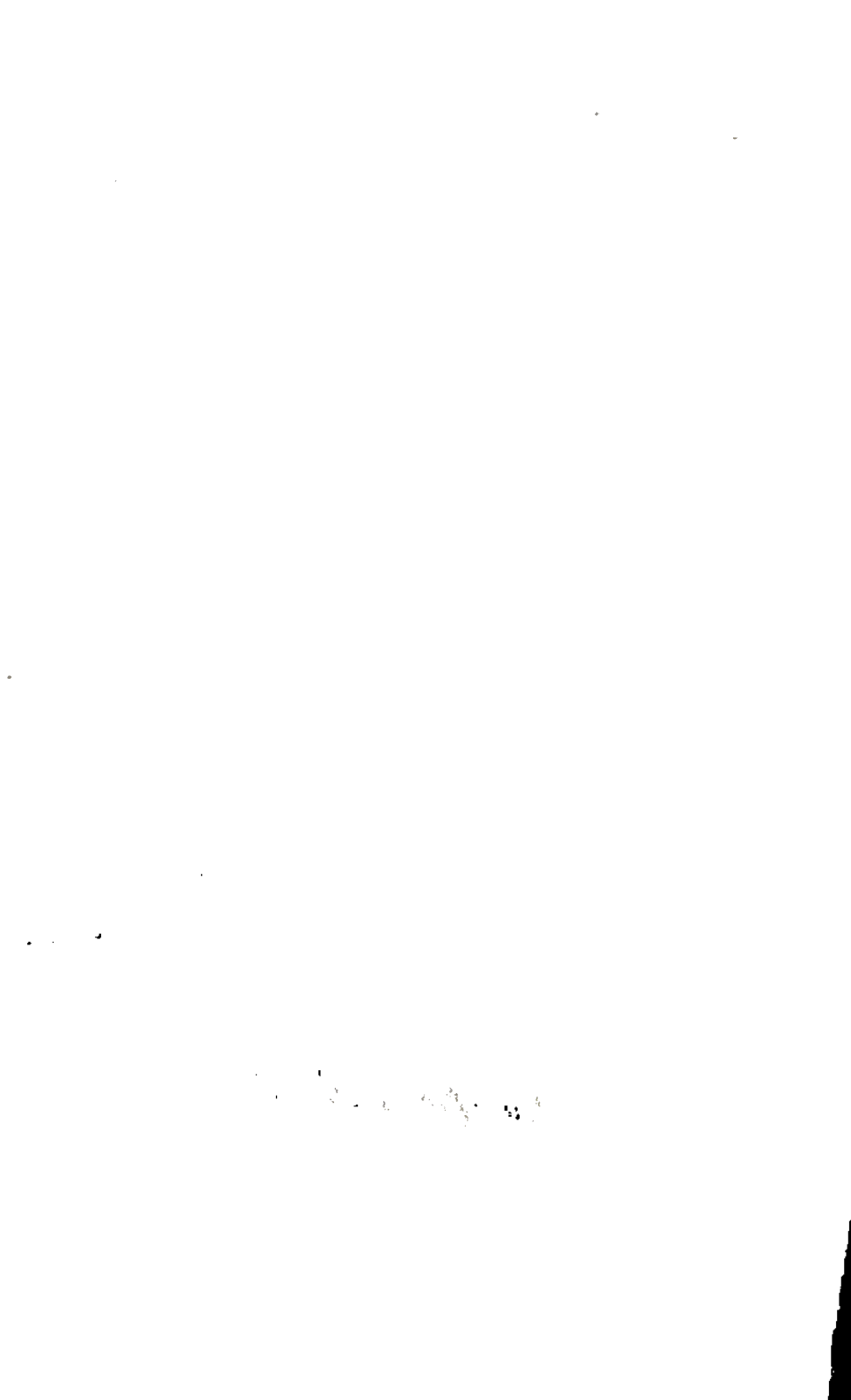


L. G. Vigée le Brun pinxit

F. Rayon sculptor

La Comtesse de Sabran

Emery Walker photo



When Eléonore began to talk her conversation acted like a spell on the minds of her two listeners. There were many clever women in Paris at this date—women who talked of “government, law, public order,” like the Chevalier’s cousin, the pedantic Comtesse de Boufflers; amusing women, like his mother, the marquise; witty women, like old Madame du Deffand; but none of these had Madame de Sabran’s extraordinary picturesqueness of conversation—a “magic lantern of ideas,” as Madame Vigée le Brun described it. The Prince de Ligne, in one of the best descriptions of the art of conversation ever written, has recorded the impression that she made on him :

“It is above all in conversation that her quickness of mind shows in all its charm. Eléonore knows so well how to pass from one subject to another! She seems to lead you through an English garden, where one never goes along the same path twice, and where one always sees fresh objects of interest. Her simple and lively imagination shows them to one as in a moving picture; one sees them, they live, they walk about. She conveys her impressions as vividly as she receives them, for to relate well one must be able to feel keenly. . . . She never knows what she ought to say, and one lets oneself be carried away by the unpremeditated charm of her gentle talk [*sa douce causerie*] as if in a light skiff along the course of a beautiful river. One no more knows where one is going to than she knows where she is taking one. She interrupts herself, she goes wrong, she corrects herself. Her want of memory adds to the originality of her discourse; she never repeats herself, just as a bird never sings the same song over again. The right and the piquant expression always comes to her lips. She writes, and her pen even in verse

lashes), and amongst these is one in which she is dressed as a widow: “her face appears quite small; one sees nothing but her big blue eyes. . . . A white cap bordered with black imprisons her fair hair, which was usually out of control, with curls forming an aureole round her head. . . . In her other portraits (as in this of Madame le Brun’s) her disordered hair makes her head appear out of proportion.” I have been unable to find this portrait as a widow.

seems to fly all by itself. The greatest charm of Eléonore is above all things naturalness; at Court they call her 'Fleur des Champs.' Coquetry has always been as foreign to her as intrigue! yet she charms—charms every one without intention, without design, and without malice, and a great deal more and a great deal better than if she thought about it."

Whether she intended it or not, she certainly succeeded in charming the Chevalier; but I am not sure that "coquetry" was as foreign to her nature as the Prince de Ligne supposed, and she probably found it exceedingly amusing to have the gay Chevalier at her feet. She was not the least in love with him, and thought him far from handsome, for her letters to him later are full of laughing allusions to his appearance, to his ungainly way of walking, his small and piercing eyes, his gruff and absent-minded manner. Still, she found him interesting; he appealed to her ever lurking sense of humour, he was a "character," not like anybody else, and would certainly be a piquant addition to her "salon."

At first the friendship proceeded on the usual stately lines of the period, as this little note will show. The Chevalier had evidently proposed to his great-aunt, the Maréchale de Luxembourg, to invite them both at the same time to Montmorency, her beautiful château just outside Paris; but, at the last moment, fears for Madame de Sabran's fragile constitution overcome him:

"I should like to have good news of your health, Madame la Comtesse, and to take to Montmorency the hope of seeing you there. It is very magnanimous of me to point out to you that the weather is very wild, and that perhaps it is not prudent for you to keep your promise. . . . If I had all the talents that every day I envy Madame la Comtesse I should portray myself at her feet."

The talent referred to was painting, for Boufflers soon discovered Madame de Sabran's skill as an artist,

and art of course provided an excellent excuse for prolonged conversations and frequent calls. With all a lover's ingenuity he cast about for ways of seeing her oftener; he manœuvred for invitations to the same houses, and at each meeting he fell more and more under the spell of her fascination.

One day he discovered that she had studied Latin; she had, in fact, been taught by the eminent Abbé Delille and could construe Virgil and Horace fluently. Boufflers was quick to seize his opportunity; he himself was an excellent Latin scholar—would Madame la Comtesse allow him to continue the abbé's course of instruction? Madame la Comtesse would be charmed! Henceforth many pleasant hours were spent under the trees of her garden reading the Latin poets.

Music took them a step further along the path of intimacy. Eléonore, in her little silver thread of a voice, would sing to him on the guitar and he would answer on the harpsichord, with some *ronde* of his own composing:

“ Être jolie, être belle,
Ce n'est rien que tout cela,
Il faut être comme celle,
Comme celle que voilà !

“ L'œuillet, la rose nouvelle,
Ce n'est rien que tout cela,
Pour en parler près de celle,
Près de celle que voilà !

“ L'honneur, la gloire immortelle,
Ce n'est rien que tout cela ;
Il vaut mieux vivre avec celle,
Avec celle que voilà.

“ Un cœur tendre, un cœur fidèle,
Ce n'est rien que tout cela,
Si je ne puis plaire à celle,
Plaire à celle que voilà.”

After a while he took to coming in the mornings when she was alone at work on a picture. It was then that she most amused the Chevalier, for she had all the moods

of her artistic temperament. A splendid inspiration would come to her, which she hastened feverishly to carry out on canvas ; but the idea would not materialize. She grew impatient, discouraged, desperate ; meanwhile her pretty fingers became smudged with paint and her golden hair grew more and more disordered, thereby provoking gentle mirth on the part of the Chevalier. Yet it was at these moments that he thought her most adorable. He loved her vagueness, he loved even the inconvenience resulting from it in the pretty rooms so like herself, where one could never find the thing one wanted. Books wandered out of the book-cases and piled themselves on chairs ; ink-stands remained empty, pens uncut—everything was careless, charming, and unlike the houses of other women. It was an atmosphere that exactly suited the casual Chevalier. He liked to wander in on summer days and look for her in the great shady garden ; coming out of the drawing-room windows on to the terrace, he would catch a glimpse through the trees of a fairy thing in billowing white muslin moving lightly along the garden path, her small feet in their satin slippers hardly seeming to touch the ground. Then she would awake as from a dream and come towards him with a smile on her little plaintive face and in those blue eyes with their black lashes that were like no eyes he had ever seen before. Together they would walk over the smooth lawns with the blazing flower-beds to the summer-house overlooking the green alleys of the Champs Elysées, where books and work and paintings were heaped in charming confusion. Here on the grass beneath the trees Delphine and Elzéar were often playing, and they would rush to welcome their mother's curious new friend, the kind, odd-looking man who held them on his knee and told them fairy stories. The Chevalier not only loved the children, but he understood them, and before long Madame de Sabran fell into the habit of consulting him about them. Hé was always full of wise and kind advice on these occasions—never

gruff or absent-minded as he was wont to be with other people.

Madame de Sabran was so alone in the world that she found the Chevalier a rock to lean on. Yet still she did not dream of loving him. Had she not heard, like every one else, of his scandalous reputation? Was not he the author of "Aline, Reine de Golconde" and the *coqueluche* of half the women of Paris? Yet, though she knew these things, she was not in the least alarmed by them. Boufflers might be a rake, but he was a rake whose fundamental quality was "boundless goodness of heart"; he might be the hero of many amorous adventures, but he was no vain or cold-hearted *séducteur* like Lauzun or Tilly; he might be a scoffer, but he scoffed because he hated hypocrisy, because he longed for reality that he looked for in vain in the world around him.

All this Eléonore de Sabran, with her curious faculty of clairvoyance, saw in Boufflers, and with the daring of innocence she embarked gaily on this great friendship—a friendship she never dreamt would turn to love. Why should she fall in love—she who had kept her head so well amidst the seductions of the Court? She was quite sure that she would be able to keep it now!

"Good women," said the Prince de Ligne—perhaps as he watched the beginning of this romance—"run the greatest risks—they are the least prepared for what may happen."

One day a great idea came to Madame de Sabran—she would paint the Chevalier's portrait! Boufflers meekly resigned himself to the ordeal, but the sittings proved fatal to the sang-froid of the model, for one morning, when Madame de Sabran went to her easel, she found these verses pinned upon it:

"D'un procédé sûr et nouveau
Vous vous servez, ma jeune Apelle;
Pour animer votre tableau
Vous enflamez votre modèle.

" Vous mêlez cent tons différents
 Du plus sombre jusqu'au plus tendre ;
 Pour vous peindre ce que je sens
 Quel est celui que je dois prendre ?

" Sur mon secret votre talent
 Vous instruira bientôt lui-même
 Quand mon portrait sera parlant
 Il vous dira que je vous aime ! "

Madame de Sabran received this declaration with a smile. He loved her—but what did love mean to him, this man who had made love lightly to so many other women ; what did he know of love as she understood it, she, " *Fleur des Champs*," who had never wasted herself in *bergeries* ? So with the caution of a true woman of the world she took his declaration at what she believed that it was worth, and would not even allow herself to think of loving him. Of course he was not to be taken seriously ! When he looked with passion into the depths of her blue eyes she answered him with light mockery.

" There must be no talk of love between us ! " she said. " I want you as a friend—a friend only."

" Say as a brother ! " pleaded the Chevalier.

" Well, then, as a brother. But there must not be a word that is not strictly brotherly."

And the Chevalier, accustomed to easy conquest, was so piqued that he fell more in love with her than ever.

All through that autumn of 1777 Madame de Sabran heard with sadness the talk of war with England, for the salons of Paris had unanimously accorded America their sympathy in the struggle for independence. The new ideas on liberty, which had seemed hitherto embodied in the English constitution, now found further expression in the democratic ideals of the American insurgents, and the declaration of the rights of man, modelled on the style of Jean Jacques Rousseau, was hailed with delight by the " *Encyclopédistes* " of France.

America was not slow to recognize the advantage of enlisting the sympathies of one of the great Powers of Europe, and envoys were sent over to France to further the cause of American independence amongst the leaders of the salons. This "supper-table diplomacy," as it might be described, was entirely successful. Benjamin Franklin, whose homely appearance with the fur cap and spectacles from which he refused to be parted, inspired confidence in these votaries of the return to nature, and was welcomed enthusiastically everywhere. Men hung upon the words of wisdom that fell from his lips, women frankly embraced him on both cheeks.

France went mad over the wrongs of America ; forgetting her own unpreparedness for war, forgetting the depleted state of her exchequer, she flung herself into the struggle with a blind enthusiasm of which later on she reaped the tragic consequences. In that moment of impulsive folly she sent forth the flower of her aristocracy to join the American insurgents, and emptied her treasury of 1,200,000,000 francs, thereby increasing the famous "deficit" the first factor in the Revolution. Sixteen years later the unhappy queen, nicknamed by the Paris mob "Madame D ficit," was to suffer for the situation created by the action of these misguided champions of liberty—an action that had been resolutely opposed by the king who, with unusual insight, foresaw the grave consequences of provoking war with England. "When the struggle was ended the American Republic was founded, but the French Monarchy was lost."¹

By the middle of the winter the treaty with America was signed, and war began ; immediately the offices of ministers and the king's apartments at Versailles were mobbed by courtiers begging for staff appointments in the armies which were to be sent to the north of France with the object of attacking England.

The Chevalier de Boufflers was, of course, one of the first to apply for a command, but at first his chances

¹ "Les beaux jours de Marie Antoinette," by Imbert de Saint-Amand.

seemed small, for he was still in disfavour at the Court—what else could he expect if he *would* write disrespectful verses about royal personages? Only a short time before, the king, on being asked to sign a list for promotion in the army, noticed the name of the luckless Chevalier and crossed it out boldly, remarking: "I do not like verses or epigrams!" On this occasion, however, Boufflers was more fortunate, and the day came when he was able to announce proudly to Madame de Sabran that he had been made second in command to General de Castries in the army which was to be sent to Paramé in Brittany. Soon, all too soon, he must say farewell to his "sister" in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré! But at the thought of the glory that might await him on this campaign the fighting blood in his veins tingled. He longed to go and fight! Yet he adored Madame de Sabran! All through the vicissitudes of his life we find him torn between these ruling passions of his nature—love and adventure. He could not be satisfied with the tame things of life, he longed for an outlet for his restless activities, his overflowing vitality, and so, when he was with the woman he loved he could still hear the voices of the wide world calling him, yet when he answered them and left her the thought of her was always with him, and he longed to throw up everything and fly back to her again.

Madame de Sabran acted, however, as a fresh incentive to valour. More than ever now he longed to distinguish himself. For his devotion to Madame de Sabran had placed him in an unforeseen predicament. Fifteen years before, when he had lightly taken the vow of celibacy on becoming a knight of Malta, he had never dreamt that he would live to regret it. *Bergeries* were all he thought of in those days, and marriage seemed to him a prospect he could very cheerfully forego. Now for the first time in his life he had met a woman with whom he could not play at *bergeries*; moreover, nothing less than marriage would satisfy him. But he

had taken a vow of celibacy ! What was to be done ? It was, of course, always possible to be released from one's vows by leaving the order of the Knights of Malta, but that meant also relinquishing the revenues he drew from the Order. Deprived of these he would be a poor man—far too poor to ask a rich and beautiful widow to be his wife.

But if only he could do something brilliant ! Return from this war covered with glory and loaded with the emoluments that were at this period the inevitable reward of valour—then his heart's desire might be granted him ! And so, with high hopes, the Chevalier de Boufflers set forth on the campaign against "the eternal rival"—England.

CHAPTER III

" THE ETERNAL RIVAL "

THE strangest fact about this desultory campaign was the entire absence of animosity towards the enemy. Our adversaries of 1778 gave way to no ebullitions of fury or " hymns of hate." They meant to fight us in the cause of liberty ; they hoped to invade us and show proud Albion that she could not protect herself for ever behind her rampart of the sea ; but, had they ever succeeded in setting foot upon our shores the invasion would certainly have been of a very different description to the one promised us by Germany to-day. The sons and grandsons of the men who, at Fontenoy, took off their hats to our troops, remarking : " Messieurs, it is for you to fire the first shot ! " had retained all their old courtliness in time of war.

But the French, above all other soldiers, need a certain virulence to succeed in the field of battle, and in the campaign of 1778 this virulence was lacking. In the Memoirs of the Comte de Ségur, the friend of the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran, who was appointed to the staff in the same army as Boufflers, we find a description of this attempted invasion of England, but neither here nor in the letters of the Chevalier do we read a word of rancour against the English.

Before taking leave of his " sister " in Paris, Boufflers had suggested that they should write to each other—would it not be an excellent plan for Madame de Sabran to continue her Latin by correspondence ? Madame de Sabran agreed that the educational advantages the

scheme offered would be untold, but she was careful to give the Chevalier strict injunctions never to allow a word that was not purely "fraternal" to find its way into his letters. This command Boufflers made heroic efforts to obey, and fortunately the flowery language of the period afforded him a latitude impossible in modern letter-writing, and it was by no means beyond the limits of fraternal affection for the Chevalier to send his "sister" embraces in his letters or to write "*Je vous aime.*"

His letters from Brittany are charming, but only a few extracts can be given here. The first was written just after his arrival in about December 1777.

"I do not want to talk to my sister of my grief at having seen so little of her on Sunday, and at not having seen her at all on Monday. My sister is to me like royalty, to whom one must only show a contented face. Happily she cannot see mine when I am a hundred and fifty leagues away from her! . . . Heavens, dear sister, when shall I see you again? I am like a miser parted from his treasure; it is true he could not enjoy it, but he could spend the day looking at it. . . . Write to me a little, dear and charming sister; I live only on my memory of you. Have not preachers and metaphysicians told you that if God forgot the world for a moment it would fall into space? You are that God, and I am the world; do not forget me!

"The day of the Nativity of our Saviour.

"I have just come back from Saint-Malo, which I had never seen before. It is the most curious town in France both physically and morally. It is a democracy in a monarchy, situated sometimes on land, sometimes in the sea. . . . Fortresses disgust one with war; I cannot think without shuddering that, for the quarrels of kings who never think about them, and of nations that do not know of them, thousands of men, chosen for their valour and their honour, pine for years together in the most horrible prisons. To die is nothing, to

fight is pleasant enough, but to be bored is frightful. (Mourir n'est rien, se battre est assez joli, mais s'ennuyer est affreux.)

"I enjoyed myself very much at Rennes amidst the tumult of the States. I was glad to distinguish the voice of liberty and of its first-born, patriotism. I was born for other times, other countries, other laws. I think that in Athens, or even in Sparta, I might have been worth something. In order to be a citizen I want nothing but a country—like those poor devils of foundlings who would be the best relations in the world if they only had a family."

"In that respect I am well provided for, as I have a sister whom I would not exchange for a whole family. Farewell, sister, accustom yourself to being loved, for I will not leave off in order to oblige you!"

Sometimes a rather more than brotherly tone found its way into the Chevalier's letters—nor, evidently, was it always met with a rebuff. "*Mon Dieu*, how I love you, my dear sister!" he breaks out incontrollably; "get accustomed to it if you can, for I shall never be cured of the habit. Eat Delphine and Elzéar for me—only I can ever teach them to love and respect you for I think neither of them make enough of you. Tell Madame, and *not* Monsieur d'Andlau, to kiss you for me."

Unfortunately, few of Madame de Sabran's answers to the Chevalier's letters from Brittany have been preserved, and it is evident, from Boufflers' continual reproaches on the subject, that she was at this date a very bad correspondent—probably more through vagueness than indifference, for she admits that she seldom knew the date and no doubt imagined that she wrote oftener than she did. Whatever the cause, she succeeded in perpetually exasperating the Chevalier:

"I am only writing you a word in the bitterness of my heart; here are six letters with no reply. You know something of my feelings, and if you ever think of me you can imagine my anxiety."

Or again :

“ What have I done to you, my sister, that you should abandon me so cruelly ? Here is more than a fortnight without a word from your hand, and you know that it alone feeds me in this vale of tears. It is all very well to tell me that I do not bore you—I begin to believe it.”

When, to one of these *cris de cœur* Madame de Sabran airily replied that she wrote quite three letters to every one of his, the Chevalier flatly contradicted her :

“ You fib like a coquette when you say you write three letters to one of mine. I have counted better than you. . . .”

But if by chance the Chevalier failed to write with his usual regularity it was then the turn of Madame de Sabran to be bitterly indignant, and she would write overwhelming him with reproaches.

The perpetual quarrels that recur all through this strange correspondence certainly save it from monotony—never did the course of love or of platonic friendship run less smooth.

“ We must admit,” wrote Madame de Sabran when Boufflers had displayed one of his not unusual fits of temper, “ we must admit, my brother, that our correspondence is very pleasant. We take it in turn to reproach each other, and we quarrel all the time. Your letters, too, are intermittent. Sometimes I receive two at once and then I am centuries without hearing from you—no wonder I end by being annoyed. I scold you or I do not write to you, and you complain of me ; or else I am ill and you still complain—complain all the time without rhyme or reason, and without having the least cause of complaint. Your last letter is a chapter of bad temper. . . .”

The situation in Brittany at this moment certainly did not tend to improve Boufflers' temper for as the

weeks went by his hopes of glory showed no promise of fulfilment. Indecision on the part of ministers—notably of Maurepas—and dilatoriness on the part of the military leaders before long damped the enthusiasm of the waiting troops.

"Nothing," Boufflers writes dejectedly, "could be worse than the prelude to war which we are making. My regiment would suffer less in a campaign; it is tired out, cut up, ruined, infected with scurvy and itch—nothing is wanting now but the plague, which I am expecting. . . . War itself would be less trying than all this, for it would offer at least some compensation. But I am much afraid that we shall not go to England, and England will not come here. We shall spend years waiting for what will never happen, seeming to fear war instead of preparing for it. Instead of the fever we shall have the shivers—which is not at all heroic. The sorry colonels of Brittany flatter themselves that they will come back in June, but I believe nothing of that. My imagination is hung with black. . . . Sometimes, by way of distraction, I imagine myself at the fraternal house. I see from here—books, pictures, pens, paints, green trees, a summer-house, wide garden paths; I perceive between the trees a sort of little nymph walking with a book in her hand, and I run to meet her. How fortunate she should be my sister! How unfortunate she should be *only* my sister! Farewell, dear sister, forgive me for a sadness in which you play too great a part. Before I knew you I often felt boredom, but never regret. Why did I meet you so late? Why must I see you so seldom? Why is absence so long and life so short?"

Madame de Sabran, waiting in vain for news of stirring events, at last could not refrain from lightly taunting Boufflers about the war that never came off. To which he replied ironically:

"You make merry over our war in Brittany—it is evident you are not here. Do you not know that there is nothing wanting to us but enemies? For, on the

other hand, we have a general, a sergeant-major, a staff, an ammunition column and commissariat, and we are called *the army of Brittany*. I must beg you henceforth to speak with the respect due to an army, otherwise I shall suggest punishing you by quartering some one from my regiment in your house.

"Would you really be kind enough to send me a box of French pastels, and with them some small prepared canvases with exact instructions how to use them? This is a commission I am giving you and not a present that I ask of you—I want nothing to remind me that you are richer than I am.

"Kiss your lovely children on my behalf even more tenderly than on your own. Leave it to me to spoil them whilst you undertake their bringing up. You would not believe how much I regret not seeing Delphine dance. Farewell, my sister; I can never express what I feel within me when writing this word of 'sister.' Farewell; remember the need I have of your friendship; it charms without satisfying me, it holds for me all the worth that drought and thirst lend to a drop of water."

Whilst Boufflers was writing these lines Paris was in the midst of a great excitement. Voltaire had arrived! Voltaire, aged eighty-four, with hardly a breath of life left in his frail body, had driven all the way from Switzerland with a brazier burning in his travelling carriage, to receive the last ovations of the Parisians at the performance of his play *Irène*.

Boufflers, who had never forgotten his old friend at Ferney, wrote begging Madame de Sabran to go and visit the philosopher, and she evidently went; but no letter can be found recording her impressions.

"I hope you have seen Voltaire," wrote Boufflers. "I am afraid he will stay too long—Paris is too young for him. Once its first curiosity is over, it will leave him alone. . . . If you have the opportunity to see him often, be quite at your ease with him and you will delight him. If I were there I could explain to him the difference there is between you and a pretty woman

—that is less apprehended by the eye than by the mind."

But Voltaire's triumph had been too much for him, and he was dying when Boufflers wrote again :

" I fear very much for poor Voltaire. You do not tell me that he confessed, but I know it through Monsieur de Beauvau. I trust that his soul may go to Paradise, but I wish his mind could stay on earth—two things that would be very difficult. If he is well enough, try to see him again—he will end by loving you madly."

Voltaire died on May 30—from an excess of glory, Madame du Deffand drily remarked. The Marquise de Boufflers showed more feeling than the cynical old woman whom for thirty years Voltaire had regarded as his friend. "La mère Oiseau" might be *volage* in her tastes, but she was certainly constant in her affections, and the refusal of the curé of Saint-Sulpice to accord the dead philosopher decent burial filled her with indignation. Paris was flooded with pamphlets and satires on this action of the Church : "Amongst all these," says the Comte de Ségur, "the one that struck me most was the piece composed by the Marquise de Boufflers, mother of the Chevalier de Boufflers, the Chaulieu and the Anacreon of our day :

" Dieu fait bien ce qu'il fait : la Fontaine l'a dit ;
Si j'étais cependant l'auteur d'un si grand œuvre,
Voltaire eût conservé ses sens et son esprit ;
Je me serais gardé de briser mon chef d'œuvre.

" Celui qui dans Athènes eût adoré la Grèce,
Que dans Rome à sa table Auguste eût fait asseoir,
Nos Césars d'aujourd'hui n'ont pas voulu le voir
Et Monsieur de Beaumont lui refuse une messe.

" Oui, vous avez raison, Montieur de Saint-Sulpice
Eh ! pourquoi l'enterrer ? N'est-il pas immortel ?
A ce divin génie on peut, sans injustice,
Refuser un tombeau, mais non pas un autel." ¹

¹ The allusion to "Césars" refers to the Emperor Joseph II.

The Chevalier de Boufflers comments on this incident in his next letter to Madame de Sabran, after criticizing her Latin verses :

" We are making verses, and Voltaire is dead. I mourn him deeply, for I loved him more than I ever said . . . the feelings of a son with which he inspired me at Ferney had never died out, and the news of his death and what followed after seems to have revived it. It is not worth while to have recourse to philosophy in order to judge the persecutors of his corpse ; theology alone condemns them. . . . God can read the stirring of repentance in the heart of the dying, He can see what men cannot understand, and we must never believe in the damnation of any one. It is not religion that has closed the doors of the Church on the remains of this great man."

Other important events were agitating Paris this spring of 1778. For the first time since the marriage of the king and queen there was a hope of a dauphin. The whole nation rejoiced, and no one more than Madame de Sabran, for she knew the queen and understood all that this would mean to her. With Marie Antoinette the love of children was a passion—a passion hitherto thwarted, that had vented itself in a restless striving for excitement.

Never had the queen appeared so gay as this winter. Over the snow of the boulevards her sleigh had passed like a flash, drawn by its two white horses in their blue and silver harness with gaily jingling bells, and passers-by had caught a glimpse of a fresh young face glowing amongst swathing folds of ermine. At the opera balls she had been recognized beneath a too thin disguise as she moved amongst the crowd with all the innocent adventurousness of her twenty-two years. It was such a relief, thought Marie Antoinette, to leave off for a few hours being a queen and amuse herself like the rest of the world ! She was often so tired of Versailles and its endless ceremonial.

"People think it is very easy to play the queen—they are wrong. The constraints are endless, it seems that to be natural is a crime. . . . I am very wearied of all this bondage." So she had written to her sister a year ago, and so she felt when she sought a vent for her spirits in the masked balls at the Opera. But the Emperor, her brother, had shown her the error of her ways, and she had promised to give up the balls, and the sleigh-drives too, which for some unaccountable reason so irritated the Parisians. She went further, and made a vow to God, a vow that on the day He granted her the joy of being a mother she would cease from vanity and become truly serious. Now at last that day was in sight! The great desire of her heart was to be given her.

Madame de Sabran, hearing the good news, hastened to Versailles with her congratulations, and in a characteristic letter written on her return from a visit to her confessor she describes the occasion to the Chevalier :

"The 25th of April, 1778.

"I must really have a talk with you to-day, my brother, to cheer and distract myself after a certain visit I have just made—and what a visit! A visit that one only makes at a certain time, to the knees of a certain man, to confess certain things that I will not tell to you. I am still quite weary and ashamed after it. I do not like that ceremony at all! We are told it is very salutary, and I submit to it as a well-conducted woman. You will hardly have faith in my almanacs when you know that my letters do not reach you six days late only because they are dated six days too early. You accused the post, and so did I; but I discovered, on examination, that I did not know the day of the month or of the week; my last letter showed me this—it was dated April 6 and it was written April 12. I only found after it had gone, to my great astonishment, that I was six days older than I thought, and I guessed that you would inveigh against the unfortunate post, which, after all, is innocent. To-day is

a day for amendments, my brother; give me your absolution so that I may have nothing more to wish for. I must tell you, in the way of news, that my stable is in mourning. I lost a poor Bucephalus last night—he died suddenly. I think it was partly my own fault, for I wanted to be one of the first to pay my compliments to the queen on her new condition. I started on Sunday at ten o'clock in frightful heat and I came back quickly at six. This hurried drive was good neither for my beast nor for me, and it will cost us both dear. The queen's condition still seems certain, and her health remains good. We are better employed thinking about a dauphin than about war, of which no one else talks at all now. On the contrary, the last two days there have been heavy bets on peace. Being a great politician, I see this with regret, for I am persuaded that if we do not fight the English now, at a moment so favourable to us, they will not fail to fight us when they find occasion. I assure you that if I had any voice in the council you would already be in London, the King of England in Paris, General (?) Howe routed, and peace declared to the great delight of the victorious French. There, my brother, is what I wish for you; and, meanwhile, to stay at Brest rather than to embark—for really the trouble would be greater than the pleasure or even than the glory. . . .

"Good-bye. Please try writing to me a little in Latin; there is no more question of it in your letters than if I did not understand it. I want, above all, a serious style, and if you like to make one think about you, you will achieve your purpose, for I do not know that language well, so I shall require long studies and many hours to read you! Yet your Latin is not that of Cicero! I am very frivolous to-day, my brother, and here is a great deal of nonsense when I ought to be in retreat and meditation, and occupied with other things than you. Good-bye, again. Never love me with any but brotherly love, and I will always have for you the affection of a sister. *Pax tecum et cum spiritu tuo*. . . .

"I expected your sword-knots to-day, but they have not arrived yet. . . ."

To this the Chevalier replied gaily :

" I have ruined you in sword-knots, my poor sister, for it is impossible for them to be fine without being expensive—yet they could never cost the price I set on them. If peace continues they will be my finest ornament ; if we make war they will become my talisman, and weapons adorned by your gifts will never be surrendered.

" What, charming little Magdalene ? You came out of the confessional, where you had said many things you could not tell to me—to *me*, when I would tell you so many things my confessor will never know ! Good God ! how piqued I feel at having counted for nothing in your mind ! And what did that man say who saw you at his knees ? Why was not *I* your confessor ! Why was not *I* your sin ! Why am not *I* your subject for repentance ! . . .

" If I were in Paris I would harness myself to your chariot to replace the deceased [Bucephalus]. I regret him deeply, for I have never had any reproach to bring against him, but that of going too fast when I was driving in your coach with you. . . . Henceforth you must have only old horses, and drive along like an old dowager, and never go out except to mass or to confession."

The Chevalier's letters amused Madame de Sabran immensely. She was enjoying herself very much in Paris—too much even to be sympathetic when the Chevalier, manlike, wrote to complain bitterly of a cold in the head. So does riotous health make—for the time being !—Christian Scientists of us all ! Boufflers himself, when feeling robust, was always inclined to disbelieve in the reality of suffering, and invariably attempted to brace Madame de Sabran on the subject of her ailments. But now it was Madame de Sabran's turn to be bracing :

" Do not speak to me of your sadness or of your sufferings, my brother ; all is for the best in the best of worlds—even your cold and your toothache ! If you

were never ill you would not appreciate health, and if you never left your friends you would never know the pleasure of seeing them again after long absence. Such is human life. . . . You will tell me that I may well talk like this since I have nothing left to wish for ; it is true that I am happy, but I am quite sure our happiness is in ourselves, and that with reason and philosophy we are never unhappy in this world ; at least, it is difficult to be so. I know of nothing but my poor little children who can stand in the way of my reason and philosophy ; all my life is bound up with their health and happiness. . . .”

She goes on to describe a party at Prince Bariatinski's, where the faces of the gamblers round the pharaon and biribi tables made her shudder, and she takes the opportunity to lecture the Chevalier on his gambling habits :

“ Never gamble, my brother, or you will really grieve me. Gambling is a horrible passion ; it hardens the heart, it soils the soul, it is not worthy of you. Think, too, that you have given me your word of honour and that I should not forgive you for breaking it. . . . Good-bye, my brother ; talk Latin to me, talk French to me, but above all talk reason to me ! ”

Perhaps it was this party that provoked in Madame de Sabran a mood of pessimism, for the next letter from the Chevalier is one of optimistic remonstrance against disparaging the period they lived in :

“ You can never say so much ill of this century as you make me think well of it, dear sister. I cannot agree with you about spite and jealousy in general. I see that they are the faults of man and not of an age ; I see that all centuries, contrary to all men, have always talked against themselves, and always made themselves out to be the worst. Yet they were not so at all, they were all equal in virtues and in vices. The only difference was in the lights of human nature that shone more or less brightly. . . .

“ Let us not, then, think ourselves better or worse

than others. Everything comes and goes ; sometimes there are a few geniuses, sometimes a great many clever people, sometimes great wickedness, sometimes much petty malice. If I had to choose I would have an ordinary century like our own, in which war is milder than peace was formerly, in which there are no invasions of barbarians, no great battles, no single combats, in which society affords few examples of great affections but many very pleasant intimacies. I stop at this, my sister, for I am not of my century in the way of affection—do not you be of it either ! no, I like to persuade myself that I have never had more reason to believe in a part of what I hope for than in reading your last letter. . . . Good-bye, Eléonore ; good-bye, Delphine ; good-bye, Elzéar. I kiss one of the three with all my heart, but I will not say which."

"An ordinary century like our own"—so wrote Boufflers eleven years before the Revolution, an age wherein such things as great wars and invasions of barbarians were relegated to the dim and distant past—so little do we realize the potentialities of the age we live in !

It is very unfortunate that a letter written by Madame de Sabran soon after this date is missing from the collection, for in it she told the Chevalier all about a week she had spent at the Court, where for once she had not been bored. But Madame de Sabran would indeed have been difficult to please if she had not enjoyed herself at Versailles this summer of which her contemporaries have told us so much. Times had changed since she had made her appearance there in the days of Louis XV, nine years earlier. The atmosphere of the Court was purified ; for the first time in a hundred years a monarch of irreproachable morals reigned over it, a young and innocent queen took the place that had hitherto been occupied by mistresses. Never had life at the Court of France been so simple and joyous ; even a "Fleur des Champs" could hardly find itself out of place there. They were all so young and

light-hearted, this little circle led by the queen of twenty-two ; the king was only twenty-five, his brothers and their wives younger still, their friends nearly all as young and as irresponsible as themselves.

But, unhappily, the spirit of intrigue was already at work, for the favour of the Polignacs was beginning. The Comtesse Jules—she was not yet the duchesse—has borne probably too large a share of the blame that attaches to the members of this family. A lovely, gentle creature—"of celestial beauty," say all her contemporaries—she appealed irresistibly to the warm-hearted Marie Antoinette, and her fatal indolence prevented her refusing the favours heaped upon her. Madame Vigée le Brun indignantly denies that the queen's friend was the "monster" she has been represented : "Ce monstre, je l'ai connue ; c'était la plus belle, la plus douce, la plus aimable femme qu'on put voir."¹ The real *intrigants* of the Polignac family were the Comte Jules and his unmarried sister, the Comtesse Diane, lady-in-waiting to Madame Elizabeth.

Few writers of memoirs have a good word to say of the Comtesse Diane.

"Ugly, spiteful, ambitious, and intriguing," says Madame d'Abrantès. "Madame de Créquy" goes further, and denies her any good qualities, adding that in appearance she was like a bird of prey.

Strange to say, this fierce lady was a great friend of Madame de Sabran's. Possibly the very gentleness of Eléonore disarmed her, for the Comtesse Diane always showed her great affection. Madame de Sabran had, as we should say, no axe to grind at the Court, and so, though jarred at moments by the Comtesse Diane's worldly-mindedness, she never came across the unpleasant side of her nature simply because she never got in her way. Moreover, the Comtesse Diane was a very clever and well-read woman, and it was she and Madame d'Andlau—the aunt of the Duchesse de

¹ "Mémoires de Madame Vigée le Brun," vol. ii. p. 318.

Polignac, and also a great friend of Madame de Sabran's—who constituted the only intellectual element at the Court. The other members of Marie Antoinette's circle were mostly butterflies—the Comte de Vaudreuil, Madame de Polignac's lover, who had made the terrible *gaffe* at the Maréchale de Luxembourg's supper-party; the frivolous Baron de Besenval, "le beau Dillon," and the gay, delightful Prince de Ligne. Marie Antoinette, whose intellect, never her strong point, was at this stage of her life quite undeveloped, liked to surround herself with pleasant, unthinking people, whose conversation entailed no effort to the brain. Like many another amiable and kind-hearted woman, she was frankly bored by affairs of State; she seldom opened a book, and if she wrote a letter her spelling and punctuation were invariably defective. Her tastes were of the essentially feminine order that at another period would have challenged no criticism—she liked pretty clothes, flowers, childish games, amusing gossip, "a little music" after supper. In the Comtesse Jules' apartment at the head of the great marble staircase she was perfectly happy. "With you," she said to the duchesse, "I am no longer the queen; I am myself."

But this summer a deeper interest occupied her thoughts. Often she would find her way to the room where great preparations were going forward for the reception of the expected dauphin to touch with loving fingers the little garments of the finest batiste, inset with lace and ribbons, or to stand beside the tortoise-shell cradle where Henri IV had lain, hung with the holy charms that she had fastened there.¹

It was here that Madame de Sabran could sympathize, for in their love of children these two women, otherwise so diverse in their tastes, could find a common ground. Marie Antoinette loved Delphine and Elzéar, and Madame de Sabran's references to her in her letters are almost always in connection with the queen's

¹ "Marie Antoinette," by F. de Vyré.

children or her own. And so this new mood of Marie Antoinette's found an answering echo in the heart of Eléonore de Sabran, and no doubt explains the fact that this year she enjoyed the Court as she had never done before.

Here in this dream-world of Versailles the summer days passed deliciously. Often the queen and her friends, the women in their pretty muslin gowns and shady hats bound with blue or lilac ribbons, would make their way to the Petit Trianon, where the new English garden with its clear streams and winding paths had replaced the formal lawns and flower-beds of Le Nôtre. There were the queen's roses to be admired—roses of every variety, that attracted the curious from miles away—and shrubs and plants of rare and lovely kinds. The Swiss village was not yet built, but the "Belvedere" and the exquisite "Temple de l'Amour" were nearly finished. The queen was never so happy as in this fairy world, and the Prince de Ligne, who was an impassioned gardener, entered into her schemes with all the enthusiasm he brought to bear on his own lovely Bel Œil.

This year, for the first time, the garden of the "Orangerie" was thrown open to the public, and beneath the windows of the queen the crowd walked up and down the illuminated terrace listening to the music played by the court musicians. The queen herself and all her party, drawn by the magic of the summer night, would wander in and out amongst the people, innocently entering into their enjoyment of the scene. But, alas! the tongue of slander and envy was already at work. "It was thus," the Prince de Ligne says of this summer, "that our charming and innocent nights on the terrace of Versailles that looked like an opera ball, were spoilt for us. We listened to conversation. . . . I gave my arm to the queen; her gaiety was charming. Sometimes we had music in the groves of the Orangerie, where high up in a niche is

the bust of Louis XIV. Monsieur le Comte d'Artois used to say to him : ' Bonjour, grandpapa.' One evening the queen and I planned that I should stand behind the statue and answer him, but the fear that they would give me no ladder to get down by and that I should be left there all night made me give up the idea. . . . At last some reasons and much malice stopped these pastimes, for it is apparently ordained that one must never amuse oneself at Court."

Madame de Sabran returned to Paris delighted with her visit and gaily wrote off to tell the Chevalier all about it. But the Chevalier was too deeply prejudiced against court life to sympathize with her enjoyment, and so he writes regretfully :

" You come from the Court where you have spent a week and you have not been bored ! You are wearing yourself out, my sister, and the Court, after all the other injuries it has done me, will take my sister from me. You gambled, and I am sure you lost, since you do not tell me that you won. Let me scold you, my sister ; you are not made for that world and its ways, you have neither health enough, nor money enough, nor patience enough, and you have too much nobility of mind, too much kindness, too much wit. I know well that you do not go there for motives of interest ; I know what favour awaits you there, and that gratitude compels you ; but, my sister, it is not there that you will ever be happy, but in the midst of your children, your friends, your books, your paints, your gardens. The Court will draw you away imperceptibly from all this, and you will be wearied in the midst of pleasure without knowing why.

" Do not think that personal interest makes me speak. I hope I should not lose that friendship without which I could not live, but I see you placed on a level with what is beneath you. You, on your part, in order not to be lost, would have to leave the best part of yourself behind, just as, in order to escape drowning, one must leave one's gold on the water's edge. Once more, my sister, be yourself, and do not think me

prejudiced in my advice. I feel no rancour ; my reason and my friendship alone speak to you. It is not because I met with bad treatment in that world ; it is enough that you should be happy there for me to forgive it everything, but it is an atmosphere good neither for your health nor for your mind."

During this month of June there seemed at last some hope of activity for the army of Brittany. " War," Boufflers had written on May 27, " seems to be breaking out on all sides, but I still find it difficult to believe. It seems to me that no one is strong enough to undertake it, nor weak enough to be forced into it. If it takes place I think I shall be ordered to embark with the Duc de Chartres—would to God for an invasion, as otherwise there will be little glory for those of us on board ship. . . . You know what is to me the object of the war ; glory is not the coin with which I would be paid, but that wherewith I would buy the only good that seems to me worthy of desire. But, by the way, I am forgetting that it is to my sister I am writing, and that everything which is more than brotherly must be erased from my letters. . . ."

The invasion of England was, however, once more postponed, but at the end of June the waiting army was cheered by the news of a naval " victory." An English battleship, the *Arethusa*, had engaged a French frigate, the *Belle Poule*, commanded by Monsieur de la Clochetterie. The *Arethusa*, on this occasion, retired, far from " saucy," after a long and bloody fight, and the *Belle Poule*, badly damaged and depleted of half her crew, returned triumphantly to Brest. Madame de Sabran, hearing of this glorious combat, was filled with indignation at the Chevalier's omission to write and tell her about it :

" What, my brother, there is fighting ? a victory is almost gained ? at any rate, the English have been frightened, and you do not let me know ? I have to

hear it through the *Gazette* ! You complain of me, but I should never have treated you so badly. I am so angry at your forgetfulness that I should certainly not write to you if I did not want still more to scold you. It is three weeks now since I heard of you, and this is the fourth letter to which you owe an answer. Write to me then, my brother, if only to tell me why you do not write. Good-bye ; I am too angry to-day to talk to you ; besides, I can think of nothing more to say to a constantly dumb being."

Boufflers always loved being scolded by Madame de Sabran, and replied in the best of tempers :

" June 24, 1778.

" I have nothing more urgent to say than how amiable you are, dear sister, and to thank you for having thought of me without being forced to by the importunity of my letters. Since my last, which you ought to have received before the 19th, I have been always on the move ; sometimes on account of Monsieur le Duc de Chartres, whom I followed on different expeditions, sometimes on account of Monsieur de la Clochetterie, whose name by this time is certainly not unknown to you. . . .

" Let us talk of Monsieur de la Clochetterie. I saw him two or three times on board his ship, wounded, calm, busy with his work and his crew, surrounded by men who, when seeing him, thought no more of their wounds, or of their hardships, or of their exploits. . . .

" The wounded that I saw in the hospital, guarded by my regiment, did not complain, and all spoke only of the fighting. Yet one has lost a leg, another an arm, a third both arms ; one had both thighs blown away. I saw all these wounds dressed, including ten of the worst cases, who were in the same room ; it was a horrible sight, but the consolation is to see that in these brave men there is an inward balm that soothes all their sufferings—the thought of glory and self-contentment.

" You ought to be pleased with me, my sister, for I have not yet said a word about you ; but do not suppose that I shall obey this law of silence to the end of my

letter—I love you too much for that. I am so proud, so happy at this evident sign of your friendship that I do not know what mine will become—it is a flame which needs no hard blowing on to burn down the whole house. . . .

“ I am still thinking of your translation of Seneca, with which I am enchanted. Why have I not followed you from your cradle to this hour, dear sister ! We should both have gained by it ; you would have found out and cultivated all your talents earlier, and I, instead of committing so many follies, should have contented myself with one—the most reasonable of all, and the one of which I never shall be cured. My sister understands, of course, that it is poetry to which I refer.”

The exploit of the *Belle Poule* greatly cheered the waiting troops, and it was now decided that the auspicious moment had come to bring off the great *coup* for which the campaign was the preparation. England must be invaded !

“ Amidst all our drilling,” wrote the Comte de Ségur from this camp, “ our fêtes and our games—diversions that were powerless to calm our impatience—our minds were seriously occupied by one thought only, and by one desire : to see the moment arrive when we should embark and make a dash for the coast of England.”

This great event was continually rehearsed by the intending invaders ; embarkations, disembarkations, and sham fights took place daily, “ shadows and images of war ” that only whetted their impatience. When at last a fleet put out to sea the excitement was indescribable. But, alas, for the luckless Chevalier ! the king’s disfavour prevented him from being allowed to sail with the Duc de Chartres ! He writes sadly to tell Madame de Sabran :

“ July 7, 1778.

“ I have only a moment to spare, my sister, and it is to my sister that I give it. I am going to Brest to see a naval army start, consisting of thirty-two battleships

and eight or ten frigates. Such a sight has not been seen since 1704,¹ and then it ended so badly that no one expected to see it again this century. I hope this fleet is starting under better auspices, and that it will prepare the way to England. Never has so much ardour, patriotism, and training been combined. I did all I could to follow my colonel on to the ocean, but his cousin opposed it. I am a great fool to care for glory, for she will have none of me."

Many gay ladies came from Paris for this great occasion, amongst them Boufflers' sister, Madame de Boisgelin, travelling for once with her husband. The Chevalier, in spite of his affection for his sister, was very much bored at having to show them round, and lead his lame brother-in-law, whom he did not like, from ship to ship and castle to castle. If people must come to Brest to see the fleet start, why not the one person he wanted to see? "Only you," he told Madame de Sabran sadly, "are not curious to see so great a spectacle!"

After the first few days no news came of the fleet—only vague rumours reached France, sometimes of defeat, sometimes of victory. Boufflers, waiting eagerly to join in the dash upon England, began to realize the magnitude of the undertaking:

"Imagine that for more than a fortnight we have had no news of the fleet! When she first started out we heard every day, but now we have sent frigate after frigate, without counting small vessels, but none have found the army. Meanwhile, every day I see the sick being taken to Brest who stop at Landerneau on their way to the hospital, which has just been started at Morlaix. All this gives one ideas, and sad ideas. We seem to be expecting great things, but we are playing for high stakes in a game at which one loses in losing, and loses still in winning. I liked what the wife of one of my friends said to me at Brest when first the fleet

¹ When the French fleet, under the Comte de Toulouse, set out from Brest to defend Gibraltar against the English, but arrived too late and was, eventually, badly damaged in the battle of Malaga.

set out: 'We who are sailors' wives, next to sorrow, what we dread most is happiness.' "

On July 27 the French fleet, under d'Orvilliers, encountered the English fleet of thirty ships under Admiral Keppel, and a battle ensued in which both sides were badly damaged, but no ships were taken. "England," says de Ségur, "too much accustomed to naval triumphs, considered herself beaten because we were not conquered, while France claimed the victory because she had not been repulsed."

The invasion of England had, however, to be put off for another year, and Boufflers was able to console himself with the prospect of returning to Paris to rejoin his long-lost "sister."

"September 28, 1778.

"I start in three days to find you, sister dearer than Antigone. I was waiting for news of you, and the fear of going where you would not be made me stay where I was. . . . All places differ according to your presence or your absence. You have on all the effect of leaves to the trees and flowers to the meadows. So, if I were my own master, I would go with you neither to Paris nor to Paradise. The most charming, my sister, would be to go with you to Hades, for I am sure the boredom of the resort would be nothing to the attractions of the journey. What will you do after the month of October? Will you return early to Paris? Try and arrange that I shall not wait for you long there. It is for you to lead and for me to follow; you are my light, and I your shadow."

Madame de Sabran proved maddeningly elusive; her children had returned home, but she was enjoying herself with friends in the country and left the Chevalier waiting for her so long in Paris that he was obliged at last to write threatening to fall into bad habits if she did not return to keep him straight!

"Your absence is long and dreary, dear and lovely sister, and I have had time to commit little follies at

Madame de Montesson's from which I should have been prevented by your presence or by the pleasure of supper at your house. But what I lost most there was honour, for I had given you my promise not to gamble. But honour is only a word, and money is a pleasant thing in the century in which we are living. Yesterday we saw Delphine. I was with Madame de Mirepoix and my sister Lucile in the Champs-Élysées. As we passed your garden railing, Lucile saw Delphine coming out of the salon, and then you should have seen one call and the other run ! There was never anything so sweet as Delphine's joy and sort of emotion at seeing me . . . she was as brilliant as a little narcissus. Her skin, her colouring, her lips, her hair were all at their best. I was proud for you, for I know where your pride lies.

"Farewell, my sister, come back ; I need you as one needs the breeze in summer and the sun in winter. Farewell again ; I kiss you as a good father, as a good brother, and as a doubtful friend."

This letter had the desired effect, and Madame de Sabran returned to Paris.

CHAPTER IV

PLAYING WITH FIRE

THE winter passed delightfully for the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran. They were still at that enthralling stage of a love affair when neither knew precisely the feelings of the other and neither had any idea how it was going to end. Madame de Sabran realized, of course, that the Chevalier was desperately in love with her, but then he was famous for his amorous adventures—how long would this passion last? The Chevalier, on the other hand, had no reason to believe Madame de Sabran loved him; her friendliness disarmed him completely, her simplicity baffled him. He might come every day to her house, always certain to be received with a smile; he might ride with her in the Bois de Boulogne, read with her, paint with her, sing or rhyme with her to his heart's content, but never must a word of love pass his lips! Still that stern decree held, and only by attempting to obey it could he hope to retain his place in her favour. Were there never lapses? Never moments when a look or word of his told her that his feelings for her were more than brotherly? It is quite probable. And it is also probable that Madame de Sabran, being very much a woman, forgave him. He had seldom, however, the good fortune to find himself alone with her, for her salon had now become the rendezvous for all the most interesting people in the literary and artistic worlds of Paris. It was an entirely different set to the one he had frequented with his mother; here were none of the diversions

that attracted the frivolous "Birds," no *faro* or *biribi* tables; but the great pastime in which the period excelled—conversation. "Comme on causait, comme on pensait, comme on écrivait, dans ce temps-là!" said the Duchesse d'Abrantès, looking back on those days. "Que d'esprit, de raison même au milieu d'une folie apparente qui ne présidait, au fait, qu'aux heures de dissipation."¹ Nowhere was better conversation heard than at Madame de Sabran's. The people she collected round her were of the kind who lived for art, not only in its technical sense, but in the way of *savoir vivre*, who never allowed their learning to appear pedantic or their profundity to become ponderous. Amongst the guests most often to be found here were the Comte de Ségur, a budding poet and a great friend of the Chevalier de Boufflers', the Duc de Coigny, Lord Dorset, the Comte de Vaudreuil, Madame Vigée le Brun, the painter,² the charming Marquise de Grollier, the Comtesse Auguste de la Marck, whose husband was the friend of Mirabeau, Madame de Saint-Julien, whom Voltaire called "the butterfly philosopher," witty Madame d'Andlau and Madame de Rochefort with her friend, the dear old Duc de Nivernais.

The Duc de Nivernais recurs so frequently in the history of the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran and both at his salon in Paris and his house in the country they met so often, that no story of their lives would be complete without a description of this charming and interesting old man.

Louis Jules Mancini, Duc de Nivernais, born in 1716, nephew of Cardinal Mazarin, was the *beau idéal* of a *grand seigneur*. "The Duc de Nivernais," Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, "is, in my opinion, one of the prettiest men I ever knew in my life. I do not

¹ "Les Salons de Paris," by the duchesse d'Abrantès, vol. i. p. 394.

² Madame Vigée le Brun speaks of Madame de Sabran as one of her four great friends, and of the Chevalier de Boufflers as a regular *habitué* of her salon; but she is unfortunately not mentioned in their correspondence.

know a better model for you to form yourself upon ; pray observe and frequent him as much as you can. He will show you what manners and graces are." In London, where he acted as ambassador, the duke made himself extremely popular ; he acted, painted, composed music and verses, played the violin exquisitely, and, though small and delicate, with a tendency all through his life to attacks of " vapours," he acquitted himself honourably as a colonel in several campaigns. But if his manners retained all the courtliness of a former age his opinions had advanced with the times, for he was a strong supporter of the movement in favour of greater equality between men of all classes. D'Alembert, Diderot, any social reformer who had anything to say for the good of humanity was free to ventilate his theories at the Hôtel de Nivernais and here every Thursday, in their wonderful *salon*, with its mirrors and Corinthian pillars, its ceiling of doves and cupids painted by Rameau, the duke and duchess received their guests.

The Duchesse de Nivernais, daughter of the Comte de Pontchartrain, had been married to the duke when he was only fourteen, and he had honestly tried his best to love her—indeed, for several years he had succeeded. " With a heart made for constancy in love," he wrote of himself, " change could not fill the void " ; and so, wearied by the objects of his fleeting fancies, it occurred to him, after eleven years of married life, to fall in love with his own wife. He set about it gallantly—in spite of the fact that she put on too much rouge to please his taste—and during five whole years he wrote her impassioned odes in which he addressed her as " Délie." Whether it was the rouge—" ce carmin, mon tourment éternel," of which he wrote plaintively—or other causes that checked his ardour, we are not told, but it is certain that from 1752 until her death, thirty years later, his friendship with Madame de Rochefort successfully filled the void in

his heart. It was a friendship typical of the period ; promiscuous gallantries such as had enlivened the youth of the Maréchale de Luxembourg, *bergeries* like those of the Marquise de Boufflers, were no longer considered good taste—serious affections, *attachements* as they were called, were now the order of the day, and, if illicit, were yet, by their duration, a step in the right direction.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the morals of society just before the Revolution were an immense improvement on those of the preceding eras—the reign of Louis XV and the still more scandalous period of the Regency—for the influence of the young king and queen had made itself felt, and not only in morals, but in social conditions of all kinds, the accession of Louis XVI had marked the dawning of a new era—the era well described as “the Golden Age of the Revolution.” A wave of fresh thought had swept over the exotics of the Galerie des Glaces, a wave of simplicity produced by Rousseau, a wave of humanity created by the philosophers, the *économistes* and *Encyclopédistes*.

Through all the charm and gaiety, the delicious picturesqueness of the Louis XVI era portrayed for us by Watteau, Nattier, Moreau, there ran a vein of seriousness, of awakening altruism. Frivolous women of the world became interested in social subjects ; dry books on political economy or on what we should call “The Labour Question” were to be found on many a gilded boudoir table ; pretty, powdered heads were full of ideas for bettering the conditions of the poor. Society was no longer indifferent to the miseries of Saint-Antoine ; Saint-Antoine, on the contrary, was very much on its mind ; “pity of the most active kind,” says Lacretelle, “filled all hearts ; what the richest men feared most was to appear unfeeling.”

The women of society were not behind the men in philanthropic ardour. The Duchesse de Bourbon was

one of the first actually to go district visiting on her own account, and the idea was taken up by Madame de Genlis, who started the "Ordre de la Persévérance," which, though accompanied by much triviality, had nevertheless a practical object.

The members of the order, all gay young men and women of the Court, had adopted the device :

"Candour and loyalty, courage and benevolence,
Virtue, kindness, and perseverance."

The meetings, which took place once a fortnight, ended with a collection for the poor. "When one or more meetings had produced the sum of six hundred francs, a knight and a dame were chosen to go and find out about poor people who needed help, and the knight and dame promised to go together to visit these poor, to verify information about them, and decide to whom the alms should be given. . . . Madame de Sabran," adds Madame de Genlis, "was one of the ladies who carried out this pious mission with the most zeal, intelligence, and kindness." Did Madame de Sabran visit the slums with Boufflers as her knight? History does not tell us, but it is highly probable, for that they both loved "the people" is evident from countless references in their letters to each other. Madame de Sabran is never so happy as amongst the peasants at Anizy and later at Nidervillers; often on her rambles in the mountains she finds her way into cottages, "*où je trouve les meilleurs gens du monde . . . et mon cœur goûte une joie pure.*" But to whatever class they belonged it was always people that she could help or console to whom her heart went out—"c'est dans ces cas-là, comme tu le sais, que je brille," she says to Boufflers.

The Chevalier, himself, at his best where the sad or suffering were concerned, found this year a new field for his activities. Madame de Boufflers, who had returned to Nancy after the death of Voltaire, had been

attacked by a mysterious malady that baffled the doctors. In the spring of 1779 she became so much worse that the Chevalier and his sister decided he must go to her immediately.

Madame de Boisgelin was kept at Versailles by her duties as lady-in-waiting to the king's old aunts, and so the Chevalier, finally tearing himself away from Madame de Sabran, set forth on the long journey to Nancy.

His first letter to Madame de Sabran, written from Provins, contains an amusing description of his encounter with a German prince who was evidently busy with his country's work of peaceful penetration.

" PROVINS, *Saturday*.
(probably *April*, 1779).

"Riding loses all its value without one's sister at one's side, and particularly when one is turning one's back on her as I am doing. I will not speak of the pain it gives me, because in the first place it is foolish, and besides, speaking of it prevents me finding distraction from it. I shall see you again, and I shall find you just the same—that is, about all that matters to me. . . . I have neither breakfasted nor dined, but I have just supped like an ogre. I might have avoided supping alone, for they said to me when I arrived at my inn: 'There is a prince here!' I asked what prince? 'It is,' they said, 'a Prince de la Salle, who has come here about a canal that he is constructing.' On further inquiry I found out it was the Prince de Salm. Can you imagine their giving a German prince the construction of a canal in Brie? However, his praises are sung all over Provins. He is polite and affable, he talks to every one, and greets even the children. The people were drawn up in a line to see him, and they were kind enough to let me know so that I might enjoy the same honour; but I showed an indifference which surprised every one. They came to tell me that he was handsome and easy to get on with, but that he had behind him his two eunuchs—they meant *heiduques*¹

¹ Hungarian soldiers.

—that made one tremble. In a word, the prince is the idol of the people, which shows that it is a far cry from Provins to Paris !

“Good-bye, sister. . . . I send you a thousand kisses, and only ask for one in return. A thousand loves [‘mille amours’] to my Delphine and your Elzéar.

“I open my letter again to tell you that at this moment they are sending off fireworks for the prince !”

Now that the Chevalier was really gone, Madame de Sabran missed him more than she cared to admit. She writes half tenderly, half mockingly in answer :

“I received your letter from Provins, my brother, or I could not have believed you had really gone. The habit of seeing you every day, and often twice a day, made me turn my head every time any one came into the room, thinking each time it was you, and then I felt so vexed at not seeing you and at the thought that you were only engaged in going farther away from me. . . . I saw your sister and the Maréchale [de Mirepoix] yesterday, and they complained very much at your having gone away without saying good-bye to them. . . . The maréchale thought yesterday afternoon that you had come back from Provins on purpose to atone for the omission. She was in her room without a light and she saw in the distance a man in top-boots, with a riding-whip in his hand, walking rather badly and making a great deal of noise, so she had no doubt it was you. She declares her heart beat with pleasure, but on seeing him closer she recognized . . . Monsieur d’Ernani . . . Good-bye, my brother ; I love you with all my heart and for my whole life.”

The best of women love to play with fire, and Eléonore de Sabran was certainly indulging in this pleasant pastime when she wrote thus to the Chevalier. To tell a man of Boufflers’ fiery temperament that she loved him with all her heart and then expect him to remain “strictly fraternal” in his sentiments is just the sort of impossible feat a good but adventurous woman likes to ask the man who loves her to perform.

She felt so safe herself—no cloud had yet arisen on the serene sky of her life. The Chevalier, in his next letter, speaking of her "peaceful soul," was right, yet little did either of them dream of the storms that could rage beneath that smiling surface!

"I am a hundred times more sad than I ought to be, my sister, and I cannot guess the reason. I have often left you for a long time, for less touching reasons and yet with less regret. . . . I stopped yesterday with the Comte de Bercheny,¹ and for the first time I felt a pang of jealousy. I saw him engrossed in his wife and his estates, happy with the kind of happiness that I shall never know. He does delightful things, and spends his time enjoying them, congratulating himself, and planning fresh ones. His wife seems to join in everything with him, and to love the country as much as he does. I said to myself: 'What good deeds has this man done that Fate should treat him in this way, and what crimes have I committed to be treated so badly?' This was the poison that crept into my veins and is still at work there. Write to me at Nancy, good sister; never have I needed you so much. Tell me of your studies, of your work, of your pleasures, and even of your little troubles, if your peaceful soul ever has them to endure. Adieu; I feel my mind calmer and lighter—kiss your lovely children for me, and tell them that I asked you to."

When at last the Chevalier reached Nancy he found the Marquise de Boufflers still seriously ill, and, with the energy and thoroughness he brought to everything he undertook, he set to work to nurse her back to health. His letters to Madame de Boisgelin² are marvels of scientific detail; he even adopts the family physician's habit of speaking about the patient in the first person plural—"yesterday we were to take a grain of ipeca-

¹ The Maréchal de Bercheny had been a friend of de Tressan's at the Court of Lunéville, and at the death of Stanislas had gone to live near him at Nogent l'Artaud near Luzancy.

² All these letters to Madame de Boisgelin are quoted from "La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier," by Gaston Maugras.

cuanha, but we decided it would be better to delay it," etc. He follows the course of every remedy, the path of every pill, with anxious concern and reports the result to his sister. The trouble, he explains, is congestion of the cæcum, or, as we should say, typhlitis—a complaint that is too often mistaken for appendicitis. Had the marquise lived to-day she would certainly not have escaped an operation; fortunately for her, she was left to the care of the Chevalier, who believed as far as possible in leaving things to nature. "When nature suffices for a cure we must not add medicines to it," he says to Madame de Boisgelin. On this point his mother quite agreed with him; she hated being ill, and unable to amuse herself as usual, and she distrusted doctors and their remedies. "Yesterday," writes the Chevalier, "she took some magnesia, much against her will, and is better, though she will not admit it. . . . She detests medicines, doctors, régimes, and only enjoys eating the things forbidden her. One must have great patience with her, and a little cunning."

Many of Madame de Boufflers' friends had mustered round her during her illness; amongst these was her faithful lover, the Prince de Bauffremont, who had rented part of her estate of Malgrange in order to be near her. Panpan, too, at his little house in Lunéville, was not far off, and, though always loth to leave his retreat, sometimes came to visit her. Madame de Boufflers had also found a new and absorbing pastime, which was no other than learning to spell! Her maid, the devoted Thérèse, who had been with her for years, had lately married a certain Monsieur Petitdemange, evidently a gentleman of parts, for after the wedding he was retained by the marquise in the strange capacity of spelling-master. It was really a very happy idea, for, as we have seen, Madame de Boufflers' spelling had always been uncertain, and now at sixty-eight it was quite exciting to find out what mistakes she had made all her life and correct them.

"See," she writes to her "petit Veau," "how well I put the accents on the a's since our Petitedmange has taught me spelling!"

Le Veau, who had grown even more selfish with years, still continued for some inscrutable reason to inspire devotion, but the many women who loved him found it almost impossible to lure him from his fireside. Even Madame de Boufflers had to coax and cajole him if she wanted him to come and see her, and even then he sometimes proved churlish. "If I sent the carriage for you, would you come in it?" she writes plaintively; "do not mind saying so . . . because I do not want you to arrive in a bad temper. I want my Veau with all his charms, so that I can love him above everything."

Her letters to him at this period are more amusing than ever:

"But, *mon cher* Veau, you scold me as if I were in the wrong. At which moment ought I to have written to you? . . . Here I am at my fourth page, with my fingers all smudged and in a horrible temper at your injustice. . . . Now that I have a better pen I feel I love you dearly, *mon cher* Veau, and that already I look forward to Tuesday with pleasure."

And again a few days later:

"But, my little Veau, I defy you to tell me that I did not write to you by the usual post. . . . I know nothing sacred but the happiness of my Veau; it is my most hallowed law, my most cherished duty." (*Je ne connais de sacré que le bonheur de mon Veau, c'est la loi la plus sainte, le devoir le plus sacré.*)

Nothing could be more delicious than Monsieur Gaston Maugras's descriptions of this little world of Nancy¹—the people we first met forty years before at Lunéville young and gay, now grown quite old but still as gay as ever. The heart of youth had never failed them: still as at twenty they enjoyed every

¹ In "La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier," from which all these letters and details about Madame de Boufflers are taken.

minute of their lives, supped, dined, talked and rhymed, drove miles to see each other, and quite forgot they were all about seventy. Only now and then a faint regret for her lost youth came to Madame de Boufflers which she once expressed in a charming little poem :

“ Dans mon printemps
Tous les passants
Me parlaient de tendresse,
Mais à présent
D'aucun amant
Je ne suis la maîtresse.
J'ai fait naître tous les désirs,
J'ai goûté de tous les plaisirs.
Que ces beaux jours
Ont été courts ! ”

If Madame de Boufflers had now no lovers, she had at any rate a very devoted friend in the Prince de Bauffremont, whilst Panpan was probably as fond of her as he was capable of being fond of any woman.

As soon as Madame de Boufflers had recovered, the Chevalier went to visit the part of his estate at Malgrange that had not been given up to the Prince de Bauffremont, and from there he wrote again to Madame de Sabran :

“ I am not so depressed as the day I wrote to you on my way here, my dear sister. My journey went better than I expected, and I was as pleased to see my mother as if I had not left you ! Lorraine is so charming that when I saw it again I felt sorry your nephew had been given the bishopric of Laon. You would have come to my country, you would have known my mother, and she would have loved you like a daughter. All this gives rise to pleasant thoughts instead of the sad ones that usually take their place with me . . . if you were not always the best of sisters I should be the wretchedest of men !

“ I have seen my poor Malgrange, of which only the half is mine ; the prettiest part I gave up to Monsieur de Bauffremont, but I am quite pleased with what is left me. My house is plain and poor, but clean and cheerful. There is an Indian [Spanish ?] chestnut-tree

in my courtyard, planted by the sister of Henri IV, beneath which a hundred and fifty men could dine. I have a little garden bounded by a wood of about a hundred paces round, where one can walk for half a league without going over the same ground twice; I have fig-trees, a hot-house, and quantities of cherry-trees covered with blossom. I am going to have three or four sheep under my windows, shut in with wire-netting so fine that they will not notice it and will behave as men do who think they are free, because they do not see their chains, so imagine that, in falling in with the scheme of things, they are following their own desires.

"If I am still in this world when you are no longer young, I shall propose our buying a house in the country together, so that you will be able one day to realize all the pleasures you have missed till then. You do not know that one can have the feelings of a mother for trees and plants and flowers; you do not know that a garden is a kingdom where the prince is never hated, and where he enjoys all the good he does. Your Paris garden gives you no idea of all such happiness. It is only a highway leading to your summer-house; you know none of your trees and you cut off their heads or arms or legs without thinking. You will see things differently when you know, as I do, that trees have feelings and perceive good and evil."

The Chevalier was, however, soon obliged to tear himself away from these peaceful occupations, and return to his regiment, which this year was quartered in Normandy for the second summer's campaign against England. This arrangement suited Boufflers perfectly, for Normandy was a great deal nearer Anizy than Brittany, and he hoped to get a few days' leave from time to time to go and see Madame de Sabran. She was still in Paris when the Chevalier left Lorraine, but wrote to point out to him that by far the best route to Normandy lay through Paris—a suggestion Boufflers eagerly agreed to, and so the "brother and sister" spent a few more delightful days together before he

went back to his military duties. On his way northward he wrote sadly to Madame de Sabran :

" It is certain that I was never meant to leave you, my dear sister. Already I feel the need of seeing you again, as if I had not seen you for a year. . . . From Douai I shall turn my steps to Anizy, as the Jews turned from Jerusalem to Babylon. Let me feel that you have grown used to me, and that you will notice something is missing. Look on me as a piece of furniture belonging to each of your rooms, and as a necessary one, for I am not made for show. (*Je ne suis pas un être de parade.*) When you paint, when you read, when you study, when you make verses, when you kiss your children, and when you scold them, think of me, for I have helped you with all this. . . . Write to me often, write me your poetry, your prose, and your questions, and above all tell me often that you love me a little, for without that life would be too sad."

At the end of June Madame de Sabran went to Anizy with her children, and here the Comtesse Auguste d'Arenberg joined her. They were all very happy together at the charming old château with the hospitable Monseigneur de Sabran. The summer days passed peacefully in reading, writing, and painting, and the children provided Madame de Sabran with a great deal of occupation.

" Elzéar," she tells the Chevalier, " is still a sage, and Delphine a little termagant. I spend a great deal of time now in teaching them, and every day I hold a sort of academy at which we read bits of history that interest them. Elzéar's memory, his power of attention, and his cleverness are astonishing; he already knows more than his sister. . . ."

Since Elzéar was only five at this date he was certainly astonishing, for already he had made his *début* as an actor.

" Elzéar," his mother writes again, " has just been acting in a play for the whole village; he had a great

success, as you may imagine. All his audience melted into tears and moisture for it has never been so hot as to-day."

Delphine, too, did not forget her friend the Chevalier, and she wrote him this little letter from Anizy, telling him about "Bonne Amie," a dog he had just given to the children :

" MONSIEUR LE CHEVALIER,

" It seems a very long while since I have seen you. We are at Anizy, where I am enjoying myself very much. 'Bonne Amie,' ugly as she is, knows how to make every one love her ; all Anizy adores her, including myself, for I love her very much. She is very nice, but not nicer than you ; I think it would be difficult to be as nice as that. Elzéar is now a big boy ; he is with his tutor. He was very sad at being parted from his wife¹ ; it made him ill, but now he is better. I am reading Corneille's tragedies with mamma now. I have read *Polyeucte* and *Cinna*. They amuse me a great deal, because I think them very ridiculous, especially when Emilie says :

" ' Tout beau, ma passion devient un peu moins forte.'

" and when Polyeucte says to Pauline :

" ' Tout beau, Pauline !'

" I admit to you that I prefer Voltaire and Racine to Corneille. I hope you will agree with me. Your letter pleased me so much. I hope you will write to me sometimes. My brother sends you his love. Mamma has been very ill and has stayed in bed. She sends you her compliments, and is very annoyed because you do not write to her.

" DELPHINE DE SABRAN."*

Meanwhile the Chevalier was bored to death at Douai, and was counting the days till he could start

¹ Elzéar's nurse, to whom he was devoted and called his wife.

* From "La Marquise de Custine," by Gaston Maugras.



THE COMTESSE DE SABRAN AND HER CHILDREN.
(From a pastel painted by herself about 1779.)



for Anizy. Madame de Sabran was hardly less impatient. Hitherto they had met only in the world; even in her own house in Paris they were never free from the incursion of tiresome callers who were certain to arrive just when they were alone together. Herein, perhaps, had lain Madame de Sabran's safety; great emotions do not thrive in the hurried life of cities, and it had been easy not to take the gay Chevalier seriously with so many other distractions at hand. But now they were to be, for the first time, alone together in the country, and at the thought Eléonore de Sabran felt a thrill of emotion that was surely more than sisterly.

At last one June evening the Chevalier rode up to the door of the château. What a welcome awaited him! The bishop received him charmingly, the children flew to greet him, whilst Madame de Sabran, as she led him through the great rooms where she had spent so many lonely hours, could hardly believe this glorious thing had really happened, and that he was here at last.

Those were golden days that followed. Walking with him in the old garden of the château, riding with him through the green glades of the surrounding forest, she found herself falling more and more under the spell of his fascinations. She, who had never listened to words of love from the many men who had adored her in Paris, never felt her heart beat faster at the sight of any face in the crowd at balls or supper-parties, found herself living only for the sound of one man's footstep, one man's voice—that voice that could ring so joyously or drop suddenly into tenderness, such serious tenderness that came so strangely from those mocking lips. At these moments a great fear took hold of her; she felt herself slipping, slipping, from the safe ground she had always felt beneath her feet, and then, with all her might, she determined not to let herself go, not to love him; why leave the pleasant path of friendship for this unknown road leading—whither? So, having

made this resolution, she treated the Chevalier with more than usually platonic affection, talked to him about the Latin poets, and answered his most ardent speeches in a little frosty voice that completely deceived him, so that at the end of a few days he left Anizy cut to the heart by her coldness.

"When shall I see you again—you whom I love so?" he wrote on his return to Brittany. "When shall I spend months, years, centuries with you? At the end of the month, perhaps, I shall be at Anizy; but only to return here again soon afterwards, a little sadder than this time because I shall have seen more of you, and, above all, because I shall be leaving you for longer. Heaven only unites people who bore each other; it separates those who would be so happy! You will think, my sister, that vanity is getting the better of me, I love you as if you loved me, and I am proud of it. . . . They say, though I do not altogether believe it, that the heart goes on growing colder. If that is so, have a care of yours! Think, you who profess coldness, that you will become an icicle. You will still attract perhaps, like a well-written old book; but you will be no longer loved, because you will never have loved. You might answer to this that you are very madly loved at this moment, whilst you only love very rationally; but, in the first place, that will only last as long as I do, and then in this matter you are being treated like the Maréchal de Saxe about the *cordons bleus*—it was offered him, although he was a heretic, but he was given a hundred years in which to be converted."

Madame de Sabran must have smiled as she read this letter. Never had she felt less like becoming an icicle! However, it was as well that he should think her one, and she replied to his impassioned letters with disconcerting friendliness. She was starting soon, she told him, on a journey to Switzerland with the Comtesse Diane de Polignac, taking Lunéville on their way, and stopping at Strasbourg where Comte Jules de Polignac and Monsieur d'Andlau were to join them.

The Chevalier, who did not share Madame de Sabran's appreciation of the Polignacs, foresaw that they might prove uncongenial travelling companions to the gentle Eléonore, always at a disadvantage amongst hard men and women of the world.

"I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of your journey, in which, through your extreme good-nature, you will be dependent on the follies and caprices of others. I see you as a poor little lamb in the midst of a pack of hounds, with neither the strength to leave them nor to follow."

The shrewd Chevalier was right in his judgment of the Polignacs, for they showed to less advantage amongst the mountains of Switzerland than between the gilded walls of Versailles. Here, in the heart of Nature, their tinsel qualities came out and they looked on everything, as Boufflers said, with "the eyes of courtiers." But Madame de Sabran had all the dreamer's power of shutting herself off from disturbing influences, and she was so happy in the beauty of the world around her that even the Polignacs could not damp her enthusiasm.

"Oh, what a beautiful country is Switzerland, my brother! But what a pity not to see it more in detail! I spend my days admiring all I am seeing and in regretting all I am not seeing. My travelling companion is very kind, but she does not take enough interest, nor does her brother [the Comte Jules]; the grand ways of the Court make them unable to feel the beauties of simple Nature, and prevent them understanding all her worth. As for me, not having the same reasons, I am perfectly happy. You can have no idea of my delight in the midst of these magnificent mountains, with their summits towering to heaven. In these lovely fresh valleys so quiet, so well cultivated, I feel as if I were in the promised land—everything speaks of peace, happiness, liberty, and plenty. . . . I have never felt so well; I am even less tired than the Comtesse Diane, who is stronger than I am, or even than

the Comte Jules, who spends his time sleeping, eating, and laughing at me. We do not see with the same eyes, we do not feel the same, so that we have as much difficulty in understanding each other as if we talked different languages. They both think me mad, and like me none the less for that ; but if they were different I should like *them* better."

But, for all Madame de Sabran's dislike of courtiers and their ways, the inhabitants of homely Switzerland struck her as far from alluring in appearance. The fashions of Basle were not those of the Rue Saint-Honoré! The chiefs of the Republic looked to her like clodhoppers, and their worthy spouses, she tells Boufflers, "are so strangely attired that, in spite of your indulgence for the fair sex, you would find it hard to make love to them!" Still, they had hearts of gold, and were really much more deserving of appreciation than the Chevalier, whose letters at this moment were all too meagre.

"Whatever you may say, that is not the way to love, and the good people with whom I am, Swiss though they may be, are worth a great deal more than you, and would soon love me better. They do not seem to me usually very clever, but their good-nature makes up for that . . . it is so true that only pretensions make us ridiculous." (Il n'y a que les prétentions qui rendent ridicules.)

But to return to Boufflers and the army of Normandy. All this summer the invasion of England had been regarded as imminent. In June an expedition had actually started out ; a second Franco-Spanish armada, consisting of thirty-two ships under Admiral d'Orvilliers, and thirty-four under Dom Gaston sailed for the coast of Devonshire, and a moment of acute alarm was experienced in England. Meanwhile, the ports of northern France were packed with transports ready to carry the waiting troops across the Channel. But once

again the winds were in our favour. The Franco-Spanish armada encountered the British fleet of thirty-eight ships under Admiral Hardy in the Bay of Biscay on its way to England. Hardy, realizing the uselessness of giving action against such superior forces, made for Plymouth, hotly pursued by the enemy, and was eventually overtaken as he reached the harbour; but, just as a battle was beginning, a violent wind arose which dispersed the invading armada, whilst Hardy, under cover of the storm, was able to retire into port. At last the Franco-Spanish fleet, shattered by the winds and decimated by an epidemic of sickness amongst the crews, sailed back again without having fired a shot at the enemy.

The disappointment of the waiting armies was bitter; yet all hope was not abandoned. Every conceivable plan for the invasion of England was discussed in that year of 1779. If only the Channel would dry up! "We quivered with impatience," writes de Ségur, "at the sight of that formidable barrier which barred our way."

Boufflers, too, describes his feelings as he gazed across the grey water at the island whose dim outline has filled with despair the heart of many a would-be conqueror.

"I am at Boulogne-sur-Mer waiting for another destination," he writes in July to Madame de Sabran. "I am badly lodged, but I see the open sea, and even England from my windows. They assure me that, with good glasses, a camp may be seen spread at Dover."

Ah! the tantalization of that sight!—for still between the two camps lay the laughing waters of the Channel! Plans for crossing them were now discussed daily:

"They talk of the expedition with a kind of assurance," Boufflers writes again at the end of July. "There would be three points of embarkation—Dunkerque, Calais, and Boulogne; but at present we are short of

ships, and soon we shall be short of time." A few days later he ends his letter despondently : " Good-bye, my well-beloved ; it is thought that there will be no question of either London or Gibraltar."

Madame de Sabran wrote cheeringly of the latest plans for invasion that were discussed in Paris ; but Boufflers had now lost all hope.

" All your rumours are old liars," he tells her ; " we believe none of them in this part of the world, after always seeing one day give the lie to the last. Time passes, and, as Monsieur de Chabot said to me in speaking of the Straits of Dover : '*I see that ditch there widening every day.*' (Je vois ce fossé-là s'élargir tous les jours.) Our preparations seem to me exorbitant at Havre, and insufficient here. We ought to fight on sea, and beat the English ; but the French appear to care no more to fight than the English to be beaten (les Français n'ont guère plus d'envie de se battre que les Anglais n'en ont d'être battus) ; which may much delay embarkation for this year. . . . They talk of little fire-ships and little bomb-ketches, but I can hardly believe that is serious. . . ."

The wildest schemes were, however, seriously discussed for bringing off the great attempt to cross the Channel ; sea-gigs (*cabrioleis de mer*) were not only talked of but actually assembled in the harbours to assist in the work of transportation—yet still the " Ditch " continued to widen between England and her foes !

So the days dragged on, and Boufflers was alternately buoyed up with hope and plunged into despair. The thought of the conquest of England evidently occupied him less than the idea of winning fame that would make him worthy of Madame de Sabran, and the incompetence of his superior officers who barred his path to glory filled him with impatience :

" I am very much afraid that the poor comedy we

are playing at will last till winter, for according to Monsieur de Chabot and the Chevalier de Coigny, we shall try to cross over even in October or November. At any rate, we shall make a feint of doing so in order to force the English into heavy and continuous expenses on land and sea, which they are believed to be unable to endure. It is certain that, by keeping them in awe of us with continual threats of invasion, we are masters of the operations in America. But, even if we were in a condition to attack the English, should we be in a condition to defend ourselves against the three great enemies—December, January, and February, with which we have never measured our strength ? ”

A still greater enemy proved to be sickness, which was spreading amongst the troops on shore and the crews on board the vessels of the fleet. And so by degrees all projects for invasion were abandoned and the great campaign against the “ eternal rival ” came to an end. Thus perished Boufflers’ hopes of glory. Though he still remained with his regiment, quartered in the north of France, there was no longer any opportunity for him to distinguish himself. He had not even achieved promotion, and at forty-one was still only a lieutenant-colonel. Moreover, his finances were at a very low ebb. In the old days all these things would have troubled him but little ; as long as he could lead the roving life he loved he could have lived from hand to mouth quite happily ; position then was nothing to him, money only the wherewithal to spend. But now everything was different ; money and position had acquired a new importance in his eyes as the means wherewith to win Madame de Sabran. Yet at the end of the campaign he had not only failed to improve his position, but was heavily in debt. In desperation he wrote to his sister begging her to come to his rescue by interceding with the minister Maurepas to advance him 40,000 livres on his livings.

Madame de Boisgelin listened sympathetically to the story of his difficulties, and consulted her aunt,

Madame de Mirepoix, as to the best way of helping him over this financial crisis. Between them they evolved a scheme whereby the Chevalier was to part with his abbeys and realize the profits. This plan does not appear to have been carried out, but it seems to have delighted Boufflers, for he wrote in high spirits to thank his sister for the trouble she had taken on his behalf :

" You are a kind child, *ma grande fille*, and in that you resemble our common mother, the Maréchale de Mirepoix. I appreciate all the care that is given to my affairs ; they really need some one to bother about them, for I have bothered about them so little in my life that now I do not know how to set about it. But my aunt's letter seems to me a victorious scheme :

" ' Il me semble déjà
Que je vois tout cela ! ' "

Add to my merits and my expenses that the year before last I spent seven months with my regiment, last year eight, and perhaps this year I shall spend fifteen, like the Hussar who was thirty-six hours a day in the saddle. Well, my great heart, my interests seem never to have been in such good hands, and if our plan succeeds I will have a ' Te Deum ' sung to you by my creditors. . . . Good-bye ; a thousand greetings to all the great ones of the Court, dukes and princes, counts and marquesses, and give your cat a rabbit's head from me."

A week later he writes again to Madame de Boisgelin on his way to Eu with his regiment, asking her to do some commissions for him in Paris and borrow the money to pay for them.

" I am marching with my regiment," he tells her, " which tires me a hundred times more than rushing about when away from it. I am as exhausted as if I had done fifty leagues in a post-chaise, and my chest is shattered by a horrible cold that has lasted a quarter of an hour and will last, perhaps, as long again. . . .

Good-bye ; I feel that my style is not really natural for if I wrote as I speak my letter would be very husky." ¹

In September Boufflers was again at Anizy for three days. Madame de Sabran had returned from Switzerland far from well ; she was never strong, and the sustained effort not to fall in love with the Chevalier was beginning to tell on her health. Whilst at Lausanne she had consulted a famous doctor—for even in these days Lausanne was the home of the medical oracle—and she was taking his remedies when the Chevalier came to stay. But Boufflers, feeling particularly robust at this moment, was inclined to be sceptical about illness and its cure. "I find it difficult to believe that health, spirits, and happiness are to be found in little bottles !" By way of bracing her, he wrote after he had left Anizy to remonstrate with her on the subject of her health : "Take care of yourself, distract yourself ; think only of your ills in order to cure, but not to grieve about them, and remember that you are more loved than any one has ever been." As a warning, he reminds her of Madame de Trudaine, the wife of the Intendant de Finances, who had allowed herself to relapse into invalidism and left her husband to entertain the guests who crowded to her parties. This comparison, not unnaturally, made Madame de Sabran furious, and she wrote back a letter full of indignant reproaches :

"I am cured for life of telling you of my troubles or my sufferings. I dread, more than anything, that you should regard me as hysterical, as a Madame de Trudaine. I can think of nothing more revolting."

The Chevalier, cut to the heart at having wounded her, wrote back begging her forgiveness.

"How was it that you did not see, in the letter of which you complain, that my only object was to give

¹ Both these letters to Madame de Boisgelin are quoted from "*Le Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier*," by Gaston Maugras.

you a shake, which I believed to be necessary in your condition? I acted like a mother who, seeing her child asleep in charcoal fumes, beats it in order to awaken it. Do you suppose I think a word of all I said to you? Am I to be accused of thinking unkindly of you—I, who spend my life adoring you, who continually admire in you a thousand things that you take as a matter of course? Once again, I wanted only to startle you, to rouse you, to awaken you.”

No doubt the Chevalier meant well, but unfortunately he failed to realize that he himself was the main cause of her sufferings. For by this time Madame de Sabran was no longer able to hide the truth from herself. She knew now that she loved him—loved him with all the wild, pent-up passion of a woman of nearly thirty, who has never loved before. Since he loved her too, and never ceased telling her so, the *dénouement* had seemed to her quite simple. They were both free, why then did he not come to her and say?—“Let us have done with this farce of platonic friendship! We love each other—let us be married!” But this is precisely what the Chevalier did not do. What could be his reason? The disparity in their positions, to which he had so often referred, seemed to her unworldly mind an obstacle not worth considering and she tortured herself with questionings as to whether there was any other cause for his silence. At last, finding the uncertainty unbearable, she resolved to end it by seeing him no more. This winter she would not return to Paris, but remain at Anizy and try to forget him. Boufflers, hearing from a friend of her intention and the depression into which she had fallen, wrote frantically to inquire the reason:

“Whence comes this sudden and profound sadness, this frightful despondency of which you showed no sign whilst I was with you? Once again, you are not ill; you suffer because everything that lives suffers more or less. . . . I dared to flatter myself for a moment that the cause was partly the separation from the one who

lives only for you. . . . But if that were so would you take a pleasure in staying on at a place where he dare not go to find you? Why spend the winter away from me? Let me believe what I heard from your lips. If what you said was true, if I am necessary to you, why will you fly from me. . . ? ”

Again and again he implores her to tell him what is troubling her, and he will show her “ the tenderness of a mother and a friend.”

“ You would hide from me all that is in your mind and all that darkens your imagination, as if any one were more worthy of your confidence, as if any one knew better how to soothe or share your trouble, as if any one loved you better or were better loved ! . . . I kiss you, I press your heart to mine—no two, I hope, will ever have been more united.”

What could she do in the end but confess the whole truth? When they met again she told him frankly all that was in her heart.

“ I love you. Why do you not ask me to marry you ? ”

And, to her dismay, Boufflers answered firmly that he could not dream of marrying a rich woman with two children to whom her fortune belonged, whilst he himself had nothing to bring her but his debts. His position would be intolerable in the eyes of the world.

Madame de Sabran listened despairingly. They loved each other. What did anything else matter? Why care for the world's opinion?

He cared very much. In imagination he could hear the malicious tongues of Paris discussing such a marriage: “ Boufflers had done well for himself in marrying the rich widow who could pay his debts ! ” Would they ever dream—those cynics of the salons—that if she had not a *sou* in the world he would have chosen her out of all other women for his wife? Never! He would count in their eyes only as a fortune-hunter, an adventurer, and all his pride rose in revolt at the thought.

Nothing, he said vehemently, would persuade him to marry until he had an independent position.¹

She could only submit to his decision. In vain she tried to break with him, to keep to her resolution of staying away from Paris so as to forget him; but in the end she yielded to his entreaties and returned to the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré.

The Chevalier, in Paris for the winter, was once more continually at her house; but, though their love was no longer "fraternal," nothing was changed in their relations, and, in spite of all Boufflers' impassioned love-making, Madame de Sabran remained virtuous as ever. So months and eventually years went by—a period of which we have almost no record—and still in April 1781 we find Madame de Sabran holding the Chevalier at bay.² "A propos ayez la bonté de ne plus me tutoyer dans vos lettres; cela les rend trop semblables à d'autres," she ends one of her letters crushingly, but the Chevalier, quite undaunted, replies: "Et pourquoi me défendez-vous de te tutoyer? De peur, dis-tu, cher amour, que mes lettres ne ressemblent à d'autres. . . . Ce *vous* me glace; il me semble que rien de ce que tu m'inspires ne s'accorde avec lui. C'est comme s'il fallait toujours te faire la révérence au lieu de t'embrasser."

The month of May found them once again together at Anizy.

All around the château fields of golden buttercups waved in the breeze, nightingales sang in the thickets, the forest trees were breaking into tender leaf. And with the madness of the spring, with the song of the birds and the scent of lilac quivering in the air, Eléonore de Sabran flung virtue to the winds and Stanislas de Boufflers became her lover.

¹ From "La jeunesse de Madame de Sabran," by Lucien Pezey.

² See Appendix, p. 423.

CHAPTER V

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

So Eléonore de Sabran had crossed the Rubicon. After this there was no going back. For four years she had held out against Boufflers' powers of fascination, had refused to be drawn into an intimacy of the kind that her world regarded all too indulgently. Now at last love had proved too strong for her, and she had yielded—but at what a cost! Other women of her day might enter easily into *liaisons*; not so Madame de Sabran. For she was not of her day or of her world. To her, the surrendering of her virtue was a sacrifice that cost her all her peace of mind. The indulgent attitude of her contemporaries towards such *attachements* afforded her no consolation; they would judge her leniently as one of themselves, a woman who could take a lover lightly and as lightly let him go. This great love of hers, the most sacred thing in her life, would be mentioned in the same breath as that of Madame de Cambis for the Duke of Richmond, of the Duchesse de Coigny for the Duc de Lauzun, of Madame de Polignac for the Comte de Vaudreuil. No one would understand that it was different!

Yet, alternating with these bitter moments of remorse were hours of happiness more exquisite than she had ever known before. Just to be with him, to hear his voice—and honour, virtue, duty, all seemed but empty words and love the only and the great reality!

"I love you," she tells him, "as people loved once, as they love no more, and as they will never love again."

(Je t'aime comme on aimait jadis, comme l'on n'aime plus, et comme l'on n'aimera jamais.) Her letters from this time onwards are entirely changed ; now it is no longer " vous " and " mon frère," but " tu " and " mon enfant " and words of adoration—" my husband, my lover, my friend, my universe, my soul, my God ! "

And Boufflers ? Boufflers, " le plus aimable des fous," Boufflers, the *séducteur*, the man who had always laughed at constancy, the wit, the rake, the cynic, loved her with all the ardour and freshness of first love ; his former experiences seem neither to have blunted his sensibilities nor weakened the strength of his emotions :

" How right I was to give my soul wholly up to yours ! You combine everything that is touching with everything that charms, and I have never thought of you for long together without smiling and without, at the same time, having tears in my eyes." (Jamais je n'ai pensé quelque temps de suite à vous sans en même temps sourire et avoir les larmes aux yeux.)

Yet since he so adored her, why did he draw her into a *liaison* that brought her so much suffering ? In our eyes it seems unpardonable, and indeed from any point of view it must be admitted that Boufflers was very much to blame ; but an understanding of the period in which they lived certainly helps to mitigate his offence. In France of the eighteenth century, marriage was so essentially a business transaction that to marry merely for love would have been almost to make oneself ridiculous. The Chevalier de Boufflers, therefore, in marrying Madame de Sabran, would have made her look foolish in the eyes of the world, for he would have been regarded as a fortune-hunter thinking only of her money, whilst as her adorer the genuineness of his feeling for her would be believed in, her prestige would be enhanced by having fixed the wandering fancy of a man so notorious for his inconstancy, and in losing her heart to the gay Chevalier she would only endear herself to her world by proving that she

was human after all. Madame de Sabran was, however, very careful to avoid scandal; she would never *afficher* herself with Boufflers, and strangers meeting them together would not have guessed that they were lovers.

Her discretion naturally fanned the flame of Boufflers' devotion. He might go to her house and find her surrounded by a dozen other guests, smiling on other admirers, and he would have to go away again without a single tender word or look. This, of course, was excellent for him. Her moods, too, prevented him from tiring of her; she was never twice the same, and still maddened him with her elusiveness. The Chevalier, on his part, was evidently still more maddening; so, in spite of their love for each other, they continued to quarrel as before. And alas! though he adored her, Boufflers still indulged in wandering fancies that cut her to the heart.

In the summer of 1783, two years after the memorable May at Anizy, a tragic scene took place between them. The Chevalier was obliged to go to Brussels, and Madame de Sabran was to meet him at Valenciennes on his way there. The day came and she arrived at the inn prepared for rapturous greetings from her lover, when she encountered Boufflers in the company of a local *belle*—a lady of Valenciennes, referred to in her letters as his "*Dulcinea del Toboso*"—to whom he was paying a great deal of attention. Madame de Sabran immediately concluded the worst, and, without leaving him time to explain the situation, fled to her room and burst into floods of tears. So she had a rival! And such a rival! How *could* Boufflers admire this coarse, silly, provincial creature?

There is perhaps nothing more chastening to a woman's pride than to see the other objects of her lover's affections; the belief that she herself must possess some rare and subtle power of enchantment perishes miserably as she gazes on the obvious charms

of her rival. So Eléonore de Sabran, looking at his "Dulcinea" of Valenciennes, felt more than wounded, she felt humiliated, insulted, and a great tide of anger rose in her towards the man who had dealt this blow to her pride.

At that moment the step she knew so well sounded on the threshold, the door opened, and Boufflers, pale and shaken, stood before her. She saw that he was ill, and at any other time the mother-love that was so great a part of her feeling for him would have made her go to him and wrap him round with tenderness; but, though the tears poured down her cheeks as she looked at him, and her heart was wrung with pity, she was too angry to spare him.

She broke in with a torrent of reproaches. The fierceness of her anger shook her fragile body, her pansy-coloured eyes flashed fire; she raved at him whilst all the while sobs nearly choked her. Boufflers, white to the lips, listened in horror and dismay. How could he make her understand that his philandering with the charmer of Valenciennes meant nothing, was only one of those idle fancies that come to men at moments and hold no vestige of love? And at her injustice—as he believed it—his own anger at last arose, and he, too, broke forth into a storm of indignation, calling her "Alecto," "termagant," telling her that she would kill his love for her. At that she wept more bitterly, yet she could not forgive him.

But, even whilst she stormed she loved him, hated herself for hurting him.

They parted at last, shattered—Boufflers no less than Madame de Sabran, for with all his frivolity, he had none of the cold-hearted indifference of the *séducteur* who can break a woman's heart and ride away with a smile on his lips. On the contrary, he was perfectly miserable at having made her unhappy, literally *ill* with misery, as we see from the letter he wrote her next day on his way to Brussels :

" . . . You left me cut to the heart ! I see no hope of happiness in the future, all my illusions are falling from me like leaves under the cold frosts of autumn when every day foretells a sadder morrow. My courage fails me, I am conscious of a grief too great for my strength, and for my years, for at forty-five love should hardly be love, but should have turned into gentle and peaceful friendship. How far are we from that ! I do not wish to reproach you, but my heart is wrung with grief ; such suffering is more than I can bear. You showed me all the injustice of a child of fifteen ; you saw nothing as it really was, you heard nothing that I said to you, and I live in dread of seeing these horrible moments recur, since it is impossible to prevent things that happen for no cause. Yet, for all this, dear child, you are more to me than the peace and happiness of which you deprive me. So I pardon you for my griefs, past, present, and future, and I ask your forgiveness for showing them to you. . . . I put my faith in your children ; the pleasure of seeing them again will have partly dispelled your gloomy mood. Love, or at any rate kindness, will do the rest, and, as the Vicar of Wakefield said from the depths of his dungeon, ' Perhaps we shall see happy days again.' "

What could she do but forgive him ? What can any woman do when faced with the eternal problem of a man's roving nature ? If he has ceased to love her the matter is, of course, quite simple, for nothing in the world will bring him back ; but, if she knows that in his heart he is true to her, how is she to take his passing fancies for other attractions ? Men and women of the world tell her that to show jealousy is fatal ; experience teaches her that submissiveness is equally disastrous. No man loves for long the woman he feels he can treat as he pleases—the meek and abject creature who will welcome him back with a smile after each defection. Madame de Sabran, bitterly as she repented her outbreak, had perhaps taken the course most likely to prevail with a man of Boufflers' temperament—to fly into a tearing rage was, on the whole, the best thing

she could do. She had shown him that, gentle and loving though she was, she would not bear too much, and, if she had made him angry, she had not bored him for a moment.

It was the oldest situation in the world, and Madame de Sabran came to the old inevitable conclusion. He was all the world to her—what did anything else matter? She knew that he was *true to her in spirit*, and so she must take him as he was with all his faults, since she could not change his nature.

Casting her pride to the winds, she wrote back to him :

“Do not hate me, my child, because I love you too much. Have pity on my weakness, laugh at my folly, and may it never trouble the peace of your heart. . . . Go, be free as the air ; abuse your liberty if you will, and I would rather have it so than make you feel the bondage of a chain too heavy. . . . Good-bye, dear heart ; love me if you can, or rather if you will ; only remember that no one in this world loves and cherishes you as I do, and that I care only for life as long as I can spend it with you.”

(Ne me hais pas, mon enfant, parce que je t'aime trop. Aie pitié de ma faiblesse, ris de ma folie, et qu'elle ne trouble jamais la paix de ton cœur. . . . Va, sois libre comme l'air, abuse si tu veux de ta liberté, et je t'aimerai encore mieux que de te faire sentir le poids d'une chaîne trop pesante. . . . Adieu, mon cœur ; aime-moi si tu veux, ou plutôt si tu peux ; mais songe seulement que rien dans le monde ne t'aime et ne te chérit comme moi, et que je n'estime la vie qu'autant que je la passerai avec toi.)

Boufflers, whose mercurial temperament made prolonged melancholy impossible, answered gaily :

“Let me tell you, dear and naughty child, that I am beginning to feel a little better in body and spirit. I have been making wise reflections and realized that

I was mad and you were mad, but that I love you and you love me, and so for both of us more good will come of this than evil. Let us say no more about it; you should have kissed me as much as you scolded me. I should have laughed as much as I was hurt by it; but the past will return no more, and sorrow will remain with it. . . . I take up my pen again to ask you to kiss your two darlings for me. . . . Content yourself with the thought that all the faults are on your side and all perfections on mine !”

Madame de Sabran, still in a softened mood, answered :

“ Yes, my child, I forgive you all your tempers, past, present, and future. I suffer too much when I have to be cross with you, and so I find it better to love you and tell you so. Whatever you do we always come back to that, and so once and for all I make a resolution to abide by it. I give you full indulgence for all your amusements, and I feel more than ever that the best way to keep you is to give you perfect freedom. There is in man a vague restlessness that makes him seek happiness only where he is not. You will no sooner be far away from me than you will want to come back, and I promise you beforehand that you will always be welcomed. . . . This letter is our treaty of peace that nothing can ever break—not even time. After this I kiss you and love you more than ever.”

- (Oui, mon enfant, je te pardonne tes maussaderies passées, présentes et futures. Je souffre trop quand il faut te boudier, et je trouve bien mieux mon compte à t'aimer et à te le dire. Quelque chose que tu fasses, il faut toujours en venir là; ainsi je prends une bonne fois la résolution de m'y tenir. Je te donne indulgence plénière pour toutes tes distractions, et je sens mieux que jamais que la meilleure manière de te conserver est de te donner la clef des champs. Il y'a dans l'homme une inquiétude vague qui fait qu'il ne se trouve bien qu'où il n'est pas. Tu ne seras pas plus tôt loin de moi, que tu désireras y revenir, et je te promets d'avance que tu seras toujours bien reçu. . . . Cette lettre est notre traité de paix, que rien ne pourra

jamais rompre, pas même le temps. D'après cela, je t'embrasse et je t'aime plus que jamais.)

This treaty of peace was destined, alas ! to be broken many times in the course of their lives ! How often she was yet to resolve to break with him, to declare her intention of " bidding him an eternal adieu," yet always end by forgiving him, always come back to the fact that, whatever he did, she could not do without him.

Boufflers, on his part, was equally unable to throw off the spell she had cast over him ; however much she might scold or exasperate him, she was still the only woman in the world of whom he never wearied. Even her rages—her " folles colères " as he called them—were more charming than other women's favours ! Years afterwards, when they had quarrelled many times again, he wrote to her :

" I love to think of all your faults, for they are nearly as lovable as you are ; without them you would be too perfect, your behaviour and your personality and your honour would be like those regular faces that have no character. When I think of your beautiful soul, of your good heart, of your frankness, and of that ' greatness ' that Prince Henry¹ detected so well in you, and then remember at the same time your teasings, your follies, your wilfulness, your tempers, I am reminded of Hesiod's Venus, surrounded by little playful Cupids, naughty, badly behaved, but delicious enough to eat ! "

(J'aime à penser à tous tes torts, parce qu'ils sont presque aussi aimables que toi ; sans eux, tu serais trop parfaite, et ta conduite, et ton caractère, et ton honneur ressembleraient à ces figures régulières en tout point qui n'ont jamais de physionomie. Quand je pense à ta belle âme, à ton bon cœur, à ta franchise, à cette grandeur que le prince Henry a si bien démêlée en toi, et que je me rappelle en même temps tes malices, tes folies, tes obstinations, tes colères, il me semble voir la Vénus d'Hésiode entourée de petits amours

¹ Prince Henry of Prussia.

espiègles, méchants, mal morigénés, mais tous jolis à manger.)

Nothing Boufflers ever wrote brings her before us so vividly as this little description, and in the letter she wrote him soon after the tragedy of Valenciennes she shows us Boufflers in a few lightning touches :

"How unjust I am, my child, and how good you are to love a foolish old thing like me! It is true that it was for you and through you that I lost my senses, for if I remember right I had in my youth as much good sense and more reason in my little finger than you have now in your whole body. That happy time is no more; the face of everything is changed; time and love have so altered me that you alone can recognize me. . . .

"I could not read without emotion what you say about your coming blindness.¹ . . . All that you have to do, and that would certainly cure you, is to put a bandage over your eyes—at night, I mean, for you are cunning enough to suspect that I have some object in giving you this sage advice and to believe that I have reason to dread your little piercing eyes. No, my child, why should I have recourse to illusion? Our love has no need of it; it was born without it and will endure without it. For it was certainly not the effect of my charms—which had ceased to exist when you first knew me—that kept you to me, nor was it your Huron-like manners, your gruff and absent-minded air, your true and pithy sallies, your large appetite, or your deep slumber whenever one wants to talk to you, that made me love you to distraction; it was a certain something that sets our souls in tune, a certain sympathy that makes me think and feel like you. For beneath that rough exterior you conceal the mind of an angel and the heart of a woman. You combine all contrasts, and there is no being in heaven or on earth more lovable or loved than you. Come to me, then, as soon as possible. . . . Good-bye, my child; good-bye, my friend; good-bye, my lover; never have I

¹ Boufflers often suffered from his eyes and then imagined he was going blind; but there was nothing seriously the matter.

said this word with greater pleasure, never felt so much the happiness of living only for the one I love."

(Que je suis injuste, mon enfant ; et que tu es bon d'aimer une vieille folle comme moi ! Il est vrai que c'est pour toi et par toi que j'ai perdu la tête ; car, s'il m'en souvient bien, j'avais, dans mon jeune âge, un sens très juste et plus de raison dans mon petit doigt que tu n'as même à présent dans toute ta personne. Cet heureux temps n'est plus ; tout a changé de face, et le temps et l'amour m'ont si fort métamorphosée, qu'il n'y a plus que toi qui puisses me reconnaître. . . .

Je n'ai pu lire sans attendrissement tout ce que tu dis sur ton aveuglement futur. . . . La seule chose que tu devrais faire, et qui te guérirait sûrement, ce serait de mettre un bandeau sur tes yeux, la nuit bien entendu, car ta malice pourrait soupçonner quelque intérêt de ma part dans ce sage conseil, et croire que j'ai quelque raisons pour redouter tes petits yeux perçants. Non, mon enfant, je n'ai que faire de ton illusion ? notre amour n'en a pas besoin ; il est né sans elle, et il subsistera sans elle ; car ce n'est sûrement pas l'effet de mes charmes, qui n'existaient plus lorsque tu m'as connue, qui t'a fixé auprès de moi ; ce n'est pas non plus tes manières de Huron, ton air distrait et bourru, tes saillies piquantes et vraies, ton grand appétit et ton profond sommeil quand on veut causer avec toi, qui m'ont fait t'aimer à la folie ; c'est un certain je ne sais quoi qui met nos âmes à l'unisson, une certaine sympathie qui me fait penser et sentir comme toi. Car sous cette enveloppe sauvage tu caches l'esprit d'un ange et le cœur d'une femme. Tu réunis tous les contrastes, et il n'y a point d'être au ciel et sur la terre qui soit plus aimable et plus aimé que toi. Viens me voir à cause de cela le plus tôt qu'il te sera possible. . . . Adieu, mon enfant ; adieu, mon ami ; adieu, mon amant ; jamais je n'ai prononcé ce mot avec plus de plaisir, et n'ai si bien senti le bonheur d'exister uniquement pour ce qu'on aime.)

Yet, though she had forgiven him, Madame de Sabran's mind was not altogether at rest about Boufflers' "Dulcinea del Toboso," for soon after this, when he

joined her at Spa, where she was taking the waters, Dulcinea wrote him from Valenciennes two letters so affectionate that Madame de Sabran says they made her sick—"deux lettres d'un si bon ton qu'elles me faisaient *mal au cœur*." However, she kept to her resolution of leaving the Chevalier his liberty, and in her future references to Dulcinea valiantly summons her sense of humour to the rescue; by this means she evidently succeeded in laughing Boufflers out of his fancy, for four years later, when he was in Africa, we find her writing gaily to describe his "ancienne Dulcinée del Toboso," who happened to be sitting near her at the play one evening in Valenciennes.

"Even to other eyes than mine she has really very few charms; she is quite round now, as she has grown much fatter, so the Comtesse Auguste declares. She amused me a thousand times more than the play. She was very much taken up with two officers who kept her turning her head continually from right to left so that neither should be jealous; she laughed and talked louder than the actors. This time I was jealous, not on account of her successes, but of her happiness, and I said to myself: 'She knew the poor African [Boufflers], she loved him, she did more than this, and she was able to forget him and love other people; how could that be? I should like to have her recipe—I, poor fool, who wear myself out in vain regrets. . . . My life will be no longer than hers, yet she turns hers to account and I throw mine to the winds. Ah! she is far wiser than I am. . . .'"

Yet did she really envy her? does any woman who has known a great love and endured its suffering envy the woman who has lived only for passing fancies? "How happy are the people who have good heads and no hearts!" (*Que les gens qui n'ont point de cœur, mais une bonne tête sont heureux!*) Madame de Sabran once wrote in the bitterness of her heart, yet never would she have changed with those men or women who pass through the world and miss its

greatest experience. So, though she suffered, she lived to look back on her life and say with Boufflers :
“ *J'ai vécu !* ”

Madame de Sabran had quite recovered her usual gaiety when she arrived at Spa with her friend Madame d'Andlau that summer of 1783.

Spa in the eighteenth century was very amusing and cosmopolitan ; foreigners of all kinds were to be found there taking the waters with the gay world of Paris ; amongst them were many English, for now that the war with England was ended they had returned in crowds to France, and no animosity prevailed between the two nations. “ Anglo-manie ” was, in fact, more the fashion than ever ; all the men wanted to appear English, and had begun to exchange silk and embroidery for the plain cloth coats and the sporting air that was in vogue across the Channel. Madame de Sabran seems to have had a peculiar affinity with English people, and at Spa she made many friends amongst them. “ There are hardly any but English here this year,” she writes to the Chevalier ; “ but they are sometimes as agreeable or even more agreeable than others.” And she goes on to tell him of a really serious devotion she has inspired in an elderly English heart :

“ I must tell you . . . that I am going to be married, or, at any rate, I have a husband all ready—rich, sensible, constant, and of an age that more nearly approaches youth than yours, if it is true, as they say, that extremes meet—it is Lord Murray. I see you smile from here, but I don't know why, for he is a more dangerous rival than he appears. He is so terribly in love with me that he asked Milady — to make me what he calls a proposal in all seriousness, for he thinks I can be his wife and he can be my husband. He is quite prepared to follow me to France, or even to hell so as never to leave me, for he asks no more than to abjure his religion, recognizing, as he

does, no god but love. This folly has amused us all for several days, and I only await your consent to end the matter. Do not keep us waiting for it too long, or an attack of apoplexy might occur to mar the festive day ; the poor man has a tendency to it, and love is very injurious under the circumstances. . . . Here is a good opportunity for you to get rid of me, and I have no doubt you will seize it. . . .”

Other Englishmen at Spa this year were Lord du Moley, whom Madame de Sabran found “*de fort bonne compagnie*,” and the pathetic young Sir Charles Asgill, who, three years before, when he was only seventeen, had been taken prisoner by the Americans at the capitulation of York Town and sentenced to be hanged in retaliation for the execution of an American prisoner. He was eventually released at the request of Marie Antoinette.

“Milor Asgill . . .,” writes Madame de Sabran, “lay for six months between life and death ; at every moment he expected his sentence, and, by an unheard-of refinement of cruelty, the gallows were placed in front of his windows and he was shown to the people for money like an animal at a fair. He is here to recover from the injury the fright caused him, and is going on to Versailles to thank our little queen. I think he will have a great success there ; he is twenty, and has a pale and interesting face on which the traces of his misfortunes can still be seen. His unhappy mother interests me still more ; I cannot think without a shudder of what she must have suffered. She is here with him, but in such a frightful state of mind that she can see no one.”

Madame de Sabran's greatest friend amongst the English at Spa was Mrs. Buller, who as Susan Yarde had married Francis Buller, an eminent lawyer.¹ “She

¹ Susan Yarde was an heiress, and brought Churston Court to the Bullers. Her son took the name of Yarde-Buller and her grandson became Lord Churston. Unfortunately, none of her letters or papers have been kept by her family, yet there must have been many of interest, for her friends in France corresponded with her all through the Revolution.

loves me really as if I were her own child," Madame de Sabran tells the Chevalier; "she is the most amiable person in the world, and distracts me in your absence—everything else is intolerable. We read together Latin, Italian, and English, of which I began the day before yesterday to learn the verbs, and I mean to learn it seriously—all the more because you like it and I want to do everything to please you!"

The Chevalier, who came to spend a few days with Madame de Sabran at Spa, entirely agreed with her opinion of "la mère Buller," and years afterwards, when he was obliged to fight the English off the coast of Africa, he could hardly bring himself to fire on them—"I shall remember these poor devils belong to the same country and speak the same language as the best of our friends." Mrs. Buller was indeed so fascinating that she even inspired Elzéar de Sabran, now aged nine, with passionate admiration, and he wrote her a long ode in six cantos called "La Charriétade."

At Spa Mrs. Buller was Madame de Sabran's one consolation after the Chevalier's return to his regiment, and they spent all their time together whilst frivolous Madame d'Andlau was out amusing herself at balls and parties. "I live a great deal alone," wrote Madame de Sabran, "or with my Englishwoman, who does not like society any more than I do. I leave *la mère* d'Andlau to her flirtations and to turn all the heads of England. You never saw anything like it—at every moment she receives notes and bouquets, and every one wants to talk and dance with her."

The arrival of the Buller family from England provides Madame de Sabran with a great deal of amusement:

"Nothing could be funnier than Mrs. Buller in the bosom of her family, for this year she is travelling with all her relations and a brother who is as like Grandgousier as two peas. He is, without exaggeration, as

fat as the Duc d'Orléans and M. de Montesson put together, and tall in proportion. He does not eat as much as you, but he would drink the whole cellar at a meal—he is a renowned drinker. I never saw anything so extraordinary as that face for he does not speak a word of French—if I were younger I should be afraid of his eating me. He makes my bed shake when he gets into his the other side of a thin partition which happily separates us. She has also two sisters . . . one has gone to Düsseldorf . . . the other reminds me of Miss Brigitte, sister of Mr. Alworthy (*sic*); she is a kind and excellent woman.¹ In fact, I am enjoying myself here as much as if I were in England, for there are only English here."

From Spa Madame de Sabran went on with Madame d'Andlau to Holland, and her account of this journey is very amusing. Their names were both so well known that they decided to travel incognito as Madame de Jobert and Madame Bertin, and by this means they were able to go in public coaches, which was not only cheaper but offered more opportunities for studying human nature than driving in state through the country. From Brussels to Antwerp they went in a boat that, as Madame de Sabran said, contained a sort of Noah's Ark collection of human oddities, and she spent a happy day sketching them. Here yet another English admirer awaited her:

"I made at once the conquest of a young English commercial traveller, who never left us all through the voyage, and from time to time treated us to beer by way of refreshing us, but nearly made us drunk, for out of politeness we did not like to refuse. He is still here, but, as we are not in the same inn, we have lost sight of each other, which distresses me very much."

The summer of 1783 ended delightfully for Madame

¹ This paragraph evidently refers to Mrs. Buller's brother and sisters-in-law; she herself was an only child.

de Sabran and her children, for they were all invited to stay with the Prince de Ligne at his wonderful château of Bel Œil. The prince was one of the happiest of human creatures, and he loved to make every one around him happy too. His passion for gardening never made him forget to be philanthropic. "Lovers of gardens," he said, "be lovers of humanity ! . . . Let us do good, let us do good to others !" The animal world must be made happy too—especially all young things : "Let us make to live and to increase the people of the air, of the earth, and of the water !" He shared the Chevalier de Boufflers' sympathy with trees, and believed that they could feel resentment if they were not treated kindly.

Life at Bel Œil was delicious. "The mornings were given up to study ; music, literature, drawing occupied every one in turn. . . . The prince, as soon as he was dressed, went down to his island of Flore with a book in his hand, worked in his library, or looked at his gardens. The guests walked, rode, drove, or sailed on the great lake . . . and spent fine evenings on the water with music and moonlight. . . . The garden paths were well laid so as not to wet the ladies' feet, and bowers of roses, jasmine, orange-flowers, and honeysuckle led to where they went to bathe. Here and there in quiet corners were shady seats and rustic shelters where each one could find her knitting, her netting, her writing things, and a raven's quill."¹

It was here that the prince had planned a splendid entertainment for the autumn. The great play of Beaumarchais, "*Le Mariage de Figaro*," was just written and had been banned by the king from the Court theatre ; but the Prince de Ligne decided to produce it at his private theatre of Bel Œil, and as actors he had chosen his daughter-in-law the Princesse Hélène de Ligne, Madame de Sabran, Elzéar, and the Chevalier de Boufflers.

"*Histoire de la Princesse Hélène de Ligne*," by Lucien Perey.

"All that you suggest is very tempting, my poor Charlot," Boufflers wrote in answer to the prince's invitation; "but, on studying my marching orders, it seems that I shall see everything except my regiment. . . . Dear prince, I love you as if I saw you every day of my life."¹

The Chevalier succeeded, however, in getting leave, and was able to join the party at Bel Œil. The play was a tremendous success; Madame de Sabran took the part of the Comtesse, the Princesse Hélène was Suzanne, and Elzéar made a charming Chérubin; but it was Boufflers, with his *verve endiablée*, who, as Figaro, brought down the house.

The prince himself took the humble rôle of Doublemain, for he was well aware that he had no dramatic talent, and could not be given a leading part; so whenever he acted he was quite content merely to bring in a letter on a tray or announce an arrival. Even then he usually missed his cue, and failed to make his entry at the right moment; but, once on the stage, he was so happy there that it was difficult to get him off again, and he would murmur in an undertone to the actors, "I am not in your way, am I?"

How often in the years to come the players in that gay production of "Figaro" must have looked back with passionate regret at their folly in encouraging a play that was to have such far-reaching and disastrous consequences! Little did they dream of the dynamic forces embodied in the words they uttered: "Because you are a noble lord you think yourself a great genius! Nobility, fortune, rank, position—all these cause pride. . . . What have you done for so many good things? You took the trouble to be born, and that is all!" Words that to our ears seem so trite, so feeble, but that to the world of 1784 came as a revelation of wit and daring! Hitherto no one had dreamt of publicly criticizing the great; now, for the first time, it was

¹ "Histoire de la Princesse Hélène de Ligne," by Lucien Perey.

whispered that the idols they had worshipped had feet of clay.

Boufflers, ever at war with courts and courtiers, at heart a democrat, threw himself into the rôle of Figaro with all the ardour of conviction, and, as he declaimed the famous monologue, he was far from foreseeing that the words he spoke would go to swell the mighty tide of insurrection that was soon to sweep away the misguided world that applauded them.

CHAPTER VI

“ VOILÀ DU NOUVEAU ! ”

THE year 1784 had arrived, the year that brought with it events both grave and gay to the Court of France. On the surface all was yet serene, the Golden Age was still in full swing. Never had the royal family shown greater zeal for the welfare of their subjects, and the nobles, following their lead, had thrown themselves with ardour into the cause of philanthropy. “*Sensibilité*,” says Taine, “a feeling for the troubles of the oppressed, had taken the place of feudalism in the hearts of the great. They no longer hide their tears, they feel it an honour to be men ; they are human, they become intimate with their inferiors. . . . They think of the poor, and glory in thinking of them.”

During the terrible winter of this year the king and queen had done everything in their power to relieve the sufferings of the poor of Paris ; huge fires were lit in the courtyard of the palace at which they might come and warm themselves, whilst rows of carts continually carried fuel to their houses.

“The king,” as the Chevalier de l’Isle wrote to the Prince de Ligne, “shows himself every day a good husband, a good father, a good man ; it is impossible to see him without loving him sincerely, and without respecting his uprightness. I assure you that we are very fortunate to have that pair on the throne ; may Heaven, that has placed them there, in His goodness keep them there long !”

The queen, though not so benevolent in appearance

as her homely consort, was no less charitable. She gave away two or three hundred thousand francs out of her own purse, depriving herself of luxuries for the purpose; she founded a home for the blind in Paris; inaugurated at Versailles an almshouse for old women, and went to visit the deaf-mutes, taking her children with her that they might learn young to sympathize with those less fortunate than themselves.

"The queen," says Madame Campan, "wishing to implant in the mind of Madame, her daughter, not only the desire to help the needy, but the qualities necessary for carrying out well this sacred duty, incessantly brought to her mind, although she was still very young, the sufferings the poor had to endure during this cruel season. The princess had already a sum of 8,000 to 10,000 francs for her charities, and the queen made her distribute a part of it herself.

"Wishing to give her children a further lesson in doing good, she ordered me on New Year's Eve, as in other years, to send to Paris for all the latest toys and to have them spread out in her room. Then, taking her children by the hand, she showed them all the dolls and the mechanical contrivances that were arranged there, and told them that she had intended to give them pretty presents, but the cold made the poor so unhappy that all her money had been spent in blankets and clothes to protect them from the rigour of the season and in giving them bread, so that this year they [the children] would only have the pleasure of seeing all these novelties. Having gone back to her own room with her children, she said there was, however, one indispensable outlay to be made, for, since many mothers would think as she did this year, the toy-maker would lose by it; and so she gave him fifty louis to compensate him for his travelling expenses and for having sold nothing."

Whilst Marie Antoinette made these pathetic efforts to relieve distress, how could she know that farmer-generals were still grinding down the peasants, and that incapable politicians playing at reforms were

fermenting the great wave of discontent of which she was to be the victim? Shut in behind the gilded barriers of the Château, surrounded by smooth-tongued courtiers who told her of no grim facts existing in the world outside, how could she guess that in this pleasant land of France there were crying grievances other than famine that urgently demanded remedying? Gentle, kindly, unimaginaive, Marie Antoinette lived as perhaps the sanest men and women live—in the present moment, which every one around her conspired to make as pleasant as possible.

When the spring came and the misery of the people had abated, the queen was once more at the Petit Trianon, watching the progress of the "Hameau" which had been begun the year before. For at last the idea that had originated with the Chevalier de Boufflers' romance of "Aline" had materialized, and the little village of which Madame de Pompadour had dreamed in vain was springing into life.

Boufflers, we know, was at the Court this year, and it is possible he helped the queen with the reconstruction of the scene he had described in the famous story, for there, just as we find them in "Aline," is the little farm to which the milkmaid carried her pail of milk, here is the shady meadow where she met her lover, and there the little rustic bridge on which he first caught a glimpse of her in her short white petticoat as she passed over.

Still it stands to-day, the pathetic "Hameau," with its crumbling mill and its empty dovecot, the most touching relic of the woman whose fatal error was to prefer simplicity to splendour. Did it cost the fabulous sums computed by malcontents of the day? Certainly far less than many a member of the great American democracy spends on the gratification of some whim or than our Government to-day spends gaily on County Council buildings; yet the nation that had endured with hardly a murmur the gigantic outlay involved by le

Roi Soleil in the building of Versailles and the vast sums squandered by Louis le Bien Aimé on his mistresses, was filled with indignation at the queen's innocent fancy for pastoral life. But of this she as yet knew nothing that happy spring of 1784.

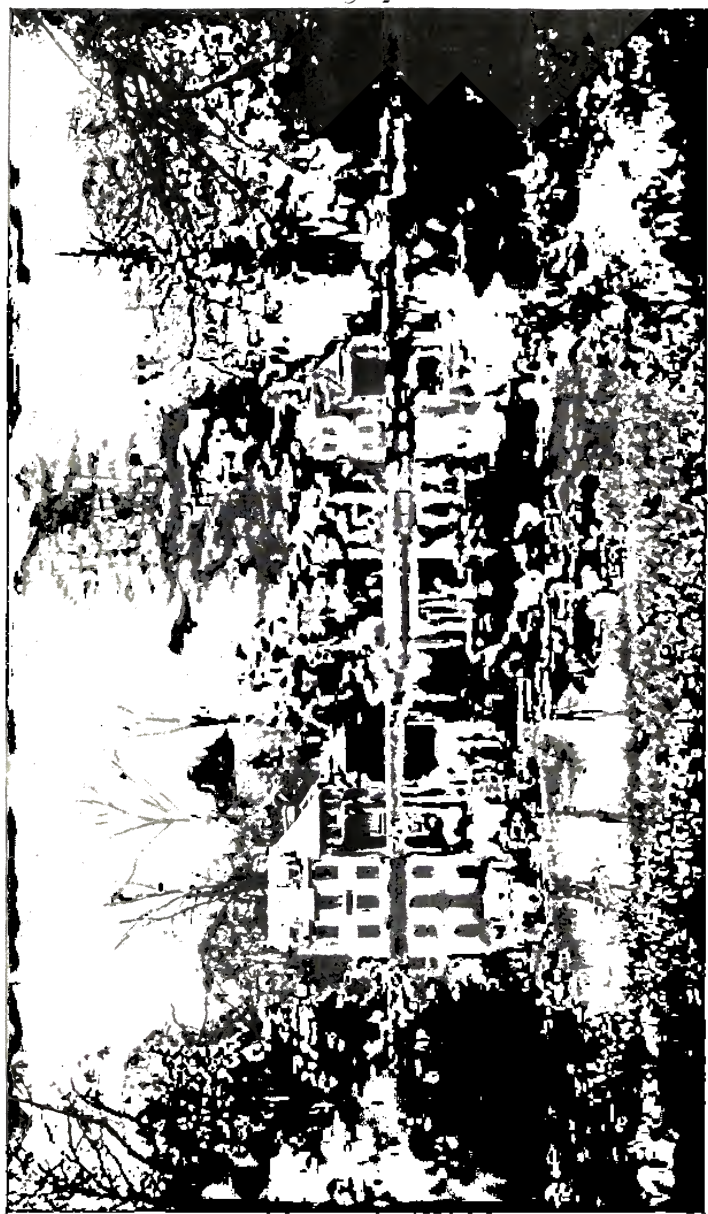
Marie Antoinette was devoted to Madame de Sabran, and, having heard this winter of her children's success on the stage at Bel Œil expressed a wish to see them act. Accordingly, in April, the Duchesse de Polignac invited Madame de Sabran to bring them to Versailles to play before the queen.

Delphine at this time was fourteen, and (Madame d'Abrantès tells us) "as beautiful as an angel—one of those exquisite creatures that God gives to the world in a moment of munificence"—Elzéar was eleven, a strange, precocious little boy, whose talents and ready wit charmed and amused Marie Antoinette. A stage had been constructed in the apartments of Madame de Polignac and the play given was "Iphigenia in Tauris." Delphine and Elzéar took the leading parts of Iphigenia and Orestes, whilst the other rôles were filled by the young de Polignacs and the daughters of Madame d'Andlau.

Madame de Sabran, though at this moment worried by a fresh outburst of temper on the part of the Chevalier, writes to tell him of the event :

"If I were still capable of feeling any pleasure I should have felt a great deal last Saturday at the success of my poor little children at the Court. The king and queen showed them every kindness; the queen was touched to tears, and the king was as happy as a king at the play. Everything went off as I had wished, and with no other spectators but the royal family and the very intimate circle of the Duchesse de Polignac, according to my request."

Madame de Sabran is too modest to enlarge on the attention shown to Delphine and Elzéar by the king and



THE HAMEAU.
(From a photograph by the Author.)



queen ; but the Duchesse d'Abrantès tells us they were so enchanted with the children that at supper, after the play, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette waited on them themselves, standing one behind Orestes, the other behind Iphigenia.

Elzéar had a further success on the stage at his mother's house. The occasion was a fête given by Madame de Sabran to Prince Henry of Prussia and the Duchesse d'Orléans, and the Chevalier de Boufflers had adapted scenes from the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" in which Elzéar appeared. The prince was enchanted, and became one of Madame de Sabran's most impassioned admirers, but embarrassed her extremely by having an engraving made from her picture by Madame le Brun, and giving away copies right and left—a form of advertisement she was far from appreciating. It is difficult to understand the attraction Prince Henry held for the Chevalier or Madame de Sabran, who were neither of them prone to like people on account of their rank. The prince, from all contemporary accounts, was an almost grotesque little man. At the first glance his ugliness was absolutely frightening; he squinted horribly, and rolled his r's in the most alarming way. Like certain of the Hohenzollerns of to-day, he had an exaggerated opinion of his own talents; he believed that he could act, recite, and play the violin as well as any virtuoso; but nothing was more lamentable than his performances. Madame de la Tour du Pin gives an amusing description of an evening at Madame de Montesson's when Prince Henry took part in an impromptu performance of "*Zaïre*," in which he played the part of the Sultan, declaiming the verses in the most appalling German accent and finally stabbing himself to the heart with a paper-knife on the sofa. Still, as she admits, he was a kind little man, and it was no doubt this kindness, as well as his affection for Elzéar, that endeared him to Madame de Sabran.

This same year, at Versailles, another theatrical per-

formance took place that was destined to have further-reaching consequences—"Le Mariage de Figaro," for which the king had at last reluctantly withdrawn his prohibition. Louis XVI, for all his slowness of wit, had moments of rare insight, and, just as he had foreseen the folly of provoking war with England in 1778, he realized the danger of presenting "Figaro" to the public. Of what avail to sow more seeds of distrust in the minds of the populace with regard to the aristocracy of which they were ready to believe any infamy, however absurd?

The "*Liaisons dangereuses*" of Laclos, which Tilly calls "one of those disastrous meteors that had appeared in an angry sky," had already inflamed the minds of the *bourgeoisie* against the class they hated, and there were not wanting other writers to seize the opportunity of winning popularity. One had only to "portray a man of the Court as always vile in every circumstance of life, and a plebeian as always sublime,"¹ in order to be hailed as a literary genius.

The "Mariage de Figaro" arrived at the psychological moment; the minds of the public had been prepared for the diatribes against the aristocracy by the teachings of Rousseau and the *Encyclopédistes*. The Baronne d'Oberkirch, who was present at the play, marvelled at the folly of the Court in encouraging such a performance:

"These *grands seigneurs*, applauding 'Figaro,' gave themselves a slap in the face, laughed at their own expense, and, what was worse, they made others laugh. They will repent of it later! . . . Beaumarchais presented them with their own caricature, and they answered: 'That is it. We are just like that!' What strange blindness is this!"

Yet it is easy, at this distance of time, to understand their point of view. To these men and women of the Court words were only words—they did not pause to

¹ "Mémoires of Madame de Genlis."

consider that, amongst more primitive human beings in the world outside, words lead to actions. They themselves were so skilled in the art of conversation, of sliding over dangerous places, of passing agreeably from one topic to another, of turning off lightly a point that threatened to become disagreeable, that they failed to take into account the amazing lack of all sense of humour which causes the middle-class mind to dwell on a vexed question, to brood over an injustice once it has been put into words.

"Voilà du Nouveau!" the cry of the pamphlet-sellers and the news-vendors in the streets of Paris, had become the watchword of the day; anything surprising, new, and strange was welcomed by these minds wherein a sane activity had given way to restlessness, to the condition described by the untranslatable word *vertige*. Carried away by their passion for novelty, these people took the new subversive theories in their hands and passed them smilingly from one to another, as children might play with unexploded shells upon a battle-field. How should they know that, in less skilled hands than theirs, these theories would burst into flame and wrap their world in a vast conflagration?

Yet it was not alone the love of novelty that provoked enthusiasm for the subversive amongst the aristocrats. Many of them felt a genuine conviction that the scheme of things was wrong which placed them in conditions so much pleasanter than those of their fellow-men.

No generous mind can be blind to the glaring inequalities of human life; the trouble is—how to do away with them. The egotist, oblivious to the miseries of his fellow-men, as long as he himself is prosperous, declares that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds; the visionary declares that all is wrong and must be immediately put right; but the practical philosopher, whilst recognizing the wrongness of existing

conditions, realizes the difficulties that human nature itself places in the way of equality, the immense time necessary to bring about lasting reforms, and the importance of preserving valuable traditions whilst destroying old abuses.

Unfortunately, in the eighteenth century few people were practical—they could only talk. They talked continually, no longer so harmoniously as in the past; the art of conversation was beginning to give way to the clamour of debate. They talked everywhere—under the trees of the Palais-Royal, at dinner, and at supper, with eager ears listening to every word—the ears of the servants whose presence they habitually ignored.

The danger of these listening servants was a very real one. In those days the men and women of the people had no socialistic newspapers to spread discontent amongst them, the seditious pamphlets circulated in the back streets many were unable to read, but every one had an uncle who was *maître d'hôtel* to a duke, or a sister who was maid to a marquise, and it was through these channels that the democratic ideas of the nobility percolated. "We are all great libertines!" Monsieur le Marquis would remark with a sigh, as he helped himself to a peach and the lacquey who handed him the dish would carry home the saying to his family circle: "They are all libertines—they say so themselves!" Why should one have to work for one's living or to walk in the mud when Madame la Duchesse herself declared that all men were equal? Had not all these *grandes dames* and *grands seigneurs* laughed approvingly at the lady's-maid's satire on their idleness in "Figaro": "Est-ce que les femmes de mon état ont des vapeurs donc? C'est un mal de condition qu'on ne prend que dans les boudoirs."

The author of "Figaro" himself was far from foreseeing the disastrous consequences of his play. Beaumarchais had no intention of destroying the monarchy,

his aim was to create a sensation. Like his counterpart in drama to-day, he had no belief in human nature, or in anything else; he had nothing to give the world in the place of the conditions on which he expended his satire, no ideals to put before the people at whom his jests were levelled. He wanted to attract attention, and that was all.

After the "Mariage de Figaro" came a fresh sensation—the invention of ballooning. Again "voilà du nouveau!" When in June of this year two intrepid aeronauts were summoned to Versailles to make an ascent from the terrace of the Château the scene was indescribable. At a sign from the queen, seated in a tribune, the ropes were cut and the huge machine rose slowly into the air, and at this amazing sight men danced with excitement, women fainted, the spectators fell on each other's necks and wept with emotion. The conquest of the air! The dream that from the earliest ages had haunted the mind of man as he watched the birds winging their way through space. At last the great secret had been discovered; a new era had dawned for the human race.

What need of ships to cross "the formidable barrier" that separated one from England? "Balloons will carry us across the Pas de Calais! Balloons will take us to America—waft us up above the clouds; we can take journeys to the moon!"

Yet the air was still very far from being conquered! At the outset it had proclaimed itself still capable of formidable resistance, for two of the first aeronauts fell to earth and were killed; but nothing deterred others from making further attempts. The Comte d'Artois, always eager for adventure, sprang into the car of the next balloon sent up at Versailles. The Chevalier de Boufflers, who, as Madame de Sabran once remarked, had discovered the secret of perpetual motion, was not slow to follow his example.

Madame de Sabran, distraught at hearing that

Boufflers had taken to flying, wrote imploring him to desist from this new adventure :

"Think of me if you can ; love me if you will ; but, above all, go no more to the Moulin de Javelle. I cannot think of it without terror since the adventure of the first aeronaut—one might well have said of him, 'Qu'allait-il faire dans cette galère?' What a chance you gave to your instability ! I beg you not to attempt another such adventure, and to confide all that I care for to the wings of the wind. I have only just confidence enough for the element we are in now, so give nothing over to chance. Farewell, my friend ; farewell, my lover ; I love you as if I were only fifteen, and the world was in the Golden Age, which makes it so difficult to live with you who belong rather too much to the Iron Age."

Still another line of discovery was agitating the minds of men and women. The occult had seized on their imaginations ; on all sides seers arose who could foretell the future, penetrate into the realms of the unknown. In the Faubourg-Saint-Marceau alchemists were hard at work making gold and mercury, mixing powders that restored youth to the octogenarian, or revived the affections of the faithless lover. Sorcerers, somnambulists, Théosophes, Martinistes made large fortunes out of their disciples. Hynoptism, that under Mesmer had proved a valuable scientific discovery, passed into the hands of charlatans who used it to throw their patients into trances and convulsions.

Even the Chevalier de Boufflers fell under the spell of one of these adepts, Saint Martin, author of a book called "Des Erreurs et de la Verité," and now wrote to tell Madame de Sabran of the new truths revealed to him.

"I am not as overjoyed as you at the discovery of 'the truth,' for I am afraid of its doing me an injury. All these people will make your head whirl, and, by way of leading you to happiness, will destroy ours. It

will be like Adam and Eve in the earthly paradise after the knowledge of good and evil. It is well with us now; let us be content with that; what more do we want? If they will show us a way of prolonging our lives on condition we should never part—I agree to it; otherwise, I have no use for a science which will do no good to our love, but on the contrary may injure it. My child, errors and illusions are the lot of man; remember that you yourself once vindicated them—they are the flowers that cover precipices, and that one must beware of rooting up. Why desire to know all the miseries of our condition? Far better, on the contrary, to turn one's eyes away from disagreeable sights and fix them only on things pleasant. The author of '*Des Erreurs et de la Verité*' is certainly not as clever as you, and I cannot see why God, the angels, and the devils should have chosen him out to tell him their secrets. He cannot be on more intimate terms with them than you are, being made of matter, and a matter probably not as fine as yours. All that, my child, brings your wise men nearer to madness than to divinity, and to lunatic asylums than to heaven. Still, as you must have no secrets from me, I will listen to you with pleasure when you have learnt enough to initiate me into your mysteries."

Yet, in spite of Madame de Sabran's incredulity on the subject of Boufflers' *adepte*, she was by no means proof herself against the fascination of the supernatural. Several passages in her letters show that she had a power of insight that was nothing less than clairvoyance, and she habitually consulted the cards for guidance in her affairs. In an amusing letter she wrote to Boufflers three years later, she describes a visit she paid to a sorceress which may be quoted here in context with the craze for magic that had taken hold of Paris:

"January 21, 1787.

"Tormented by my fate, both present and future,

and not knowing whom to turn to for counsel, I went this morning to a sorceress, the favourite of Lucifer and the best informed of his designs. From the first cards she told me I was well loved. Did she speak the truth, or are you, like dreams, that go by contraries? I thought I should have been poisoned by the odour of her attic; nothing could have been more in keeping—except her face—with her rôle of sorceress; both one and the other are black as hell. On going into this poor creature's, I was struck by plaintive accents that sounded like those of some one at the point of death. I trembled as I asked her who it was. 'Oh, that is nothing,' she said; 'it is only my husband who is dying. He has been in this state for days, and there is no end to it.' The cold-bloodedness of the woman filled me with horror, and if I had dared I would have fled on the spot; but her door was already closed and there was no going back. 'What?' I said to her, 'are you not more distressed than that? Does it not make you suffer? It hurts me to hear him, even though I do not know him!' 'Bah!' she answers, smiling and shrugging her shoulders, 'I never could endure him.' I had not the courage to pursue the topic any further, or to ask her more questions for fear of making her angry, and I sat down sadly before the table, very much troubled at finding myself in such bad company.

"But the great interest I felt soon absorbed me and chased away my scruples—she had no sooner told me that you loved me, that you would make a large fortune, that you would be my husband, and that we should have a lovely child, than she appeared to me a divinity! I was with Madame de Jarnac, who was waiting meanwhile in the next room. She had her turn next, and apparently in all she [the sorceress] tells she sees the necessity of having recourse to the resources of her art, for she sold her a powder which will inspire love in the most indifferent. In spite of all her assurances on your account, I could not resist the temptation of buying some, and I shall throw it in your eyes when I see you no longer blindfolded by Love—for a lover must never see too clearly. Meanwhile, I will make a few experiments by way of amusement on

the men I meet—who knows? it might provide a few moments of distraction? Nothing is impossible to the powers of darkness, and with their aid I may inspire some *grande passion*, which you will hear talked of with surprise, but which will certainly not divert me from the greatest of all—against that Heaven and Hell might conspire in vain. But I am forgetting to tell you that this great sorceress told me, amongst other things, that I shall live to be eighty-nine. I care little for this assurance, unless it is ordained that you shall live to be a hundred, for the earth could more easily do without the sun that makes it live than I could do without you."

Madame de Sabran does not say whether she ever visited the High-priest of the cult of magic, of whom many women of her world—the Duchesse de Polignac amongst them—sought counsel; but her letters contain many details on the past history of this extraordinary man, which as far as we can discover are all incorrect. Joseph Balsamo, who now called himself Cagliostro, was in reality the son of a Sicilian Jew, but the stories he told Paris of his origin were of the most extraordinary description. He was 300 years old, yet he had a servant who had been with him 1,500 years, presumably through succeeding incarnations; he had travelled in Egypt, in a country inhabited by gigantic animals; he had correspondents in a town of Central Africa ten times as large as Paris. Cagliostro was not only a seer, but an alchemist; every month he shut himself up in his laboratory to manufacture the ingot of gold with which he paid his debts; the diamonds that blazed on his fingers, in his cravat, his waistcoat, and his shoe buckles were also of his own creating. It is hardly surprising that the idle women of society, magnetized by his brilliant eyes "that pierced like gimlets" and his sonorous metallic voice, and fascinated by the weird garments he wore and the air of mystery he threw around him, should hang upon his lips. Even the Baronne d'Oberkirch, who never fell under his influence,

could not deny that he had some mysterious fascination. "What I cannot deny is that Cagliostro had some demoniacal power; that he fascinated the mind, that he quelled reflection. I do not undertake to explain this phenomenon; I only recount it, leaving to others more learned than myself the task of elucidating the mystery."

Was there something satanic in the power of Cagliostro, something more potent than the *bizarreries* which attracted silly women that cast a spell over the mind of the Cardinal de Rohan and lured him on to his own destruction and that of the woman he adored? It is certain that intercourse with what we call "the spirit world" has often led to disaster both in the case of individuals and of classes. Mysticism and table-turning were the rage in Berlin before the present war, in which we see a stolid and reflective nation turned into a race of criminal lunatics; is it not possible that the "demoniacal possession" displayed by the Revolutionaries of 1793 may be partly accounted for by the craze for sorcery that had invaded the nation before the Revolution? It would seem that evil influences—the "elementals" of theosophy—may indeed become unchained through interference with the laws of nature that hide their presence from us, and that the powers of darkness, once loosed upon the world, may produce an era of violence and horror against which the powers of light are temporarily unable to contend.

The temptation of the Cardinal de Rohan through the mediumship of Cagliostro curiously resembles the temptation of Faust by Mephistopheles; it is difficult to realize, when we read the extraordinary story, that this is history, and history of only one hundred and thirty years ago, rather than the invention of some mediæval romancer.

Cagliostro, in his gold-embroidered coat and scarlet waistcoat, flashing with diamonds, standing before his

black-covered table on which was placed the magic globe of crystal; Cagliostro, in his strange jargon of French, Italian, and Arabic talking of the stars, of angels and of devils, of Memphis, giants, and the *grand arcane*, succeeded in transporting de Rohan into an enchanted world.

Under the influence of Cagliostro's incantations the Cardinal saw his fondest hopes realized; he saw himself received into favour by the woman he had long adored hopelessly from afar—the queen who had steadfastly refused to receive him at her Court, but who in return for the diamond necklace would condescend to smile on him at last.

What but a mind muddled with magic could entertain so crazy a scheme? That Marie Antoinette, with all her circle of courtiers willing to do her bidding, should choose the man she had most disliked and distrusted to aid her in a compromising undertaking was an idea so preposterous that no normal mind could have entertained it for a moment. It can only be explained by the fact that at this time the mind of the Cardinal was not normal, and the wild extravagances of Cagliostro had so unbalanced his judgment that nothing seemed to him too impossible to happen. So, in response to Madame de la Motte's persuasions, and supported by Cagliostro's assurances that his enterprise was to be crowned with success, the Cardinal de Rohan allowed himself to be led along the fatal path, and the great "Affaire du Collier" began.

The story of this amazing intrigue is too well known to be repeated here; but, since it occupies so large a place in the letters of Madame de Sabran, it is interesting to notice how it coincided with her own history. Now it was precisely at the moment that Madame de Sabran and her children were staying at the Court, in April 1784, that Madame de la Motte first began to tell the Cardinal of her intimacy with the queen. All through that spring and summer, whilst Marie Antoinette was

innocently amusing herself with Elzéar and Delphine, whilst she watched the progress of the "Hameau" and presided over the launching of the balloons on the terrace of the Château, the infamous La Motte was vainly endeavouring to attract her attention, lurking in the Orangerie beneath her windows, placing herself in front of the crowd in the Galerie des Glaces as the queen passed through, and simulating a fainting fit at the psychological moment. When all these manœuvres failed—for Marie Antoinette never once noticed her existence—the adventurèss, nothing daunted, returned to tell the Cardinal of her successes. In April little blue-bordered notes began to arrive from the queen for her "cousin," Jeanne de la Motte Valois; by May letters, this time edged with gold, were addressed to the Cardinal himself. Then came the fateful "Scène du Bosquet," when the spurious Marie Antoinette, in a gown and cloak of gauzy white copied exactly from the queen's, glided through the darkness of a starless August night and dropped a rose at the feet of the Cardinal. Meanwhile, the real Marie Antoinette remained in her rooms in the great Château serenely unconscious of the hideous plot that was at work for her destruction; little dreaming, that summer night, that the first act of the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen, the tragedy in which she was to play the leading part, was being played out so close at hand.

With the "Affaire du Collier" the curtain went up on the Revolution. Henceforth there was to be no peace for the unhappy queen, for although it was not until the following year that the facts of this abominable intrigue were to be revealed to her, she knew already that the tongue of calumny was at work. How infamous were the libels circulated in the underworld of Paris she could not of course guess, for they were too foul to reach her ears; but that malicious things were said she was already well aware. What did they find to say against her? With all the innocence of a

woman who has nothing more than harmless follies on her conscience, she wondered what these charges could be, and one day, in the spring of this year, when the Chevalier de Boufflers was at the Court, she turned towards him gaily and remarked :

" Monsieur le Chevalier, tell me in verse what are the faults with which people reproach me ! "

Boufflers, thus appealed to, showed that if he was no courtier it was not for want of tact or ready wit. With chivalrous courtesy, but with an honesty of which few men at the Court would have been capable, he told the queen that people called her foolish, unreliable, vain, and selfish, yet by clever turns of phrase contrived to take the sting out of each accusation in turn :

" Voulez-vous savoir les on dit
Qui courent sur Thémire ?
On dit que parfois son esprit
Paroit être en délire.
Quoi ! de bonne foi ?
Oui ; mais, croyez-moi,
Elle sait si bien faire,
Que sa déraison,
Fussiez-vous Caton,
Auroit l'art de vous plaire.

" On dit que le trop de bon sens
Jamais ne la tourmente ;
On dit même qu'un grain d'encens
La ravit et l'enchanter.
Quoi ! de bonne foi ?
Oui ; mais croyez-moi,
Elle sait si bien faire,
Que même les dieux
Descendroient des cieux
Pour l'encenser sur terre.

" Vous donne-t-elle un rendez-vous
De plaisir ou d'affaire,
On dit qu'oublier l'heure et vous,
Pour elle c'est misère.
Quoi ! de bonne foi ?
Oui ; mais croyez-moi,
Se revoit-on près d'elle,
Adieu tous les torts.
Le temps même alors
S'enfuit à tire d'aile.

" Sans l'égoïsme rien n'est bon,
 C'est là sa loi suprême :
 Aussi s'aime-t-elle, dit-on,
 D'une tendresse extrême ;
 Quoi ! de bonne foi ?
 Oui ; mais, croyez-moi,
 Laissons-lui son système ;
 Peut-on la blâmer
 De savoir aimer
 Ce que tout le monde aime ? "

A cleverer woman than Marie Antoinette would have taken the lesson to heart and realized that the pretty compliment at the end of each verse was only the necessary tinsel wrapping in which alone home-truths could be offered to a queen. But subtlety was not her strong point, and it is said that she was delighted with the poem and sang it herself at the Court.¹

Had Marie Antoinette numbered amongst her intimates more men like Boufflers, more women like Madame de Sabran all might have been well with her. Her worst foes were those of her own household—the treacherous Orléans, the King's dull, spiteful old aunts, the Comte de Provence—hostile because her son, and no longer he himself, was heir to the throne of France—her brother, the Emperor Joseph, who had allowed his condemnation of her early follies to become known to the public, the Comte de Besenval, and the vain Duc de Lauzun, whose advances she had repulsed, and Maurepas, who owed her his dismissal. The friends she had chosen—the Princesse de Lamballe and the Duchesse de Polignac—were women of no character ; the two men, Fersen and the Duc de Coigny—to whom she showed favour, were powerless to defend her against a world of enemies. Her very virtue laid her open to attack—had she been the " Messalina " described by the revolutionaries she would have gained powerful supporters, for a bad woman seldom lacks allies. The men whose vanity she had wounded were amongst her bitterest

¹ This incident is recorded in the " Mémoires secrets," March 29, 1784.

enemies. "The good royalist society," said the Prince de Ligne, "made the Republic without knowing it."

Of all the Court, the Prince de Ligne was perhaps her most sincere friend. There was never any question of love between them, and, as he looked at the tragedy gathering around the woman he admired and pitied so profoundly, he was able to bring an impartial judgment to bear on the situation. "These extremities," he wrote, "would never have been reached but for the too great kindness of the king and the indulgence of the queen, who allowed little women, annoyed at not having looked as beautiful as she did at her charming balls last winter, to go and chatter on their return about her extravagance and the disorder of the finances."

So gradually the ferment grew, and through that summer of 1784 the pamphlet-sellers made their way through the streets of Paris hawking their calumnies to an eager public with the cry, "Voilà du Nouveau !"

Little did they dream, some of the people who bought this garbage, that the day was coming when the news-vendors would be crying in their midst : "Voilà du Nouveau ! Liste des gagnants à la loterie de la très Sainte Guillotine," and that their own names would be found in that dread category. They wanted, like the Athenians, some new thing. New and horrible things awaited them.

CHAPTER VII

TEARS, IDLE TEARS!

DELPHINE and Elzéar had now become the youthful prodigies of Paris ; every one talked of their wit and talents, and Madame de Sabran was filled with delight at the success of her plan of education. For some years Elzéar had been under the care of a tutor, the Abbé Bernard, a reserved and pious man whom Madame de Sabran trusted implicitly and treated with the greatest kindness, even settling a pension on him, to be paid when Elzéar's education was finished. Delphine, so far, had been taught with her brother, but now the time had come when, according to the custom of the day, she must go into a convent for a few months to be prepared for entering the world. " I see with mortal grief the moment approaching when I must put my Delphine into the convent," Madame de Sabran writes to Boufflers. " The day settled is next Saturday ; I went there to-day for the first time. . . . I do not know what I shall do the day I have to leave her there."

Ever since their birth Madame de Sabran had devoted herself to her children, and Boufflers, with whom she talked over everything relating to them, loved them as if they were his own—" il n'y manque que la façon ! " he was wont to say.

Madame de Sabran went a great deal into the world at this period. The house at which she was seen most frequently was that of the old Duc de Nivernais,

whom we met before in his *salon* in the Rue de Tournon. The duchess being now dead, the duke lived almost entirely at Saint-Ouen, just outside Paris.

Nothing more enchanting than this country-house of the Duc de Nivernais can be imagined. It stood on the banks of the Seine, and from the magnificent terrace distant views could be seen through vistas cut in the surrounding trees; smooth lawns rolled down to the river's edge, on which there browsed white sheep from Lorraine, a present from the Chevalier de Boufflers, who seems to have entertained a peculiar affection for these unresponsive animals. Birds were, however, the particular passion of the duke, and he loved them so much that he could not bear to shut them up in cages, so he hit upon an original device for keeping them near him. Close to the château was a little wood through which a stream wandered, and over the whole of this the duke had almost invisible wire netting stretched, covering the tree-tops and so transforming the wood into an immense aviary. Clumps of flowers were then planted amongst the undergrowth, the duke's writing-table and book-case were arranged at the foot of a tree in the middle, and lastly, quantities of birds were turned loose inside the netting. Here the dear old man sat peacefully at work every morning, composing verses or translating Latin poets, whilst the stream murmured at his side, the flowers gave forth delicious scents, and countless happy warblers flew around his head and perched in the branches above him.

The Chevalier de Boufflers and his mother were constantly at this peaceful Eden, and as soon as they arrived an outbreak of versifying took place; every one started writing sonnets and *bouts-rimés* vying with each other as to who should invent the neatest. Madame de Boufflers usually carried off the prize, at seventy-two her spirits were as buoyant as ever, and one little verse composed by her at Saint-Ouen shows

that at heart she had not yet passed the age of gallantries :

"Dimanche, je fus aimable;
Lundi, je fus autrement;
Mardi, je pris l'air capable;
Mercredi, je fis l'enfant;
Jeudi, je fus raisonnable;
Vendredi, j'eus un amant;
Samedi, je fus coupable;
Dimanche, il fut inconstant."

But even here the Chevalier was not free from fits of temper. One evening a discussion arose between the Chevalier de Boufflers, Madame de Boufflers, her brother, the Prince de Beauvau, and Madame de Rochefort on the subject of style in letter-writing.

"The discussion was interrupted several times by shouts from the Chevalier de Boufflers, who could not endure contradiction, and who flew into a temper like a fine devil, to such a point that he left the room banging the doors violently behind him, but he reappeared the moment after, laughing himself at his outburst."

The duke, who was devoted to Boufflers in spite of his faults, took the greatest interest in his career; as we have seen already, he had advised him how to tide over a financial crisis, and now that in 1785 another crisis of the same kind again threatened, it was no doubt owing to the influence of the Duc de Nivernais that Boufflers decided to embark on an enterprise that cost Madame de Sabran many bitter tears. Seven years earlier the Duc de Lauzun had succeeded in wresting Senegal from England—a feat that, according to Madame du Deffand, was not particularly brilliant since "the garrison, when attacked by his ships, consisted of four men, of which three were sick." The governorship of the new colony was now vacant, and Boufflers, at his wits' end to escape his creditors, and fired, as ever, with the hope of distinguishing himself,

¹ "Le duc de Nivernais," by Lucien Perey.

insisted on applying for the post. Through the intervention of Calonne he succeeded in securing it on a salary of 24,000 francs, and also a two years' advance of his pay. By this time the king had evidently forgiven him his irreverent verses, for, on being asked to sign the order, he wrote at the foot of it the one word "Bon."

Madame de Sabran was in despair at Boufflers' decision, yet, even from her point of view, it was probably the best thing he could do.

As long as he remained in France it was quite impossible for him to keep away from her, and at this moment more circumspection than usual was necessary, for Delphine was growing up and would soon be back from the convent, and, as the Chevalier pointed out, they would then be obliged to see each other less, and to be more careful when they were together. Madame de Sabran could not fail to see the force of his reasonings, but was heartbroken at the idea of his leaving her. If he *must* go, why should she not go with him—as his wife? But on this point, as before, Boufflers was inexorable. That day had not yet come, he must win distinction first; he could not come to her empty-handed. Yet that he longed to marry her is evident from his letters; the thought of their marriage recurs in them perpetually as the great desire of his heart. "It is the only one of all my enterprises that really interests me." "Yes, *mon enfant*, I love to swear it to you every day, and a thousand times a day—in my innermost thoughts you are my wife." Henceforth it is by this name he most often calls her.

On November 22, 1785, Boufflers left her, and from Rochefort he wrote her this delightful letter :

"I cannot think of our parting, my wife, without a shudder. I felt that all was over, all was lost, and that I was falling into a bottomless abyss whence I could

find no outlet. . . . I accused myself of mad and cruel ambition, I saw myself only as your tyrant and your torturer. But the thing is done ; I shall not change my destiny and yours, but only make it seem more dreadful by cursing it perpetually. It is better to follow it with resignation, and above all with the hope that after long trial Fate will give me back to you, will give you back to me, and that, in reuniting us, she will renounce her power to part us. Await no more complainings or regrets from me. Your heart has no need to be softened, or mine to be discouraged ; on the contrary, I want to set you an example of strength. If ever I believed in a Being that guides others it is at this moment, for it is He who has done all. He will do the rest. If He exists, if He observes, if He cares for this animated dust, if He reads in hearts, if the noblest souls are the most pleasing to Him, He will not leave you in your tears, He will not tear you for ever from the one who loves you, from the one you love. He will make him more worthy of you, and perhaps when you see your lover again you will be proud to be his, you will love him in the sight of Heaven and of earth, and you will make a triumph of a love of which you made a mystery.

"There, my child, are consoling thoughts ; perhaps they will seem to you vain, but they spring from my love rather than from my vanity. My glory—if ever I acquire any—will be my dowry, and your adornment ; it is this that makes me cling to it. If I were handsome, if I were young, if I were rich, if I could offer you all that makes women happy in their own eyes and in those of others, we should long ago have borne the same name and shared the same fortunes. I need but a little honour and importance for my age and poverty to be forgotten, and for me to appear finer in the eyes of all who see us, just as your love makes me finer in your eyes. . . . Good-bye, love ; good-bye, thou, for thou art fairer and more dear than love itself."

The Chevalier wrote again several times before he sailed, for he was obliged to wait several weeks for a favouring wind. All the while his thoughts were with the woman he loved, and his letters show how tenderly

he sympathized with all her troubles, how he lived in her life almost more than in his own.

“ In the midst of inaction and the suppression of all my strong emotions, I love to turn my thoughts towards that house which is so dear to me ; to see you amidst all your occupations and diversions, writing, painting, reading, sleeping, arranging, and disarranging everything, disentangling great affairs, worrying over small ones, spoiling your children, spoilt by your friends, and always different, yet always the same ; above all, the same towards your poor old husband who loves you so much, who loves you so well, and who will love you as long as he has a heart.”

(J'aime, au milieu de mon inaction et de l'assoupissement de toutes mes passions violentes, à tourner mes pensées vers cette maison si chère, à t'y voir au milieu de tes occupations et de tes délassements, écrivant, peignant, lisant, dormant, rangeant et dérangeant tout, te démêlant des grandes affaires, t'inquiétant des petites, gâtant tes enfants, gâtée par tes amis, et toujours différente, et toujours la même, et surtout toujours la même pour ce pauvre vieux mari qui t'aime tant, qui t'aime si bien, qui t'aimera aussi longtemps qu'il aura un cœur.)

In another letter he sends the locks of hair she had asked for—those locks over which she shed so many tears and wore always in a golden heart round her neck.

“ I send you, dear wife, the locks of hair you asked for as a pledge and symbol of the sweetest and most lasting of ties. . . . As I had people all around me during my toilet, I had them put aside in the name of my sister, lest in saying no name yours might have been guessed. Here they are, *ma fille* ; they are yours, but less yours than those left to me. I shall bring them back to you a little whiter, but you will not despise them ; sometimes they will mingle with your lovely fair tresses, and my head will deck itself with your hair as a withered tree decks itself with ivy and with vine. What matters it to be young or old, if only I can live

with you, that I can see you at my leisure and that in dying I can hold your hand ? ”

(Je te les envoie, chère femme, ces cheveux que tu m’as demandés comme un gage et un symbole du plus doux et du plus durable des liens. . . . Comme j’avais du monde autour de moi pendant ma toilette, je les ai faits garder sous le nom de ma sœur, de peur qu’en ne disant pas de nom, je ne fisse soupçonner le tien. Les voilà, ma fille, ils sont à toi, mais moins encore que ce qui m’en reste. Je te les rapporterai un peu blanchis, mais tu ne les dédaigneras pas ; ils se mêleront quelquefois à tes belles tresses blondes, et ma tête se parera de tes cheveux comme un arbre desséché se pare de lierre et de pampre. Que m’importe d’être jeune ou vieux, pourvu que je vive avec toi, que je te voie à mon aise et que *te teneam moriens deficiente manu* ?)

At last the wind blew that must take him from her across the ocean, and in both the letters he wrote her at this moment we see how deeply the belief in re-incarnation had entered his mind—that great hope of a Hereafter which comes to all who love and who long to know that, in the words of Buddhist lovers, their love will last “ for the space of many lives.”

“ Here are the favouring breezes, *ma bonne enfant*. I thank them because departure means return as all contraries bring their contraries. This is the way of nature physically and morally ; we are born to die, and I think and believe, especially at this moment, that we die to be born again. . . . My heart is comforted at the thought that your charming little saint¹ is in your house. That house is a paradise in every sense of the word, and I am exiled from it, not in truth on account of my crimes but because of the crime of men who have given the empire of the world over to ambition, instead of only acknowledging love and happiness. Kiss your charming children from me. My heart bleeds at the thought that I can no longer hold them in my arms and make them understand what it is in my eyes to be born of you. . . . ”

¹ Delphine, who had just returned from the convent

"The wind keeps up, and is in fact growing stronger, but the barometer is going down, and predicts contrary gales; let us profit by what we have without too much anxiety at losing it, without too much confidence of retaining it. It is the wind of which I speak, *ma fille*, and not of you, whom I know I shall only lose in dying; and even then I cling to the idea of another existence to add to the duration of our love, for I feel that its volume is too great for the limits of a life. . . . Farewell, my wife; I love to imagine the pleasure of that leave I am to be given before the end of the year. With what joy and eagerness I shall prepare for the journey! With what impatience I shall cross the seas! Once on land how I shall fly to you! . . . so much happiness deserves to be bought with some suffering. The marriage of Hercules was only accomplished after his twelve labours. Good-bye; I love you like a father, like a child, and like a madman. Good-bye."

(Le vent se soutient, et même il se renforce; mais les baromètres baissent et nous annoncent des coups de vents contraires; profitons de ce que nous avons, sans trop d'inquiétude de le perdre, sans trop de confiance de le garder. C'est du vent que je parle, ma fille, et non pas de toi, que je sais bien que je ne perdrai qu'en mourant; encore ne puis-je point me détacher de l'idée d'une autre existence pour l'ajouter à la durée de notre amour; car je sens que la dose est trop forte pour les bornes de la vie. . . . Adieu, ma femme; j'aime à me représenter le plaisir que me fera ce congé, que je dois recevoir avant la fin de l'année. Avec quelle joie, avec quelle ardeur je ferai les préparatifs du voyage! avec quelle impatience je franchirai les mers! une fois à terre, comme je volerai vers toi! . . . tant de bonheur mérite bien d'être acheté par quelque peine. . . . Le mariage d'Hercule ne s'est fait qu'après ses douze travaux. Adieu. Je t'aime comme un père, comme un enfant, et comme un fou. . . . Adieu.)

But now we come to the extraordinary part of the Chevalier's behaviour. Having written these impas-

sioned letters to Madame de Sabran, he sailed away to Senegal, and—as far as we can discover—never sent her another word for months. One can imagine the despair of the unhappy woman unable to speak to anyone around her of her feelings, obliged to hide her sufferings from the world. At moments the effort of going about and appearing gay with this gnawing anxiety always at her heart was almost more than she could bear. Only in her journal to the Chevalier could she confide the daily, almost hourly, misery she endured.

“ When one is condemned to live far away from what one loves the only pleasure is to think of it, but never shall I have that satisfaction ; on the contrary, I must . . . talk when I long to be silent, and laugh when I long to weep. . . . Sometimes this task is beyond my strength, and then my senses, worn out with constraint, fail me all at once and I fall into a depression that is like a lethargy—I can hardly understand what is said to me or think of a reply. Only fright at finding myself in this state takes me out of it, and then I make a superhuman effort. I drive you from my thoughts as far as possible, or rather, I look beyond the space of time that separates us and think only of the moment when I shall see you again, which will be for me, I believe, the only and the true resurrection. Good-bye, my husband, my lover, my friend, my universe, my soul, my God.” (*Adieu, mon époux, mon amant, mon ami, mon univers, mon âme, mon Dieu.*)

She was a woman to whom love was everything, to whom wealth and ease and luxury, the admiration of the world, the favour of the queen, were all as dust, and ashes without the man who had become, as she said, her universe. The thought of him was always with her, sleeping or waking ; his absence was an agony, yet so perfect was her self-control that the world never guessed her sufferings. Every one who knew her speaks only of her gaiety, her charm, her enthralling conversation—“ *près d'elle*,” says Madame

Vigée le Brun, "on n'a jamais connu l'ennui." This was the supreme art of her day—the art of self-discipline, the art of *savoir vivre*, that, as Taine says, enabled the women of this period to go smiling to the scaffold.

So with Eléonore de Sabran. Whatever happened, she must keep up, keep up, never let the world see the anguish of her soul. Always calm and serene, she must throw herself into the gay life of Paris, must sit before the looking-glass through the dressing and powdering of her hair, deftly press the patch to her pretty cheek, array herself in silks and brocades fresh from the brain of the great Madame, Bertin, wrap herself in the latest cloak from Monsieur Baulard's, and then drive away with Delphine in her gilded coach to supper with the Maréchale de Luxembourg, the Duc de Nivernais or Madame de Montesson, to laugh, to talk, to scintillate till midnight brought release. Then home again, through the dark streets to the silent house, the quiet room looking out over the sleeping garden. It was then she wrote to him, in the small hours of the morning, when she could feel herself alone with him at last :

"Every one is asleep around me, like in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. You are sleeping, too, no doubt, but on a stormy sea surrounded by a thousand dangers, and so your wife watches with you." (Tout dort autour de moi, comme dans le palais de la Belle au bois dormant. Tu dors sans doute aussi, mais c'est sur une mer orageuse, entouré de mille dangers, et c'est pour cela que ta femme veille.)

Madame de Sabran's journal at this date is one of the most vivid records of the life of Paris during those last days of the monarchy ; it tells of her visits to the Court, of fêtes given by the Comte d'Artois, of the successes of the lovely Delphine—whom Boufflers had christened "the Queen of the Roses"—above all of

the "affair of the necklace," which was to have such far-reaching consequences.

Madame de Sabran was staying at Montreuil, the country-house of Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, not far from the Château of Versailles, when the Cardinal's trial took place, and the news that each day reached the Court is retailed to Boufflers in detail :

" June 1, 1786.

" The Cardinal came out of the Bastille at six o'clock in the morning, to go to the Palais [de Justice]. His household were waiting for him at the foot of the stairs, and all his family—except the Comtesse de Rochefort-Breteuil, who sent word in the morning that she had colic—were at the door of the great chamber awaiting the judges. . . . The Cardinal was cross-examined till nine o'clock in the morning, but he was spared from standing at the bar. Every one rose when he appeared, and he seated himself, by order of these gentlemen, on the barristers' bench. All his family had left, and poor Madame de Marsan went to pray to God in Notre-Dame. The sitting ended, the Cardinal went out, very sad and very dejected, for he had just heard that the conclusions of the Procurer-General went as far as branding. He was left in the registrar's office whilst his fellow prisoners, Madame de la Motte, Vilette, Mademoiselle Oliva, etc., were cross-examined.

" June 2, 1786.

" The Cardinal has been unconditionally exculpated. Madame de la Motte, condemned to be whipped and branded with a rope round her neck and to be imprisoned for life in the Salpêtrière; her fond spouse to be whipped and branded also and sent to the galleys for life; Cagliostro discharged from all accusation; Mademoiselle Oliva remanded; and the wretched Vilette, who had declared himself to be Swiss in order to escape hanging, merely banished. I do not know what earned him so much pity; he seemed to me the most culpable of all, for it was he who wrote all the signatures in the name of the queen. Except for this, the public seems fairly pleased with the verdict. We now wait for the

king to announce what is to be the fate of the Cardinal—which interests Paris madly, I don't know why. The day of his trial the whole Palace was filled, not only by the populace, but by an enormous number of distinguished people who had the courage to stay there from seven o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening. When the Cardinal came out, not white as snow, but, at any rate, cleared from accusations on the score of swindling, there were clappings and cries of 'Vive Monsieur le Cardinal!' Monsieur de Launay,¹ who was leading him in order to take him back to the Bastille, in spite of his *innocence*, was obliged to say, 'To the hotel!' simply to put the people off the scent, for they were preparing to cut his horses' reins and drag his carriage back in pomp to the Hôtel de Soubise."

Such was the justice of the people—the people who perpetually reproached the queen for her extravagance, who worked themselves up into frenzies of indignation over her supposed gallantries! Yet this man, the most extravagant and dissolute prelate of his day, who had admittedly entered into a sordid intrigue for depleting the national treasury in order to buy her a diamond necklace, who had himself aspired to become her lover, was now received with acclamations by the populace!²

Marie Antoinette heard with a sinking heart of the acquittal of the man who had helped to ruin her; she heard with still deeper forebodings of the people's attitude towards him. She saw how gladly they would welcome any one who could cast a blot on her good name; she saw how low that name had already fallen that this "sale intrigue," as she called it, could have obtained credence amongst them. All around her she saw only smiling faces, heard only deferential phrases, yet even in her own intimate circle she knew, now, that there must be sinister influences at work.

¹ The Governor of the Bastille, murdered on July 14, 1789.

² The revolutionaries also took up his cause as the victim of "despotism." See "La Bastille dévoilée," vol. iii. p. 80 and following pages.

"Often my heart is filled with sadness," she wrote this year to her sister Marie Christine, "and no one here is capable of understanding or listening to my troubles. My heart was formed for the sweetness of home life and friendship; but I am the wife of a king, and you and I, my sister, have around us veiled enemies or friends who are more respectful than sincere."¹

Who were these "veiled enemies"? Who, in all her *entourage* could she trust? Such questions arose continually in the mind of the unhappy queen. On the day of Pentecost, just three days after the acquittal of the Cardinal, as she passed through the Galerie des Glaces along the rows of obsequious courtiers, her eyes suddenly met those of a child looking at her from the crowd. It was Elzéar de Sabran—the little boy she thought so wonderful—and on the impulse of the moment, overcome by the craving for something simple, something human, something that could think no evil, she went up to him and kissed him on both his little cheeks. To the end of his life Elzéar never forgot that moment; still, as an old man, he retained a chivalrous adoration for the queen. "One must have seen Marie Antoinette," he would say, "in order to realize the charm and grace with which God had crowned her. Poor queen, she was maligned indeed!"

Elzéar was staying in the Château of Versailles at this moment with his "uncle," Monseigneur de Sabran, who was almoner to the king, and Madame de Sabran brought Delphine from Montreuil to see the procession of the "Saint-Esprit." We must leave her to describe the incident to the Chevalier:

"June 5.

"I was overcome yesterday with fatigue and the crowd and the heat, which is extreme; but ought I to complain to an inhabitant of Senegal? The pleasure of amusing my children sustained me in the horrible crush, for they had never seen the ceremony, and, in

¹ "Lettres de Marie Antoinette," by le Comte de Reiset.

spite of being pushed and jostled, I took them into the Gallery to see the procession, which they thought very beautiful. Elzéar is a little inhabitant of Versailles; his uncle keeps him with him for all the 'fêtes,' and he will come and dine with us every day at Montreuil. He has already had a great success at the Court. The queen saw him near her as she passed, and she kissed him on his two little rosy cheeks. This morning she said to me: 'Do you know that I kissed a gentleman yesterday?' 'Madame, I know it, for he boasts of it.' She began to laugh, and told me that she thought he had grown and improved amazingly, and that she had pointed him out the day before to the Archduchess at the play—to which I had taken him to see 'Didon'—as the greatest actor in the world, without excepting Mademoiselle Saint-Huberti.

"In the evening I went to supper with the Duchesse de Polignac for the first time, with my little 'nun' [Delphine], who was dying of fright. There was a tremendous crowd; the Archduke¹ and Archduchess were there to supper, and also the queen. When I had moved away from her [Delphine] for a moment, to speak to some one, it occurred to the Archduke to come and talk to her. She was so disconcerted, not understanding what he said or knowing how to reply, that she simply fled to the other end of the room, blushing and terribly upset. M. le Comte d'Artois, seeing this, began to laugh with all his heart; he explained to the Archduke—who was surprised by her flight—that she was a very shy young girl making her first appearance in the world. He told it to the queen, and it amused her very much—the whole evening they made fun of my little savage, who did not know what to do with herself. As she was in great beauty, I was the less troubled by it; her pretty ways, her naïveté, and her youth found favour for her with the whole assembly, and with one voice they sang her praises. You can imagine the pleasure this gave to her good mother; it made me feel quite young again, and never had the world seemed so charming. Farewell, my friend; I tell you all this without any scruple, because you love the mother and the children, and one day you will be their father."

¹ The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria.

But all through these scenes the thought of the Chevalier recurred perpetually to Madame de Sabran, and she tortured herself with questions as to his long silence. For still no word came from Senegal, and at moments she began to believe he had gone out of her life for ever. Then a cold despair seized her, and every effort to be gay was unavailing. The day after the supper-party at the Polignacs she writes :

" June 6, 1786.

" Never have I thought of you so tenderly or so sadly as last night. We were all assembled in the salon of the Comtesse Diane—the Duchesse de Polignac, the duc, the Prince de Ligne, Monsieur le Comte d'Artois, etc., when we heard delicious music in the garden. It was the most beautiful weather in the world ; the moon shone serenely through spring thickets and was reflected in every stream of this lovely little Eden. Every one wandered about on their own account, and I on yours, for, unnoticed by the crowd, I slipped away to be alone with you undisturbed. I saw you, I talked to you, I pressed you to my heart, I remembered in all the bitterness of my soul so many evenings like this that we had spent together in Aix-la-Chapelle and elsewhere, and I could have died of regret at the thought that these delicious moments had gone for ever—yes, for ever, my child. . . . My life is ended ; you ended it on November 22, 1785.¹ Your ambition ruined everything—love, hope, and happiness. Fate is now weaving a new scheme of life for me, but her hand moves so slowly that I cannot see the end. . . . I was lost in all this crowd of thoughts that might have led me anywhere, had not some one taken the trouble to come and look for me. I excused my flight as best I could, and under the cover of the night they could not see my tears."

But, she sternly repressed these morbid moments, and for Delphine's sake forced herself to enter into the gaieties of the Court. Life at Montreuil was so amusing that at times her own spirits rose, and she found herself

¹ The date Boufflers parted from her before he went to Senegal.

carried away on the tide of mirth. Every evening, when no festivity summoned them to the Château, the party at Montreuil amused themselves with poetry games, which made them all shout with laughter, for the Prince de Ligne, like an irrepressible *enfant terrible*, persisted in spoiling all the prettiest verses with some *risqué* rhyme of his own. But this, Madame de Sabran naïvely remarks, did not make them less amusing !

One of the gayest of the circle was the king's youngest brother, the Comte d'Artois, who always paid a great deal of attention to Madame de Sabran and the pretty Delphine. We read of a boar-hunt at Rambouillet to which he invited them, and a few days later of a fête at Bagatelle, his little house in the Bois de Boulogne, which Madame de Sabran enjoyed enormously, until at last, wearied with gaiety, her thoughts turned again sadly to the absent Chevalier :

" June 17, 1786. At Montreuil.

" The Comte d'Artois gave us a charming fête yesterday at Bagatelle, an excellent dinner, a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, where he drove like the wind, proverbs played by Dugazon that made us die of laughing, and, to finish up with, illuminations like those at Trianon, which were a great success. The weather was calm, and the night as beautiful as one of your Senegal nights. There in that charming Paradise I felt myself transported to the Elysian Fields. I felt my soul gradually rise and separate itself from the wretched envelope that has made it suffer so. Looking up at the blue vault, where, striving to outshine each other, were so many worlds and suns, I seemed in my own eyes so small that I said to myself, filled with wonder and humility : ' What am I in this vast universe, and what right have I to complain when nothing happens as I wish ? Who heeds the murmur of the insect trampled underfoot ? And shall I flatter myself that this great changing System, the Soul of immensity, and the Father of destinies, who blindly distributes

good or evil, pains and pleasures to the whole of nature, should hear my laments and trouble about my happiness? He only knows the immutable law by which He governs and to which everything must submit. What though I shed tears because my lover leaves me? He is no more touched by it than is my lover; death is the only consolation He bestows on us, and the one of which we avoid availing ourselves as long as possible. . . . But, as a drop of water loses itself in the sea, all my troubles vanished imperceptibly into the limitless spaces where I had lost myself, and my soul, sufficient to itself, demanded with pride what mattered your going or your returning, your remembrance or your forgetting.' Then—forgive me, my friend!—for the first time I blushed for my folly; I regretted so many days spent in tears that might have been used to better purpose, and I made a firm resolution to listen in future to my reason rather than to my heart, which I mean to encase in triple armour till you return."

But when did any woman ever *reason* herself out of grieving for her lover's faithlessness? In vain Madame de Sabran summoned all her philosophy to her aid and resolved to enjoy life as if no such being as the Chevalier de Boufflers existed—she *could* not drive him from her thoughts, and the round of gaieties at Montreuil only filled her with weariness. "My head seems filled with fog and my heart with sadness. This is always the effect the great world has on me—I feel that it is not made for me nor I for it."

In vain the Comtesse Diane begged her to stay on longer; she felt she could not bear another day of it, and so, in spite of her good resolutions on the night of the Bagatelle fête; she returned to Paris with her children.

Still every night, as before, she wrote her journal to the Chevalier, telling him the events of the day—the ending of the "Affaire du Collier" with the branding of Madame de la Motte, and soon after she joyfully describes the king's visit to the fleet at Cherbourg and

his reception by the loyal sea-faring people of the north.

It was on these occasions that the king showed to the best advantage. "En Louis XVI," says Monsieur de Pontmartin, "il y avait l'embarras d'une âme supérieure à l'esprit, le chagrin de ressentir plus qu'on ne sait exprimer." But if, amongst courtiers, he was *gauche* and ill at ease, with the people—"mes enfants" as he called them—he was himself; he could express his feelings in the homely language natural to them both. And it was this that Madame de Sabran—herself so deeply in sympathy with the poor and simple—loved in the ill-fated king.

"(Paris) June 29, 1786.

"The king arrived this morning at two o'clock; the queen gave him dinner with all his suite. He is delighted with his journey and every one is delighted with him. He stayed sixteen hours at Cherbourg to see the 'cône' launched, as well as to be present at all the manœuvres; and he insisted on their firing from the ship he was on, which they had wished to avoid doing, for fear of an accident. . . .

"They say that the king's boat in which he went to see the work that was going on ran aground on reaching the shore; the sailors and many others who were there threw themselves into the sea and carried the boat on their shoulders, so that the king was borne in triumph to land, amidst cries of 'Vive le Roi!' and demonstrations of the greatest affection. The king, they say, was touched to tears, and so were the spectators, not even excepting the English, whom curiosity had attracted.

"June 30, 1786.

"Nothing is talked of but the king's journey, so it is impossible for me to talk to you of anything else. All that he said, all that he did, his kindness, humanity, and affability to his poor people, the interest he took in the works at Cherbourg, and in all the manœuvres, still more the profound knowledge he displayed—all this, in a word, was perfect. An accident occurred

which could not have been foreseen, through a cable getting loose at the moment the 'cône' was being launched, which killed one man and injured two others; the king sent for the widow and children and settled a pension on them. He made magnificent presents to all who showed him hospitality . . . but a story is told of him that I like better than all this, because it reminds me of our good King Henri (IV). On his way through Houdan he was obliged to get down from his carriage . . . and, the good woman whose house he entered being out, her neighbours went to fetch her; she gave one bound, unable to contain herself at the thought of seeing the king, and that he was in her house, etc. In her delight she threw herself at his feet, and would have embraced his knees, but the king raised her up, with touching kindness, and asked her what she wanted, taking out his purse to give her money; she refused, saying she had only one favour to ask of him, but that she dared not. The king insisted on knowing what it was. 'It is to embrace you, sire,' she said; and he consented with the best grace in the world. After that he asked her questions about her little fortune, and whether she wished for anything. She said she had need of nothing, that, after the pleasure she had enjoyed she was happier than the queen, but that she had a very poor neighbour with eleven children who was on the point of being seized by pitiless creditors. The king sent for her neighbour, and when she had come he assured her that he would arrange all her affairs, that she had only to show herself at the place where he was to pass two days later and he would give her all she needed; and he kept his word. Admit that this was charming, and that one would think it was an anecdote about Henri IV."

At moments such as these Madame de Sabran was able to rouse herself from the grief that gnawed at her heart; yet, now that she was back in her quiet house the thought of the Chevalier was always with her, and as she wandered in the thick, green shade of her garden or turned over the old books in her library, torturing memories of the past stabbed her at every turn—it

was here, under this tree, that she had sat so often with Boufflers reading Ovid; there from the terrace she had heard him calling to her so many summer mornings like this during those first enchanting months of their friendship; at this spot he had held her in his arms. . . . All such moments, she told herself, were over now for ever. It was six months since she had heard a word from him; yet she knew he was alive and well, for he had written to other people. Yes, she was certain at last that he had ceased to love her, that all was at an end, and she had thrown away her love, her virtue, and her peace of mind for a man to whom she had been merely an episode—who had been able to forget her! Yet she loved him all the same. "I never knew what it was to love when I gave you my heart; had I known, I would have fought till death against so dangerous a feeling; but now I must submit and give you up my life." Still, as before, she sat through the midnight hours writing that journal to which she received no reply, and suddenly, amidst her pain and misery at his defection, her sense of humour flashes out and she realizes the absurdity of her task:

"Do you know, *mon enfant*, that my correspondence with you is exactly like that of the Maréchale de Noailles with the Holy Virgin? And even she received more answers than I do from you, whenever the Maréchal was in a good enough temper to send them to her!"

The old Maréchale de Noailles was a constant source of amusement to Paris at this date. "If one had not known her intimately," says "Madame de Créquy," "one would never have guessed that she was mad, and that she kept up a correspondence with the Holy Virgin and the patriarchs. She used to go and put her letters into the roof of a pigeon-cote at the Hôtel de Noailles,¹ and, as she always found answers to all

¹ The Hôtel de Noailles in the Rue Saint-Honoré, is now the Hôtel St. James.

her letters, it was supposed they were written by her almoner. (Madame de Sabran evidently thought it was the maréchal.) She was sometimes rather shocked at the familiar tone adopted by the Virgin Mary towards her. "*Ma chère Maréchale!* . . . one must admit the form of address is rather familiar from a little *bourgeoise* of Nazareth; but one must not be too exacting with the mother of our Saviour," she would add, bowing her head; "and besides, it must be remembered that the husband of the Virgin was of the royal race of David."

Nothing was further from the maréchale's mind than irreverence when she made these observations; she was, indeed, extremely devout, but so imbued with the ideas of rank prevalent at the Court of France in her youth that she could not refrain from applying them even to sacred personages—they had simply become a mania, and no doubt "Madame de Créquy" was right in saying she was mad.

Madame de Sabran, continuing her one-sided correspondence with the Chevalier de Boufflers, must indeed have felt at moments that she was employed as futilely as the old maréchale depositing letters in the pigeon-cote. With unfailing regularity she sat down every night at her writing-table and covered page after page with her fine little classical hand-writing; yet, as she wrote on, often worn out with fatigue, far into the night, she asked herself of what use was her devotion? He would probably never read what she had written. She had ceased to interest him. She was forgotten. "Quelle cruelle mort!" she cries. . . . "Quel affreux oubli!"

CHAPTER VIII

A PHILANTHROPIST IN AFRICA

WE must now follow the fortunes of the apparently faithless Chevalier from the time he wrote his farewell letters to Madame de Sabran before sailing for Africa in the middle of December 1785.

The voyage to Senegal lasted nearly a month, for his frigate, no doubt on account of contrary winds, steered a devious course and from Rochefort sailed to the port of Lorient and thence by way of Madeira to the coast of Africa, which was reached on January 14.

Boufflers had with him a numerous staff: Monsieur Blanchot, his second in command, a former officer in Boufflers' regiment; Monsieur Villeneuve, his A.D.C.; Monsieur de Golbéry, chief engineer, and several others, all of whom seem to have proved more or less incompetent, for Boufflers in his journal complains continually of his difficulties in carrying out his plans. No doubt he was exacting, for his untiring energy led him to undertake an enormous number of schemes; he wanted to do everything at once, and had no patience with dilatory methods. Directly he landed in Senegal he set to work, putting things to rights in every direction—the barracks, which had fallen into terrible disrepair, had to be refurnished, and fitted with new beds; the hospital reorganized, and prepared for the many fever cases produced by the climate.

Next, the native cemetery claimed his attention; it was placed in the middle of the town, the graves were badly made, and, owing to the porous nature of the

soil, horrible exhalations were the result. In a long letter to the old Duc de Nivernais Boufflers describes his plan for moving this burying-ground into a desert place outside the city, ending naïvely with the words : " I am glad to be able to congratulate myself, before my dear master, on the first efforts I am making for the good of humanity ; even had I been born brutal, it would have been enough to live with him in order to acquire the power of feeling."

Thenatives, unfortunately, did not approve of Boufflers' hygienic schemes, for in the heart of the town the dead had been protected from the ravages of the wild beasts that prowled around the district, and now out in the open country the graves became, before long, the resort of hungry hyenas. However, the Senegalese had quickly become attached to the new Governor, and they contented themselves with expressing their feelings in a song which they came and sang to him :

" Boufflers ! Boufflers ! You are very good to the living, but you are no good to the dead, for you expose our fathers to be eaten by the *bouquis* ! [hyenas]."

Except for this detail the Chevalier was almost as much appreciated in Senegal as he was in Paris. True to his early ideals of humanity, his first thought was to improve their conditions of life. His predecessors, like most colonists from Europe at this date, had regarded the authority entrusted to them as a means for self-enrichment, and in Senegal, as in India, the temptation to " shake the pagoda tree " had too often proved irresistible. To Boufflers, desperate for want of money and eager to make a name for himself, this temptation might certainly have appealed.

" What, indeed, can one do out here," he wrote home to his sister three months after his arrival, " without society, without amusements ; surrounded by knaves and slaves ; with the idea that everything one does will be useless, unnoticed, or misinterpreted, whilst, on the other hand, five or six rascally tricks will

assure one a happy future—at any rate in this world?”

Yet, in spite of these discouragements, the Chevalier set himself to do his duty to his fellow-men with a thoroughness and zeal that should have sent his name down to posterity with that of Wilberforce. To Boufflers, indeed, belongs the greater honour. Wilberforce, born in the free country of England, brought up on enlightened principles and himself unaffected by the question of slave-trading, had far more incentive to abolish the practice than this man whose life had been passed at Courts and in the salons of Paris, and who, moreover, might have profited considerably by participating in the trade. Yet, whilst Wilberforce was still only preparing his campaign, the Chevalier de Boufflers had already embarked on a crusade against slave-trading on his own account. With an iron hand he put down slave-trading amongst his followers, and in districts beyond his control he often bought slaves himself in order to give them their freedom. Let those who imagine that the aristocrats of France at this period were merely scented and selfish dandies, read this letter written by his friend the Comte de Ségur to Boufflers in 1789, after his return from Senegal :

“ Those poor Africans believed that we had no God but cupidity ; you have cured them of this error ! May your example be followed, may your voice drown that of selfish interest, and bring us to forbid that inhuman sale, that shameful trade in human flesh and blood ! I am a colonist of Saint-Domingo, but I would sign my ruin with joy if the abolition of slavery were to be the reward. Do not let us leave to England the glory of that abolition. . . .”

The inhuman practices that prevailed in Africa at this time filled the large-hearted Chevalier with indignation ; some of the Europeans were in the habit of

seizing old men and women as slaves in order to induce young and strong men to offer themselves in place of their parents. "Tous ont le cœur d'un marchand sous l'habit d'un officier !" he wrote in disgust.

But the Europeans were not the only offenders ; the native potentates were quite as ruthless in their methods, and with these Boufflers dealt summarily. Finding the minister of a neighbouring king had carried off a young man and two girls from an island under the protection of France and was carrying them up the river in a boat, he hastily sent an officer and four men in pursuit, who brought back the minister, the king's son, and the three captives. "I had the two former placed under arrest and the three others set at liberty, and I told the minister to send a despatch to his master, to report to him what had happened, to convey him my reproaches, and to tell him that he would have neither his son nor his minister until he had made a suitable apology for the insult made to the protectorate of France and paid six fine oxen in compensation. If you had seen the naïve joy of the poor liberated ones," he tells Madame de Sabran in his Journal, "amongst whom there was a very beautiful girl, you would have been moved to tears, for I know you, good angel, and that your heart is a hundred times better than you know." The punishment of crime amongst the natives was one of Boufflers' greatest difficulties ; order must be maintained, yet he dreaded reporting offences lest the delinquents should be treated with brutality by the authorities of the Admiralty deputed to administer justice. His efforts to rescue some thieves from prison, where they were awaiting their death, is very amusingly described in his Journal :

"I had found a way of getting my accused out of prison, but they have amongst them a horrid little merchant's clerk who stirs them up to revolt, even against the mercy I try to show them. The longer

I live amongst men the more I see one can only do them good in spite of themselves. But the little wretch will fail, and I hope will be punished all by himself, for the others have begun to restore secretly what they stole publicly, so that, instead of an atrocious execution which would have done no good, there will be complete reparation, which is better for every one."

Next day he writes joyfully :

" At last I hope that to-day my prisoners will be set free. This happens exactly on the day I had settled to give a fête to all the great ladies of the island (whom we call the *signores*) for their Easter eggs. You can imagine how sad the feasting and the ball would have been if the husbands, lovers, brothers, and cousins of all these ladies had been unable to dance with them, but left to expect that they would be sold for America. . . ."

But the natives were not easy to help. Once they were free there was always the problem of employment to be met, and with this object Boufflers attempted to start sugar plantations on which they were to work for their own profit instead of performing forced labour ; but the difficulty was to get them to do anything without compulsion.

Boufflers' own energy was amazing. In a letter he wrote to the " controller-general " towards the end of the year 1786, we see the thoroughness with which he set himself to discover the resources of the country, and the stupendous tasks on which he gaily embarked. The sum of 10,000 francs, he states, is required to equip an expedition he proposes to make into the interior.

" The caravan will consist of four or five whites, of eight or ten negroes, of six horses, and six camels. It will start from the peninsula of Cap Vert, opposite Goree, and I shall lead it as far as twenty or twenty-

five leagues from the coast, to Guiguis, the residence of the King of Cayor. This prince will give me hostages for the safety of the travellers; he will provide guides and safeguards. . . ."

Boufflers' A.D.C. was then to be sent farther inland to make geographical and political observations, and besides this he was to bring back specimens "of all the minerals, of all the pebbles, of all the marbles he met on his way, also all the grains, all the plants, all the animals he could procure, besides samples of all the woods, of all the rubbers, of all the resins," etc. He was then to make arrangements for all these things to be sent by river to the coast, for fear of overloading the camels—a very necessary precaution! History, unfortunately, does not relate whether the A.D.C. carried out his orders, but if he really obtained specimens of all the animals he must have returned in charge of a Noah's Ark, for Senegal teemed with beasts and birds of every description. Boufflers, on his way down the Senegal River to Podor, describes the scene with probably more imagination than accuracy when he declares that he encountered tigers; still, no doubt an enormous variety of animal life was to be found there :

"We continue our journey between two desolate river-banks, escorted from afar by lions, tigers, hyenas, and leopards, and at close quarters by crocodiles and hippopotami with which the river swarms. We missed a tiger, and fired twice with a small cannon at a hippopotamus; but he escaped from danger."

The Chevalier's descriptions of his meetings with the natives of Senegal are often very amusing; he had not forgotten to provide himself with all kinds of things from Europe with which to win their favour. His purchases he paid for in kind—with "little mirrors,

snuff-boxes filled with cloves, with gunpowder, bullets, red handkerchiefs, and bad guns," whilst for the Moorish kings he reserved presents of a more munificent description. To the King of Podor he was particularly generous: "You will perhaps like to know what I am giving him," he tells Madame de Sabran in his journal: "A scarlet mantle braided with gold, ten pieces of blue guinea (a kind of cloth), a double-barrelled gun, a fine pair of pistols, twenty large amber beads, a beautiful coral necklace, with mirrors, scissors, combs, etc., etc., for the queen. The lords and ladies of the Court will all have presents proportionate to their dignity, and will bestow vermin on me in return (me rendront des poux en reconnaissance)."

In Senegal, as in Europe, it will be seen that the Chevalier was happier outside court circles, but he achieved immense popularity none the less amongst native potentates. A certain "gros monarque noir"—the most powerful monarch in Africa—vowed him eternal friendship:

"I entertained him at dinner and all the 'seigneurs' of his Court; I gave him presents; I made the first treaty with him that he had ever signed. He was overcome by the order, the magnificence, the politeness of France. . . . He told me a thousand times that he had never seen a white man like me, that I should be all my life his greatest friend . . . that he would always regard me as his own son. . . . He had perfect order maintained amongst his numerous suite—there was not a teaspoon missing."

The admiration Boufflers excited in the heart of a native queen proved, however, rather embarrassing, for she arrived with her suite, uninvited, to stay with him:

"I have just received at my house one of the great queens of the country, who came with a numerous Court consisting only of men. The queen is as fat as

Madame de Clermont. She has two teeth like a wild boar's, and her eyes are smeared all round with horrid black grease. I gave her *eau sucrée*, wine, brandy, and biscuits; she swallowed them all, and if I had given her myself she would have swallowed me too. . . . She asked for a lodging in my house. I could not offer it to her; but she wants to come back again to-morrow, which will be a great nuisance, on account of her Court, who stink like a herd of goats."

Queens were not the only women to fall under the spell of Boufflers' fascination, and his successes amongst the ladies of Senegal were hardly less than his successes in the *salons* of Paris. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the Chevalier ever returned their admiration, nor, when we consider that the natives of Senegal are of the most pronounced negroid type, is this surprising. Such of Boufflers' biographers as have stated that he yielded to the seductions of native beauties during his stay in Africa did so probably as a concession to the popular tradition of Boufflers as an incorrigible Don Juan—his reputation must be maintained, and so they invented the story of his African "amours." The Chevalier himself, in a letter to his uncle, the Prince de Beauvau, describes an incident which might well explain this charge:

"The women of the place did me the honour of singing to me, and—according to the expression of the country—dancing. I did not understand very well what they were singing, but it would have been impossible to misunderstand the meaning of their dance. A man played an instrument; all the company clapped their hands, and a *danseuse* came forward in her turn and went through all the convulsions of Mesmer. . . . She advanced towards me, rolling her eyes, twisting her arms, and making a thousand little movements that my chaste pen dares not describe, then, after a moment of complete prostration, she went back to the circle and made way for another pantomime. . . . After

the ball I rewarded them all with little presents, and the one I liked the best said she was very sorry not to have done better, but she was still weak after her confinement. As I expressed interest and sympathy, she thanked me very much and went to fetch her baby of a fortnight old, and asked permission to call it by my name. So there am I, like Monsieur de Maurepas, of whom Monsieur Tronchin said he had drawn a number without having put into the lottery."

The legend that later on little dusky "Boufflers" were to be seen running about the beach of Senegal, if not a pure invention, has probably its foundation in episodes as innocent as the one described in this letter, for the fashion of calling children after the popular Governor may very likely have spread through the country.

Whether Boufflers was always scrupulously faithful to Madame de Sabran or not, it is certain that he never ceased to love her. Why, then, did he never write to her during these six months in Africa? Why did he leave her racked by doubts and fears all the while he was away from her? To this question I can find no answer. It is possible that his letters did not reach her, for the difficulty of conveying the mails at this period was no slight one—letters were entrusted to any one who happened to be sailing for Europe and who might lose them or forget to deliver them. Storms, often, also prevented communication with the land, and on one occasion Boufflers describes the sending of a letter to Madame de Sabran by means of a negro who was to make part of his journey in a canoe and swim the rest with the letter enclosed in a bladder tied round his neck. It is easy to imagine that mails thus conveyed might fail to reach their destination.

However, it is also possible—judging from our knowledge of Boufflers' character—that he forgot to write; yet he certainly did not forget Madame de Sabran, and all the while that she was breaking her heart over his

silence he was daily pouring out his soul to her in his Journal.¹

All through the voyage home he tells her of his frenzied impatience to reach France, his despair at the contrary winds which blew his ship, *Le Rossignol*, westwards to the Azores instead of aiding it in its northward course, thereby prolonging the voyage by several weeks. Every little delay maddened him. His companions wondered at his irritability: "These gentlemen," he says, "know well how one loves other women, but they do not know how one loves you—if they knew they would understand my impatience."

Boufflers' had apparently been just as casual with his mother as with Madame de Sabran, for he had never said good-bye to her before starting for Africa. It is true that she was in Lorraine, and it would have taken some time to reach her and return, but Madame de Boufflers apparently felt that he should have put all other considerations aside in order to do this, and she was too vexed to write to him whilst he was away. Stricken with remorse on his voyage home, Boufflers wrote to her as follows:

"At last I shall see you again, and already I feel all the joy of it—your joy as well as mine. I had no letters from you in Africa; only my sister sent me news of you which reassured me on the essential point—

¹ On this point the published "Correspondance" is again misleading, for the series entitled "Journal du Chevalier de Boufflers, second voyage au Sénégal" does not all belong to the second journey; a great many entries were written during his first visit to Senegal, but, owing to his inconvenient habit of omitting to date his correspondence, they have been wrongly attributed to a later date. Monsieur Pierre de Croze points out this mistake in his book "*Le Chevalier de Boufflers et la Comtesse de Sabran*," in the note on page 123, and we can verify his statement by examining the Journal ourselves. Thus we find that all the entries describing his voyage home must have been written on his return from his first visit to Senegal, for here and there they bear the date of July and August, which were the months during which he was at sea that year. On his return from his second journey he did not sail till November, and he reached France the last day of the year.

the safety of our treasure—to use the expression of Monsieur de Nivernais. But I was really unhappy at the thought that you had complained of me, and that you had believed that I had complained of you—the first would be the worst of misfortunes, the second the most infamous of crimes. The business I was obliged to transact before leaving was so novel and so perplexing to me that it did not leave me free for a week even to go and embrace you. . . . As soon as the first object of my journey has been fulfilled I shall get my sister to go with me to Lorraine, and I hope the first glimpse will dispel all misunderstanding, just as I have often heard you say that a ray of sunshine smooths away many difficulties. . . . Good-bye, my dear mother; you will never know how lovable or how loved you are.”

Alas! when the Chevalier wrote these words his mother had been dead five weeks.

She had left Lorraine on a visit to her old lover, the Prince de Bauffremont, at Scey-sur-Saône, when an attack of apoplexy struck her down, and she fell into a lethargy from which she never awoke.

“What news I have to break to you, my dear husband!” writes Madame de Sabran. “I would not undertake it if I were not sure that your sister and your uncle had already told you of it. You have just lost your poor mother. I shed tears as bitter as if she were my own.”

It was not till five weeks later that Madame de Sabran heard the news of the Chevalier’s return. At last the long suspense was to end, and she would know now the reason of his silence.

“The news this morning of your arrival was so great a shock to me, my poor dear husband, that I have not yet recovered. Is it possible I shall see you again—perhaps to-morrow? From what you say, you must be just arriving. . . . The dreadful part will be that I shall certainly not be alone, and then what awkwardness, what constraint, what artifice will be necessary! . . . How I shall suffer! You were made to be my torment, bad child—what fatality made me know you?

[Tu es fait pour mon tourment, méchant enfant : quelle fatalité m'a fait te connaître ?] . . . Good-bye ; I do not know what I am writing ; I am too much overcome to describe what I suffer. I feel a storm within me destroying all my thoughts ; I cannot see or hear ; I tremble all over. I have not been able to eat all day. . . . How fortunate your sister is ! She can go to meet you, show you all her joy, and never leave you, whilst your unhappy wife can only see you at moments, and never alone. Good-bye ; it is true that there is no such thing as happiness, since I am not happy now. . . ."

Yes, even though he was coming back she was not happy. She could hardly live through the few days of suspense that followed ; unable to sleep or eat, she waited only for the sound of his horse's feet in the courtyard, and when at last she heard them, when at last she saw him again, she could have died of joy and relief.

He still loved her ! All her fears had been groundless. Before his glorious gaiety, at the sound of his ringing voice, of his great joyous laugh, all her sadness melted like the dew. He was so inspiring, this strange Chevalier who, for all his moods and tempers, had the power of carrying one away on the wings of his own exuberant vitality. He had come back bronzed and happy, full of his adventures in Africa, and with the oddest presents for all his friends. There was a parakeet for the queen, which talked Senegalese and French with equal fluency and had been carefully instructed in suitable greetings for its royal owner : " Où est la reine ? je veux la voir. La voilà ! Ah ! qu'elle est belle ! Je veux la voir toujours, toujours ! " Then a horse for the Maréchal de Castries, a little negress for the Maréchal de Beauvau, a hen for the bishop of Laon, and an ostrich for the Duc de Nivernais. Several other animals had died on the voyage. " I have lost a green parrot with a red head that I had meant for Elzéar," he tells Madame de Sabran sadly in his Journal on the ship, " two little

monkeys that I was keeping for Monsieur de Poix, a spoonbill for the Bishop of Laon, five or six parakeets, and finally, last night I was present at the death of a poor yellow parrot, the first that had ever been seen in Africa, and, as he was unique amongst his kind, I thought of giving him to one who is unique amongst her kind, and who is to the human race what the human race is to parrots." So, since the yellow parrot was deceased, he had, as he told Madame de Sabran gaily, nothing to give her but a husband.

Yet this gift, too, was not forthcoming! Boufflers, who had hoped to improve his fortunes in Senegal, had, as we have seen, reduced them to a still lower ebb by his quixotic purchases of negroes and was now less than ever in a position to marry. So once again Madame de Sabran saw her dream of happiness vanish like a mirage. Still she must go on submitting to this false position—their equivocal relationship—still go on with the same subterfuges, the same concealments that were so hateful to her frank nature.

Society welcomed the Chevalier back with rapture; women raved about him, the salons fought for him, he was invited to all the country-houses, yet the woman who loved him must stand by and watch him claimed by all the world in turn, must listen impassively when his name was mentioned, behave as if he were nothing to her—this man who was hers, *hers* as truly as if she bore his name.

And then, at the end of five months—after a few hurried meetings, a few brief moments of happiness snatched amidst the rush of the Chevalier's busy life, another bitter parting took place and Boufflers sailed away on his second voyage to Senegal. It was at this crisis that Madame de Sabran found more than ever a friend in the old Duc de Nivernais. All the while Boufflers was away he invited her constantly to Saint-Ouen and did everything he could to console her for the absence of the Chevalier. Besides this, he gave her

excellent advice on practical affairs about which she was all too vague, and henceforth she undertook nothing without consulting him.

Boufflers, before sailing, wrote a charming letter to the old duke—"mon très cher maître"—confiding Madame de Sabran to his care. "I entrust to you some one who is very dear to me, and I rejoice at the thought that I am leaving her with one who is worth a great deal more than I am."

Just after Boufflers sailed the second time for Senegal a horrible thing happened at the house in the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. For some time Madame de Sabran had noticed that her children were constrained and unhappy, but she had never been able to discover the reason, nor did it occur to her to connect the trouble with the pious Abbé Bernard to whom she had entrusted them. And now suddenly she made a dreadful discovery—the abbé was carrying on a scandalous intrigue with Delphine's maid, a woman named Darnaud, who was the wife of Monseigneur de Sabran's valet. By intercepting a letter from Bernard to his mistress, Madame de Sabran found out a foul plot devised by them, to poison Elzéar and secure the pension settled on the abbé by Madame de Sabran. The unfortunate Darnaud—the bishop's valet—was to be disposed of by the same method, leaving Madame Darnaud free to marry Bernard. The whole truth came out; the abbé had ill-treated Elzéar persistently, and had so beaten and frightened him that he dared not say a word about it. Moreover, he had succeeded in influencing both the children against their mother, and hence "the air of constraint" that had so puzzled and distressed her. Fortunately, all this was discovered in time to save Elzéar's life. Madame Darnaud was sent to La Force, and on the same day, December 4, 1786, the infamous abbé was safely deposited in the Bastille, where every one felt he was the right man in the right place.

After that all was peace again in the house in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. "It seems to me as if I had chased the devil from my house," wrote Madame de Sabran. "I see nothing but laughing faces around me, my children have gone back to their natural gaiety, and we feel as if we were unhappy people who had escaped from a shipwreck."

But though "the devil" was now temporarily caged, he had already been able to do much mischief. During the seven years he had spent in Madame de Sabran's house he had made use of his opportunities to discover a family skeleton in the form of a reprobate half-brother of hers, Charles de Jean de Manville, the son of her odious stepmother. In 1784 he had been imprisoned in the Bastille for attempting to forge the will of a certain Monsieur de Chalus, but after a short time was removed to the prison of the Ile Sainte-Marguerite. Here his behaviour appears to have involved him in still deeper disgrace for the following year he was brought back to the Bastille (this time under the name of Villeman) with a note appended to his *lettre de cachet* enjoining the Governor to guard him more vigilantly than ever: "His Majesty desires that he should always be imprisoned as a dangerous subject, and for specially grave reasons known to his Majesty." Louis XVI was notoriously lenient in the matter of *lettres de cachet*, so Monsieur de Jean de Manville's offence can have been no trifling one, and it is therefore not surprising that Madame de Sabran should have declined to associate with so disreputable a relation. This apparently made him very angry, and he lost no opportunity of airing his grievances against her. Somehow or other the Abbé Bernard had managed to get into touch with Monsieur de Jean de Manville, and now took up his cause in revenge for Madame de Sabran's discoveries with regard to himself. At the time of his arrest he was just about to publish a pamphlet "unmasking" Madame de Sabran's conduct and

accusing her of getting her brother imprisoned in order to secure his property and of obtaining his own arrest in order to suppress these revelations. It may be imagined what misery these slanders caused poor Madame de Sabran, for, though her two enemies were now both in the Bastille, how long would they remain there? From this time she lived in dread of her life and of Elzéar's.

The absence of the Chevalier made her position all the more defenceless, but this time he did not leave her without news, and some selections from the charming entries in his Journal must be given here ¹:

(Written on board ship on the voyage out.) "We saw three islands to-day, Palma, Gomera, and Ferro [Palme, Gomère, et l'Ile de Fer], but from so far away that I could form no more idea of them than of that floating island, called the moon, in which Herschell and his sister, by means of a telescope forty feet long, lately discovered a volcano. This same Herschell will soon, they say, be able to distinguish its animal and vegetable products. The time will come when we too, like Monsieur and Mademoiselle Herschell, will make our little observations, and, instead of seeing what is going on in the moon, I shall see what is going on inside your head. I shall find there, perhaps, a little volcano; I shall see well-cultivated country, smiling landscapes, nothing wild or arid, but marvellous products in the way of flowers and fruit—in a word, an earthly paradise which my spirit will never desire to leave. Farewell, dear wife; I love you more than any one has ever loved on land or sea. It is midnight, and I am going to bed and to try to sleep. Perhaps my spirit then will cross the seas and come without a sound to your blue bed. Good-bye."

"In the midst of my toils and my travels, my business, my troubles and my hardships, my follies and repentances, my health and spirits still keep up, whilst you in

¹ As it has already been explained, few of these entries are dated, so it is possible that some of these were written during the Chevalier's first journey to Senegal.

a quiet and pleasant house, in the midst of all that should give peace and happiness, find worries that consume you, monsters that torment you, and difficulties beyond your strength. Why cannot I, dear child, give you some of that happiness that is with me everywhere? . . .

"I shall soon be forty-nine, and soon consequently fifty and then the best thing that one can do is to live for the day without thinking of the past or future. . . . In thinking over my life since I met you I see that I have been far happier after forty than before. This is not usually the age of pleasure, but true pleasures have no age; they are like the angels, eternal children, and like you—you, who will always charm and always love. [Les vrais plaisirs n'ont pas d'âge : ils ressemblent aux anges, qui sont des enfants éternels]. . . . I put a good thirty years on one side so as to kiss you as if I were only eighteen."

"Everything passes away; that is my philosophy. That is what the unhappy should remember, and the happy should forget."

(Tout passe; voilà ma philosophie. Voilà ce qu'il faut que les heureux oublient, et que les malheureux se répètent.)

"I am going to bed and to try to sleep with the thought of you in my head, as greedy little children do sometimes, with a sugar-plum in their mouths."

"This morning my good negress came and said, 'Comment portes-tu toi sa matine?' I said to her, 'Assez bien, mais je n'ai point dormi.' 'Tu l'o pas doremi . . . non . . . c'est que tu penses loin.' She was right, poor woman! Good-bye; you who keep me from sleep, you who make me 'think far'—when shall I see you near?"

"At last I have seen you again, dear other half. Your charming portrait has arrived safely. It is the ornament of my wretched room; my eyes filled with tears as I looked at it. . . . Good-bye, dear heart; I must leave you for thirty black faces that are in my

room contemplating your white face and marvelling at your portrait."

" Things have not changed outwardly, but they vary inwardly, and I feel my courage revive in the midst of all that ought to damp it. . . . I have confidence in you. You are surely loved by spirits, fairies, sylphs, and genii, which you resemble far more than women, and the interest all these people take in you will reflect on me. I feel myself surrounded by little, invisible friends—some give me advice, others work secretly at my schemes, and so, unless I am mistaken, all will be well ! "

" Let us talk of my farm-yard. I should like to see you in the midst of my pigeons, my hens, my ducks, and, above all, of my four geese—for these are my favourites since one of them had little ones. All the four lead them about with a sort of tenderness mingled with pride which leaves one in doubt as to which is the mother. The little ones walk in the middle, the father, mother, and aunts at the four corners, facing in all directions so as to keep away anything that would dare to approach their Elzéars and their Delphines—but there is a noise in my courtyard ; some one has come to fetch me. Good-bye."

" I have just this moment bought a little negress of two or three years old to send to the Duchesse d'Orléans. If the ship that is to take her delays starting I do not know how I shall be able to part from her. She is lovely, not as the day, but as the night. Her eyes are like little stars, and her ways are so quiet and gentle that I am touched to tears at the thought that this poor child has been sold to me like a little lamb. She does not talk, yet she understands what one says to her.

" If you see her at the Palais-Royal do not fail to talk to her in a way she can understand, and to kiss her, whilst you think that I have kissed her too, and that her face is the point of meeting of our lips."

" I am a brute, *ma fille* ! I have just returned from chasing little birds. I caught a dozen in nets ;

they are exactly like yours. I reproach myself for keeping them in captivity until I send them to France at the peril of their lives. But that is not the worst thing I did ; I let off my gun with a loud report and with one shot killed two charming turtle-doves. They were on the same tree, talking, kissing each other, thinking only of love, and death came in the midst of their gentle play. They fell together without life or movement ; their heads bent gracefully with such touching sadness that one would almost believe they went on loving after death. I pitied, yet I envied them ! They did not suffer, their life ended without pain ; their love never turned to coldness, and their poor little souls are still, perhaps, fluttering and caressing each other in the air. Yet, perhaps, they are afraid of being condemned one day to be born again at different periods and so to live without each other. All this gives one a great deal to think about—especially to you who love to lose yourself in systems and in sentiments. Good-bye, my child."

" I am so accustomed to the idea of being loved by you in spite of your youth and of my age that I think much less of my years as they increase. Do you remember that portrait¹ that I loved so much before I dared to speak of it to the original ? of that widow's dress that I wanted you to keep in my honour ? My age reminds me of it, but it does not make me think of you as changing ; only matter changes, and there is so little of that in you that I think I have nothing to fear. . . . Let us love life and not fear death, for souls do not die, but love on for ever ! " (*Aimons la vie et ne craignons pas la mort, car les âmes ne meurent pas et s'aiment toujours.*)

" How long life is, and yet how short ! It is like a vast sea, now calm, now rough, always treacherous, strewn with a thousand dangers, yet here and there with delicious islands. One day, I hope to put in at one of these islands and to find you there ; then, if I must go on with my voyage, I need no more embark without you, for that is worse than embarking without ship's

¹ Evidently the portrait mentioned by M. de Croze. See note, p. 88.

biscuit. You think the same, dear child, for you always do. You would be too fickle and ungrateful if you ceased to love me—but let us leave those fears and anxieties to others. . . . Good-bye, my wife ; I will distrust you no more than the saints distrust God, for you are my God and I am your saint.”

“ The month of September will not go by without our seeing each other. For us are made the lovely autumn days, beginning with this autumn which will last all through the autumn of life. And, just as autumn will have retained the heat of summer, winter will retain the mellowness of autumn, and I love to believe that after that winter we shall see the birth of a perpetual spring in which we shall live near one another, with one another, by one another ; perhaps under other forms, but what matter so long as we love each other ? Perhaps we shall be gods, perhaps human beings again, perhaps birds ; perhaps I shall be a plant and you my flower, then I shall arm myself with thorns to defend you, and shade you with my leaves to protect you ; so, under whatever form you exist, you will be loved.”

“ O dear, O good, O tender wife ! In what other mind, in what other heart, could one find all the charming things you say to me ? They are not words, like everything one reads : they are thought, they are feeling, they are love, they are you yourself that I see in every line. . . . I thank you, I bless you, I kiss you a thousand times, good and lovely angel, and then I leave you until to-morrow, to swim through an ocean of business. . . . My writing-table is covered with accounts, registers, inventories, and memoranda ; what a difference between these papers and those that are scribbled by your divine hand ! ”

At last, in November 1787, Boufflers' term of office ended, and he left Senegal with a *congé du roi*. His one thought was to leave the colony better than he found it, and his Journal shows how much his humanitarian ideals were encouraged by the influence of Madame de Sabran :

"All my predecessors," he tells her, "from first to last, have always regarded the colony as a dilapidated house from which every one tried to carry something away, instead of working to reconstruct it. Thanks to Heaven and you, whose principles I espoused in espousing you, I came here with quite other plans, and I think, too, that I shall leave with quite another reputation. I like to boast in this way, because it is boasting of you. We think alike, and, except for our faces—and a few other little differences whereby I gain rather than lose—we are alike, or rather, we are one."

Boufflers certainly did not leave Senegal like a dilapidated house; his term of government had proved a golden age for whites and blacks alike, and when at last, on November 27, 1787, he sailed away to France we read that "a great wail of despair went up from the inhabitants of the colony that could be heard at two leagues from the coast."

CHAPTER IX

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES

WHILST the Chevalier de Boufflers was away on his second journey to Senegal ominous events were taking place in France. Already the Assembly of Notables had been summoned—"that famous assembly that has set all heads fermenting," Madame de Sabran wrote in her Journal on December 3, 1786; yet even she was far from realizing its significance.

"All this will resolve itself into a simple consultation which will pass off quite quietly, for I do not think that in this century there are notables who would venture to play the Romans; the stage would hardly be suited to the part, and it is not at the Court that one is likely to see private interest give way to public interest. But enough of politics. I will talk to you of them now and then to amuse myself and to divert you, for I foresee that this will only be a source of amusement all the winter, and nothing else."

Madame de Sabran was often at the Court this summer. We find her hurrying there in June to condole with the queen on the death of the poor little princess, Madame Sophie, the child for whose birth she had heard the canons sounding only eleven months before. The queen, in whose arms she died, was heart-broken. Why did she grieve so deeply, some one asked her, for so young a child—a mere baby of whom she knew as yet but little? "Ah! but she might have become a friend! (Elle eût été peut-être une amie!)" Marie Antoinette had answered sadly. She needed friends more than

ever, this unhappy queen to whom court etiquette forbade even the consolation of remaining in solitude to mourn her child ; a formal reception was held at Versailles to which every one came and offered their condolences. Madame de Sabran found even her powers of sympathy strained by all this ceremonial, and she returned from the Court too cross and tired to tell the Chevalier more than three lines about it : " June 25, 1787. I saw the king and the queen, and in order to reach them I was squeezed, pushed, stifled, and jostled till I could hardly drag myself along."

It was this year, at the wonderful house of Madame de la Reynière, nicknamed " the best inn for people of quality," that Madame de Sabran met Madame de Staël, then only twenty-one and in the first flush of her triumphs :

" I had the good fortune to find myself . . . in a corner of the salon with Monsieur Thyard, the Swedish ambassadress (Madame de Staël), Madame de Boufflers¹ and Madame de Cambise.² They were certainly the most interesting element in the crowded assembly. I amused myself very much by observing the different kinds of wit, and I decided that Monsieur Thyard's was the pleasantest, the ambassadress's the maddest, that of Madame de Cambise the most subtle, and your dear cousin's the most artificial. I should like to spend more evenings like that. . . ."

This was one of the rare moments when she was happy in society ; more often its futility wearied her to death :

" What a strange life is this we lead in Paris ! I can never get used to it. Always on the rush, always going to see people who care no more for you than you for them ; always repeating the same sentences, never

¹ The Comtesse de Boufflers, the Chevalier's cousin. See Appendix, p. 420.

² The Chevalier's first cousin, the daughter of his mother's sister, the Princesse de Chimay.

appearing as one really is, never saying what one really thinks—all this constraint and elaboration kills me. I cannot be anything but what I am, and yet I feel I ought to be different. When in this mood a longing often comes to me to run away—but where to? Everywhere I should find the same inconsistencies, the same follies, the same absurdities. One would have to inhabit a desert, and a desert without you would be dreadful.”

Madame de Sabran describes various encounters with some of Boufflers' relations during his second voyage to Senegal. His great aunt, the Maréchale de Luxembourg, had died in the odour of sanctity and lamented by all the poor of the district, soon after the Chevalier had sailed.

“What terrible news I have to tell you again, my dear husband!” Madame de Sabran had written. “You have just lost a second mother; the poor Maréchale de Luxembourg has paid the tribute of your second voyage. I reserve myself for the third—there must be a victim for each.”

Since the death of the Marquise de Boufflers during the Chevalier's first voyage, her daughter, Madame de Boisgelin, had lived with Madame de Mirepoix in the Rue de Varennes and Madame de Sabran tells Boufflers of an amusing visit she made to the maréchale :

“June 28, 1787.

“I went to-day to see your old aunt in her splendid house, and she showed me a black parrot you sent her which looks to me like a crow. She told me it talked very well, but, as it did not do me the honour of addressing a word to me, I was unable to judge of that for myself. She told me also about a little negro you sent to Madame de Blot, who is a little monster, so she says, and very badly brought up. The moment he saw her [Madame de Mirepoix] he screamed horribly, threw himself on the ground, and showed the greatest terror; but to every one else he was affectionate. When they asked him why, he answered that she was making faces

at him.¹ The maréchale was certain that he had some reason for thinking her different to other people and was very much annoyed at his frankness. It makes one tremble to think how little we know ourselves—is this a good or a bad thing? I cannot make up my mind on that point, but I think illusions are useful in everything. . . . The thing most to be desired is to be well deluded to the last day of one's life. [Ce qu'il y a de plus à désirer, c'est d'être bien trompé jusqu'à son dernier jour.] You see how good-natured I am—but don't count on that."

Madame de Boisgelin—the one-time "divine mignonne" of Lunéville—had at first deeply resented her brother's devotion to the pretty widow, but at this moment she appears to have made herself more agreeable. Catherine de Boisgelin was not an amiable character; she was, in fact, what we should call in modern speech a "cat," and she found it difficult to forgive another woman for being as attractive as Madame de Sabran. She herself was now no longer either "divine" or "mignonne," having grown very large and plain. "She was a monster of ugliness," says the Duc de Lauzun, "but quite agreeable, and as flirtatious as if she had been pretty." Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, she succeeded in inspiring one wild devotion and in no other than the poet Florian. Florian was an equerry of the Princesse de Lamballe, and one of the most attractive men of his day; yet he fell a hopeless victim to a violent and invincible passion for Madame de Boisgelin. "He would not speak; condemning himself to silence, he gazed at her from afar, because he said he was afraid of loving her too deeply and of being no longer master of himself."

Few other people found much difficulty in not loving Madame de Boisgelin too deeply. Madame de Sabran found her particularly hard to bear; at one moment

¹ Possibly it was the maréchale's shaking head that frightened him.

² "Mémoires de la Baronne d'Oberkirch."

she was charming, at the next out came the claws, and Madame de Sabran found her gentle overtures of friendship repulsed. A woman who is incapable of feline amenities is always at a disadvantage with a "cat," and so Madame de Sabran usually retired wounded and Madame de Boisgelin triumphant from these encounters. In her Journal to the Chevalier Madame de Sabran describes her sufferings so vividly that one can see exactly the kind of scenes that took place between them—poor little Eléonore, her blue eyes full of apprehension, and large Madame de Boisgelin bearing down upon her with loud, tactless inquiries as to when she had last heard from the Chevalier. Sometimes Madame de Sabran had not heard for a long while, and this ruthless probing of an aching wound was almost more than she could bear. She is "petrified with fright," she writes one day, for Madame de Boisgelin has invited herself to supper and Madame de Sabran *knows* she is going to flaunt a letter from the Chevalier, whilst she herself has received none. Her naïve description of the supper-party that followed must be given in her own words :

" I told you that I was expecting your sister to supper. I had invited little Abbé Bonneval, whom she rather likes, with Mr. Hailes, whom I like very much, to make up the party, so that she should not be bored by a cruel *tête-à-tête* with me. Everything being arranged, she arrives at ten o'clock with her eyes starting out of her head, and, these gentlemen having already arrived, she takes me by the hand, drags me into the recess of a window, and asks me eagerly whether I have had news of you. This question was just what I dreaded most in the world—I felt as if I had received a dagger-thrust. I said 'No,' and tremblingly asked her if she had had any. 'No,' she said, 'but I have just left Madame de Lauzun,' who has received one of eight pages in which he tells her that he is writing to me, so every moment I expect my packet. I cannot think why it has not

¹ Boufflers' cousin, Amélie. Duchesse de Lauzun, later Duchesse de Biron.

arrived already ! ' I saw plainly that she was enjoying my anxiety and the pleasure of seeing that I was no better informed than she was. But what matter ? I kept my countenance, and tried to be at my best all through supper. But that is not all ! As we were leaving the table and had hardly arranged ourselves by the fireplace with candles all round us to light your sister's work, a big packet was brought in from Monsieur de Nivernais. It was from you ! She shows it to me, reads it, tries to make me read it. All this time I hardly knew where I was—so great was the shock to my head and heart. I felt a cold perspiration break out all over me ; for a few minutes I was petrified. But the thought that all eyes were on me, particularly those of my daughter, brought me back to reason and to life ; I made so great an effort to control myself that I was able to join in the conversation, to listen, and answer almost to the point. I kept back my tears, ready to flow, and summoned the strength to tell your sister that I was charmed to see her so contented and happy. She showed me your letter, which I pretended to read, but, to tell the truth, I could not read a word, however much I wished to—there was a cloud over my eyes, and I felt such inward distress that I lost all the thread of the ideas and could only make out a few lines. Your sister was so preoccupied—naturally, at this moment—that I do not think she noticed. Her part was less difficult to play than mine, and she was fairly agreeable for the rest of the evening, which seemed to me an eternity. Every now and then she looked at me with eyes that said nothing, as if she wished to see into my heart—so it seemed to me, for I knew no more at this moment than if I had been drunk. At last every one left me to my fate, except my daughter, whom I sent quickly off to bed so as to give myself time to breathe. . . . ”

Oh, the relief of being alone, safe from those hard, inquiring eyes, free to break down and give vent to that storm of tears she had kept in check all through this interminable evening ! She wept long and passionately, wept till she could weep no more, and then, with the calm

that succeeded to the tempest, came a gentle voice, the voice of reason that, for all her wild moments of abandonment, was ever ready to make itself heard. "He loves you," this voice repeated; "and what would you do without him, what would he do without you, in this world so little made for either" of you? Where else would you find such kindliness, such candour, and such sympathy? . . . *Va! Il t'aime!*" As these thoughts came to her she says she felt a sudden wonderful happiness—"a sort of blessedness, like divine love," and for more than two hours she remained wrapped in this almost unearthly peace, heedless of the passing hours of the night.

How needlessly she suffered—this passionate spirit bound in so fragile a body! For all the while the letters about which she had shed these bitter tears were on their way to her! The next day they were here, here in her trembling hands, to be carried into the old library and read and reread and wept over in the way she once described to the Chevalier. When a packet of his letters reaches her, she tells him, she cannot bring herself to open them:

"I gaze at my treasure and hardly dare to touch it. I examine the address, I look at each letter to see if you were hurried when you wrote it, to know what you were thinking of. I come to the seal . . . and I tremble, I dare not break it. . . . My heart beats, and at last I yield for fear some intruder may come and keep me too long from satisfying my curiosity. The packet once open, I begin with the last letter as bearing the latest date. I think I am reading but I am not, so deeply am I moved; my eyes fill, and the packet on my knees is wet with tears. I kiss each page separately but I read them with the same fear and caution with which I should touch a razor or other weapon that I fear might wound me. It takes me more than twenty-four hours to know what they contain. . . ."

Such were the sufferings that this desperate love of hers

brought with it, the tortures of uncertainty that assailed her whenever Boufflers was away. At these moments the rage she had given way to that day at Valenciennes would sometimes overcome her—rage at herself, at her own impotence to throw off the chain in which he held her; rage with him, at his power to hurt her. Fears for his constancy haunted her; she is filled, she says, with "horrid suspicions that like vultures gnaw my heart, and with dull anger that in a moment transforms me into a fury."

Yet for Delphine's sake she must now more than ever show a smiling face to the world. For Delphine was now sixteen and during the last year there had been a question of her marriage to Armand de Custine, the son of the famous general, Adam Philippe, Comte de Custine, field-marshal to the armies of the king.

Armand de Custine, now only nineteen years old, was a charming, clever, and handsome boy; but his father proved, as Madame de Sabran expressed it, "a scourge sent from Heaven."

The general was a very tiresome and aggressive person, who succeeded in making life unbearable even to those he really loved. Long ago, in his youth, he had married a lovely, gentle creature, Mademoiselle de Logny, whom he adored but kept in perpetual terror of his tempers. She died when she was only twenty-three, leaving two children—Armand and a daughter, Adèle, who married the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, master of ceremonies at the Court. In the army, General de Custine was popular in spite of the iron system of discipline he had imported from Germany—his face with its large, bristling moustache amused the soldiers, who nicknamed him "General Moustache"; but it is easy to imagine the paralysing effect such a personality would have on Madame de Sabran. From the beginning they never understood one another at all—the general's authoritative manner and want of any sense of humour

exasperated Madame de Sabran, whilst the general, on the other hand, had no patience with Madame de Sabran's vagueness about practical matters nor with the whimsicality that so charmed and amused her friends. Worn out after one of her interviews with "le beau-père," Madame de Sabran thus pours out her troubles to the Chevalier in her Journal :

"I have been so dreadfully bored all day, my child, that I am as sleepy this evening as a dormouse. I have not had a moment to myself; this rôle of mother-in-law wearies me, and I don't know how to be conventional enough to fill it worthily. [*Je ne sais où prendre toute la pédanterie qu'il me faudrait pour le remplir dignement.*] Our father-in-law tires me still more, and I am at a loss to find phrases with which to answer him, and ears with which to listen to him."

Madame de Sabran, however, was determined to go through with it; Armand was so charming, and already in love with the beautiful Delphine, whose heart, her mother tells the Chevalier, is also melted by the fires of the little god of love. If only the general would come to the point, and fix the day that was to make these two happy!

One morning in July he was announced as usual, and Madame de Sabran hoped that this time he had really come to settle matters finally. But once again he embarked on a long discourse on the preliminaries of the marriage. There were many formalities to be gone through, he explained, on account of his son's minority; there were lawyers to be consulted, lands to be assessed, and so on, interminably, until at last Madame de Sabran could bear it no longer.

"Monsieur," she said coldly, "these are difficulties you might have foreseen long ago. I altered all my plans under the impression that you desired as much as I did to settle this matter. I ask you now to fix the day for the marriage, and leave me no longer in uncertainty."

At this the general, seeing that he had to deal with a woman of spirit, immediately became meek, as bullying natures do when faced with determination.

"I will go at once," he murmured courteously, "and see my man of business, and afterwards, madame, I hope to have the pleasure of dining with you."

"Monsieur, I shall be charmed."

At dinner-time he returned with Armand, and now all seemed finally settled; but two days later he made fresh difficulties, and Madame de Sabran, in despair, resolved to summon her friends the Polignacs to the rescue, who, as hardened people of the world, might prove a better match for the dictatorial general than she could hope to be. The Polignacs on this occasion certainly used their talent for intrigue to some purpose; they invited Madame de Sabran and General de Custine to dine at Montreuil, and the duke soon brought the *beau-père* to reason. "There is nothing like having good friends. The duke has smoothed everything out. The contract will be signed on Sunday week."

After that all went well, and through the formalities that preceded the marriage Madame de Sabran bore up bravely, and tried heroically—though evidently vainly—to play the part of the conventional mother-in-law:

"I get through it somehow, for in time one gets through everything; but I feel that I do nothing like other people, and that I am wanting in a certain gravity and preciseness which on such an important occasion should distinguish my actions. Instead of this I make everybody laugh—even the father-in-law, though at the bottom of his heart, I believe, he thinks me very absurd. It is not, I hope, the same with the son, whom I love as if he were my own, and who is really worthy of all my maternal affection."

When the day came at last for signing the marriage contract Madame de Sabran was so happy that she resolved to celebrate the occasion by a picnic.

"Whilst Delphine's marriage contract was being signed to-day at Versailles," she says gaily to the Chevalier, "what do you think I did to divert my mind from a stifling ceremony? I went to dine with my children alone in the park of Meudon, on the grass, beside a little spring of which the gentle ripple lulled us to rest and the clear water refreshed us. By this you will easily recognize your poor widow, who is of the same nature as the birds—except for their instability—and is only happy in the fresh air and in freedom. Really I had not been so happy for a long while—we stayed all day, walking about, laughing and talking."

Next day the marriage contract was signed at Madame de Sabran's house, and she breathed a sigh of relief at feeling that everything was now irrevocably settled: "My Delphine will be Madame de Custine in spite of all the powers of hell conspiring against her and me." Six days later she started off gaily with her two children for Anizy, where the wedding was to take place. The Bishop of Laon, Monseigneur de Sabran, was to perform the ceremony, and Armand de Custine was to arrive with his father and sister on the morning of the wedding-day, July 31. Let us leave Madame de Sabran to relate the events that followed:

"The 29th of July. At Anizy."

"I found the good Comtesse Auguste [de la Marck] here on my arrival; she had been waiting for me since yesterday, and as a friend—and a very good friend—has come to rejoice with us at the wedding. . . . I am going to bed quickly so as to look fresh at the ceremony beside my half-opened rose [Delphine], and not to make a blot on the picture; for, though I can no longer adorn a fête, I need not disfigure it. Good-bye, my child; if you think as I do you will always love me without regard to the beauty of youth. There is something within us that is worth more, and that can enable us till we are a hundred, or even over, to enjoy the happiness of loving and of being loved. The soul never grows old, and I have in mine a furnace of love for all eternity. Good-bye."

"The 30th of July.

"I am writing to you, my child, in the midst of all the agitations and preparations for the marriage. . . . To-morrow is the great day which must settle for ever the fate of my poor little Delphine. If one could count on happiness, I should have every reason to believe she will be happy; but when I think of all the ingredients that go to make up happiness, and the difficulty of combining them all, and of the multitude of circumstances that may traverse the most perfect harmony, as comets in the midst of the solar system may disturb its order and give birth to storms, I tremble. . . . Good-bye, my child, I am feeling harassed to-night; agitation of mind is far more tiring than agitation of body; it is this that kills me, for I shall never be able to keep as calm as other people under any circumstances."

By what strange clairvoyance did she dream of storms for these two setting out so gaily on the adventure of life? All through her letters written at the time of Delphine's marriage runs the same note of foreboding, yet even then she little guessed the nature of the storm that was to burst over them all. The terrible future was mercifully hidden from her eyes.

The wedding-day dawned calm and serene, and was marred only by an unromantic *contretemps*, for Armand arrived pale and shaken after the efforts of a clumsy dentist to remove an aching tooth which had ended in a bit of his jaw being removed with it. Delphine, on her part, had spent an almost sleepless night, for her mother, by way of preparing her for marriage, had gently attempted to initiate her; but only succeeded in completely mystifying her, so that the arrival of Armand in the morning threw her almost into a panic. At last the hour for the ceremony arrived, and Madame de Sabran must again take up the thread of narrative:

"Everything was ready at one o'clock, and in great state and the gloomiest silence we reached the bishop's chapel—I, holding my daughter by the hand, followed

by my little son-in-law and his father. Never has my heart beat so violently as at the moment when I left her on the *prie-dieu*, where she was to say that famous 'yes' which, once uttered, can no more be unsaid, however much sometimes one may wish it. My own made less impression on me, and yet what a difference! I was marrying an infirm old man of whom I was to be less the wife than the sick-nurse, and she a young man full of charm and goodness. But in those days I little realized the consequences; everything seemed good to me, equally good; loving nothing, everything seemed to me worthy of love, and I felt for my good old husband the same feeling as for my father and my grandfather—a very tender feeling that at that time satisfied my heart. Time has undeceived me now, and, on the contrary, I believe no longer in happiness, and so all through mass I shed a flood of tears. I do not know what people must have thought of me, but I was too overcome to control myself. My Delphine did not weep, but her little face grew longer, and her husband looked hardly more sure of himself. The bishop made them a sermon full of reason and feeling, which touched every one. Elzéar held the canopy, and, as he was too small, he was put up on a chair of the chapel, and looked like one of the little angels in the Annunciation of the Virgin.

"The ceremony over, Monsieur de Custine, the father, took possession of my daughter and I of his son, and we went out in the same order and with the same solemnity that we went in. We reached the *salon*, where a very good breakfast awaited us. . . .

"After breakfast we went down into the garden, and as we arrived there a troop of shepherds and shepherdesses, headed by the bailiff, came to compliment the married couple, and each one sang his little couplet like in the '*Amoureux de quinze ans*'—it was very touching. After that we danced quite informally, like simple folk with the village fiddlers. I opened the ball with Monsieur de Custine the father, and my children, and never, I assure you, have I felt so agile or danced so heartily. The songs and dancing lasted all day—it was enough to make one die of laughing. Amongst the number [of songs] there were some rather original

ones, particularly the carpenter's, who, no doubt, is a descendant of the famous Adam. He had used a ream of paper to make what he called the 'brouillard'¹ and it was four pages long—we thought we should never get to the end of it. He stood on a chair so that we should hear him better, which made the fête look exactly like Tenier's pictures. When we were tired of dancing we played at *pharaon*; the men made a bank, which amused us till supper-time—that is to say, till eight o'clock. The bishop gave a splendid feast, with his usual magnificence."²

But now the midnight hours were drawing near, and with them, as Madame de Sabran said, "le vrai quart d'heure de Rabelais" when, according to the strange custom of the day, the young couple were led away by their parents and left together. "I assure you," she says to the Chevalier, "that when we had to lead the bride to bed I trembled, and was as embarrassed as she was—old though I am. One day, by my chimney corner, I will tell you about this little scene, to make you laugh, for I was obliged to prompt the father, so that he in turn should prompt his son, and never in my life have I felt so foolish—I believe I shall be quite red to-morrow."

¹ He meant, of course, "brouillon" = rough copy. *Brouillard* = fog.

² In context with this description it is curious to read the account given by Madame de Genlis of the changes effected by the Revolution in this feudal hospitality. After her return to France in 1800 she made many visits to the country châteaux now inhabited by the parvenus that the Revolution had substituted for the old aristocracy. "I was scandalized," she writes, "at the fêtes given to them [the peasants]: the master of the château opened his gardens to them, with permission to invite the publicans and eating-house keepers from whom they [the peasants] bought the wines and food that we gave them before with great liberality, but distributed with discretion so as to prevent drunkenness. Quarrels, scandalous and often brutal scenes, were the result. Another thing that struck me as most ridiculous was the arrogance of the ladies of the châteaux, who, at these rejoicings, would not dance with the peasants. I remember that in the old days at these *bals champêtres* we would dance with no one else, and forbade the men of our own society to ask us to dance, only allowing them to dance with the peasant girls" ("Mémoires de Madame de Genlis," vol. v. p. 108).

At last Madame de Sabran found herself alone in her own room with her thoughts, and a great tide of passionate regret swept over her. She thought of Delphine, with all her youth and loveliness, in the arms of a husband who was yet a lover ; she thought of all that love might be, and in the bitterness of her soul she thought of love as she had known it—a guilty secret to be hidden from the world, a relentless force that destroyed all one's peace of mind, that, instead of lifting one up to heaven, led one through hell's of misery and remorse. Why should these things be ? Her love, she knew, was as pure as Delphine's, yet in the judgment of the Church she was a wicked woman ; she had sinned ! And at this thought a bitter cry arose in her heart, and found vent in these words that ended the entry in her Journal that night to the man who had brought her all this suffering :

“ Why am I not now in the place of my daughter ? Why are not you in the place of my son after receiving, as they have done, the permission of the Church ? For, otherwise, *it is the work of the Evil One that places us in hell in this world and the next, so says Saint Augustine.* ”

. ; .

Armand and Delphine were very happy during those first few months of their marriage. Madame de Sabran, looking on at these two, both so young, so beautiful, and so much in love, trembled for the ending of the idyl : “ I found my two little turtle-doves cooing their love in the prettiest way in the world. . . . If only it lasts ! ”

Did she already guess something of Delphine's strange temperament, so different from her own ? To her, love was Stanislas de Boufflers, and apart from him had no existence ; to Delphine, Armand represented love, and it was love she lived for—the emotion rather than the man that mattered to her. She revelled in the feeling of power, in the discovery that

by her charm and beauty she could bend his will to hers.

"You would laugh if you could see how Delphine leads her little husband," Madame de Sabran tells the Chevalier; "they are the funniest little couple ever seen. 'I don't know how long it will last, but at this moment she is an absolute queen, and thoroughly enjoys her kingdom. Love is a pretty thing in its first youth; unhappily, it changes quickly and becomes very plain and churlish as it grows older, like all spoilt children.'" (*C'est une jolie chose que l'amour dans sa première jeunesse; malheureusement il change bien vite et devient bien laid, bien maussade en grandissant, comme tous les enfants gâtés.*)

A week after the wedding another fête took place in honour of the newly married couple, and there was more merry-making for the villagers, who, as yet, unenlightened by revolutionary doctrines, were simple enough to love the good bishop and his family, in whom they failed to recognize their natural enemies. At midnight we find Madame de Sabran sitting down to tell the Chevalier all about it:

"The 7th August, 1787.

"I cannot resist giving you a description of the funniest, most original and ridiculous fête that Elzéar and I gave to the young couple to-day. It was 'les noces de Gamache.' The bishop wanted to give a dinner to all his peasants, so we seized on this occasion, which exactly suited our subject. Tables were put up in the garden in front of the château, which were loaded with joints, pies, turkeys, etc. Little Peinier and her brother represented the bride and bridegroom; they arrived with a numerous following to the sounds of the violins that went before them, and sat down at the table. Whilst they were there a troop of shepherdesses were to be seen emerging from the wood to sing some doggerel verses that Elzéar and I had composed in honour of the bride, whilst from the other side a troop

of shepherds came to compliment the bridegroom. All then sat down to the table, and it was a pleasure to see them eat.

"In the middle of the feast a cavalier armed from head to foot was seen appearing in the distance, with a lance in his hand, mounted on a wretched horse that he had much difficulty to make go on, and followed by a little, short, fat man who was whipping up his donkey. At first we could not think who they could be, but on looking more closely we recognized Seigneur Don Quichotte de la Manche and his faithful squire Sancho Pança. They arrived gravely in the midst of the assembly to take part in the general rejoicings. You would have laughed, I am sure, at the faces of these two people, the funniest I ever saw, particularly that of Sancho, which was worth painting, for we had had the good fortune to find an oddity ready-made for the part, with his jovial face and manner. In trying to get off his donkey he fell to the ground, which at once made everybody die of laughing; after that he went to give his hand to his master so as to help him to get free from Rossinante, which was not easy, for he could not move. He had been provided with a large soup-plate for a buckler and a barber's basin for a helmet. As soon as he had reached the ground he advanced towards the bride with all the gravity of a knight-errant, to sing her a couplet. . . .

"Later on there were donkeys and carts to take us to Pinon, where we ended the day with a *bal champêtre*, from which we only returned at nearly eleven o'clock, and, in spite of the fatigues of so full a day, I cannot go to bed without telling you of all that happened, to compensate myself a little for the untold pleasure I should have felt if you had been here. How you would have contributed to the enjoyment of this little fête by your wit and gaiety! What charming couplets you would have made in the place of all our nonsense, and how happy your poor widow would have been! But we must not think of all that. Let us love each other from the opposite ends of the world, if we are condemned to live apart. I do not know if you are to be answered for, but I answer for myself through life and death, whatever happens."

A fortnight later Madame de Sabran started off with Armand and Delphine for Plombières, and from there they made a delightful expedition into the Vosges. Out on the mountains "Fleur des Champs" was in her element. "You know," she says to the Chevalier, "that on these occasions I am always possessed of superhuman strength, especially when I can go and lose myself in the clouds, and for a few moments get away from this horrid little earth, where so many things distress me." We can see her making her way nimbly up the mountain passes, as Boufflers once described her—"like a little chamois bounding from point to point."

"She was very slim," Monsieur Pierre de Croze tells us, "and her feet were very small—those pretty feet of which her friends spoke so often in their letters. On them she wore only satin slippers, for she had her whims, and would never take to boots. She was one of those fragile women who practise every kind of sport, who seem to have only a breath of life in them, yet who tire out their husbands. In this way she would walk for whole days through the mountains, admiring the beauties of nature and whiling away the tedium of the road by her irresponsible talk, sad or gay, serious or frivolous."

In this passionate love of nature she was far ahead of her day, for it must be remembered that at this period the so-called devotees of the simple life, inspired by Rousseau, preferred, as a rule, to carry on their worship at a distance, and to dream of fields and woodlands in gilded *salons*, beneath painted ceilings. Even in England, where life was far less artificial than in France, the "soul of nature," as Madame de Sabran calls it, was almost undreamt of until ten years later, when the Lake poets arose and Wordsworth began to teach the world his great message. Yet already Madame de Sabran was standing on the mountains of

the Vosges thinking these thoughts that she relates to the Chevalier :

“ In spite of my fatigue, I must tell you, my child, of the loveliest expedition I have ever made in my life, and the most extraordinary. Only think ! we set off at one o'clock in the morning in the most beautiful weather ; the moon was shining with gentle radiance amongst countless stars that gave forth a glittering light. The silence of the night was only broken by the sound of water falling from the rocks, and by a light breeze that gently stirred the pine-trees. This uncertain light that glimmered on the sleeping world showed us now precipices, now the smiling summits of the mountains and the roofs of scattered châteaux, and brought to our souls a peace that I had never felt before. As we went higher it seemed to me that every thing had dwindled so much that one had only to go higher still for them to disappear altogether, and thereupon I felt so vividly the folly of men who set so much value on things so small, and who of their own free will, without regret, deprive themselves of the lovely scenes of nature in order to shut themselves up between thick walls where they do nothing but worry, grow embittered, and decay. I grieved to think that I belonged to so pitiable a race, and I felt something higher within me, uplifting me and making me a part of the scheme of things—*the soul of nature*.

“ From time to time I sat down on the moss to give myself up wholly to my thoughts, whilst my two children [Armand and Delphine] went on ahead, thinking naturally much more of love than of philosophy—each has its own time. We cannot know in spring-time what will happen in summer, autumn, and winter. At their age they only see the flowers, they do not think how long they will last ; they do not think there may be thorns. . . .”

Again that strange note of foreboding ! “ We cannot know in spring-time what will happen in winter ” ! Did she remember the thoughts that rose in her this wonderful September morning when that awful winter

came six short years later . . . ? But now it was spring in their hearts ; tragedy seemed very far away. Even the chill of dawn upon the mountain-top could not damp their spirits. Madame de Sabran shivered as they waited for the sunrise ; but " my two little lovers sat together so close, so close, in the shelter of love that they soon grew warm." The sun rose at last in a blaze of splendour behind the distant snow-peaks and warmed the travellers with its rays. By this time they began to realize that they were extremely hungry, and, looking around them, descried a small chalet on the crest of the mountain. Hunger drove them to the door, where a hospitable peasant received them, and they were soon seated on rough wooden benches breakfasting gaily on new milk, bread and cheese.

" It was then," Madame de Sabran tells the Chevalier, " that I thought of you. How you would have done honour to the frugal meal and filled your poor wife with joy ! I could almost hear and see you, laughing with those great shouts of laughter that I love so much, and saying in a flash a thousand charming things, one more piquant than the other, inspired by the mountain air, the freedom, and simplicity of the surroundings. As for me, I was so happy and light-hearted that I felt as if I had wings, and for nothing in the world would I have finished the journey in a carriage ; so I took the absurd course of going down the mountain on foot, as I had come up, whilst Delphine, wiser than I, went down it in a carriage. My little son-in-law followed me, and we did four good leagues on foot without stopping, and almost without noticing it, so much was I kept up by that enthusiasm that you know I feel when I see new sights."

It was seven in the evening when they reached the inn at Saint-Maurice from which they had started out eighteen hours earlier, during which time they had eaten nothing but bread and cheese ; yet Madame de Sabran was not too tired to sit down and write a letter

of enormous length to the Chevalier whilst waiting for supper.

"Don't you admire," she says to him, "those hidden resources that lie within us like so many reservoirs, whence on extraordinary occasions our souls can draw the power to do all they will with our feeble bodies?"

Some weeks after this she set off on a still stranger expedition.

"I feel so gay and energetic that I am going to undertake a little journey to please my children, who do with me as they like; and which will be the funniest journey in the world. It is a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de Liesse, in which my little devotee is very much interested, for she has read in certain old chronicles that queens went there to find out the secret for having children, and, in spite of her splendid youth and all her husband's love, she thinks this resource is necessary because, after three months of marriage, she is not yet expecting a child. This folly has amused us all very much. . . ."

It was arranged that they were to make the journey like real pilgrims, on foot, braving the weather, whatever it might be. "Those who see us pass will take us for great sinners or for great saints. The truth is that I am quite a lunatic to lend myself, at my age, to such a wild idea."

On the morning of a mild November day the strange cavalcade set forth at eight o'clock from Anizy—Madame de Sabran, Armand and Delphine de Custine, Elzéar, his tutor, a manservant and a maid, followed by a donkey carrying their luggage. Soon after they had started a storm of wind and rain arose which soaked them to the skin; but, nothing daunted, they trudged on to Laon, where they spent the night. Next day they reached Liesse, and there Delphine attended mass and visited the statue of the Holy Virgin around whose neck countless gold and silver hearts were hung—the offerings of the pilgrims. Delphine did not in-

voke her aid in vain, for ten months later a little son was born to her, whom she named Gaston.

Madame de Sabran returned to Paris in the autumn to find the political crisis more than ever acute. In July Calonne had taken flight. Of all the court party, Calonne was no doubt the most to blame for the state of the finances; it was his frivolity that had checked the progress of reforms, it was he who had encouraged the young queen to spend more than the resources of the privy purse allowed, and now at last the king understood the disaster towards which this irresponsible minister was leading him. Boufflers had always been illusioned on the subject of Calonne, and had shown him a friendship that Madame de Sabran declared he was far from returning; she herself distrusted him, and had written with unfeigned relief to tell Boufflers of his departure,¹ yet even she failed to realize that the state of affairs was anything but an interesting subject for conversation. A few days after the flight of Calonne she was at a supper-party at the Comtesse Diane de Polignac's, where the whole of society was assembled. "We spent a very pleasant evening, talking, laughing, and discussing politics."

They talked of the Parliament that was growing more than ever insolent, of the king who attempted to oppose it, of the bankruptcy that lay possibly before them all.

"This," Madame de Sabran admits, "I should mind, for I begin to feel, as I grow old, that money is a good thing. Nevertheless, my child, I would give everything I possess to live, grow old, and die with you—with the certainty that you would never leave me any more; above all, that I should never hear again those cruel farewells that put my soul and body on the rack, and each time take ten years off my life. What are all the riches of this world compared with that close union of two souls made for one another, that

¹ Entry of July 12, 1787.

purify each other in the fire of love, as gold is purified in the crucible? What strength and courage this gives one to face the troubles of life! How easy to do without everything when one already has everything! Love is the philosopher's stone, but there are very few adepts." (Qu'est-ce que tous les biens de ce monde, en comparaison de cette union intime de deux âmes qui se sont formées l'une pour l'autre, et qui s'épurent mutuellement aux feux de l'amour comme l'or dans le creuset? Combien l'on a de force et de courage pour tenir tête à toutes les peines de la vie! qu'il est facile de se passer de tout quand on possède tout! L'amour est la pierre philosophale, mais il y a bien peu d'adeptes.)

If Madame de Sabran allowed herself at times to be carried away by the gaiety of the Polignacs' circle she did not blind herself to the intrigues that prevailed there, and a month later she wrote to tell Boufflers with delight of the new reforms that deprived certain designing people of the power to enrich themselves at the expense of the nation and to the detriment of the king. "The king," she writes, "has just made reforms very distressing to private people but very satisfactory for the public." The royal household was to be reduced, and amongst other court officials that were to be done away with was the Duchesse de Polignac's lover, the Comte de Vaudreuil, who found himself deprived of his post as Grand Falconer. "What an upheaval! On what can one count in this world? . . . What thoughts this gives rise to! How it should cure one of a mania for the Court, and the torments one endures in one's youth only to lay up for oneself a miserable life in one's old age! For it is certainly much more difficult to do without honours and riches when one has had them than when one has never known them."

Her chief anxiety was for the king—the king, of whose goodness to the people she speaks so often.

Already in this year of 1787 the royal authority was being slowly but steadily undermined. "The king

has held a 'bed of justice' at Versailles," Madame de Sabran goes on to say in the same letter, and she adds that, when the new edicts were passed and the news was called out in the streets of Paris, "they did not dare to say, 'Edicts of the king!' because the Parliament had forbidden it, so they cried, 'Voilà du nouveau donné tout à l'heure!' All this is very distressing to a good citizeness like myself, who dearly loves her king and her country with all her heart, and seriously, it is very disquieting. This is a moment of violent crisis, and it is to be feared that, amidst all this hubbub, the Parliament will set the four corners of the kingdom in a blaze. You are more at peace in your other world in the midst of lions and tigers, for they are lambs compared to our 'gentlemen.'"

In the month of November the Chevalier de Boufflers started home for the last time from Senegal. Madame de Sabran awaited his return with all the agony of suspense she had endured at the end of his first voyage. It was her destiny never to find peace of mind in this love of hers; still, after ten years, she doubted the Chevalier's power of constancy, dreaded that the day might come when he would break the tie that in her heart she regarded as a sin.

Some women can sin gaily; others, for whom passion proves too strong, sin in the bitterness of their hearts—to them the primrose path is a path of thorns. Even in that old France that we are accustomed to regard as frankly pagan in its morality, there were women to whom the loss of their virtue was a matter for repentance in dust and ashes. If there were Montespons and Pompadours, there were also la Vallières and de Maillys.¹

¹ It is told of Madame de Mailly, the woman who first led Louis XV into sin, that, after she had left the splendours of Versailles, she spent the rest of her days in prayer and humility. One day, as she entered the church of Saint-Sulpice to pray, a man in the crowd called her by an insulting name. "Ah! sir," she said, turning her lovely face gently towards him; "since you know me, have pity and pray God for me!"

So Madame de Sabran, *grande amoureuse* that she was, had given up everything for love, yet there were moments when she looked on this *liaison* as a sin, moments when she felt as she describes in the words she wrote to the Chevalier this November, which tell so vividly the tortures of her soul. She begins on a note of mocking tenderness with a laughing picture of their old age together, of the Chevalier grown querulous and gouty refusing the remedies she offers him, furious at her efforts to soothe him, yawning at her efforts to amuse him. Then suddenly she breaks into this passionate lament :

"Oh vanity of vanities ! all is vanity except loving and serving you. . . . You are my God ; I know no other ! If I had suffered for the Other the thousandth part of what I have suffered for you I should be sure of Paradise and the martyr's palm. I have chosen ill, no doubt, since I bound myself to a fickle and capricious master who cannot see in the depths of my heart all the love I have for him, nor can find the like measure in his own, and whose reward is to leave me to my weakness just when I most need support and consolation. But the fault is that of the gods who created me so foolish, and gave me a heart only made for loving you. Good-bye, dear, very dear tyrant of my life, such is my madness that I prefer all the grief you cause me to all the pleasures I might have in this world and the next. Yes, I love you as no one has ever loved—so much that I am astounded at myself."

(O vanité des vanités ! tout n'est que vanité, hors t'aimer et te servir. Salomon dit mieux que cela ; mais tu es mon dieu, je n'en connais point d'autre. Si j'avais souffert pour l'autre la millièrne partie de ce que j'ai souffert pour toi, je serais sûre d'être en paradis avec la palme du martyre. J'ai mal choisi sans doute, puisque je me suis attachée à un maître léger, capricieux, qui ne peut voir au fond de mon cœur toute la tendresse que j'ai pour lui, ni n'en peut trouver la mesure dans le sien, et dont la récompense est de m'abandonner à toute ma faiblesse dans le

moment où j'aurais le plus besoin d'appui et de consolation. Mais la faute est aux dieux, qui me créèrent si folle et me donnèrent un cœur fait uniquement pour t'aimer. Adieu, cher et bien cher tyran de mes jours ; ma folie est telle que je préfère les peines que tu me causes à tous les plaisirs qu'on peut goûter dans ce monde et dans l'autre. Oui, je t'aime comme on n'aima jamais, au point de m'en étonner moi-même.)

For more than six weeks she waited in Paris for the news of his return ; it was not till December 29 that she heard at last he had disembarked at La Rochelle. From the ship he had written gaily to his sister, announcing his arrival :

" Listen, my Boisgelin ; I arrive Tuesday evening in the vessel of a corsair who was shipwrecked and only saved himself. I know that I have in Paris neither shirt nor powder nor pommade nor carriage nor horses nor money nor credit. Arrange that I may find everything that I shall need ; borrow two or three shirts with lace ruffles. I think I have some coats, so I shall not want your dresses—all the rest will get on as best it can. . . ."

He had reached land safely—in a few days he would be in Paris, and the last long parting over. The joy and the suspense were almost more than Madame de Sabran could bear. " If I die now, what matter, since I can die in your arms ! . . ."

Another day passed, the last day of the year, and still he was not here. " The year ends without you and the next begins. I had hoped that you would have arranged to be here and the first to come and wish that I may find it happy ; but I must give this up and wait with impatience in the most cruel uncertainty, and this is the hardest of all to bear."

Even as she wrote he was on his way to her. Next day, the first day of the New Year, she was in his arms. The long wait was over, they were together again, with no further partings in prospect. What was this new year to bring them ?

BOOK III

THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

MUTTERINGS OF THE STORM

THE Chevalier de Boufflers, on his return to Paris in January 1788, found, as Madame de Sabran had described, "une fermentation épouvantable dans tous les esprits"; but, with his habitual sanguineness, he regarded this merely as a progressive symptom, the herald of that golden age for which they had all been waiting. By way of furthering the cause of liberty, he now embarked on a crusade in the *salons* in the interests of the oppressed negroes of West Africa; at the Hôtel de Rochefoucauld, at the Duchesse d'Enville's, and, above all, in the *salon* of Madame de Staël, who had become one of his greatest friends, Boufflers soon became known as the leading "négrophile" of his day. There were many others of his world who joined with him in his detestation of the Slave-trade, and these "gentils-hommes négrophiles," as they were called, formed themselves into a club which met at the Hôtel de Massiac. Amongst the members was to be found the Chevalier de Mauduis, who specialized on behalf of the negroes of Saint-Domingo—by whom he was murdered a few years later. On the surface the life of Paris continued much as usual, and we read of a brilliant fête given this summer by the old Duc de Nivernais at Saint-Ouen in honour of Prince Henry of Prussia, now in France for the second time. One golden summer's day a stream

of carriages of glass and gilded coaches, of gay gallants on horseback, were to be seen making their way along the road from Paris to the duke's magnificent castle on the banks of the Seine. All the different worlds of Paris—artists, poets, authors, distinguished soldiers, whom the duke had loved to gather round him in the Rue de Tournon—were represented at this entertainment, of which the *pièce de résistance* was a *proverbe* entitled “Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps,” composed by the Duc de Nivernais and the Chevalier de Boufflers in honour of the prince. Madame de Sabran, whom the prince admired more than any woman in France, was one of the principal guests, whilst Boufflers, helping the duke to do the honours of Saint-Ouen, had, for the day, laid political reforms aside and thrown himself into the rôle that twenty years earlier had made him the rage of Paris. To-day, for the last time, we see him as the brilliant Chevalier with his ready wit, his sparkling *bons mots*, and his infectious gaiety; to-day, for the last time, we see them all—these people whose fortunes we have followed through the last years of the monarchy—Madame de Sabran happy with her lover, Delphine and her young husband, the dear old duke with his life-long friend, the Maréchale de Mirepoix—gracious, gay, and smiling, as they wander over the smooth lawns of the château and watch the silver line of the Seine wandering away to the distance, all heedless of the coming storm.¹

Over their heads the clouds are gathering, from the distance comes the roll of drums. The pastoral comedy is ended, and the tragedy is about to begin.

In reading descriptions of France just before the Revolution it is curious to notice the resemblance to our own country before the great war. There were the same forces at work in the nation—irresponsible

¹ For a description of this fête see “Le Duc de Nivernais,” by Lucien Perey.

politicians stirring up class hatred and attacking the mild ruling caste of their own land, whilst fawning at the feet of foreign autocrats; middle-class writers showing up the sins of society, yet craving for the favours of the great; disappointed women of society proclaiming themselves Socialists, and noble lords striving to win popularity with the mob by disparagement of their own kind. There were prophets of all kinds of creeds—of free love, of the simple life; there was the same talk of equality, of pacificism, of universal brotherhood that our social reformers of to-day propound with all the air of a discovery. Above all, there was the same spirit of unreasoning optimism, an optimism founded on no sane consciousness of good work accomplished, of wise measures adopted that should in time bear fruit, but an optimism inspired by a wild enthusiasm for untried schemes, by a belief in a coming millennium when, as if by magic, all men would suddenly become free and happy and all the inequalities of fate would vanish. Everything, these optimists decided, must be changed, and changed immediately; for reforms that take time to effect—the only reforms that last—they had no sympathy. The happiness of the human race they believed, as Socialists believe to-day, was simply a matter of just legislation. The idler, the drunkard, and the wastrel should all share the good things of life equally with the man of intellect, with the sober, and the laborious. Had not Rousseau declared that all men were born equal? It must, therefore, be the fault of the system if the idler idled, if the drunkard drank, and the wastrel squandered his substance. Change the system, and the human race would automatically readjust itself to the benevolent scheme of nature.

For, of course, human nature was fundamentally *good*—above all, that portion of the race known as “the People.” Of this fact, as Taine has pointed out, all these visionaries were firmly convinced, as are those of

to-day who invariably take it for granted that the man of the people has only to have a thing explained to him for him to see it, his duty pointed out to him for him to do it.

This being so, a system of legislation for human beings should be as simple as cultivating a field of potatoes; one has only to provide the right soil, the right manure, the right attention, and—given a favourable season—a perfect crop should ensue. One allows for no vagaries in individual potatoes, and the Socialist, in drafting schemes for reform, allows for none in human beings, but proceeds with the calm assurance of the market-gardener making his plans for the welfare of his crops. At this rate the millennial age should be easy of attainment. So thought the optimists of 1788 when they looked forward to the future.

The Chevalier de Boufflers, though infinitely saner, and with a sounder substratum of common sense than most of his contemporaries, was no less an optimist than they were. True, his optimism was founded on practical schemes for reform, yet he too was inclined to believe that nothing short of "a revolution" could bring them about. "J'ai toujours eu la fantaisie des révolutions!" he had written nearly twenty years earlier, and still to his mind the idea of a revolution presented little that was alarming. "We were all novices," said the Comte de Vaudreuil, looking back on this period; "we had never seen any revolutions. It is very easy to think of putting up embankments the day after a flood, but who thinks of it the day before?"

The Comte de Vaudreuil, says his biographer, Monsieur Pingaud, "owed all that he was to the Court, but no sooner had he thrown off, like a gala dress, this artificial existence than he became again a man of nature, and indulged in wonderful dreams of the future, or rather, aided by the imagination of others, looked back to the day of primitive equality and the golden age."

These words exactly describe the attitude of those

gentilshommes démocrates who at the beginning of the Revolution included, besides the Chevalier de Boufflers and the Comte de Vaudreuil, such men as the Ducs de Rochefoucauld and d'Aiguillon, the Marquis de Mirabeau, Lafayette, Charles and Mathieu de Lameth, the Comte de Virièu, the brothers Trudaine, the General Beauharnais and the de Custines. "Then, as now," Monsieur Gustave le Bon truly remarks, "it was amongst those most favoured by fortune that the most ardent reformers were to be found."

Nor were the nobility, as a whole, opposed to progress and reform. This point must be emphasized, at the cost of a digression, if Madame de Sabran's attitude towards the Revolution is to be understood, for otherwise her views, so remarkable for their insight, might appear to be those of an obstructionist.

Now at this date the great majority of the nobles were neither rich nor powerful; out of about a thousand really old families, says the Duc de Levis, "only two or three hundred had escaped the misfortunes of indigence." In Paris and in all the large towns, the commercial section of society was the wealthiest, and it was these *nouveaux riches* and the recently ennobled who were the most tenacious of their newly acquired privileges. Amongst the old nobility who had retained their wealth the spirit of philanthropy had, as we have seen, made great progress, and there were many *grands seigneurs* who cared for the welfare of the dwellers on their lands. Boufflers' uncle, the Prince de Beauvau, gave away large sums and himself visited the poor in their homes¹; the Prince de Condé was adored by the people of Chantilly²; the Duc de Penthièvre was known as the "father of the poor," and with his equerry Florian devoted his time to seeking out cases of distress and relieving them,³ whilst his

¹ "Mémoires du Prince de Beauvau," p. 137.

² "Mémoires de Madame Vigée le Brun," p. 97.

³ "La Princesse de Lamballe," by M. de Lencure.

daughter-in-law, the Princesse de Lamballe, was known as the "good angel" on his estates. Writing of the Duc de Liancourt, Lacretelle says: "The thought of the poor, of prisoners, and the sick was the first to occupy this happy man," and Arthur Young confirms this statement in an enthusiastic description of the schools and industries established by the duke.¹

"In 1789," says Taine, "the upper class was not unworthy [of power] . . . never had the aristocracy been more liberal, more humane, more in sympathy with useful reforms. . . . I have read in the original many hundreds of inquiries in manuscript, and I have nearly always admired the humanity of the nobles, their forbearance, and their horror of bloodshed. Not only many have hearts and all have honour, but, having been brought up on the philosophy of the eighteenth century, they are gentle and feeling—violence is repugnant to them." This verdict is confirmed by Burke, who travelled in France just before the Revolution: "All this violent cry against the nobility I take to be a mere work of art." And again: "I found your nobility, for the greater part, composed of men of high spirit, and of a delicate sense of honour. . . . As to their behaviour to the inferior classes, they appeared to me to comport themselves towards them with good-nature, and with something more nearly approaching to familiarity, than is generally practised with us in the intercourse between the higher and lower ranks of life. To strike any person, even in the most abject condition, was a thing in a manner unknown, and would be highly disgraceful. Instances of other ill-treatment of the humble part of the community were rare. . . ."

Yet in popular English literature to-day we read of the nobles of France in the time of Louis XVI "beating the peasants like dogs," and entirely indifferent to their sufferings. These strange errors that exist in England

¹ Arthur Young's "Travels in France," p. 83.

on the subject of the French Revolution are, no doubt, largely attributable to Carlyle; but one has only to compare Carlyle's accounts with contemporary evidence or the writings of reliable French historians in order to discover that his strong democratic bias led him continually into misrepresentations or suppressions of the truth.¹ Thus Arthur Young, whom Carlyle quotes, or rather misquotes, perpetually in support of his theories, was far from being the rabid "anti-aristocrat" Carlyle makes him appear; never once in his accounts of his travels in France does Young give an instance of any act of cruelty on the part of a noble, and the main charge he brings against the nobility was that of absenting themselves from their estates. In La Vendée, le Bocage, Anjou, and Poitou, where the *seigneurs* lived on their lands, the Revolution could make no headway, but it flourished in districts where the landowners left their property in the hands of *intendants* who ground down the people.

Still greater offenders were the *fermiers-généraux*, as an illuminating letter from Madame de Sabran to the Chevalier de Boufflers shows us, and at the same time reveals the attitude of the more enlightened aristocrats towards such oppressions.

Madame de Sabran had stopped one day, on her way to Valenciennes, to visit the ruined château of the Ducs de Guise, and, on going down into the dungeons, found them to be full of prisoners:

"The farmer-generals," she says, "whose way of administering justice is often very unjust, have turned a part of them into prisons in which for months, and perhaps years, they leave unhappy people to groan in misery who have committed no other crime than trying to gather up a few crumbs that fall from their tables. What harm, indeed, can these poor things do to messieurs the farmer-generals, by smuggling a little salt or tobacco so as to have a few sous to exchange

¹ The question of Carlyle's veracity is dealt with more fully in the Appendix, p. 425.

Je perds souvent un petit mot de toi, mais
mon enfant, mais tes nouvelles, et 4 jours
d'absence et quel lieu de distance m'est déjà
absent de toi. J'espère que tu n'es pas de même
de ta pauvre femme. Tu es la nuit
partout, mais il est très-comme moi. Tu es
souvent dans la nuit. Tu es la nuit
car je t'assure que je fais tes misères
de toi. Je t'ai sentie de même. Je t'ai sentie
et je t'ai sentie affligée de la même
manière en la voyant.

J'ai trouvé en un monde épouvantable
que me force malgré moi à l'oublier. Tu es
parce que de montagne y tait un fort
grand état, mais l'agitation y fait les beaux

AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM THE COMTESSE DE SABRAN TO THE
CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.



for bread wherewith to feed their wives and children ? I was very much distressed on their account, and asked them a hundred different questions so as to find out all about them ; amongst others I questioned was a little orphan of fourteen, beautiful as the day, and some good old women, for they are shown no more mercy than the rest. I wrote down their names on my tablets, and to-morrow I mean to write a fine letter to the fat Seigneur Varanchan ¹ in the hope of touching his heart and obtaining their pardon. If he refuses I shall fall out with him, as with a man who has neither heart nor mind."

Then, as always, the worst oppressors of the poor were the men who sprang from their own class or the one immediately above them. The "gros Seigneur Varanchan" was not an aristocrat, nor were the agents and bailiffs of the nobles who often lined their pockets with money wrung from the peasants on their employers' estates. "The proprietors of fiefs and of manorial rights," the revolutionary Duc d'Aiguillon stated to the National Assembly, "are only very seldom guilty of the excesses about which their vassals complain ; but their men of business are often without pity."

Thus, in the case of the Duc de Nivernais, kindest and best of men, a complaint was sent up to Parliament with regard to the state of affairs existing on his estates in Nevers ; but the whole cause of the trouble was the "unbelievable harshness" of his agents, and an appeal was made to the duke himself, whose "douce vertus," says the Comte de Beugnot, "were a contrast to the acerbity of his *intendants*."²

From the first the Duc de Nivernais had thrown himself into the movement for reform. Though now seventy-two, and very infirm, he had taken his place the year before in the Assembly of Notables, leaving his peaceful retreat at Saint-Ouen in order to be able to concentrate all his energies on his work.

¹ I have looked in vain for the name of Seigneur Varanchan amongst the farmer-generals condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal !

² "Mémoires du Comte de Beugnot," p. 22.

The duke was what might be called a "progressive Conservative," nor is this the contradiction in terms it may appear. "I ask," he wrote to the Assembly, "that the diseases of the old political constitution should be cured by a treatment and remedies suited not only to the disease, but to the temperament. . . ." He realized the immense caution with which the cure must be applied, and the folly of putting into practice Utopian schemes that worked splendidly on paper, but were useless when applied to human beings :

"It is easy to draft on paper great changes, great innovations, for the paper offers no resistance. It is a great deal easier to write books than to govern men, to make the plan of a new administration than to uphold an old administration without deviating from the forms of which it is made up and yet without leaving in existence the abuses that have found their way into it."

There was so much in this old France that was worth preserving! The prestige of a monarchy that for fourteen hundred years had held unbroken sway ; the passionate loyalty of a romantic nation for its king ; the splendour of a Court that for centuries had formed the centre of the world's civilization ; the traditions of an old nobility whose reputation for wit and charm and learning had made it the admiration of the world.

In order to ensure the liberty and well-being of the people, was it necessary that all these things should be swept away ? The Duc de Nivernais did not think so, nor did Madame de Sabran, nor have the sanest brains of posterity judged it necessary. It was not necessary in our own country.

It must be remembered that at this date the condition of the poor in every country was far from enviable, and the administration of justice, as we understand it, was almost in its infancy. Even in England, which was regarded as the freest country in the world, men at this period were hanged for stealing a sheep, transported

for life for trifling offences, lunatics were treated as criminals, and life in general was conducted with a harshness that we of a humaner age can scarcely imagine. We needed, however, no revolution, but merely an increase of civilization to put an end to these brutalities. Our reforms came, as the most lasting reforms will always come, from the very class that Socialism seeks to destroy ; they originated, not in the heated brains of demagogues, but in the calm intellects of men who had nothing themselves to gain by their introduction.

Such were the men who composed the disinterested band of *gentilshommes démocrates* in 1788, and such was the spirit that inspired the nobility to assemble at the Louvre on December 20 of this year, and address the king stating their intention of renouncing their pecuniary privileges—a resolution they carried out seven months later.

It was still in the *salons* that revolutionary doctrines were mainly propagated. There were *salons* of all shades of opinion—*salons* like Madame de Staël's that were enlightened and progressive, like the Duchesse de Coigny's that talked petty treason, others that openly clamoured for democracy.

Madame de Sabran's *salon* was the most peaceful of the reactionary centres—the meeting-place of those who desired reformation but not revolution. With growing anxiety she saw one after another of her circle falling a victim to the prevailing spirit of unrest. Far from blind herself to the abuses of the old régime, she nevertheless realized that a corrupt system such as had existed under Louis XV could not be remodelled in a moment. Passionately loyal to Louis XVI, she understood the immense difficulty of the task with which he had been confronted on his accession. "Only great genius," says de Tocqueville, "can save a prince who undertakes to relieve his people after a long period of oppression." In other words, it is easy to keep a people down

under an iron heel, but it needed a greater man than Louis XVI to lift the iron heel without causing a disastrous upheaval. Yet this was precisely what the unhappy king had, from the beginning of his reign, endeavoured to do. In Turgot he believed rightly that he had found a minister with the interests of the people at heart. "Only you and I, Monsieur Turgot," he had said thirteen years earlier, "really love the people." But the people, misled by agitators, had insisted on the dismissal of Turgot and clamoured for Necker.¹

In spite of these discouragements, Louis XVI had nevertheless accomplished much. More reforms had already been effected during the fourteen years of his reign than in the whole century preceding it. Torture had been abolished, the prison system reformed, the right of *mainmorte* suppressed, *lettres de cachet* had been, from the moment of his accession, reduced to nearly nothing. At every opportunity the king had shown himself in sympathy with schemes for the greater happiness of his people.

The return of Necker at the end of the summer was hailed with joy by that portion of the nation who hoped for a peaceful settlement of the financial crisis. In their opinion the brain of the Genevese banker was all that was needed to deal with the grave problem of the deficit, which, as we have already seen, was due largely to the expenses incurred by France in the American War.

Madame de Sabran was amongst the sanguine people who hoped for great things from the advent of Necker :

"My politics are in accord with the general opinion, and I rejoice to see the only man capable of putting France to rights again, of seconding the excellent intentions of our good king, and of enabling him to enjoy the happiness he deserves in restoring hope and tranquillity to his people. A less powerful brain than that of Monsieur Necker might shrink from so great a task

¹ See Appendix, p. 426.

of which the threads are so entangled that it will take him some time to find his way amongst them. But it seems that this is not beyond his powers, and if he does not succeed we must believe that it is impossible. Madame de Staël must be intoxicated with delight. . . ."

The Chevalier de Boufflers was no less convinced that all would now be well. On December 9 he was received as a member of the Académie, an event that created so great a sensation in Paris that free fights took place in the doorways to gain admittance, and the Swiss guards, armed with halberds, were obliged to separate the combatants. His speech on his reception was of immense length, and would certainly tax the patience of the modern mind, but in those unhurried days long periods were *de rigueur*, and no one shared the Marquise de Boufflers' opinion that "to be long-winded is absurd." The Chevalier's remarks on "clearness in style" were listened to with rapture by his audience, but, excellent as these are, the chief interest of the discourse lies to us in the political views it expresses, the pathetic hopefulness displayed towards the coming "regeneration." Beginning with a description of the West African natives still awaiting the enlightenment of civilization, he ends by hailing the dawn of liberty in France, the new era inaugurated by the king in recalling Necker, and in declaring his intention of summoning the States-General "as the good father of a family would call advisers round him to consult on the welfare of his children.

"Such profound goodness of heart," he cries, "such noble desires, such generous designs will never fail; he will see them repaid with greater glory than a king has ever acquired before, by greater happiness than a king has ever given." The monarchy of France, Boufflers believes, is destined to rise like a phoenix above transitory disturbances, to prove itself "the most glorious and most lasting of monarchies on the eve of regeneration."

Tragic illusionment shared by too many generous

minds at this critical moment, shared even by the king himself, who from the first lent his support to the work of reformation and by following the advice of Necker "put himself at the head of a conspiracy against the monarchy which he sacrificed in the hope of making his subjects happier."¹ The trouble with them all, from the king downwards, was that they had too rudimentary ideas of organization. All were in earnest, but none knew precisely how to set to work. Many were visionaries—fired by the example of ancient Greece and Rome, they saw themselves, as Lacretelle describes, "in the midst of Athenians of the time of Pericles and Plato . . . enlightened by a philosophy that shone not only for one brilliant city, but for the whole human race." "I sighed when I thought of Athens," wrote Madame Roland, "there as well I could have admired the fine arts, without being grieved by the sight of despotism. I walked in imagination in Greece, I watched the Olympic games, and I pitied myself for being French."

The same obsession had taken hold of the mind of the Chevalier de Boufflers. Ten years earlier he had written the words: "I was born for other times, other places, other laws. I feel that in Athens, or even in Sparta, I should have been worth something." In his second speech at the Académie the year after his reception, we shall see to what an extent this conviction had developed in his mind. Unfortunately, like most of his contemporaries, he did not follow the precept enforced by the greatest among the philosophers he admired so passionately, the precept: *Γνῶθι σεαυτόν* (Know thyself!). He imagined, as they each imagined, that he was born for great events, to take part in tremendous crises, whilst in reality he possessed only the gifts that could prove effectual in a time of law and order. As a member of the British House of Commons proposing reforms to a calm and essentially law-abiding nation he would have been the right man in the right

¹ "Souvenirs et portraits," by the Duc de Levis, p. 53.

place; but in France of 1788 polished oratory was little in demand outside the precincts of the Académie.

Boufflers' friends, however, were convinced of his talents as a politician, and the Comte de Ségur, writing from St. Petersburg to congratulate him on his speech, urges him to lose no time in embarking on a political career instead of returning to the army :

" The Revolution now taking place in France offers you a wider field and one more worthy of your celebrity. . . . This is the moment when you ought to shine, when your enemies should be silent, and your friends should congratulate you. . . . "

At the time this letter was written Boufflers had already taken his place in the Parliament and his great desire was now to be elected a member of the States-General that were to meet the following spring for the first time in 175 years and redress all the wrongs from which France was suffering. With this object he went to Lorraine and offered himself to represent the *noblesse* as member for Nancy. In spite of the serious nature of his mission Boufflers sets about it with characteristic light-heartedness ; he writes to his sister, whom he apostrophizes as " my obelisk, my Egyptian pyramid ! " to thank her for the efforts she has made on behalf of his election and ends the letter quite in his old style : " I will not kiss the bishop for you, as you appear to ask me, because he has a heavy cold, but I will tell him that you love him well, and that will be as good as a large stick of *pâte de guimauve* to him. Good-bye, my dear girl ; I love you from end to end, and that is a long way, even without your coiffure." At last, in April, just a month before the opening of the States-General, he is able to write and announce to her the good news of his election : " Enfin, ma chère enfant, ils m'ont élu ! "

Boufflers was enchanted, and, for all his surface gaiety, took his political duties very seriously. All through his varied life, through even the wildest years of his irre-

sponsible youth, ideals of liberty and justice had fired his imagination ; one day, he had always told himself, he would be able to do great things for humanity, strike some great blow for freedom, and this hope had inspired all the adventures through which he had passed. So it had been when, as an impulsive boy, he had rushed to the scene of Paoli's revolution in Corsica, later to the rescue of the oppressed Poles, and when he had striven in Senegal to better the conditions of the negroes. The Revolution that was beginning in France seemed to him now the great event to which all these minor efforts had been leading up ; the chance for which he had been waiting had come at last. His own country was to be regenerated, and he was to do his share in the splendid work ! What wonder that the Chevalier glowed with pride and enthusiasm ?

But Madame de Sabran, whilst valiantly endeavouring not to damp Boufflers' ardour, was unable to share his optimism with regard to the future. The growing disturbances in Paris had shaken her faith in Necker, and from the first she distrusted Mirabeau, whom she describes as " this modern Catilina." " So let us arm ourselves with courage," she writes to Boufflers at this moment ; " the storm will soon burst over us. Let Versailles and the good city of Paris beware ! There have been certain mutterings the last few days that seem like the precursors of great events."

Both Madame de Sabran and the Duc de Nivernais looked forward with foreboding to the opening of the States-General. The old duke had resolutely opposed the convocation of this heterogeneous assembly, with its ill-chosen representatives of the people—many of them, debased hirelings of the Duc d'Orléans—out-numbering the representatives of both the nobility and clergy put together. To give power into the hands of such men would be, the duke declared, like placing a loaded gun in the hands of a child.

By the greater part of the community, however, the

meeting of the States-General was hailed with rapture as the beginning of the millennial age, and the Marquis de Créquy, in some amusing verses, expressed the popular feeling on the subject :

“ Enfin, les beaux jours de la France
Ont ranimé notre espérance
Et vont apaiser tous nos maux :
Vivent les États-Généraux !
Le soleil ne luit pas encore ;
Mais déjà la brillante aurore
S'apprête à dorer nos coteaux,
Vivent les États-Généraux !

“ Plus de Clergé, plus de Noblesse,
Plus de Baron, plus de Duchesse,
Nous allons tous être égaux ;
Vivent les États-Généraux !
Chacun gardera son hommage
Pour les vertus et le courage
Des Lameth et des Mirabeaux,
Vivent les États-Généraux !

“ Le vigneron chez un Ministre,
Chez Maman, comme chez un cuistre,
Viendra sans quitter ses sabots ;
Vivent les États-Généraux !
Et bientôt la poissarde, assise
A la table de la Marquise,
Y reverra ses maquereaux ;
Vivent les États-Généraux !

“ Toutes les femmes seront belles,
Tous les époux seront fidèles,
Tous les amis francs et loyaux ;
Vivent les États-Généraux !
Les mœurs vont régner dans nos villes,
La paix dans nos districts dociles,
La vérité dans nos journaux :
Vivent les États-Généraux !

“ Plus de commis, plus de gabelles,
Plus de procès ni de querelles,
Plus de misère et plus d'impôts ;
Vivent les États-Généraux !
Chacun vivra dans l'abondance,
Chacun pourra faire bombance,
Ah ! que de poules dans les pots !
Vivent les États-Généraux ! ”

The great day, May 4, dawned calm and serene and the sun shone down from a cloudless sky on the last march-past of the representatives of France's ancient splendour.

What must have been the feelings of Madame de Sabran as she looked on at the procession? Unfortunately, we have no record, for at this moment a break occurs in the correspondence; but it is almost certain that she was at Versailles on that memorable day, the first day of the Revolution, in which all those belonging to her played prominent parts. For not only was the Chevalier elected to represent the nobility for Nancy, but also the *beau-père*, General de Custine, was returned as member for Metz, whilst his son-in-law, the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, was master of the ceremonies. Madame de Sabran must, therefore, inevitably have taken her place amongst the great ladies who watched with mingled emotions the long procession wending its way to the church of Saint Louis to ask the blessing of God on their enterprise—God, who as “the first aristocrat,”¹ was the first to be dethroned. On they came, that dazzling throng of king and nobles, through the gaily decorated streets hung with ancient tapestries, crowded with merry-makers, with women in their brightest dresses grouped on balconies and house-tops, with bands playing and trumpets blowing; Louis XVI, trudging heavily, as was his wont, his homely face lit up in sympathy with the rejoicings of his people; the queen at his side, sad but majestic.

I think that, in looking at these two, the heart of Madame de Sabran must have been filled with an immense pity. She must have seen the king in all his unconscious pathos, with his simple trust in the good-will of his people, his ardent desire to make them happy, yet with his total inability to strike the heroic attitude that would win the applause of the multitude. Even

¹ “Dieu, comme étant le premier aristocrate, en souffrit tout de suite.”—
THE PRINCE DE LIGNE.



LES ÉTATS GÉNÉRAUX.



at this supreme moment, in his royal attire, with the order of the *cordon bleu* and flashing diamonds, he could not look kingly ; his tragedy was that of a noble soul pent in a common body, expressed by a halting mind.

The queen, for all her dignity, was no less pathetic. As Madame de Sabran's eyes rested on her stately figure she must have seen in her the mother rather than the queen. Hitherto it had always been in the matter of their children that these two women, so intellectually apart, had met and sympathized, and to-day the gentle Eléonore realized, perhaps, more vividly than any one else in that gay crowd the agony that lay behind the queen's efforts to smile and that flashed out uncontrollably at one moment as she raised her eyes to the balcony where lay a dying child—the little Dauphin whose birth had been hailed with the wildest acclamations, only eight years ago, by the nation that now seemed hardly to notice that he was passing from the world. "A la mort de mon pauvre cher dauphin," the queen wrote sadly a year later, "la nation n'a pas seulement eu l'air de s'en apercevoir."

In front of the king and queen came the glittering throng of the nobility, two hundred and seventy loyal gentlemen of France, who, true to their traditions, had come forward in their country's hour of need to do battle this time with no foreign foe, but to aid the cause of liberty. In solemn procession they walked past, these bearers of ancient names, with the May sun shining on their gold-embroidered tunics of black cloth, on the glossy plumes of their black hats, on the lace of their ruffles and the diamond buckles flashing on their shoes. Amongst them walked the fiery general, Adam Philippe, Comte de Custine, and there, too, Stanislas de Boufflers, no longer, for all his gallant attire, the gay Chevalier, but an earnest deputy, his mocking mouth set firmly, his laughing eyes grown stern with purpose as he entered on his new rôle—defender of the rights of the people.

But the spectacle that to-day most thrilled the multitude was that far larger contingent heading the procession—the six hundred black-clad figures, unrelieved by golden trappings, the members of the *Tiers État*.

Boufflers' friend, Madame de Staël, looking down at this sinister assemblage from the balcony where she was seated with Madame de Montmorin, the wife of the minister for foreign affairs, could hardly contain her delight. At last the efforts of that great man, her father, had been rewarded—the day of liberty had dawned, the people had come into its own! "Vive Necker!" cry the populace, and the heart of Madame de Staël swells with filial pride.

She turns to Madame de Montmorin with a glowing face :

" Ah ! madame, how I rejoice to see this day ! "

And, like a sudden cut with cold steel, comes back the strange reply : " Madame, you are wrong to rejoice, for all this will result in great disasters, both for France and for us."

Even the complacent Madame de Staël was startled—a cold shiver ran through her at the words she was destined to remember, one terrible September day, three years later, when she found herself face to face with some of these very people whom to-day was to set free, women drunk with wine and blood, men armed with pikes ready to run through the breast of the daughter of Necker—Necker, whom to-day they hailed as their saviour ! That same September day perished the husband of Madame de Montmorin at the hands of the assassins at the Abbaye, whilst she herself lived on to meet death on the scaffold with one of her sons. Her eldest daughter died in prison, her youngest of a broken heart.

So was this strange prophecy terribly fulfilled.

The rejoicings of Madame de Staël were founded on the belief that in the *Tiers État* were to be seen the

representatives of the people. Unhappily, however, the Tiers État were not representative of the people, but of the *bourgeoisie*; had they included more members of the working class—labour members, as we should say to-day—"the People" might be said to have come into its own; such men, unversed in flowers of rhetoric, could have introduced an element of practical common sense into the Assembly, and have expressed the people's sufferings in plain, unvarnished speech. But this was not so; amongst the 621 deputies of the Tiers État were only 40 members of the working class; the rest were men of letters, merchants, business men, but above all, *lawyers*—no less than 360 small solicitors with minds attuned to the tortuous verbiage of their profession who proceeded to bring the same methods to bear on affairs of State. Between the aristocracy and the people, as the Economists had seen, there is a certain natural affinity, but between the people and such men as these, little real sympathy existed. "Ils sont au fond," says Monsieur Louis Madelin, "tout ce qu'il y a de moins démocrates, n'éprouvant pour le petit peuple qu'un mépris mêlé de peur." So, if we examine the records of the day we shall find in the utterances of the Tiers État far less feeling for the sufferings of the poor than for their own sufferings at the hands of the aristocracy. As Rivarol expressed it: "It is neither taxes nor *lettres de cachet*, nor all the other abuses of authority; it is not the vexations of *intendants* and the ruinous delays of justice that have most irritated the nation: it is the prejudice of the nobility, against which it has manifested the greatest hatred."¹ It was not the nation, however, but the *bourgeoisie* whose resentment was aroused, whose wounded vanity was manifested at every turn

¹ "Rivarol et la Société Française," by de Lescure, p. 212. Joseph Droz confirms this verdict: "Les privilèges onéreux des premiers ordres froissaient le Tiers État; mais le sentiment qu'il éprouvait était moins la haine que l'envie, et le désir des familles bourgeoises était d'acquiescer un jour la noblesse. . . ." ("Le Règne de Louis XVI," vol. i. p. 113).

throughout the Revolution—Mirabeau still smarted from the rebuffs he had received at the hands of society from which his immoralities had made him an outcast; Robespierre could not forgive his position of obscurity on his arrival in Paris¹; Saint-Just had not forgotten the splendour of a neighbouring noble in his birthplace²; Carrier and Marat remembered with irritation having occupied subordinate positions under noble lords³; and later, Madame Roland was to wreak her vengeance on the Court at which she had raged to find herself a person of no importance.⁴

After the meeting of the States-General the tide of revolution rose steadily higher. All through the spring riots were continually taking place in Paris and the provinces, led by men of sinister appearance, armed with thick sticks, whose identity remained a mystery. Still more mysterious was the influence that provoked these outbreaks against which the old order seemed powerless to contend. The *bourgeois* lived in dread of these hordes of brigands. To add to the trouble, famine—always a recurring evil during the preceding centuries in France—had returned this year with more than usual severity.

Now, since the famished condition of the people has been made the ground by all pro-revolutionists—notably Carlyle—on which all popular excesses are to be condoned, it is important to understand the real causes of the famine. Primarily it was due to a bad harvest, the result of long drought during the summer of 1788 and of a terrific hailstorm that destroyed the crops for miles round Paris. These disasters were followed by an exceptionally hard winter. There was, therefore,

¹ "La Révolution de France," by Deux Amis de la Liberté, xi. 7.

² "Saint-Just s'est senti froissé dans sa vanité, dans sa pauvreté, par l'orgueil et la richesse des ducs de Gèvres, seigneurs de son village, il s'imagine qu'on ne trouve partout que morgue, hauteur et insolence" ("Saint-Just," by E. Fleury, vol. i. p. 60).

³ "La Révolution française," by Gustave le Bon, p. 73.

⁴ See the "Mémoires de Madame Roland."

a real lack of food attributable to no human agency, and which human agency was equally unable to counter-act. "In vain private people, princes, noble lords, bishops, chapters, communities, multiplied their alms . . . neither public precautions nor private charities sufficed for so great needs."¹ So much for the heartless aristocracy represented by apologists for the Revolution as entirely indifferent to the sufferings of the poor.

What, then, was further the cause of the famine? According to Arthur Young, the fault lay principally with the corn-laws of Necker. On June 10, 1789, he writes:

"Everything conspires to render the present period in France critical; the want of bread is terrible . . . well-informed persons have assured me that the price is, as usual, much higher than the proportion of the crop demanded, and there would have been no real scarcity if Mr. Necker would have let the corn-trade alone; but his edicts of restriction . . . have operated more to raise the price *than all other causes together*. It appears plain to me that the violent friends of the commons are not displeased at the high price of corn, which seconds their views greatly, and makes any appeal to the common feeling of the people easy and much more to their purpose than if the price were low."

Madame de la Tour du Pin tells us precisely the same thing. "Agitators," she says, "were deliberately stopping supplies being brought into Paris, in order to madden the people by hunger."² It was easy to impose on the credulity of the poor, to make them believe that the class they had been taught to hate were the cause of the trouble. The mob do not reason; it did not occur to them to wonder what object the aristocrats could have for depriving them of food; yet the agitators' object in doing so was evident, for it was as much to

¹ "La Révolution," by H. Taine, vol. i. p. 4. Also "L'ancien Régime," by Taine, pp. 43-47.

² "Mémoires d'une femme de cinquante ans," vol. i. p. 183. See also Appendix, p. 427.

their interest to irritate the people as it was to the aristocrats' interest to soothe them.

All this, if admitted by pro-revolutionists, would seriously weaken their case both against the monarchy and aristocracy; therefore, it has been deliberately suppressed, and an appeal made to the popular imagination by descriptions of aristocrats driving through the streets in their gilded coaches oblivious to the starving "rats" who creep out of their houses to see them pass.

Yet all the while, if we are to believe the testimony of Arthur Young and others no less reliable, the main cause of the trouble was the Gêpevèse banker who had been called in *by the will of the people* to legislate for their welfare—Necker, whom they had chosen in the place of Turgot, the one man who would have helped them with honesty and intelligence; Necker, whose dismissal filled them later on with the fury that found expression in the riots of the Tuileries and culminated in the storming of the Bastille.

What was really the truth about Necker? At this distance of time who can tell? it is possible he was an honest man, it is almost certain that he was far from wishing to destroy the monarchy, for Necker believed in a monarchy, and even in an aristocracy, which he realized to be a lesser evil than a plutocracy—its inevitable alternative. At the same time he could not resist the temptation that assails all vain men who love the applause of the multitude, of winning popularity by disparaging the ruling classes. Thus, in his treatise on the Corn Trade, written at the time of the *Guerre de Farines*, he had attacked property and described the rich as devouring the substance of the poor. But now, having used class hatred as a lever with which to stir the people up to discontent, he found himself unable to control their actions. Before the Commons' determination to transform the States-General into the National Assembly, before their open defiance of the king at the *Séance Royale*, Necker was helpless, and the

aristocrats who had trusted him to save the situation felt that he had failed them.

"Does Monsieur Necker mean to deceive us?" cried the queen, bursting into tears when Necker failed to appear at the Séance Royale on June 23. In the evening of that day the same fear assailed Madame de Sabran.

The Chevalier de Boufflers had come up from Versailles and she saw at once that something unusual had occurred in the Assembly. She waited breathlessly for him to tell her.

The king, he said, had this day made great concessions with regard to taxation, but had refused to abolish at a sweep the feudal rights of the nobility.¹ He had ended his speech with the words: "If I am abandoned by the States-General in the beneficent work of reform I alone will ensure the happiness of my people!"

After this, he had declared the sitting ended, and left the hall followed by the nobility and clergy. But the commons—the Third Estate—remained seated in ominous silence. At this Dreux-Brézé had returned to repeat the king's order: "His Majesty requests the Deputies of the Third Estate to retire!" Whereupon Mirabeau, with rolling eyes, his hideous pock-marked face convulsed with rage, roared back his reply: "Go back and tell your master that we are here by the power of the people, and nothing but the bayonet shall drive us hence!"

Madame de Sabran listened horror-struck. The king insulted, and by the man she most distrusted—Mirabeau! Such were the men with whom, she feared, Boufflers might now throw in his lot by following the example of the minority of the *noblesse* in joining the Tiers État. She saw that this revolutionary fever had taken so deep

¹ Arthur Young considered the King's attitude reasonable: "The propositions are known to all the world; the plan was a good one, much was granted to the people in great and essential points," etc. ("Travels in France," June 23, 1789).

a hold on him that no words of hers could prevail. To all her tears and prayers he answered harshly, and she realized that, in his present frame of mind, to reason with him would be to drive him from her for ever. He left her at last almost in anger—left her alone to her despair. The man she loved, the man for whom she had hoped such great things, was going to play a part unworthy of him! It was more than she could bear. Next day she wrote him this last passionate appeal :

“ I was heart-broken, my friend, when parting from you. I saw that my words hardly reached your ears, still less your heart. Yet it is *your* cause that I plead—mine is lost, I know. I grieve; but this is not the moment to speak of that. A greater thought absorbs me—the thought of you, of your honour, of your reputation, of your happiness. For, whatever they may do by making you demean yourself, they will never make you able to endure disgrace. They will never prevent you from minding—shall I say contempt? No, this word can never be pronounced in connection with a great-grandson of the Maréchal de Boufflers—but from minding the natural indignation and distrust inspired by conduct so different from what it ought to be. You could not calmly see yourself regarded as the partisan of Messieurs Target, Mounier, Chapellier, Mirabeau, etc., you would shudder at the thought of sitting beside them, unable to oppose their senseless speeches, their insane and seditious schemes. What would you do, my child, in this abominable Assembly if ever your weakness and your excessive deference to perfidious counsels—dictated in the interests of Monsieur Necker and at your expense—were to carry you away? What would be your humiliation if that party suffered the fate of all parties opposed to justice and reason? They will go, perhaps, so far as to be declared in the eyes of all Europe traitors to their king and country. Then will be seen in its true light, the hypocrisy, the deceit, the perfidy, the infernal threats of this abominable Genevese whose vanity desired the whole of France for his pedestal without the wings of genius to place and maintain him there. And were he even to triumph, are the members

of that good and ancient nobility, devoted from all time to the honour and upholding of the throne and monarchy of France, to share in such a shameful victory? Is this such a one as the Maréchal de Boufflers would have won? What would he have said at such a critical moment, and on which side do you think he would be? Take counsel, my child, from his ashes, cold as they are, rather than from Monsieur du Châtelet,¹ whose ambiguous conduct makes one doubt his honesty and whose latest intrigues have lost him the good opinion he might have won. One trembles at this hour to see in his hands the troops destined for the safety of the king and of private people. It is even said already that they have been won over. . . . In the name, then, of our first friendship, in the name of your best interests and your peace of mind, consult only your conscience and remember the blood that flows in your veins. Good-bye, my child, good-bye. I could die of terror at the thought that the dearest part of myself could play a part that would make me blush.

"Just as I am closing my letter rumours spread that I can hardly believe. They say that the king has withdrawn his words, that the princes are exiled, also the Archbishop of Paris, and the Duc and Duchesse de Polignac. So there is the Genevese—king of France! But I am none the less determined to say, to whoever will listen, that he is an abominable monster."

But it was not Necker who aspired to be king of France, as Madame de Sabran before long realized. It was Philippe d'Orléans—the infamous Orléans who hoped, by fermenting popular discontent, to place himself upon the throne.

As in a flash, Madame de Sabran realized the true author of the trouble and burning with indignation she wrote again to the Chevalier warning him on the danger of remaining amongst such associates:

¹ The Duc du Châtelet—"type d'officier noble détraqué par la philosophie," says M. Louis Madelin. Madame de Sabran was perfectly right in her estimate of him. He was imprisoned later on by the Revolutionary Tribunal, but showed himself such a coward that he was taken to task by an "aristocratic" street-walker in the courtyard of the Conciergerie. See "*Mémoires du Comte de Beaumot*," vol. i. p. 203.

" I love you too much, my friend, to allow myself to be overruled by your reluctance to listen to me. At the risk of displeasing you, at the risk of sending you away from me *altogether*, I shall tell you the truth that is in my heart. I owe it to you. I owe it to myself, and whatever happens I shall at least have no cause to reproach myself. . . . Never was there a moment more critical than this one, for your reputation, for your honour, and perhaps your life. . . . It is not without reason, believe me, that I impart these thoughts to you ; they are not chosen at random. Look at all that has happened this month, and at what is happening to-day, and you will end by thinking as I do.

" Monsieur Necker is only a dupe ; he has his plan, very likely, but let him beware, for he will soon be sacrificed, and no one will pity him. In this case, and considering the knowledge we have of the character of Monsieur le Duc d'Orléans, of his obstinacy and his abominable principles, what can one expect from such a leader ? Where will he lead those who follow him ? How long will fortune favour him ? . . .

" Monsieur Necker is not the most to be feared. Open your eyes and consider the leader by whom you may be carried away. It is Monsieur le Duc d'Orléans who is making the Revolution, Monsieur le Duc d'Orléans who used Monsieur Necker like a cloak to hide his intrigues. His levity has hitherto saved him from suspicion ; no one thought his proceedings were worth watching, consequently they were thought to be of no importance. He feigned madness, so to speak, like Ulysses, but like him, too, he had his object. This object is to make himself, before long, master of the kingdom. It must be admitted that circumstances serve his purpose. The fear he spreads in all minds, by the crowd in his pay who say all he wishes them to in the Palais-Royal, animates his whole party, whilst the members of the other two seem struck by paralysis. One cannot recover from one's astonishment at seeing the clergy without ambition and the nobility without energy. . . .

" But you will say : 'All this is a dream produced by your imagination. In submitting to the king's orders with the sanction of the Chamber I run no risk ; my conscience is at rest.' Do not trust to this. The king's

orders are already nothing in the eyes of both parties. He cancels them himself from moment to moment. If he is defended it will be in spite of himself. But he will be defended—do not doubt it—with success and glory.

“May you consult, in such a great decision, only your loyalty and courage, then I shall fear for you no longer. But I dread your surroundings, I dread the unbelievable influence they have over you.”¹

She implores him to be cautious, to take no part he might afterwards regret in a “revolution that has for its basis, madness on one side and weakness on the other.”

“Think,” she says, “with terror what you would do amongst so many madmen, knaves, and rebels combined. Is it not hell in miniature? How could you make yourself heard in pleading the cause of humanity, justice, and good faith amongst men who have so often violated them?”

Never had Madame de Sabran shown truer insight than when she wrote this letter. She had seen in a sudden moment of illumination the real author of the disasters that were to befall France, the man who turned the greatest crisis in her history—the crisis that might have led to the regeneration for which they were all waiting—into the most sanguinary of revolutions. The cause of the monarchy was not lost until the Duc d’Orléans destroyed all sane and well-considered plans of reform by opening the door to the mob. Vicious, mean, and mercenary, he found among the *canaille* a worthy following. By bribery and flattery he secured their allegiance; posing as a friend of the people, he declared before the Revolutionary Tribunal: “I desire the death of all who oppose the sovereignty of the people!” Yet no one despised the people more profoundly. “Le Duc d’Orléans,” says the Duc de Levis, “était le plus atroce et en même temps le plus lâche des scélérats.”

¹ Lent by Monsieur Gaston Maugras.

The Palais-Royal was a hot-bed of sedition and the resort of all the lowest of the mob.

Arthur Young, in Paris at this moment, describes the methods employed to incite the mob to violence : " At night the fireworks, and illuminations, and mob, and noise at the Palais-Royal increased ; the expense must be enormous ; . . . there is no doubt of it being the Duc d'Orléans' money. The people are thus kept in a continual ferment, are for ever assembled, and ready to be in the last degree of commotion whenever called on by men they have confidence in."

Here, on that hot Sunday of July the 12th, after the dismissal of Necker, young Camille Desmoulins, with wild black hair and flashing eyes, stood on a chair haranguing them :

" Friends, there is not a moment to be lost ; Necker is dismissed. This dismissal is the tocsin for a Saint-Barthélemy of patriots ! To arms ! " Such were the methods, such the lies by which the populace was lashed to fury.

Madame de Sabran, in her house of the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, heard the sound of the rising tumult—the gathering of troops beyond the trees of her garden in the Place Louis XV, guns firing round the Tuileries, then the galloping of horses coming nearer as the mounted troops under the Prince de Lambesc—ordered not to fire on the people—were driven back into the Champs Elysées.

On the other side of the house the street was filled with rioters, men and women drunk with the contents of the pillaged wine-shops, wearing in their ragged caps green sprigs torn from the chestnut-trees of the Palais-Royal—emblems of liberty. Terrifying freaks of humanity, these—men with matted hair and blood-shot eyes, dishevelled women shrieking curses, with hastily improvised weapons—old guns, scythes, and pikes grasped in their clutching fingers ; human tigers thirsting for the blood that was now beginning to flow

in the streets of Paris, and for four more terrible years was to flow unceasingly.

All these things Madame de Sabran, from her quiet house, saw and heard with a sinking heart. Shut in between the two infernos—the tumultuous Champs Elysées and the rioting streets—she trembled, not for her own safety, but that of Elzéar, the highly-strung, delicate boy who since his birth had needed all her care. At any moment that raging human sea might break down the barriers of the great houses and wreak a hideous vengeance on the people they now believed to be the authors of their wrongs. Where in this infernal city was safety to be found?

Night fell at last over the scene, a night that brought no rest to those indoors who listened, no calm to those who crowded through the streets. All through the hours of darkness wild bands paraded the town with flaming torches, breaking into shops and burning down the barricades, whilst above the roll of drums and the shrieking of the populace sounded the ominous knell of the tocsin—the cry of the great city calling for help against destruction.

When morning came Madame de Sabran felt she could bear it no longer. Alone with Elzéar amongst all this horror and confusion her position was particularly helpless. The Chevalier was ten miles away at Versailles, and cut off from communication with the capital. There was nothing for it but to leave Paris and take Elzéar to a place of safety. Yet she dreaded leaving Boufflers to his fate at such a crisis. At last, torn between anxiety for her child and misery at parting from the man she loved, she seized a pen and wrote the Chevalier an almost illegible letter of farewell :

“ The 13th of July : Monday, eleven o’clock.

“ The tumult increases in such a way and the news is so alarming that I must put off no longer and go. But go without news of you ! I can hardly bear it.

But for Elzéar I would stay, at whatever risk or peril to myself, until I knew that you were out of danger. I fear your wretched Assembly. I am afraid of some treachery. Try to keep yourself from harm—it would be my death-blow.

“Paris remains without troops; they are said to be at Versailles. The *bourgeois* are arming themselves, I am told, in order to defend themselves against the populace. Rage and licence are at their height. Good-bye. Think of your poor wife who is a thousand times more anxious on your account than on her own, and who, in the midst of so many dangers, feels but one regret—that of going away from you. I am so distressed that I can hardly hold my pen.”

Then, taking advantage of a lull in the tumult, she entered her coach with Elzéar and started for Plombières. She was not a moment too soon—the next day the Bastille fell and the tide of revolution was unloosed.

CHAPTER II

THE STORM BREAKS

ALL through the hot night of July 13 the Chevalier de Boufflers sat in the vast and dimly lighted hall where in stoic calm the deputies of the Assembly awaited death, for the Salle des Menus Plaisirs was surrounded with rioting troops and at any moment the raging sea of Paris might burst upon Versailles.

On the evening of the 14th messengers arrived from the city to tell the Assembly the terrible story of the day's doings. And at the news that the fury of the populace had been turned against the Bastille—that "symbol of despotism"—the "representatives of the People" heaved a sigh of relief, the insurgents that they had regarded as "brigands" now became "heroes," and the destruction of the state prison was acclaimed as an act of popular justice.

For the benefit of the Assembly, however, as for posterity, the true facts regarding the "pitiable enterprise," as Monsieur Louis Madelin describes it, had been carefully suppressed. The Governor of the Bastille, the humane Monsieur de Launay, was represented as having called a truce before firing on the people; in reality precisely the opposite had occurred.

De Launay, anxious to avoid bloodshed, had withdrawn the cannons from the battlements and on the insurgents' word of honour that no injury would be done to its defenders,¹ had admitted them to the prison,

¹ Elie, who, with Hulin, was the principal leader of the mob, stated afterwards: "La Bastille n'a point été prise de vive force; elle s'est rendue sur la parole que j'ai donnée, ~~je~~ d'officier français, qu'il ne serait fait de mal à personne."

whereupon they immediately proceeded to murder de Launay, Major de Losme, known for his humanity as the "consoler of the prisoners," two other officers, and three "invalides." After this infamous act of treachery came the liberating of the prisoners—four forgers,¹ two lunatics (whom it was found necessary to shut up again at Charenton a few days later) and the Comte de Solages,² a Sadic debauchee. It was unfortunate that the great attempt had not been made ten days earlier, for then they might have had de Sade³ himself to parade in triumph through the streets.

So began the new era of liberty, with the heads of seven brave men borne on pikes and a debauched aristocrat carried shoulder high by "the People!"

From this moment the character of the Revolution underwent a disastrous change. The movement that had begun so spontaneously and with such a real aspiration for reform, was now passing rapidly into the hands of unscrupulous agitators who saw their chance of turning the tide of popular feeling to their own advantage.

Until this moment a peaceful settlement of the

¹ The forgers were Béchade, Laccorège, Pujade, and Larroche; the lunatics Tavernier, imprisoned for being "fainéant, ivrogne, violent, maltraitant ses parents et les accablant d'injures," and de Whyte, a man of Irish origin.

² The Comte Gabriel de Solages, born 1746, imprisoned at the request of his family for having committed "une action monstrueuse." His uncle, the Comte de Catmeaux, wrote to Saint-Priest in 1772 saying: "Les crimes atroces dont le Comte de Solages s'est souillé ne méritent que trop qu'il soit renfermé toute sa vie." See "La Liste de Prisonniers à la Bastille," by Funck-Brentano, and "La Bastille Dévoilée."

³ The famous Marquis de Sade (1740 to 1814), whose name has gone down to posterity as the symbol of immorality, was imprisoned repeatedly for unspeakable vices. In 1784 he was put into the Bastille, but in June of 1789 he became violent, and de Launay was obliged to confine him to his cell. Here he revenged himself by haranguing the inhabitants of the Faubourg-Saint-Antoine, into which his window opened, by means of a tin funnel which he used as a megaphone, inciting the people to deliver the prisoners. De Launay had him removed to Charenton ten days before the taking of the Bastille, but he was liberated eight months later by the Revolutionaries, and survived the Terror triumphantly.

situation seemed not impossible. There were many good men and true in the Etats-Généraux who might have carried out the work of reform to a glorious conclusion, whilst the king, says Jefferson, "had not a wish but for the good of the nation." "Louis XVI," both Jefferson and Arthur Young agree, "was the honestest man in the kingdom," and so far he had few real enemies amongst the leaders of the revolutionary movement. Necker, as we have already seen, believed in a monarchy, Mirabeau would have saved the royal family, even Robespierre was not yet a republican. The Revolution at this stage might have been effected without shedding a drop of blood; all necessary reforms might have been obtained by degrees from Louis XVI and an era of liberty inaugurated for the nation. Then, indeed, the French Revolution would have proved the great regeneration which all had been awaiting and would have evoked the admiration of the whole civilized world. But from July of 1789 the movement was no longer spontaneous; it was a series of outbreaks systematically *engineered by agitators* who worked the people up to violence.¹ The people, left to themselves, would never have committed the excesses that made the history of the Revolution a tale of horror unparalleled in the annals of the human race. For, as Monsieur Gustave le Bon has pointed out, "the mass of the true people is essentially conservative, it clings to tradition, it is hard-working, patient, and submissive to discipline; but beneath this mass lies a residuum of malcontents—alcoholic degenerates, thieves, beggars, needy, unemployed and unemployable, who have no place in the social system and are ready to throw themselves into any subversive movement." It was in this latter category—*la bête populaire*, as Monsieur le Bon describes it—that the revolutionary agitators found their ready tool; whilst the

¹ See on this point "La Révolution française et la psychologie des révolutions," by Gustave le Bon (pp. 54-64); also "La Révolution," by Louis Madelin (p. 74).

" mass of the true people " had to be perpetually worked up by lies, alarms, or misrepresentations to produce the degree of violence desired by their leaders. This fact has been persistently ignored by pro-revolutionary writers, who would have us believe that each outbreak was the irrepressible act of an exasperated people ; but we have only to examine such outbreaks separately in order to realize that they were all artificially produced. Thus the storming of the Bastille was, as we have seen, worked up by the lying reports of Camille Desmoulins ; the March on Versailles on October 6, three months later, was carefully organized beforehand, and many women were bribed or forced to swell the crowd ¹ ; so, again, the massacres of September were the result of an alarm circulated by Danton and his party to the effect that the aristocrats were in league with the Prussians to murder all good citizens, yet even then assassins had to be hired to carry out the hideous task. Indeed, so great was the distaste of the true people for bloodshed that it took five years to bring about the Reign of Terror and with it the final annihilation of the old régime. That this frightful climax was also not the will of the people we shall see later on.

" By the autumn that followed the fall of the Bastille," says Monsieur Louis Madelin, " the Revolution was beginning to eliminate the true men of 1789 before devouring them." The members of the Assembly who had worked disinterestedly for the welfare of the people were being rapidly superseded by men who saw, in the state of public agitation, a means of gratifying their own ambition ; the voice of the reformer was drowned by the shriek of the demagogue whose sincerity the fanatics of the day never paused to question. For fanaticism does not discriminate ; the fanatic, whether in religion, politics, or art, asks only that one should

¹ " On organisa très artificiellement la journée. . . " " La Révolution," by Louis Madelin, p. 91.

express belief in his shibboleths, and in France of 1789, as in England to-day, it was not the true friend of the people, but the man who proclaimed himself the friend of the people and talked the jargon of democracy who earned the applause of fanatical reformers.

In this increasing pandemonium calm reason was of no avail. "Vouloir faire le bien dans un temps de révolution," Napoleon is reported to have said, "c'est écrire sur le sable au bord de la mer. Ce qui échappe aux vents est effacé par les vagues."¹

The hall of the Assembly had become a scene of indescribable confusion; a dozen members would rise to their feet at once, striving to out-shout each other, and the man who could shout the loudest was the one who obtained a hearing. When to the volume of sound he added violence of ideas his success was all the more assured.

There were moments when even Boufflers' courage failed him at the turn affairs were taking. Always an idealist, he had expected so much of human nature that the aspect under which he saw it now filled him with bitter disgust. Were these "the People" for whose liberty he had hoped and striven—the people who trampled underfoot the grey-haired governor of the Bastille, who indulged in scenes of cannibalism too horrible to record, who stuffed with hay the mouth of their murdered victim, Foulon—"Foulon, atrociously calumniated by being accredited with the sinister remark: 'If they have no bread, let them eat hay!'"²

A fortnight after the taking of the Bastille, Boufflers, on his way through the streets, found himself drawn into the midst of one of those terrifying crowds that the madness of the times brought together on the slightest provocation. This time the victims were two unfortunate Hussars who were being dragged to the *lanterne* and would have been hanged there if the

¹ "Mémoires de la Marquise de Créquy," vol. ix. p. 142.

² "La Révolution," by Louis Madelin, p. 59. See also Appendix, p. 431.

indignant Chevalier, at the risk of his life, had not come to their rescue.

In the provinces the same revolting scenes were taking place with the same total disregard of justice. Arthur Young, travelling in France at this moment, records that "many châteaux have been burnt, others plundered, the seigneurs hunted down like wild beasts, their wives and daughters ravished, their papers and titles burnt, and all their property destroyed, and these abominations not inflicted on marked persons, who were odious for their former conduct or principles, but an indiscriminating blind rage for the love of plunder."¹

At an inn where Young stayed this July he found a seigneur and his family who had escaped from their flaming château, half naked, in the night, "and this family valued and esteemed by their neighbours, with many virtues to command the love of the poor, and no oppressions to provoke their enmity."²

But these acts of violence are, again, not spontaneous. "Robbers, galley-slaves, and villains of all denominations," Young says further, "have collected and instigated the peasants to commit all sorts of outrages." Nor do they always obey willingly. "In Auvergne the peasants themselves show great repugnance at behaving in this way towards such good *seigneurs*."³ Madame de Sabran, on her arrival at Plombières, found the same disturbances taking place in the neighbourhood, and her references to the hordes of unknown bandits carrying out their work of destruction, in spite of the opposition offered by the villages, shows that here too the peasants were not responsible for the trouble.

"I thought, by fleeing from Paris, to find tranquillity in these mountains, and to be able to live here for a time in safety with my child—but not at all. The storm is reaching us. Luxeuil is on fire. They are robbing the

¹ "Travels in France," by Arthur Young, dated July 27, 1789.

² *Ibid.*, July 30, 1789. See Appendix, p. 426.

³ "La Révolution," by H. Taïac, vol. i. p. 120.



et
PIOMBIERI
Chapelle de la Chapelle de
Bonfleur, de la Chapelle de
de la Chapelle de la Chapelle
à Paris.



people who are there drinking the waters and burning their carriages. They wished to kill the abbé of Luxeuil, who is the best man in the world . . . [he] came here yesterday to take refuge, but was begged to go elsewhere for fear of bringing the same tumult on Plombières, and at this moment he has perhaps been murdered. Remiremont is besieged ; they wish to have the title-deeds, to burn down the house. Several villages came to their rescue. Troops are being sent from Epinal, but it is feared that there are not enough. They are a horde of vagabonds and bandits of whom neither the plans nor the leaders are known, and who carry desolation everywhere. All Franche Comté is infested by them, and it is said they are threatening Besançon. Meanwhile all are fleeing from here—nothing could be sadder. Terror has overcome everybody. . . . In a few days I shall shine alone in this retreat and I do not know what I shall decide to do. The waters are an attraction to me, and I do not think that for the sake of my frail person, which can do neither good nor harm, they will come and besiege Plombières and accord me the honours of battle. But I hear cries ! here are drunken peasants arriving. This time I think it is all over with your poor wife. I will see if we must fly or perish. ' . . .

"It was not the pillagers yet, but they are expected. These are some English people arriving from Luxeuil who have taken an escort of a hundred peasants to protect them. It is the funniest thing in the world ! Their carriage is covered with posters : ' Vive le tiers ! ' and all their servants, as well as they themselves, have the cockade of liberty. They give frightful accounts of what is going on at Luxeuil. Women who were there taking the waters are obliged to fly on foot across the fields—they are pursued, insulted. All the men have taken up arms to try and restore order. They have seized a great number of these bandits and taken them to prison ; but the doors were soon forced open, and all escaped and are roving about the country."

Yet even this terrible state of affairs did not rouse the aristocracy to take vigorous measures, and, instead of attempting to put down rebellion with a firm hand, they made the fatal mistake of granting further concessions.

Their reply to the disorder that was taking place in the provinces was given on the night of August 4. It was eight o'clock in the evening, and the Assembly was about to rise, when suddenly the Vicomte de Noailles, known to his world as "Jean sans Terre," sprang from his seat and, amidst wild applause, demanded the "abandonment of privileges." He was followed by the revolutionary, Duc d'Aiguillon, who made a speech condoning the behaviour of the people, after which the Duc de Châtelet, before referred to, provoked fresh acclamations with a tirade against feudalism. Then began that amazing scene, described by Mirabeau as "an orgy," in which the nobility and clergy of France vied with each other in renouncing *dîmes* and *corvées*, *tailles* and *droits de chaise*. Some one rises to protest against the *silence des grenouilles*—the duty imposed on the peasants of keeping the frogs quiet during the lying-in of the seigneur's wife; another cries: "I propose the suppression of pigeon-cots!" and "the Assembly unanimously proscribes the entire race of pigeons." Rabbit-warrens fall under the ban amidst renewed applause. "C'était un délire, une ivresse." The members of the Assembly, in a frenzy of abnegation, fell on each others' necks and wept with joy that the day of regeneration had come at last. At eight o'clock in the morning they all repaired to the chapel to sing a "Te Deum" of thanksgiving.

Thus, after this all-night sitting of August 4, the Assembly was able proudly to announce that "the feudal system had been entirely abolished"; at one fell blow the traditions of 1,400 years had been swept away for ever, and the descendants of the men who in the past had made France great and glorious were the ones to carry out the work of destruction. Never were visionaries more misguided. "The People," they told themselves, "touched by so much generosity, would now return to law and order." Nothing was further from the truth; the people are never touched by any

abandonment of dignity on the part of those they have been accustomed to obey. These reforms were necessary, but they should have come about calmly and ceremoniously, after due forethought, instead of being flung to the people in a moment of hysteria which, to the mind of the populace, was more likely to appear as the result of fear than of generosity.

Stanislas de Boufflers, sitting through this wild night at the Assembly, was filled with a deep disgust. He himself was quite ready to renounce his privileges, and though he could ill afford to lose the revenues he drew from his abbeys of Longeville and Béchamp, he rightly considered that the system which accorded them to him was defective. But his good sense and his taste were revolted as much by the behaviour of the Assembly as by that of the people, and a sudden bitter hatred of the human race came to him. "I must get out of this!" we find him writing three days later to Madame de Sabran, "and when I say *this* I mean Paris, I mean cities, I mean such places as are inhabited by those evil animals so improperly called men. . . ."

With this mood of pessimism a craving comes to him to throw up his political career and fly to the woman he loves. He tells her of a farmhouse that he knows in the Vosges at the end of the lake of Gerardmer, with high mountains on one side and smiling meadows on the other, where he dreams of a life lived with her alone, away from the haunts of men. It was the vision that, ever since the days of "Aline," had appealed to his imagination and recurred through all his writings in strange contrast to the licentiousness that too often characterized them.

"Allons tous deux vivre ailleurs,
Fuyons la cour et la ville;
Loin du bruit et des grandeurs
Choisissons un humble asile :

Qu'importe notre séjour,
Si nous y menons l'Amour ?

" Entre ces sauvages monts,
Dans ce vallon solitaire,
Tous deux nous habiterons
Où tu vois cette chaumière :
Qu'importe notre séjour,
Si nous y menons l'Amour ?

" Nous entendrons les concerts
Des oiseaux du voisinage ;
Et des sapins toujours verts
Nous offriront leur ombrage :
Tout charme dans un séjour
Où l'on est avec l'Amour.

" Oublions avec Paris,
Luxe, élégance et dorure,
Si pour nous l'art a son prix,
Il ne vaut pas la nature ;
Et rien ne vaut un séjour
Où l'on vit avec l'Amour.

" Ton bel âge sans mépris
Voit approcher ~~ma~~ ^{ma} vieillesse,
Et ~~mes~~ ^{mes} cheveux bientôt gris
N'effraieront point ta tendresse ;
Non, jamais de ce séjour
Nous ne verrons fuir l'Amour."

What were Madame de Sabran's feelings on receiving Boufflers' proposal of love in a cottage at this crisis ? She was evidently in no way surprised at its incongruity with the grave events taking place around him as he wrote. Love, to her, was everything, and she asked no more of life than that he should leave his " abominable Assembly " and share with her the only true happiness, and so, in an ecstasy of happiness, she pressed these pages to her heart, wept over them, covered them with passionate kisses.

" Your plan of solitude," she wrote back to him, " goes to my head, and that little hermitage where,

beyond the reach of all intruders, I shall live for you alone! What happiness it will be to serve you, to see you eat the food I have prepared, to clothe you in the linen I have woven, to rest you in a bed that I shall enjoy making well! What are riches compared to that simplicity which enables us to enjoy every feeling of the heart and all the true pleasures of the soul? In order to be happy, what need has one of excessive luxury, of differences of rank and vain honours?"

She goes on to speak of the political crisis, and, with that psychological discernment in which she excelled, puts her finger on the weak spot underlying all Socialistic creeds:

"For this equality with which they delude us, this level they think to obtain by cutting off heads, is only a chimera. Nature does not admit of it, still less does pride. Man will always be vain and ambitious. Compacts, arbitrary power may be destroyed, but the right of the strongest never will be, and the most moderate and philosophical of thinkers will take his neighbour's goods, his titles, and distinctions if he thinks he can do it with impunity.

"That is the history of mankind, my child, and at this moment our own. They say that another order of things will take the place of the one we have known, but I tell you that there will only be new faces. What an amazing Revolution! I cannot grow accustomed to it, and often I rub my eyes and think that this is only a bad dream, a dreadful nightmare that day will dispel.

"Come quickly, my friend, finish making all your sacrifices, give up everything, down to your shirt. With me you will have need of nothing. . . . What happy days we still may spend together! Believe me, if happiness is to be found on earth, it is in solitude that we must seek it. It will be found in our little house together with love. Yes, *love*! for, grandmother though I am, it burns my very soul. I feel it thrilling through my veins, quickening the beating of my heart, stimulating my imagination, bringing you vividly before my mind, whenever sleep gives me any rest.

It will make me survive myself. What matter if old age comes to freeze my senses? It is my soul that loves you. My love will be immortal like my soul. It is in God that I shall love you, if there is a God, when my soul is separated from my body, or in the universe, if there is only a universe. The being I shall animate hereafter will seek out eagerly the one that you animate, and that will be, perhaps, the loveliest romance in the world. We shall find each other again at twenty, and sacrifice ourselves again to love. But what delirium is carrying me away! Your letter is the cause of it, for it brings before me ideas which have often charmed me in my castles in the air. Those are the only substantial ones at present, so let us build them, let us build them without scruple."

But, as so often before, Madame de Sabran's hopes had been raised only to be dashed to earth again. Boufflers did not join her in the Vosges, but remained on in the Assembly vainly endeavouring to play his part in the work of reformation. Before long his mood of cynicism passed and a few weeks later we find him, with his confidence in human nature restored, describing in glowing terms to the Académie the era of regeneration that is dawning on France.

At Madame Necker's *salon* that evening the Chevalier's speech was read aloud by La Harpe, amidst the applause of the assembled guests, particularly that of Madame de Staël, who could hardly contain her admiration at sentiments so in accord with her own. After describing in rather redundant language the civilization of ancient Greece, Boufflers becomes eloquent on the subject of patriotism and the struggle for liberty now taking place in France:

"Is it a question," he exclaims, "of the Greeks' noblest passion—their patriotism? . . . In the matter of patriotism is the example of the Greeks necessary to us? No, that sacred fire, too long covered, has yet never been extinguished, and has only awaited the breath of a citizen-king to fan it into flame!"

Enthusiastic murmurs greeted this prediction, which was realized a year later when Louis XVI, in accepting the new constitution, was hailed as the "Citizen-king." It was some moments before La Harpe could make himself heard to read the end of the speech :

"Already a like spirit animates us, a like feeling exalts us, a like purpose guides us, and a like title fills us with pride—it is that of Frenchmen! We know, as the Greeks knew, that there is no true existence without liberty, without which no one is a man, for law without liberty is not freedom. [Renewed applause.] We know, as they did, that in the midst of the necessary inequalities incident to the gifts of Nature and of Fate, all citizens are equal in the eyes of the law, and that no privileges are worth that priceless equality which alone can save us from hating or being hated. We know, as they did, that *each one of us belongs to his country rather than to himself*, and that to his country every citizen owes the tribute of his goods, of his courage, of his talents, of his vigils, as the tree owes the tribute of its shade and its fruits to the ground in which it is rooted."

In these noble words the Chevalier de Boufflers showed himself to be the true patriot as well as the true democrat. For the true democrat can be distinguished from the false by this characteristic—high-minded and disinterested himself, he believes his fellow-men to be actuated by like motives, and therefore appeals to their higher instincts, to their patriotism, to their altruism and their powers of self-sacrifice, whilst the false democrat, fighting only for his own hand, believes mainly in the egoism of others and so appeals to their baser instincts, to their envy, their vanity, and their cupidity, by abuse of the rich or powerful.

Compare this speech of the Chevalier de Boufflers with one made by the deputy Rewbell a little later :

"Do you wish," he cries, "that the nation should be rich? Then do what I tell you! Go and seize the treasures in the coffers of the aristocrats and the

financiers, and take whatever you find there—it is there, I tell you, that you will find what is necessary to the needs and the welfare of the nation ! ”¹

There is no appeal more potent than the appeal to men's *envy*, but it is one of which the honest politician disdains to make use. He does not believe that a man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things that he possesseth, he does not aim at a purely material ideal.

Thus Boufflers, except at rare moments of bitterness an ardent believer in human nature, resolutely refrained from stirring up class hatred. If the people were to be great and free they must themselves contribute to the welfare of the State, they must not merely demand the feudal privileges hitherto confined to the nobility, but show themselves prepared to take over the feudal duties hitherto performed by the class they had dethroned. Ready himself to sacrifice his private interests for the regeneration of his country, Boufflers hoped to find a like spirit of disinterestedness and patriotism in the people. He was doomed to bitter disillusionment.

Meanwhile, Madame de Sabran was less illusioned than ever ; the horrors that had accompanied the taking of the Bastille were still fresh in her mind, and on the same day that Boufflers made his optimistic speech at the Académie she wrote to him as follows :

“ I do not know yet what will happen to me, my child. My mind is overwhelmed by uncertainty. All that I can assure you is, that I shall certainly not return soon to Paris. I am not fond of people who cut off heads. All my blood freezes in my veins when I think of all these atrocities—not with fear, but with indignation.”

¹ Jean François Rewbell, certainly followed out the precepts he advocated ; besides accepting bribes from the Prussians, he was “ constantly surrounded by speculators and army contractors, men accused of every form of speculation and fraud, whom he protected. He retired from office with a considerable fortune.” (“ Cambridge Modern History,” vol. viii. p. 490.)

Then she goes on to speak of the abandonment of privileges on August 4.

"What good will come of the generosity of *the finest Assembly of the universe*, as these gentlemen (the members of the Assembly) call it? Who, in the whole history of the world, ancient or modern, can describe a night such as that night of sacrifices which must immortalize him who first broached the subject? I should like him to have been the first also to give up everything he possessed. . . . Eloquence is a fine thing, but example is still better under such circumstances. All I desire in this shipwreck is perfect equality. Everybody will be rich when nobody has anything left, for except for the needs that Nature imposes on us, we make use of what we have over for our neighbour. Vanity compels us to this in spite of ourselves, and at this moment it is vanity that is causing the Revolution. She is seated at the side of the greater number whispering her decrees to the sublime Assembly."¹

Almost precisely the same words that Napoleon Buonaparte used long afterwards: "It was vanity that made the Revolution; liberty was only the pretext!"

Madame de Sabran's decision to remain in Switzerland saved her from seeing the tragic procession that took place five weeks later on October 5, when the Paris mob, led by the crazy harlot, Théroigne,² marched on Versailles and brought the royal family back to Paris amidst threats and curses. Madame de Sabran tells us of the way in which the news of this terrible day reached her.

She was staying at an hotel in Basle when she heard that two men had arrived from France, disguised as Swiss soldiers, and, full of curiosity, she sent to inquire who they were. Her manservant returned saying that one was a Comte de Tressan, who begged the favour

¹ Unpublished letter lent by Monsieur Gaston Mangras.

² Théroigne de Méricourt. She died raving mad at an asylum in 1817.

of a visit to Madame de Sabran, and proved to be no other than the son of the Marquise de Boufflers' old lover, the Comte de Tressan who had longed to hide his heart in her pink satin slipper long ago at Lunéville.

"At first his name alarmed me," writes Madame de Sabran, "for only a few days earlier I had heard of a Comte de Tressan, who was at the head of a conspiracy. He talked, however, of this conspiracy and told me that it consisted of about 15,000 gentlemen who had sworn to die to save their king and country; that their plan was to take him to Metz; that the king had consented, but over-haste had spoilt everything; that the banquet of the Guards which caused such a stir had opened the eyes of the populace and served as a pretext to bring the king and royal family by force to Paris, which they had already thought of doing; that he (the Comte de Tressan) found himself in the midst of the fray, and that nothing can give an idea of the terror and confusion of that day and that fatal night (the night of the 5th to the 6th of October); that the queen had been treated like the worst of criminals, that she heard it said all round her that she ought to be sent to La Force or Sainte-Pélagie: 'This abominable queen,' they said, 'who so loves the blood of the French that she feasts on it now! Let us soak her arms and hands in the smoking entrails of her *gardes du corps*!' and a thousand other suggestions of this kind. The poor little Dauphin was at the door of the queen's carriage with his hands clasped, crying: 'Mercy for Maman! Mercy for Maman!' (*Grâce pour Maman! Grâce pour Maman!*) I do not think anything in history can show a parallel to this. Never has a queen, even when guilty, been treated with such barbarity. And the king, already half dethroned, dragged in triumph amidst cries of 'Vive le Roi!' preceded by eighty of his Guards who had been made prisoners, and obliged to plead for mercy for them by saying that they had not fired on the people! . . .

"It seems that all projects have been abandoned. Chance alone will arrange all things, but the star of France has paled; everything conspires for her destruction, her hour has struck; she will share the fate of the

Roman Empire, and very much through the same causes. . . ."

It was through decadence the Roman Empire had perished, and it was through decadence that the monarchy of France was perishing now—the decadence that consists in *an incapacity for self-defence*, in a blind optimism that refuses to recognize the presence of danger, an optimism that from the Flood onwards has always characterized the victims of great disasters. It was true, as Madame de Sabran had said, that the Guards had not fired on the people, and it was by the king's order they had refrained. The Prince de Luxembourg, Captain of the Guard, begged in vain for the order to load the cannon.

"Allons donc, monsieur," answered the king, "des ordres de guerre contre des femmes? Vous vous moquez!" And the Guards are forbidden to fire a shot in self-defence.

Then followed that terrible night when the crowd surrounded the Château, filled with fury, not only against the royal family but against the National Assembly. "It was the clash of factions," says one of the deputies—Larevellière Lépéaux—"and their methods were as hideous as they were atrocious. All this mob that inundated the hall uttered threats against us. . . . When at midnight the Assembly made its way to the Château on the invitation of the king, the Avenue de Paris, from the hall to the Château, was bordered by two deep lines of this immense rabble. They talked loudly of playing at ball with the heads of the deputies. Our position was far from reassuring when, having reached the middle of the Avenue, we heard the drums that announced the arrival of the National Guard of Paris. But for this rescue what would have happened? . . . I believe that the party of d'Orléans was behind this multitude."

The Chevalier de Boufflers must have seen all these things; he was in the Assembly when the women broke into the hall and danced upon the platform of the

President ; he must have watched the terrible procession set forth next day for Paris, with the fish-wives riding on the cannons and the heads of the murdered Guards carried before the eyes of the queen.¹ But his letters tell us nothing—it was probably not safe to write. We only know that at this crisis he showed himself to be worthy of his name. In the old days, when the monarchy had been supreme, he had often mocked at royal personages, but now that it was tottering to its fall he hastened to proclaim his loyalty. This was all the more honourable, for it will be remembered that the king, far from showing him any favour, had crossed his name out from the list of military promotions. But Boufflers proved magnanimous, for in three speeches made by him, as director of the Académie, a few weeks later, addressed to the king, the queen, and the dauphin, he expressed his devotion to the royal family in terms that at any other time might have been called obsequious, but were at this juncture exceedingly courageous.

All through these troubled times his calm philosophy never deserted him ; only a few days after, the 6th of October, we find him peacefully writing love-letters to Madame de Sabran quite in the old way. Again he longs to escape from Paris, from the turmoil of the Assembly and fly to her in Germany :

“ *Mon Dieu, ma fille !* ” he exclaims, “ how far we are from the time when, driven by Maître Jacquot of dirty memory [an old coachman of Boufflers] we rushed about Germany ! When will those happy days return ? Let us hope that, one day, we shall be given back to each other like two vessels that, separated by a fearful storm, after having sailed long on unknown seas, sport of the winds and waves, sight one another again in less stormy weather, draw near, and make their way side by side to the next world. Good-bye, my wife ; good-bye, all I love. Be calm, be happy if you can ; above all, be careful in the district where you are going, for I am afraid of the country people.”

¹ “ *La Révolution*,” by Louis Madelin, p. 97.

Tender words from Boufflers never failed to meet with a response from Madame de Sabran, and she writes back passionately :

" You are determined, then, that I shall never be cured of my madness ; you desire that my last breath shall be for you ? . . . Well then, be happy, my kind and dear, and too dear friend. How well you know the weakness of my heart ! . . . I feel more than ever, in spite of everything, that we were made for one another, and that it is only you I care for in all nature. . . . You must have, indeed, great merit to have inspired me with such a feeling as I feel for you—I, who cared only for independence, who felt every tie to be unbearable, I whose untamed nature and careless spirit led me to live apart from the world. . . . Love me as much as you can, for I know quite well that I am not lovable like you ; but love me more than any other, see you, my husband, because no one will ever love you as I do. Ah ! but the only good of life, the only reasonable occupation, is to love and to be loved ! " (*Val le seul bien de la vie, la seule occupation raisonnable est d'aimer et d'être aimé.*)

Then she turns to the burning questions of the hour :

" . . . As to politics, see if I was mistaken in my sad conjectures, and what I have to foretell you for the future is no better than for the past. Whatever you may say and hope, we are on the eve of an astounding Revolution, such as no good Frenchman should desire. I see a mine smouldering—how and where it will explode, this is the thought that makes me shudder, for after you, what I care for most is my poor country, my good and unhappy king.

" In spite of this, of not only my sad presentiments, but my conviction that in a very short time from now, frightful things will happen in France and in Paris, I am leaving Switzerland, and leaving it with as much grief as if I were leaving a port in the midst of a storm to expose myself to a tempest."

Yet, in spite of their love for each other, in spite, too, of the tremendous events that were taking place around them, these extraordinary people continued to quarrel at intervals just as they had done before. Even the

horrors of revolution could not mitigate Madame de Sabran's indignation if Boufflers failed to write to her regularly. "To-day is post-day," she had written soon after leaving Paris, "and still I have no news of you. If I do not receive any by the day after tomorrow, I shall bid you an eternal farewell."

But this eternal farewell has been impending now for twelve years, and Boufflers took the threat with calmness. Only when she scolded him too violently he allowed himself a word of gentle remonstrance :

"I might certainly be vexed by the very unkind letter that I have received from the best woman in the world. But with whom should I be vexed? With fate? with chance? with the post? with the committee of inquiries? in a word, with everything that is not you, for how could I be vexed with you, dear love—with you, who are dearer to my heart than my heart itself; with you, who even in your mad rages [*tes folles colères*] always love me as if you could not do otherwise? . . . Return then, once more, to the friendly affection that becomes you so well, dear love, and in times so sad and stormy as these add not your suspicions, your anger, and your vexations to those I feel for all other good people, but endeavour at least that I do not find fresh troubles in the source of all my consolations."

It must have been perfectly maddening for Boufflers to be scolded at this crisis, for his position in the Assembly was growing daily more difficult owing to the increasing prejudice against the nobility. Nothing, as he said, could be more unfair than to extend this prejudice to him, since he had always been "the most zealous partisan of equality," but fairness was a virtue fast disappearing from the minds of the Assembly.

Boufflers had yet to discover that justice in any form was soon to disappear from the government of France, and that, instead of the reign of freedom and equality, the reign of despotism was about to begin.

"Le despotisme de la multitude, voilà le plus funeste de tous les despotismes !"

CHAPTER III

SHIPWRECK

THE winter of 1789-90 is described in the annals of the period as "very gay." There were charming tea-parties, the theatres were crowded, new fashions in hats—*chapeaux à la Révolution*—had an immense success. The *marchandes de frivolités* were busier than ever.

Madame de Sabran, not sharing the optimism of her world with regard to the future, did not return that winter to the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré but continued to travel in the Vosges, after which she joined Delphine at Nidervillers, the home of the de Custines, where the general had started a magnificent porcelain factory to give employment to the inhabitants.

Nowhere was the spirit of feudal philanthropy seen to better advantage than at Nidervillers. The general, tiresome as he might be with his own class, was a true father to the people on his estates, and the affection he and his family inspired in them is described in an amusing letter written by Madame de Sabran to the Chevalier just after the birth of Delphine's second son Astolphe.

"Before scolding you, as you deserve, for a fortnight's silence, and for reproaches as unjust as they are unfounded, I must tell you that my expecting mother has just given birth to a very pretty little boy, whom I received in my apron, as the old wives say, and whom I kissed heartily after he had made his toilet. This event made a great stir in the village,

and my 'grandmaternity' was announced by the sound of cannons for more than two leagues round. Over a hundred and fifty peasants, led by the Captain Pèdre, his gun across his shoulder, came with the required gravity to lead me to the church with the child. Two lines were formed by the orders of the captain who is our Lafayette here, and has quite as many talents as he. Then we started out. A fearful wind that seemed to conspire against us, carried away our hats, blew my skirts about, and sent into my eyes and ears all the fire and smoke of the most imposing artillery in the world. But these spiteful blasts were outwitted, for they only served to show the skill and good-will of all these kind people to better advantage. A *commère babillarde* was at my side—this is the custom and the title given to the woman employed to throw bonbons to all the little children. . . . At last, by means of the skilful manœuvres of our clever captain, we reached the end of our labours. The greatest order was maintained during the walk from the church; the bells made their silvery voices heard, the parish 'serpent,' the organ, the *hautbois*, and the horn, all vied with each other in making the loudest din, and the curé and the schoolmaster baptized my poor godson so thoroughly and with so much salt and water that he vomited, unhappy one! on all the bystanders, and caught a cold in one eye which makes him blind in it for the moment. I gave him the name of Astolphe, so that one day he may go to the moon and fetch us phials of good sense.

After the manner of the honourable members of your august Assembly, every one returned home after the ceremony. I was so touched by the kind-heartedness of these poor peasants at a time when so many others only take up arms in order to burn down châteaux and murder their seigneurs that I had all the difficulty in the world to keep from crying. I gave them my last crown piece—so much does goodness of heart appeal to me. May he be for ever held in execration in the memory of man who first thought of destroying this natural relationship between poverty and wealth, between weakness and strength, and this just and kindly interchange of gratitude and benefits!"

The de Custines, unfortunately for themselves, were not content with benevolence to the poor on their estates, but threw themselves into the revolutionary movement with an ardour that distressed and alarmed Madame de Sabran. That people should turn in this way against their own class was incomprehensible to her, not because she was blind to the faults of the nobility, but because she foresaw that if the power they held passed from their hands it would be used far more disastrously by others. But General de Custine, narrow-minded, intolerant, and dictatorial, found in the Revolution a congenial element. His democratic beliefs had taken the aggressive form of ranting against the aristocracy, and, as we should say to-day, "playing to the gallery," so as to appear a hero in the eyes of "the People." If Madame de Sabran had found him exasperating in the old days about Armand's marriage settlements she found him now far more hard to bear; but, worst of all, the gentle Armand himself had followed his father's example and developed *folie anti-aristocratique*, which in time spread to Delphine and even to Gaston, who by the age of five was a "furious democrat." Thus Madame de Sabran alone of all her circle regarded the Revolution with dismay, and thereby found herself constantly at variance with those she loved the best.

"The worst part of this deplorable Revolution," she wrote to Boufflers, "is the discord sown by it in circles, in families, between friends, and even between lovers. Nothing is free from this horrible contagion; henceforth we must hate each other to the death or love each other to madness. But hatred will always carry the day in hearts withered by intrigues and politics, and then farewell to the charm of life! (Adieu, le charme de la vie!)"

So when those around her assured her that all was going splendidly, that the great Regeneration of France was now in progress, Madame de Sabran listened sadly,

for her own powers of clairvoyance showed her something of the future that lay in store for them all. Never did she write anything more strangely prophetic than this letter to the Chevalier, in which two years before the Massacres of September, four years before the Reign of Terror, she foretold the horrors that were to come to pass :

" May 14, 1790.

" I was beginning to feel disheartened by your silence, and ready to give rein to my sad and foolish imagination, when at last I received one of those letters that always make my heart beat and show you to me so vividly that I can almost hear you speaking. So at last you begin to perceive that all is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and to wonder whether there are not monsters in cities as there are in forests. We are not at the end of all this, my child, and everything that we have read in history of the days of savagery is nothing to what we are destined to experience. All the restraints that should hold in the mob have now been broken through, and it will take advantage of the liberty given it to slaughter us all—not in one massacre of Saint-Barthélemy, but in ten thousand. I tremble when I think of you in the midst of this abyss, and that any moment I may see you dragged down into it. What a horrible thought ! "

In Paris the tide of feeling against the aristocrats was steadily rising, and on June 19 the Assembly made a further bid for popularity by abolishing all titles, orders of knighthood, liveries, and armorial bearings. Madame de Sabran, to whom these things counted as nothing in comparison with the real things of life, was nevertheless indignant at this sweeping away of the traditions she held dear. It was not rank she cared for, but the glorious deeds on which rank at this date was founded, the romance of chivalry that clung around the great names of men whose ancestors had fought and died for France, the visions of the past these names evoked. Rude lords of the iron hand who rid

the land of wild beasts, built mills, stemmed floods, and round whose fortress walls the peasants gathered for safety from barbarian invaders; great suzerains who administered rough justice to their vassals; seigneurs who led out their men to battle, receiving in their own breasts the first lance-thrusts of the foe; crusaders who had sailed with Saint-Louis to the Holy Land. Amongst these names none had been more glorious than de Sabran, from Guillaume de Sabran who had fought at Antioch down to the hero of the *Centaure* who had given Eléonore de Jean de Manville his name. What wonder that she wrote with scorn of the Assembly which with a sweep of the pen obliterated all the honours that these deeds had won?

"The fools!" she cried, "they would be more than gods if they could efface from the memory of men all that the centuries have graven there. They wish to annihilate all titles: let them first burn the books that bear witness to the birth, valour, and virtues of those brave and loyal knights, the honour and the mainstay of France. I admit that their descendants are degenerate, but the blood that runs in their veins is still worthy of respect. Besides, do these monsters flatter themselves, however extravagant they may be, to overthrow the power of public opinion as they have overthrown the kingdom of France? It is this opinion that will judge them sooner or later and will laugh at their decrees. . . . So you are now Monsieur Boufflers. Do not forget to tell me how to address you, for the Assembly might take my ignorance for contempt of its decrees and put my letters in the 'cabinet.'¹ As for me, you must call me Eléonore Sabran, so as to avoid confusion with the Marquise de Sabran."

A few days later she writes again:

"The indignation I feel at all that is happening in your hell, my dear husband, prevents me writing as

¹ The *cabinet noir* in which letters containing "aristocratic" sentiments were placed by the postal authorities during the Revolution.

often as I should like, for I fear to compromise you by being unable to dissemble what I think of so much bad faith, injustice, and extravagance, of which the whole world since its origin offers no such example. How can you retain a shadow of hope in this frightful abyss which each day grows darker and deeper? what can be the end of all these monstrous decrees—ill-conceived, ill-digested, dictated merely by all the passions incoherently assembled in base minds—if not the total ruin of the monarchy, of private people, and perhaps of all France? Of what use are all these speeches, compliments, displays, of these *Te Deums* sung before victory and these oaths taken before the Constitution? Instead of all this, why not try to find the source of the evil so as to apply a swift and certain remedy? Is it by means of destroying everything that they will succeed in building up a firm structure, and by murdering each individual that they will ensure general prosperity? Has the path of despair been ever the path of happiness, and will soil watered with tears, not to say with blood, bring forth abundance? What an illusion! Keep it, however, as long as you can, for if you saw with my eyes you would be too unhappy.”¹

She begs Boufflers to leave Paris before July 14, the first anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, for which day the great *Fête de la Fédération* was being prepared, and she dreads some fresh outbreak of violence. Her fears were shared by many other people, for the wildest rumours were afloat as to the intentions of both parties on the momentous day. The aristocrats believed that an insurrection would take place in which the deputies of the nobility in the Assembly would be massacred, the king dethroned, and the Duc d'Orléans elected in his place, whilst the revolutionaries assured the people that the aristocrats intended to shoot their deputies, to burn down the suburbs, and restore the kingdom to an absolute monarchy. Some of the democratic newspapers went even further, and in a brilliant flight of

¹ Unpublished letter lent by M. Gaston Maugras.

imagination warned all good citizens to be on their guard against a fearful collection of tigers, lions, hyenas, and leopards, which the aristocrats intended to let loose on the steps of the "autel de la patrie" when they came to take their civic oath. Accordingly a solemn deputation of the Assembly proceeded to examine the foundations, and even the drains of the Champ de Mars; but, not a single wild beast being found there, the good citizens were assured that they could assemble at the fête in perfect security.

After all, in spite of these forebodings, the great day passed without disturbance, and both parties gave vent to their feelings unrestrained; the king was cheered, the crowd danced on the site of the Bastille, and mass was celebrated before the people who were preparing to abolish the clergy by the Abbé de Talleyrand—he who had aspired to be known as the author of "Aline, Reine de Golconde," thereby provoking the Chevalier de Boufflers' satire.

Boufflers seems to have taken all these events with his habitual calmness. "I feel," he tells Madame de Sabran, "as if I were in a shipwreck where every one begins by stripping and ends by drowning himself." But he seeks consolation in the woman he loves. Why for a whole fortnight has she never written to him?

"What are you doing? What is happening to you, my wife? What has become of the promises you made me lately in words so sweet, so touching, and affectionate that the expressions you used seemed like your portrait. I could not help seeing your lovely face, your tender, touching look, your beautiful eyes always ready to shed gentle tears of feeling—in a word, it was you, just as if you had been there, as if I had heard you speaking, as if I had held you in my arms."

Amidst the chaos of the Revolution he longs for her letters "as the inhabitants of the ark longed for the doves that brought them messages of peace from the dry land." "One thing is certain," he says, "that is,

that you can only be happy with me, and I can only be happy with you."

Madame de Sabran seems to have recognized the truth of this statement, for when the autumn came and with it a lull in the storm she decided that she could keep away no longer, and she returned with her children to the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré.

Since Madame de Sabran was once more with the Chevalier a break occurs here in the correspondence, so that we can find no record of her impressions of Paris this year of 1790. But the Comte de Ségur, Boufflers' friend, who returned from Russia at this moment, has described it with minuteness.

The strangest thing about Paris, says de Ségur, was the contrast between the scenes taking place at the same time in different parts of the town. Whilst in the gardens of the Tuileries pretty women dressed in the latest fashions are walking peacefully beneath the trees, a crowd has collected at the Palais-Royal close by to applaud a demagogue standing on a table who is inveighing against "the perfidy of the court, the pride of the nobles, and the cupidity of the rich." As usual, the rioting element is made up mainly of the *bourgeoisie*, for, so far, in spite of agitators the life of the "people" goes on much as usual.¹ Thus both extremities of the social scale pursue their wonted occupations—in the fashionable "promenades," at the theatres and in the *salons* the aristocrats meet and scintillate as before, whilst at the Halles good citizens go marketing and sprightly *harengères* hand over herrings without a hint of the ferocity that is to transform them later into furies of the guillotine.

If the *salons*, however, continued to attract their former *habités* a change had come over the spirit of the guests. De Ségur found them more animated and

¹ In this connection see the very curious "Journal d'un Etudiant," by M. Gaston Maugras.

wittier than ever, but they had lost their principal charm, that urbanity that had so long made them models of taste and manners. They talked seldom now of art or literature, but perpetually discussed politics with varying degrees of irritation: "every one talked loud and listened little; ill-humour showed in tones as well as looks. Often in the same *salon* people of opposite opinions formed themselves into separate groups"; there were those like the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Duc de Rochefoucauld, and the de Lameths frankly revolutionary; others like de Ségur himself, the Chevalier de Boufflers, and Madame de Staël, who might be described as royalist democrats; some, like the Duc de Nivernais, who, though desiring the regeneration of France, realized the danger of continuing the Revolution, whilst others—principally the young and frivolous or old and narrow-minded—resented from merely selfish motives the destruction of the old régime. In the last category was the young Vicomte de Ségur, brother of the Comte, who laughingly complained of the way the Revolution interfered with his amusements. "Je ne puis souffrir cette révolution, elle m'a gâté mon Paris." (I cannot endure this revolution, it has spoilt my Paris.) But with no little shrewdness of perception he added: "Whilst pretending to an imaginary philosophy, and a great love for the public good, and absolute abnegation of all private interest, it merely conveys to the world the ambition of a few, and can be expressed in a word: 'Clear out and make way for me!'" (*Ote toi de là que je m'y mette!*)

If the Vicomte de Ségur found his Paris spoilt for him, Madame de Sabran had still more reason to deplore the change that had come over the scene. "Before 1789 women were queens; the Revolution dethroned them," said Madame Vigée le Brun. Arthur Young noticed the same thing this year of 1790: "I may remark another effect of this Revolution, by no means unnatural, which is, that of lessening, or, rather

reducing to nothing, the enormous influence of the sex, . . ." a state of affairs Young was inclined to approve, as leading to the desirable result of women "sinking to what nature intended them for."¹ Young, in his reflections on human nature, was often shortsighted; a profounder philosophy teaches us that—

"The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free. . . ."

Never was this truth more exemplified than in the French Revolution. The ending of the Reign of Woman brought about an era of degradation in man such as the world had never seen before, and has never seen again until the Germans of to-day showed us the result of a civilization in which the influence of woman is of small account. Wherever woman is treated as a slave man is likely to become a savage, or that infinitely worse thing—a "cultured" fiend. Such were the men of the Reign of Terror which succeeded to the Reign of Woman, for by the time that stage of the Revolution was reached the only women who took part in the movement were the fish-wives and furies of the guillotine. It is a remarkable fact that not a single woman of any other class joined in the crimes of the Revolution. When once again the influence of a woman made itself felt it was to bring peace to a world of horror, "and the little hand of Teresia Cabarrus overthrew the guillotine."

In 1790, however, there were still a few women who could hold their own in the *salons* of Paris—women like Madame de Staël, who with her round, red face and passion for descanting found in this loud-voiced, wrangling world a congenial element, or Madame Roland, whose conviction of her own superiority made her appear a queen to her indiscriminating circle. But for women such as Madame de Sabran, gentle, dreamy, delicately witty, there was no longer any place. For

¹ "Travels in France." by Arthur Young, January 10, 1790.

Madame de Sabran did not belong to the order of strong-minded women, who in those stormy days could hold a *salon* spellbound and to-day command attention on the platform. She did not want to hold forth, argue, and declaim; she loved peace, harmony, and beauty in life, and she looked on with passionate regret at a Revolution that was gradually sweeping all these things away. "Adieu, le charme de la vie!"—in a word she had epitomized the effect of the Revolution on the world of Paris, an effect that was to be even more enduring than she realized. Years after the great upheaval other women might hold their courts, other *salons* come into being, but the charm of the old-world *salons* and the women of the old régime had passed from the world for ever.

Other things of greater moment than the charm of life were swept away this winter. The rising tide of popular fury against the clergy and the royal family culminated by the spring in open rebellion. The king and queen, with their children, were forcibly prevented by the populace from going to Saint-Cloud, and, after enduring for two hours the insults of the mob that surged around the carriage in which he was seated, Louis XVI once more bowed to the will of the people and re-entered the palace. In order to spare his ecclesiastics the humiliations to which he had himself been subjected, the king summoned his three almoners, one of whom was the Bishop of Laon, Monseigneur de Sabran, and ordered them to depart.

There was no longer any doubt about the gravity of the situation; even Mirabeau, when dying three weeks earlier, realized that the Revolution must now end in disaster. "I see so clearly," he had written, "that we are in a state of anarchy, and that every day we get deeper in. I am so disgusted at the thought that I have only helped towards a vast demolition." (Je vois si clairement que nous sommes dans l'anarchie, et que nous nous y enfonçons tous les jours davantage :

je suis indigné de l'idée que je n'aurai contribué qu'à une vaste démolition.)

The only man who could have saved the monarchy was now dead, and Madame de Sabran realized that to remain on in Paris would be in all probability to perish in the great demolition. For she knew that her enemies were still at work, and that her brother, who had left the Bastille in 1788, and the Abbé Bernard who had been released after only ten months' imprisonment, had taken advantage of the popular agitation to enlist the sympathies of the revolutionaries and to threaten her with their vengeance. A few months after the taking of the Bastille a revolutionary publication entitled "*La Bastille Dévoilée*" had appeared, containing this ominous comment on the arrest of the Abbé Bernard :

"You, prime movers, principal agents in the detention of the *Sieur Bernard*, know that sooner or later the most hidden plots are revealed. Shudder! we have in our hands the letter that this *Bernard* wrote to his mistress and which you intercepted. It is this letter that formed the basis of his inquiry, and has apprised us of all the horrors committed by you towards him. . . . Never, no, never, was there a greater abuse of authority than the one in question here."

To whom could these threats be addressed but to Madame de Sabran herself? Moreover, a year after the publication of this tirade there burst forth another blast from the revolutionary furnace—the scurrilous "*Galerie des États-Généraux*" and "*Galerie des Dames Françaises*," where, in a series of so-called "portraits," the most prominent amongst the aristocrats, including even the gentle *Princesse de Lamballe*, are held up to the scorn of the public. Here in these venomous pages the *Chevalier de Boufflers* under the pseudonym of "*Fulber*," is maliciously described in a "portrait" attributed to *Laclos*, whilst Madame de Sabran, as "*Sapho*," meets with the only hostile criti-

cism she ever incurred at the hands of her contemporaries.

"Sapho," this anonymous satire begins by saying, "would make one love indifference, so well does she imitate its attitude, its looks, and language. Her mind never appears disturbed, and yet she loves with frenzy, she hates with fury, she revenges herself with cruelty, she intrigues with persistence. . . ." It is easy to read here the influence of the Abbé Bernard, and when the writer goes on to recount that "Sapho has a brother she disowns" but whose opinion of her is far from favourable, a further light is thrown on this effusion. Yet the writer admits her fascination, and certainly, if her enemies could find nothing worse to say against her, this "portrait" in the *Galerie des Dames Françaises* is a high tribute to her virtue.

But in these precarious times no member of the hated "caste" could afford to have enemies, however slight was the cause on which their animosity was founded, and it would certainly have fared ill with Madame de Sabran and Elzéar if they had remained in France. So at last, yielding to the persuasions of Monseigneur de Sabran, who advised her to follow his example and leave Paris, she decided, with despair in her heart, to tear herself away from the Chevalier for the second time, and take Elzéar to a place of safety.

Friends were not wanting to offer a refuge to the storm-tossed Fleur des Champs at this critical moment:

"My dearest, my adored one," wrote the Comtesse de Stahrenberg (the sister of Comte Auguste de la Marck) from Austria, "you, who are all that is most charming in democracy as in aristocracy, whom I love with all my heart, and whom I wait and long for even more eagerly than your son-in-law awaits the regeneration, how can you remain in the midst of these outrages which no doubt make him more and more hopeful? Come as soon as you can and breathe the pure air of

our mountain half-way to heaven, removed far above all the passions that disturb this low world."

Mrs. Buller wrote also, begging Madame de Sabran to come to England, adding: "All that I have is yours!"

But Madame de Sabran decided to go neither to Austria nor to England; she realized the importance of influential protectors at this moment, and finally accepted the invitation of Prince Henry of Prussia to join him at Rheinsberg, his magnificent castle on the lake of Gumerich to the north-west of Berlin.

The parting from those she loved was heart-breaking; who could tell what might happen to them in this growing chaos—to the Chevalier battling on in the turbulent Assembly, to Armand and Delphine, both so young, so ardent, and so misguided, to their children, Gaston and Astolphe? Alas, her fears were all too well founded, for never again were they all to meet on earth, and the future was to be far more terrible than even her wildest dreams had pictured.

She had planned to leave Paris early in the morning before that crouching monster, the populace, had awakened. Day had only just dawned on May 15, as for the last time, she rose, and, looking out over the trees of her garden beneath which she had spent so many happy days with the Chevalier, saw the sun rising beyond the Tuileries bathing the troubled city in a delusive radiance.

The streets were just awaking to life, when, with Elzéar and his cousin, Charles de Mellet, she entered the small, plain travelling-carriage piled high with Elzéar's manuscripts, that was to take them on their journey, and for the last time drove out through the stately archway into the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. Already bands of workmen carrying their tools were clattering over the cobble-stones in their heavy clogs to work, and some of these paused to call out angrily,

"Aristocrats!" at the passing carriage. The postillions, too, did not miss the opportunity of showing their resentment to the unhappy fugitives, and Madame de Sabran was thankful to arrive safely that night at Péronne, her first stopping-place on her way to Raismes, where she was to spend a few days with the Comtesse Auguste de la Marck. She was, however, not yet out of danger, for the next day, when she had started again on her journey, she was warned by two passers-by to avoid Valenciennes, where there was a probability that she would be robbed of all her money, and she was therefore obliged to take another route. Monseigneur de Sabran, who was also travelling to Raismes, met with worse adventures and had to fly for his life to Tournai.

It was characteristic of Madame de Sabran that, after all these alarms, she was able to spend a perfectly peaceful day sitting on the grass with the Comtesse Auguste, under the may-trees at Saint-Amand, reading "Ossian" aloud. Nature had never yet failed to restore her serenity, and this spring day spent in the woods with "the white Comtesse" and little Elzéar brought her once more a few hours of happiness. It was one of those moments when life seems to laugh and say, "See, I am not so terrible after all!" and that made her almost believe her fears and forebodings were imaginary. Here in the May meadows starred with happy flowers, beneath the dappled shade of the budding trees where the birds were busy with their young, and the whole scheme of nature was going on as usual who could dream that all was not right with the world, who could think that hate and envy, violence and bloodshed were realities and not the products of a fevered brain? Yet for all these moments when spring cast its spell over her and lulled her fears to rest, she was still haunted by terrible visions of the future. *The Revolution!* At every hour in those days that dread spectre confronted one; each morning on

waking a vague sense of oppression came with returning consciousness, and one asked oneself fearfully, "What has happened?" And then swiftly the answer flashed back, bringing a cold thrill to the heart: "The Revolution is going on—Paris is no longer Paris, but hell—evil spirits are loose there—all we love are in danger. Life as we once knew it, peaceful, secure, and kindly, is no more—henceforth anything may happen."

Such were the thoughts that filled Madame de Sabran's mind as with streaming eyes she took leave at last of her friend; who could tell if they would ever meet again; who in those dreadful days could ever say farewell to those they loved without wondering fearfully if this embrace was to be their last on earth?

Other aristocrats, whom Madame de Sabran met on her journey to Brussels were more hopeful of the future. They talked with certainty of the Comte d'Artois coming to the rescue of the royal family, of the armies that were to subdue the revolutionaries.

"This delirium," Madame de Sabran wrote sadly, "makes any one sad who, like myself, has lost all hope. Nothing but a miracle can save us—are we still in the age of miracles?"

She does not appear to have found the society of certain *émigrés* very congenial. Some, indeed, were far from loyal to their unhappy king, and still professed democratic views which naturally made Madame de Sabran indignant. With such people, however, she says, she made no secret of her contrary opinions: "I said just what I thought, as if all those who were listening to me thought the same. I find this much the best plan, for it shows other people that one believes them to be what they ought to be . . .," and evidently she succeeded in shaming them into silence.

With every stage of her journey she longed more and more passionately to be back in Paris with the Chevalier:

"I cannot imagine what demon was able to blind

me to the extent of making me leave Paris in spite of all the horror with which it filled me. For, after all, you are everything to me, my child, and there were no troubles or vexations that your presence could not dispel at once. Now it is just the opposite; instead of finding rest in quiet places, I have never been so worried and unhappy. The thought of you torments me; you have become the centre of all my anxieties and cares, and these are a thousand times more unbearable than all those I left behind me, and which tortured me throughout the winter. . . . Think sometimes of our solitude together. Only death can put an obstacle in the way of so sweet a prospect, and I hope that my fate, cruel as it is, will grant me the consolation of dying in your arms. Good-bye, too dear friend."

"My eyes turn unceasingly towards my unhappy country, towards you, dear heart," she wrote to the Chevalier from Coblenz. "What course will you take? What will you do in all this? Think well, my child, whilst there is yet time, and do not forget that prudence is the mother of safety. It is impossible for me to give you counsel at this moment but your sense, your loyalty, and your courage will doubtless lead you aright. The great thing is that you should make yourself realize that this is not a story out of 'The Thousand and One Nights'—short of being a lunatic, one can no longer believe this. . . . Farewell, too dear friend. Since I left you I live only in the past. . . . Farewell, farewell. . . ."

On July 20 Madame de Sabran arrived at last at Rheinsberg, and Prince Henry of Prussia, anxious to do her all possible honour, set forth from his castle to meet her with eight magnificent horses which were to be harnessed to her carriage and bring her in triumph to his door. He had expected her to arrive in the immense travelling coach, that, according to the custom of the day, she used for long journeys, and was much surprised to find her in the small, unpretentious carriage she had chosen for leaving Paris on this occa-

sion in order to avoid exciting the animosity of the populace. The prince, however, was determined not to forego the pleasure of a magnificent arrival, and insisted on having all the eight horses harnessed in, whilst he himself went on foot before them.

Then the strangest scene took place, for the horses, finding so little weight behind them, started forward at a bound, and little Madame de Sabran and the two boys were carried along at a tremendous pace, the prince himself tearing madly through the dust on his short legs in order to avoid being run over.

Suddenly the prince called a halt.

"Here we are. We have arrived!"

The carriage had stopped before the door of a small, unpretentious house.

"This is my castle!" the prince repeated with a beaming smile.

The travellers looked bewildered, and the little man laughed delightedly at the success of his practical joke. The small house where they had stopped was the village inn, and they had thought for a moment that it was his wonderful, his magnificent castle of Rheinsberg!

Rheinsberg, when at last they reached it, really was magnificent, and its charms became immediately the subject of a fresh quarrel between Madame de Sabran and the Chevalier. Boufflers, longing to hear her impressions of the castle and its famous gardens, wrote, complaining that her letters since her arrival were *courtes, rares, et bêtes*—which was certainly very impolite of him. To this Madame de Sabran, naturally indignant, retorted: "You are colder, dryer, and more tiresome than politics themselves." (*Tu es plus froid, plus sec, plus ennuyeux que la politique elle-même.*) Then she proceeds sarcastically to answer his inquiries:

"I have described the gardens to you a hundred times, but you never read what I write. I have told

you about a beautiful lake that lies beneath my windows, the sight of which would calm the spirit of your madmen [evidently the members of the Assembly]: I have told you of a temple to Friendship to which I often go and make an offering, of a tomb to which I go for consolation, of a pyramid I go to admire. . . ."

She does not mention another curiosity of the château, a *salon* which Prince Henry had constructed to contain the busts of the four French people he admired the most. These were the Duc de Nivernais, the Marquis de Bouillé, La Fayette, and Madame de Sabran herself.

It was, as usual, not long before Madame de Sabran recovered from her fit of temper and forgave Boufflers for his.

"Je t'ai beaucoup gâté, mon enfant," she tells him. "I have spoilt you dreadfully, my child, and now, after the example of my dear fellow countrymen, I revolt, and intend to infringe your liberty, but only that of taking another wife, for I mean to give you up to nobody, cross as you are (*tout maussade que tu es*)."

It was at moments like these that Madame de Sabran showed her cleverness; though she did not hesitate to scold him soundly when she felt he deserved it, she never made the fatal mistake of boring him with continued reproaches. She always knew when to stop; always knew instinctively when a change of key should occur.

In the matter of holding a man's affection nothing, perhaps, is more important than this art of changing key. The woman who *harps* is lost. Whether she tells a man of his faults or of her love, to continue on the same note is to end by maddening him. Madame de Sabran never harped. If at one moment she gave way to tenderness the next she teased him, made him laugh or piqued him into jealousy—that most potent spur to love. So in this letter from Rheinsberg she tells him

maliciously of a charming old man who is one of the guests of Prince Henry, and, by an extraordinary coincidence, happens exactly to resemble her late husband, of whom Boufflers had always been furiously jealous.

"He is an old soldier, grown grey in warfare, full of honour and courage, like Monsieur de Sabran; he stoops like he did, walks like he did, and loves me with all his heart—not, however, precisely like Monsieur de Sabran. . . . I hope he will still be here when you arrive so that you can see your rival, but I don't know whether you will put up with him any better than with a certain Monsieur R. at Spa, who made you so furious. I see you laugh, for this is a folly you disown; but it does you great honour in my eyes."

To this Boufflers, piqued, amused, and fascinated, answered:

"You only are you, dear love [*il n'y a que toi comme toi, cher amour*], and yet you are not, for one moment is never like another, and all are charming. . . . I like to praise you to-day, my wife, another time if you wish it I will laugh at you; but to-day I am so in love with you, so enraptured by you, so proud of you, so touched at your letter, that it would take very little to make me prostrate myself at your feet with even more sincerity and love than Monsieur Necker before his companion. . . ."¹

Boufflers had need of all his light-heartedness at the time he wrote this letter, for events had moved forward in Paris with fearful rapidity. The fear of the *cabinet noir* made it impossible for him to tell Madame de Sabran much political news, and we can find no reference in his correspondence to the flight of Varennes that took place this summer, or of the outbreak of popular fury against the royal family that followed after. Insults rained upon the heads of the king and

¹ The admiration of Monsieur Necker for his highly unattractive wife provided constant amusement for Paris.

queen at this crisis, insults expressed in language so insanely foul that to glance into the pamphlets and revolutionary newspapers of this date is like a glimpse of hell. Where is the wit, the trenchant sarcasm, the deadly weapon of humour which until now the French had used with such brilliant effect? Vanished like a dream! In all the libels and lampoons of the revolutionary period there is never a gleam of wit, never a skilfully planted dart, never the faintest trace of French *esprit*—nothing but dull, witless, imbecile, obscene abuse.

Yet this was the moment chosen by the ever optimistic king to express his approval of the Revolution! The blood shed round his carriage on the return from Varennes, the insults of the crowd who spat in at the windows, all the unspeakable humiliations of that terrible drive failed to destroy the king's belief in the goodness of his people or his desire to make them happy. The letter he wrote to the Prince de Condé two months later (in which he repeated the words of his speech to the Assembly of the preceding April) shows the extraordinary attitude of his mind, and is all too little known by those who see in Louis XVI the opponent of democracy:

"My cousin, an immense revolution has taken place in your country. This revolution is nothing less than the abolition of a mass of abuses that have been accumulating for centuries through the ignorance of the people, the excessive power of the clergy, the despotism of ministers misusing the king's name, and the errors of every one. To-day everything is changed, these abuses no longer exist, and on their ruins a constitution has arisen, having for its base equality and liberty, which at the same time regenerates the nation, the monarchy, and my authority.

"The sovereign nation now has only citizens with equal rights, no despots but the law, no spokesmen but those public functionaries of which I am the first. There, in brief, is the Revolution.

"This new order of things has necessarily displeased those who, at first misguided, regretted their personal advantages attaching to the old government. . . .

"France is organized, order is re-established, the laws are carried out, and all citizens are placed beneath their protection. . . . I have adopted the Constitution, and I shall maintain it with all my power. And why should I not have adopted it? It will prevent the inevitable misfortunes that would, sooner or later, have been brought about by the abuses of the old régime. It is for my people's happiness and for mine. (*Elle fait le bonheur du peuple, elle fait le mien.*)"

Such was the king's summing up of the Revolution—a summing up that implacable enemies of the monarchy will characterize as an act of cowardly concession to public opinion. This theory might be tenable had he only expressed these views in a public speech, but when they are repeated in his private correspondence they may fairly be considered as the honest expression of his opinion.

Louis XVI was no coward, but his intelligence was of that elementary order which makes a man live entirely in the present, and this habitual concentration on the things that lay immediately before him, this detachment from the past or future, made him curiously helpless in a crisis. Any unusual situation found him unprepared, because he had never thought out how to meet it. So, when the people whom he loved and trusted howled at him he was speechless with bewilderment, but not with fear. For fear implies anticipation, and *Louis XVI never anticipated*. This was his most fatal characteristic, yet at the same time his unfailing support—it led him into danger, but also enabled him to face it calmly. At all the most frightful moments of his life he exhibited the same characteristic, that of seeing only what was before his eyes and never the potentialities of the situation.

So in his letter to the Prince de Condé he no doubt

expressed with perfect sincerity his opinion of the Revolution, but he did not anticipate what the Revolution might lead to. He was content to accept it, to forget the terrible experiences through which he had already passed, and to picture no further such experiences in the future. Full of confidence, he presented himself before the Assembly on September 14, to swear allegiance to the new Constitution; but when, at the first words he uttered, the Assembly insolently sat down, the situation once more took him by surprise and left him pale and helpless. No angry words sprang to his lips, no imperious gesture escaped him; he only knew he had been insulted, but had no weapons with which to defend himself. His faults were always of the head, never of the heart, and at this bitter moment his love for the queen brought him a sudden, rare flash of illumination in which he saw the future. "Ah, madame!" he cried, on his return to the Tuileries, "all is lost! And you witnessed this humiliation, you came to France for this. . . ." And the queen, with that mother instinct that was so strong a part of her nature, "fell on her knees with tears in her eyes and put her arms around him."¹

All was indeed lost. France was rapidly passing into a condition of national dementia. Caricatures of the royal family and the clergy, resembling nothing so much as the efforts of madhouse inmates that we see sometimes reproduced in modern magazines, were displayed in the shops of Paris. The ashes of Voltaire were paraded through the city followed through the rain by tawdry nymphs and bedraggled muses, street-walkers dressed as Greek vestals, by actors, poets, cobblers, masquerading as priests of Apollo.

The Chevalier de Boufflers, looking on at the strange procession, must have felt a deep disgust at this burlesque in memory of the man with whom he had spent, long ago, those peaceful weeks at Ferney, the man

¹ "Mémoires of Madame Campan," p. 306.

who, for all his satires on the Court, would have writhed at the idea of becoming the idol of what he was wont to call "the *canaille*."

Boufflers (who was now staying at the Hôtel de Biron with his cousin Amélie, the little Duchesse de Biron) found his illusions fast falling from him. The mantle of Mirabeau had descended on Danton—the paid agitator of Orleans—whilst in the Assembly no man of moderate opinions could make himself heard. Boufflers' own position was daily becoming more unendurable; through the tropical heat of August and September the men of "the right" who had once dreamt of regenerating France struggled on wearily, but little hope was left them. France had entered on that restless period which for many years made up her history, when she tired of every form of government in turn. She was tired now of the Assembly that she had greeted with such raptures two years earlier.

"Happily for me, if not for France," Boufflers wrote to Madame de Sabran that September, "our reign is nearly ended, and whilst our sun, at the end of its course, is sinking towards the horizon, we see already in the twilight the new stars that are to shine on this unhappy country."

These "stars" were the members of the Legislative Assembly, who on the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly were to pave the way for the Convention and the Revolutionary Tribunal. It was to be *the reign of the little lawyer*. The men who had composed "the right" of the first Assembly, men of traditions, men of position, patriots in the true sense of the word, since they had voluntarily relinquished all the privileges attaching to the old régime, were all to be excluded, and their places occupied by men drawn almost entirely from the *petite bourgeoisie*, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by fanning the flame of revolution. Almost all were impecunious; "it is

¹ "History of the Revolution," by von Sybel, vol. i. p. 114.

calculated," says a memoir of the period, "that they have not between them 300,000 francs in incomes." Nothing is more disastrous for a country than to be ruled by men who have *nothing to lose*. Such rulers, feeling their spell of power dependent on the changing will of the populace, and their position consequently precarious, can feel none of the security enjoyed by the statesman who at the end of his political career has a position of his own to which he can retire. To the man who, on leaving public life, has to return to the nothingness whence he sprung, the temptation to political jugglery is enormous; he dreads the prospect of sinking into obscurity, and cannot but realize that his one chance of making his position secure is to bring off some *coup* that will make him the idol of the people, and this often at the expense of his own convictions and the best interests of the State.

France of 1791 in the throes of revolution responded only to *coups de théâtre*. It was here that the political adventurers saw their opportunity—to be popular one must be daring, reckless, startling, if necessary sanguinary in order to satisfy the people's craving for excitement—the *bête populaire* was aroused, and the men who would have soothed it had no chance against the men who would minister to its passions. In Maximilien Robespierre, foremost amongst the "stars" of the Jacobin Club, it found a legislator after its own heart. "Filled with atrabilious impressions against all around him,"¹ he lent himself readily to the will of the "beast," and so, as time went on, Robespierre and the populace reacted on each other till both were lashed to frenzy. For the "beast" had tasted blood, and cried out for more—then Robespierre gave it blood, and yet more blood, until at last, sated with the spectacle, it turned and thrust him beneath the blade he had erected for its pleasure.

What hope was there for a humanitarian to make

¹ "Mémoires de Garat."

his voice heard at such a crisis? The Chevalier de Boufflers, going out for the last time from the door of the Assembly at four o'clock on that memorable September afternoon, realized finally the ending of his dreams.

It was the bitterest moment of his life—a moment of gigantic disillusionment shared by many ardent spirits of his day who had seen in the beginnings of the Revolution the dawning of the great Regeneration. He had joined in the new movement that glittering May day of 1789, when first he took his place in the States-General, full of pride and hope and fervent patriotism. For two years he had worked calmly and patiently at the great task of reform, now cast down, now nerving himself to fresh effort; but all had been in vain. His very impartiality had been his undoing; always boldly royalist, he had nevertheless lent his support to democratic schemes for bettering the condition of the people, and together with Malouet, Virieu, and others he had founded the "Club des Impartiaux" with the object of lowering the price of bread and counteracting the propaganda of Robespierre. By this means he succeeded merely in incurring the unpopularity that usually overtakes the moderate man in times of ferment—the demagogues who wished to destroy everything considered him an obstructionist, whilst the extreme conservatives could not forgive him his sympathy with the democratic movement. So he had failed, had accomplished nothing, the great enterprise of his life had ended in disillusionment and despair.

"J'ai toujours eu la fantaisie des révolutions!" How the words spoken in his impetuous youth mocked him at this moment! He had believed in revolutions, had gone on believing in *this* revolution, whilst all the while the woman he loved had foretold disaster. He remembered the strange prophetic words she had written to him, the veiled clairvoyante look that had come into her eyes when she talked of the future. At

this bitter moment he knew where to turn for consolation. He would go to her—to the woman whose wise philosophy had never failed to bring balm to his troubled spirit, and in that farmhouse of the Vosges they would forget the world and all its disillusionments.

He set forth almost immediately from Paris, and in the words he wrote her we read the epitome of Boufflers' life : *Tout m'a trompé excepté l'amour !*

The Chevalier's intention, on leaving Paris, was first to secure the farmhouse in the Vosges and then to bring Madame de Sabran from Rheinsberg to share it with him ; but once more his plans were frustrated, for no sooner had he taken possession of his little house than it was confiscated by the revolutionaries as the property of an *émigré*.

Nor was he able to carry out his project of joining Madame de Sabran, for when he reached Germany he found that she had left Rheinsberg on a journey to Denmark and Sweden with Elzéar, Charles de Mellet, and, to make a fourth, the oddest of travelling companions—the famous Baron de Munchausen.

Gustavus III of Sweden, who had become a friend of Madame de Sabran's long ago at Versailles, was anxious that she should come to Stockholm, where he was preparing magnificent fêtes in her honour ; but she was obliged to decline this invitation for fear of offending Prince Henry of Prussia, who did not like his nephew, the King of Sweden, and resented the idea of Madame de Sabran staying away from Rheinsberg in order to visit him. It was fortunate for her that she did not go to Stockholm, for she would certainly have been present at the fatal ball when the king was basely struck down by the knife of an assassin. Meanwhile Prince Henry had written affectionately to Boufflers saying : " Venez dans mes bras ! " and in December Madame de Sabran returned to Rheinsberg to await his arrival. The Chevalier, hastening towards her, was

counting the days till their meeting—"after that," he wrote, "no more griefs or sorrows; it seems to me that you are coming nearer, and that, slim as you are, I can see you on the horizon. I see you at Rheinsberg and I join you, never to part again, but to make of you a second self who will atone for all the imperfections of the first, who will make all troubles bearable and all pleasures delicious, who will obliterate for me regret for the past, weariness in the present, and anxiety for the future."

If a "second self," why not a wife? How was it that Boufflers did not now propose to marry Madame de Sabran? It would certainly seem the psychological moment at which to take this belated step, yet it does not seem to have appeared so to Boufflers. The explanation is probably that, from his point of view, the obstacle of their marriage—the disparity in their positions—remained as great as ever. Owing to the Revolution, and the suppression of his ecclesiastical *dîmes*, he was now more impecunious than before, and, having failed in his political career, he had still no "glory" to atone for his want of fortune. Madame de Sabran, on the other hand, had so far lost neither her house nor her income, and Boufflers, hoping that before long she would be able to return to France and find them both intact, thought this no moment to alter the nature of their relationship to each other. So they remained on at Rheinsberg awaiting developments and little dreaming the length of time that must elapse before their exile would be ended.

In this way months, and eventually years, went by. Of this period we know very little, for the manuscripts relating to it are still unpublished¹; but, whatever befell them, their thoughts during the three terrible years that followed their emigration were most of all with those they had left behind them in their unhappy

¹ These MSS. are the property of Monsieur Gaston Maugras, who intends to publish them after the war.

country. Delphine and Armand were still there, with their children ; the Chevalier's sister, Madame de Boisgelin, and his aunt, the Maréchale de Mirepoix ; his cousin Amélie, the Duchesse de Biron, and besides these were the dear old Duc de Nivernais, the gentle Comtesse Auguste, and so many others who in the old days had met at the pretty house of the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré—so many they were fated never to see again !

And, since it was in the lives of these they lived, it is now their fortunes that we must follow.

CHAPTER IV

A BUTTERFLY IN THE STORM

THE de Custines, it will be remembered, were ardent democrats and still in 1792 their belief in the Revolution remained unshaken. Delphine, whilst dabbling in philosophy and the new ideas on social reform, was still a mere butterfly, and continued to enjoy herself in Paris as if no world-shaking crisis were in progress. "On y est si bien," she wrote to her mother soon after Madame de Sabran had emigrated, "je vous assure qu'on s'y amuse beaucoup !"

On the outbreak of war with Austria, General de Custine, finding himself, like Boufflers, excluded from the Assembly, returned to the army and was sent to the Rhine under the Duc de Biron. Meanwhile Armand, though only twenty-two, was entrusted with a diplomatic mission to Germany with the object of dissuading the Duke of Brunswick from marching against France, and at the same moment the Comte de Ségur arrived in Berlin in the hope of detaching the King of Prussia from the coalition. Both having failed to achieve their purpose, de Ségur proposed to Armand de Custine to come to Berlin, where the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran were staying. Boufflers, at this crisis, showed himself once more no sycophant, for though it was of great importance to him to retain the favour of Frederick William, he did not hesitate to show his friendship for de Ségur, whom the king had received very coldly. Moreover, he told the king boldly his opinion of the schemes for marching to the

rescue of Louis XVI—"he had the rare courage," says de Ségur, "to tell the truth to the King of Prussia and to reveal the future to him. He warned him that he would exasperate the people instead of calming them, and that he would compromise the life of a monarch whom he wished to save." Frederick William, who was already the friend of Madame de Sabran, had the good sense to respect Boufflers for his outspokenness and became his friend also from this moment.

For Madame de Sabran's sake the king had welcomed her son-in-law to Berlin, and Armand made many friends there; but, having failed in his mission, he felt it his duty to return to France and report the result of his journey to the Government. In vain Madame de Sabran implored him to refrain from placing himself at the mercy of such a Government—his friend, de Kalkreuth, almost threw himself at his feet and begged him not to go, telling him, with terrifying accuracy, the fate that might await him; but Armand de Custine knew no fear. "I was sent here," he said, "by this Government, and my duty is to return and render an account of my mission to those who entrusted me with it. I will do my duty."

"So," his son wrote of him, "he carried out the ancient device of his family: 'Fais ce que dois, adviegne que pourra.'"

"Whatever happens in France," "Madame de Créquy" remarks, "it is always very difficult not to count a little on the justice of the Government. The word 'government' always represents to our minds a certain idea of protection, of helpful equity and good-will that comes of long usage." It was precisely under the influence of this delusion that this noble and ill-fated boy set forth for France. His wife and the two little boys were still in Paris when he arrived there, but he found little consolation in Delphine at this crisis. That blissful honeymoon of only five years ago when they had been all in all to each other, seemed now but a dream.

and they had drifted far apart. Armand, able, as we have seen, to act as ambassador at only twenty-two, was strangely old and serious for his years, whilst Delphine remained a perpetual child, whose love of amusement led her into endless flirtations—she simply could not resist the excitement of watching man after man fall a victim to her beauty.

Madame de Sabran, no less than Armand, regretted Delphine's folly; she wished Delphine would be more unapproachable, more fastidious. She herself, in her youth, remarks Monsieur de Croze, "had always kept her lovers at a respectful distance, and later on he would have been a bold man who attempted to supplant the Chevalier de Boufflers. But with Madame de Custine a coxcomb might have hopes (*un fat pourrait espérer*)"; in fact, as Delphine frankly admitted, this was the sort of man who amused her the most.

But this summer a sad event occurred to sober her—at any rate for the moment. She had reluctantly allowed her children to be vaccinated—an innovation against which she had always been prejudiced. Her fears proved only too well founded, for two days later Gaston, the eldest, developed small-pox, and all the medical skill of the day was powerless to save his life. Delphine was heart-broken, but even this tragedy did nothing to draw the husband and wife nearer to each other, and soon after, Armand, realizing there was no place for him in political life, left Paris and joined his father in the army of the Rhine.

General de Custine was now engaged in the difficult task of putting down insubordination in the army—where discipline had been undermined by democratic doctrines—whilst at the same time promulgating fresh democratic theories of equality and universal brotherhood. Marching on Mayence, he proclaimed himself a "citizen-general," whose only desire was to fight in the cause of liberty:

"The war we are making to-day," he declared, "is

very different from those that have taken place hitherto, and is only directed against the usurpers of power and not against the people. . . . War on the palaces of usurpers ! Peace to cottages, to just men ! ”

Already this effect of the Revolution was apparent—national spirit had given way to party spirit, and the enemy was no longer the foreign aggressor, but the man who was rich or powerful.

Much has been written about the “ patriotism ” of the revolutionary leaders, especially Danton, whose exclamation of “ De l’audace, et encore de l’audace ! ” towards the invading Prussians has stirred the blood of succeeding generations. But it should be remembered that on the occasion of Danton’s famous outburst the Prussians were marching to the rescue of the monarchy, and it was as the enemies of the Republic, not as the enemies of France, that Danton and his followers were determined to oppose them. Danton may or may not have been patriotic ; the fact remains that it was very much to his private interest to keep the Prussians out of France, now that the monarchy had been overthrown, for their arrival would certainly have meant the ending of his power. In order, therefore, to judge of the precise degree of patriotism displayed by the revolutionary leaders, one should observe their attitude towards the Prussians whilst they were still uncertain whether the Prussians were going to help or oppose their schemes. “ Madame de Créquy ” goes so far as to state that at this stage the revolutionaries were actually in league with Prussia :

“ The commune had undertaken to pay Prussia a subsidy of two millions a month in order to obtain its neutrality. *This treaty still exists*, and some of the leaders even wished to have the Duke of Brunswick elected King of France instead of the Duc d’Orléans. . . . If the King of Prussia again took up arms against France it was because the Republicans either could not, or would not, fulfil the pecuniary conditions on which

they had agreed, and I assure you that all these manœuvres of Prussia in 1792 were unparalleled in infamy."¹

The policy of Prussia has always been to take advantage of the internal troubles of other nations, and to encourage abroad the subversive ideas that she puts down with an iron hand at home; it is quite in keeping with this policy that she should have entered into negotiations with the revolutionary leaders, for she knew that the overthrow of the monarchy of France would in all probability prove the undoing of her rival.

"Madame de Créquy's" statements may be attributed to "aristocratic prejudice," yet General de Custine's speeches during this campaign of 1792 certainly tend to confirm the theory that the leaders of the Revolution were at this stage far from regarding the Prussians as their enemies.

"I have come to Germany," Custine announced at Frankfurt, "to offer to the people the alliance of the French Republic, and to make known to oppressors that the French, having become free, have only one desire and one wish—that of protecting the weak and of making the unjustly opulent man feel that men born to equal rights should not wear the yoke of the rich man."

The Convention applauded these words—the same Convention that, headed by Danton, this same year justified the massacres of September on the plea of saving the "patrie" from the menace of the invading Prussians.

It is hardly surprising that an aristocrat, capable of making such speeches as these, should be regarded with distrust by his own kind. Madame de Sabran, indeed, broke with him altogether; but Delphine who had none of her mother's insight, saw nothing alarming in the political situation, and resolutely stood by her husband

¹ "Mémoires of Madame de Créquy," vol. viii. p. 132.

and his father. Perhaps, too, she understood the general better than the aristocrats who regarded him as a traitor to his class, and saw beneath the bombast of his speeches the real nobility and disinterestedness of his nature. For all his democratic theories, Custine could not sympathize with the excesses of the revolutionaries, and he showed himself as incautious in his condemnation of these as he had been unwise in his expressions of approval earlier. At the news contained in the papers that reached him from France he made no attempt to conceal his disgust—even in the presence of members of the Convention—and when at last, in January 1793, he heard of the execution of Louis XVI he gave way to a fatal burst of feeling :

“ I have served my country to defend it from foreign invasion, but who can fight for the men who are governing us to-day ? ”

These words, repeated to Robespierre by Merlin de Thionville, brought about Custine's downfall. He was recalled to Paris on the pretext of his defeats at Mayence and Valenciennes, and arrived there the day after Charlotte Corday had been led to her death for ridding the world of a monster. He was joined at once by Armand, whose health had given way after two campaigns, and who had returned to Paris some months earlier. Delphine, with Astolphe and his nurse, was away in Normandy, staying with Armand's sister, the Marquise de Dreux-Brézé.

At first all seemed hopeful ; the general, still a popular hero, was received with acclamations by the Parisians, and everywhere he went cries of “ Vive Custine ! ” followed him ; but even the voice of the Sovereign People was powerless to save him from the vengeance of the Tribunal, and on July 26 he was arrested and imprisoned at the Abbaye. A few days later he was transferred to the Conciergerie to await his trial. Hearing this in Normandy, Delphine de Custine instantly decided that it was her duty to be with her husband and his

father, and she started immediately for Paris, leaving Astolphe and his nurse Nanette to follow her a few days later.

In the dampest and dreariest cell of the prison known in those dreadful days as the "Ante-chamber of Death," General de Custine sat staring hopelessly at the light flickering through the bars of the window, that opened on to the Cour des Femmes. From this narrow courtyard came from time to time the sound of women's voices and the light click of high-heeled slippers over the rough paving-stones. Just outside was the small stone fountain where every morning the amazing women of the Revolution, light-hearted even in the shadow of the guillotine, laughed as they washed and wrung out their clothes—those poor, linen gowns and muslin fichus to which they still contrived to impart an air of freshness and of coquetry. Here in this narrow space, between the grim prison walls bounded at one end by the iron gate through which sooner or later all must expect to pass to her death, they moved as lightly, talked as gaily as in the Galerie des Glaces. The Cour de Femmes in those days, says an eye-witness, was like a flower-bed framed in iron—"un parterre émaillé de fleurs mais encadré de fer."

But on this August day of 1793 there were as yet few women prisoners at the Conciergerie, for though the Revolutionary Tribunal had been at work for nearly six months the great "Terror" had not yet begun, the guillotine still worked slowly—far too slowly to satisfy the monster, Fouquier, in his lair of the Tour d'Argent. However, as he remarked: "The people must be pleased; the guillotine is going, and she will go better still." (*Le peuple doit être content; la guillotine marche, elle marchera et ça ira encore mieux.*)

He, too, had once hoped to please the people, the old soldier who now sat looking at the summer sunlight through the bars of his prison. His thoughts at this

moment were very bitter. It was for this he had striven, for this he had fought, had inveighed with so much eloquence against the aristocrats, had raised the cry of liberty—to find himself alone between these four stone walls, the victim of a tyranny far more atrocious than any he had sought to destroy. And, as he sat there, the once fiery general now a crushed and broken man, the key grated in the immense lock of the dungeon door. He looked up wearily, prepared only to see the brutal face of his jailer, and then rose suddenly to his feet with a cry of joy. For, with a gentle rush, a dazzling flash of light and beauty, as a white butterfly might flutter into a tomb, Delphine came towards him, Delphine, “Queen of the Roses,” in her muslin gown, her golden hair gleaming like sunshine in the darkness of the cell. The next moment her soft young arms were round his neck, her fresh cheek was pressed to his rough old face.

The general could hardly contain himself for joy. He was convinced that her arrival would save him. What judges, however relentless, could resist the lovely Delphine? Would not even the heart of Fouquier-Tinville melt before her beauty and devotion?

Meanwhile Armand was making every effort to secure his father's release. Careless of the danger to himself, he had placards put up all over Paris declaring the general's innocence of the charges brought against him, hoping by this means to enlist the people's sympathy in favour of the man they had so lately applauded. But the people were now tired of their idol, and made no attempt to save him from the Tribunal, whilst the luckless Armand merely succeeded in bringing down the wrath of Robespierre on his own head. Before the general's trial had ended he was arrested and thrown into La Force.

It was now that Delphine, foolish, flirting Delphine, came out in a new light. Whilst Armand had been prosperous and happy, she had allowed herself to

drift away from him, but now that he had fallen on evil days all her real goodness of heart asserted itself and she came back to him once more. Every day she left her flat in the Rue de Bourbon, where she was living with little Astolphe, and hurried first to the Conciergerie to see the general, then to La Force to sit with Armand in his cell. Escorted by a friend of her husband's, Monsieur Guy de Chaumont Quित्रy—with his hair short and unpowdered and wearing a red cap and a carmagnole, so as to appear like a man of the people—she arrived daily at the Palais de Justice, braving the mob of howling furies that collected on the steps to jeer at the prisoners brought before the Tribunal. Besides these furies—mostly women from the fish-market transformed by evil passions out of all semblance to human beings—were also men of horrible appearance, the paid assassins who had taken part in the massacres of September, and who now gathered round the doorway waiting for orders to carry out their dreadful task once more.

Delphine knew all this; she understood the risk she ran every time she came here, but she had taken to herself the motto of the de Custines, and, believing it to be her duty, she never faltered. Sometimes as early as six o'clock in the morning she was at the Conciergerie, waiting in the stone passage that led from the general's cell to the hall of the Tribunal to throw her arms round the old man's neck and whisper words of hope; she was with him as he took his place before his judges, sitting on a stool at his feet and listening with swimming eyes to the unjust charges brought against him. At the sight of this lovely girl, so young, so charming, and so devoted, even the men who made up the dread Tribunal showed some sign of weakening, and Hébert angrily accused them of allowing themselves to be seduced by the *beaux yeux* of Madame de Custine. But there was no sign of relenting in the face of Fouquier-Tinville!

A writer of the period who liked to find comparisons between certain men and animals, has described Danton's face as that of a mastiff, Marat's as that of a vulture; Mirabeau, he says, had the head of a lion, whilst Robespierre was like a cat—a tame, domestic cat, in repose, which under the influence of emotion changed into a wild-cat and finally into a tiger-cat when inflamed with fury. Fouquier, vilest of all the demons whom the powers of darkness had let loose on suffering humanity, must more than anything have resembled a stoat, with his evil eyes placed close together on each side of the pointed nose, watching with ferocious delight the sufferings of his victims. Like a stoat, he loved to see his prey trembling before him, and with all a stoat's tenacity of purpose he would never relinquish it for the sake of other prey that lay at hand.

Delphine, looking into that horrible face, saw no flicker of pity such as the General had hoped to find there. Fouquier was not the man to be touched by youth or beauty; in Delphine de Custine he saw only his prey, and he determined savagely that she should not escape him. Yet even those furies who had once been women, sitting at the back of the Tribunal, felt some faint thrill of humanity steal into their withered hearts at the sight of her. A murmur ran along them: "Ah! but she has courage—la Custine!" And when Delphine turned her frank blue eyes on them in a sudden mute appeal to such tenderness as they might still possess the furies melted into tears. At that, Fouquier, enraged, fearing that "the People" whose "docile instrument" he professed to be might rob him of his prey, sent secret orders to the assassins on the steps of the Tribunal to do their worst.

Delphine, all unconscious of what was passing, walked out at the end of the sitting to find herself confronted by a sea of angry faces, and heard, as Marie Antoinette had heard that October morning on the balcony of the Cour de Marbre, that sound which is said to strike

terror into the heart of the strongest—the harsh roar of an infuriated mob. For a moment she stood there, her white face framed in its golden hair, at the head of the long flight of steps leading down from the Palace to the street. “Timid as a fawn,” says Astolphe, she had always had a dread of crowds, and here she was alone in the midst of the most terrifying crowd the world has ever seen. No one dared to stand by her. With a beating heart she remembered that other woman—slight and fair like herself—the *Princesse de Lamballe*, who had been torn limb from limb by these same furies. The princess had missed her footing—that had been her undoing. “If I, too, slip, if I fall as she did, it is all over with me!” she told herself fearfully, as the evil-smelling mob closed around her.

“It is the *Custine*! the daughter of the traitor!” shrieked the voices of the furies with horrible oaths and curses added, and at this moment men with bared arms and naked swords pushed the women aside and came towards *Delphine*. At this sight she pressed her fingers to her teeth and bit them till they bled, lest she should grow paler and show her fear. Suddenly her glance fell on one of the women standing near her in the crowd—a horrible-looking fish-hag with a baby in her arms. On the inspiration of the moment, *Delphine* turned towards her and in her charming voice—“that voice of silver,” says Astolphe, “at once touching and sonorous”—she said gently :

“What a pretty child you have there!”

The effect was magical.

“Take it!” the mother whispered, holding the baby towards her, “take it in your arms, and you can give it back to me at the foot of the steps.” *Delphine* was saved! With a baby in her arms not a fury would touch her! Kissing the child’s face, she made her way through the crowd that, with swords lowered and angry murmurs hushed, let her pass through them to the carriage that was waiting for her in the street below. There at the

door she handed the child back to its mother in silence. Neither could speak, but each looked into the other's eyes and understood. "Ces deux âmes de mères," says Astolphe, "devaient se retrouver ailleurs."

Little Astolphe was now back in Paris with his nurse, Nanette. Nanette Malriat, a native of Nidervillers, where her father was employed in General de Custine's china factory, was a character. Far from sharing the de Custines' sympathy with the Revolution, Nanette was, in the language of the day, violently "aristocratic," a term applied to people of all classes who believed in the old régime. Unfortunately, she simply could not conceal her fury and disgust at the revolutionaries.

The death of Marat at the hand of Charlotte Corday had occurred just before Nanette's arrival in Paris, and one day soon after her return she was walking out with Astolphe in the Carrousel when she came upon a crowd assembled round an altar that had been erected there in honour of the "friend of the people." Upon this altar, decorated with national flags and plaster busts and wreaths of oak-leaves, lay a priceless vase of agate, wherein reposed the heart of Marat whom the people—now obviously the victims of dementia—had elected to deify. A self-appointed priest in a scarlet coat was holding forth to the assembled worshippers who knelt around him, bowing their heads and making the sign of the cross at the name of the new divinity. "O sacred heart of Marat!" cried the priest. "Friend of the people! Jesus was only a false prophet, but Marat is a God! O Marat! long live the heart of Marat!"

Then, with a roll of drums, the congregation broke into a hymn:

"Marat, du peuple le vengeur!"

Nanette Malriat, looking on at all this, was so sickened with disgust at such foul blasphemy that at last she could contain herself no longer. Forgetting for the moment all about little Astolphe whom she was holding

in her arms, she rushed up to one of the kneeling women and began to scold her violently, pouring forth floods of invective against this new and horrible form of worship. In an instant she was surrounded, a crowd of furies closed in upon her from all sides, and the angry cry went up from a hundred mouths :

"The aristocrat to the lantern !"

Nanette, clasping Astolphe to her breast, defended herself as best she could under a hail of blows ; she fell . . . then, scrambling to her feet again, attempted to evade her assailants—in vain ! They seized the child from her arms, and, holding her by the hair, they dragged her towards the great street lantern that hung at the corner of the Rue de Niçaise. . . .

Suddenly one of the crowd, a man who had appeared more enraged than all the rest, bent towards her under cover of the tumult and whispered some words into her ear :

"You are a lunatic—don't you understand ? I will take care of your child, and you must pretend to be mad, or you will be killed !"

Nanette understood. Immediately she began to sing loudly, to dance, to make faces of the most grotesque kind imaginable.

"She is a mad woman !" cried her protector and instantly other voices took up the cry :

"She is mad, she is mad ! Let her pass !"

Up flew the lantern, the crowd fell away, and Nanette went wildly prancing up the street, singing and grimacing, dancing across the Pont-Royal, dancing to the corner of the Rue du Bac, where her rescuer, with Astolphe in his arms, awaited her. And, at the sight of him, the mad woman suddenly ceased her dancing and fell in a dead faint at his feet.

Yet even this experience did not teach Nanette prudence, for only a few days later she narrowly escaped arrest by making a violent tirade against General de Custines's accusers. She was on her way through the

market when she met street-criers calling out atrocious insults about the "traitor Custine." This was more than she could bear, and, making her way towards them through the crowd, she overwhelmed them with angry remonstrances.

"What do you dare to say against General de Custine? All lies, I tell you! I was born at his home and brought up by him, so I know him better than you do! He is my master, and he is worth all of you put together, do you hear? And if he had chosen he could have come with his army and put an end to your rascally Revolution, and now you would all be licking his boots instead of insulting him—cowards that you are!"

Undismayed by the ferocious rabble by which she was surrounded, she pursued her way right into the Place de la Révolution, inveighing against the injustice of the Tribunal's decrees.

Strange to say, nothing was done to Nanette in return for this display of feeling. Courage, indeed, often succeeded better in those days than excessive caution, and the cowards who protested before the Tribunal their allegiance to the Republic and swore they had never regretted their dead king fared no better than the brave men and women who went on to the last, boldly crying: "Vive le roi!" But all the courage of Delphine, of Armand and of poor Nanette was powerless to save the general's life.

One evening, the evening of August 1, the jailer entered and ordered him to follow him to a different cell. This one was needed for another prisoner.

Who could that other prisoner be? This cell, the general knew, was the worst in all the prison, and, as such, assigned to "the traitor Custine." Was there then a greater criminal than himself? Or had the efforts of Delphine availed to soften the Tribunal? As he followed the jailer to his new cell, which by comparison with the old one was comfortable and airy, a faint ray of hope stole into his heart. And then he fell to wonder-

ing who that other unhappy prisoner could be. He was soon to know.

Night fell on the Conciergerie, that hell in miniature, a heavy, breathless night, charged with pestilential odours from the dungeons where weary prisoners tossed on dirty straw or wretched pallet beds. From time to time gruesome sounds broke on their ears—the howling of the jailers' dogs, the groans of fellow-sufferers, now and again the piteous scream of a sleeper who in dreams had anticipated the fate awaiting him. "You who have never spent a night there, in the midst of all these horrors," one of the victims¹ wrote long afterwards, "you have endured nothing; you have never suffered in this world."

The hours of darkness crept by on leaden feet—the clocks of the neighbouring churches gave out three solemn strokes. And then suddenly a loud knocking was heard on the great doors of the prison and men's hearts stood still for fear. Were not those the butt-ends of guns hammering on the thick wooden panels?

Immediately jailers hurried to the entrance and threw open the doors. Outside in the night where the stars were paling in the first gleam of a sickly dawn, a hired coach was drawn up, surrounded by a horde of ruffians with red caps on their matted hair, carrying muskets. Then, from the high step of the coach, a tall woman descended dressed in trailing black, and, followed closely by the armed men, walked imperiously through the doorway of the prison. Soldiers, policemen, jailers closed around her, and after a moment's discussion led their prisoner down the long dark passage to the cell that had been Custine's. Silently she made her way in her light satin slippers over the paving-stones, her ragged black dress sweeping round her feet, her head held high as ever. Out of the blackness of her widow's cap her face loomed dazzling in its whiteness; white, too, was the once fair hair on each side of the smooth

¹ The Comte de Beugnot.

forehead that showed a faint red mark where she had struck herself against the doorway of her prison at the Temple. They had asked her whether she was hurt, and she had answered no—"Nothing can hurt me any more." She had reached the limit of human suffering.

So she passed through the door of her cell and "her eyes contemplated with amazement the horrible nakedness of the room." Yet even this had little power to hurt her; through it all—the dirt, the damp, the stifling heat of the August night, she saw one vision only—a little fair-haired boy wearing on his tangled curls the cap of liberty, dragged at the heels of the foul-mouthed cobbler, Simon. Thus, two days ago, she had seen him for the last time—her little son, torn from her for ever. After that, as she had said, nothing in this world could hurt her any more.

. . . : : :

Delphine de Custine, coming next morning to the prison, turned her steps as usual towards the black corridor leading to the cell where till now she had visited her father-in-law, but to her surprise the jailer gruffly bade her follow him in another direction and led her to the comfortable room where the general had been placed. Finding him in these better quarters, she broke into a cry of joy. Had the Tribunal, then, at last relented? But the stricken face of the old man froze the smile on her lips.

"They changed my cell," he said brokenly, "because it was the worst in the prison, and it was needed—for the queen."

Truculent democrat that he was, this last barbarity of the revolutionaries cut him to the heart. He remembered that winter, years ago, when he had gaily lost 300,000 francs at the queen's card-parties and had been one of her most ardent adorers. He could see her still as she moved through those gorgeous rooms in all her dazzling youth and beauty, "like an aerial being, all

brightness and grace"—the young queen whom then "ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards" to defend. And now? Now she sat alone and deserted between those four damp walls, behind those iron bars at which he himself had gazed so despairingly. The Tribunal's injustice to himself had roused his indignation, but this heart-rending picture had brought home to him, as nothing else could have done, the atrocious nature of the men whom he had once regarded as the saviours of France.

What must have been the thoughts of Delphine de Custine as she, too, looked back on those old days at Versailles and remembered that gay supper-party when Marie Antoinette had stood behind the chairs of "Iphigenia" and "Orestes," bringing them food with her own hands and laughing at Elzéar's precocious wit. How she had loved those two children! How charmingly she had always welcomed them and their mother at the Court! Of all Delphine's chaotic emotions her affection for "petite Mé"—as she was wont to call her mother—was the deepest and most lasting, and as she made her way out of the Conciergerie that sad August morning I think the memory of the unhappy queen's love for "petite Mé" must have been the strongest claim to her sympathy.

All hope of saving General de Custine's life was now at an end, and on August 27 he was condemned to death by the Tribunal. The evening before he died, Delphine was allowed to come and say good-bye to him; after that he spent the night in prayer and confession. It was said by onlookers that there were tears in his eyes as he drove to the scaffold—tears, perhaps, of bitter disillusionment. He was dying at the hands of "the People"—"the People" for whom he had worked and fought, for whom he had sacrificed his good name. The aristocrats hated him no less than the revolutionaries; it would have taken very little, says Astolphe, to make them come out of hiding and join in the Mar-

seillaise with joy at his condemnation—in their eyes he was a traitor to his class, whilst in the eyes of the populace he was a traitor to the Republic. He was paying now heavily for his mistakes. "I do not know how I shall conduct myself at the last moment," he had written to his son the night before; "one must have reached it before one can answer for oneself." When that moment came his courage did not fail him. Kissing the crucifix at the foot of the scaffold, he mounted the steps firmly and met his end.

The queen spent forty days and nights in the cell that had been Custine's, then thirty-five in the one shown to tourists as the "cachot de la Reine," next to the chapel of the prison, after which her sufferings ended. Yet even this long-drawn-out torture did not avail to temper the hatred of her enemies.

There is no hatred so implacable as that of envy. The hatred inspired by an injury may vent itself in retaliation or be overcome by the spirit of forgiveness, the hatred of contempt may be dispelled by pity, the hatred of antipathy be bridged over by better understanding, but the hatred of human nature for the object of its envy is relentless, and even when it sees the hated one crushed into the dust at its feet it will never be appeased, will not abate a fraction of its rancour or ever cry out in pity, "Hold, it is enough!" So the *tricoteuses*, as Marie Antoinette, broken and humbled, her beauty gone, her hair whitened and her eyes dim with suffering, passed by them on her way to the scaffold, knew no relenting. She had once been beautiful, once been happy, once driven in her gilded coach whilst they went on foot through the mire, and no vengeance could ever satisfy them or moderate their hatred. She had suffered as no woman before or since has ever suffered, yet still they prayed that she would continue to suffer hereafter.

All through the winter months that followed the deaths of his father and the queen, Armand de Custine

remained in prison at La Force and every day Delphine came and spent long hours with him in his cell. Did they think, those two, so young and helpless amidst the immense tragedy in which they were involved, of the happy days only six years ago when all the world seemed gay? Sitting together between these prison walls, did they remember the September morning when they had watched the sun rise over Mont Blanc and had sat side by side, "so close, so close," thinking only of love and the golden present? "One cannot know in spring-time what will happen in summer, in autumn, or in winter; at their age they only see the flowers, they do not wonder whether they will last, they do not think there may be thorns. . . ." So Madame de Sabran had written, little dreaming how cruel was the path of thorns this gentle boy she loved as her own son must tread on his way to the grave. Armand had never been a strong character; to the imperious Delphine he had shown himself too yielding; but now at this supreme moment a new strength came to him, and he faced death with all the calmness of a Stoic philosopher. This was the strange anomaly of those terrible days—the amazing courage of the apparently irresponsible; for even Delphine, a creature of moods and fancies, who had lived only for the moment, showed no want of purpose at this crisis, and brought her husband all that mother-love of which the lightest woman is capable. Her only thought now was to save him from the Tribunal, for there was no longer any hope of his acquittal.

Now every day when Delphine left La Force after her visits to Armand she was led to the entrance by Louise, the daughter of the *concierge*, who was employed to let the friends of prisoners out of the gate. She was a pretty, kind-hearted girl, and Delphine, absorbed in her scheme for rescuing Armand, decided to confide it to Louise. At first Louise would have nothing to do with it, but when Delphine, growing desperate, offered

her a large sum of money as a reward, she consented at last to help her, and every afternoon, as the two girls walked to the gate together, they discussed their plan in eager undertones. It would be quite simple, they agreed: Armand, fair and slim, with his almost effeminate beauty, would easily pass in the dusk as a girl; he must put on Delphine's clothes in his cell, while Delphine put on some belonging to Louise, who was also fair and fresh, and not unlike Delphine in appearance. Then, whilst Louise slipped out of the prison by a back staircase, Armand and Delphine would go out of the gate together and in the twilight of the January afternoon the guards would never notice they were not the two girls they were accustomed to see pass before them daily. Meanwhile, Monsieur de Chaumont Quitry, with the 30,000 francs promised to Louise, was to wait for them in the street, and once there they would all drive away together.

The day before this plan was to be carried out they rehearsed the whole scene in Armand's cell amidst breathless excitement. All went well, and Delphine left the prison full of hope for the success of the morrow's venture.

That same evening a decree was passed by the Tribunal condemning to death every one convicted of helping a prisoner to escape!

Delphine cared nothing for this; she was quite prepared to risk her life to save Armand and incidentally the life of Louise as well. Nothing mattered to her but Armand at this moment, and she arrived at La Force next day fully determined to carry out their scheme. At the foot of the stairs she found Louise in tears.

"What is the matter, Louise?"

"Ah, madame," the girl whispered, "come and persuade him! Only you can save his life. I have been imploring him ever since the morning, but he will not hear another word of our plan!"

And, as they reached the door of Armand's cell, she

added in a lower whisper: "He has read the newspaper!"

The jailer had put it in his cell!

At these words Delphine turned pale with horror. She knew her husband's fine sense of honour, and in a flash she realized the day was lost. Half fainting, she made her way into the cell, desperately determined to persuade Armand still to carry out the plan of escape.

"Come with me, Louise; you must help me to convince him."

Louise followed, and then took place a scene so harrowing that only once in her life afterwards was Delphine able to describe it.

It is, alas! only too easy to imagine—that winter afternoon in the cell at La Force where a slim boy, his young face haggard with despair, his lips set resolutely, sat on his prison chair whilst the two girls, beautiful Delphine and pretty, spirited Louise, knelt on the stone floor at his feet, imploring him in agonized undertones to let them save him. Delphine, who had always been able to bend his will to hers, at last grew frantic and broke out into passionate weeping:

"You will not save yourself, Armand! Then your son will be an orphan, for I shall die too!"

"Sacrifice that girl's life to save my own?" Armand asked, as his eyes fell on Louise. "Impossible!"

"But you will not sacrifice it! She will hide and escape with us."

"There is no hiding now in France—no escape from this unhappy country. You are asking Louise to do more than her duty."

"Monsieur, save yourself!" Louise interposed desperately, "it is my affair."

"Then you do not know of the law passed yesterday?" And Armand took up the newspaper and began to read the decree aloud. But Louise interrupted him:

"I know all that, monsieur, but again I beg you, save

yourself ! I ask you on my knees ! Save yourself—I have staked all my happiness, all my honour on this plan. You promised to make my fortune—you may not be able to keep that promise, but what of that ? I want to rescue you for nothing. The 30,000 francs will do for us all ; we will hide, we will emigrate, I will work for you ! I ask for nothing—only let me save you ! ”

“ We should be caught, and you would die.”

“ If I consent what does that matter ? I will die with you.”

But Armand was inflexible, nor could the tears and prayers of Delphine move him. At last the entrance of the jailer put an end to the interview ; the time allotted for her visit to the prisoner was ended, and she must leave him. She refused desperately to go, but was finally carried from the cell, followed by Louise almost as heart-broken as herself.

Outside in the street Monsieur de' Chaumont Quitry was waiting.

“ All is lost,” sobbed Delphine ; “ he will not save himself.”

“ I knew it,” de Quitry answered quietly, paying in these few words his last tribute to his friend's honour.

The next day but one, Armand was moved from La Force to the Conciergerie for his trial. On January 3 he appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal to answer the charges brought against him of conspiring against the Republic and of having acted as his father's “ accomplice.” His counsel, Chauveau-Lagarde, who had defended the queen, replied courageously to this accusation :

“ What tribunal in the world,” he cried, “ would dare to condemn a man on such grounds ? Is it not contrary to nature that a man should not be the accomplice of his father ? . . . I will go further, and say that even if the accused had known of the designs of a guilty father, should a son denounce his father ? Where would

be then the greatest of virtues, filial piety? Where would be the morals we are seeking to regenerate?"

But of what avail was an appeal to morals before these men of blood? Of what avail, either, were the remonstrances of the audience who murmured as they looked at the heroic boy: "Poor young man! We thought he would be acquitted!" Sentence of death was passed on him, to be carried out next day on the Place de la Révolution. Armand shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

Delphine was not at the trial; Armand had feared her presence might unnerve him, but she succeeded, by means of bribery, in obtaining permission to say good-bye to him at the Conciergerie. At nine o'clock that evening she was shown into the large, low room where the prisoners were allowed at times to see their friends. Out of this room—probably the *parloir*¹ of the prison, situated close to the last cell of the queen—several cells opened, whilst one end was shut off by panes of glass behind which the forms of the jailers could be seen. This dismal place was lit only by a single candle placed on a table, at which the husband and wife sat together through that terrible January night. Let us leave Astolphe to tell the strange story of that last meeting.

"My mother went quietly up to my father, kissed him silently, and sat with him there for three hours. During this time not a reproach was made by either—death was there. The too generous feeling that had brought about this catastrophe was now forgiven; neither admitted to regret; the unhappy man had need of all his strength wherewith to crown his sacrifice. Few words passed between the condemned man and his wife; only my name was spoken several times and this name nearly broke their hearts . . . my father begged her to spare him, and my mother spoke of me no more.

"In those heroic times death was an ordeal at which

¹ See "*Paris Révolutionnaire*," by G. Lenôtre.

the victims staked all their honour in not giving way before the executioners; my poor mother realized that my father, so young, so handsome, so full of soul and wit, and, until now, so happy, had need of all his courage for the morrow, and this last trial of a noble heart became, even in the eyes of a naturally timid woman, his first duty. . . . Midnight drew near, and, feeling she was about to faint, she rose to go. . . . Suddenly a small door, hitherto unperceived, opened and a man came through it holding a dark lantern in his hand. This man, strangely attired, was a prisoner on his way to visit another. He wore a little dressing-gown, or rather a sort of long jacket, edged with swansdown . . . white breeches, stockings, and a large pointed, cotton cap, adorned with an enormous fire-coloured tassel, completed his attire. He came slowly into the room, gliding with short footsteps as the courtiers of Louis XV glided, without lifting their feet, when they crossed the Galerie of Versailles (the Galerie des Glaces).

“When this figure had come quite close to the husband and wife it looked at them for a moment without saying a word and went on its way; then they saw that this old man was rouged.

“This apparition, contemplated in silence by the two young people, surprised them in the midst of their fierce despair, and, without reflecting that the rouge had not been put on to enhance a withered countenance, but that it was, perhaps, intended to prevent a brave man growing pale next day on his way to the scaffold, they broke out together into a terrible shriek of laughter, nervous electricity triumphing for a moment over the anguish of their minds.

“The effort they had made so long to hide their thoughts had worked on the tissue of their brains; they were taken unawares by the sense of the ridiculous—the only emotion for which they were unprepared, and so, in spite of their efforts to remain calm, or rather on account of them, they gave themselves up to uncontrolled laughter which soon turned into frightful hysterics. The warders, whose experiences of the Revolution had enlightened them on the subject of this sardonic laughter, had pity on my mother. . . . These men

came into the room and carried her away during a nervous outbreak that showed itself by renewed fits of laughter, whilst my father remained alone given over to the same convulsions.

"Such was the last interview between the husband and wife, and such the first stories told me in my childhood."

The next afternoon, a bitter winter's day, Armand de Custine sat in his cell writing his last words of farewell to Delphine :

" Four o'clock in the evening.

" I must leave you. I send you my hair in this letter. The citizeness X. [Louise] will give them to you. Show her gratitude from me. It is all over, my poor Delphine. I kiss you for the last time. I cannot see you, and even if I could I would not. The parting would be too hard, and this is not the moment to show feeling. What do I say ? to show feeling ? How could I help it at the thought of you ? There is only one way—to thrust it from me with fierce, but necessary determination. My reputation will be what it should be, and as to life it is a frail thing by its very nature. Regrets are the only emotions that come at moments to disturb my perfect peace. . . . I do not think I have ever purposely done harm to any one. Sometimes I have felt a keen desire to do good—I wish I had done more, but I am not troubled by a great burden of remorse. Why, then, should I grieve ? Death is necessary and quite as simple as birth. Your fate grieves me. May it grow brighter ! May it even one day be happy. This is my dearest wish. . . . Teach your son to know his father, and with thoughtful care keep him from evil ways. As to misfortune, may a pure and vigorous soul enable him to bear it ! Farewell. I cannot construct phrases to tell you of the hopes my heart and my imagination inspire in me, but believe that I do not leave you without the desire to see you again one day. I have forgiven the few who seemed to rejoice at my arrest. Give a reward to the one who hands you this letter. . . ."

Outside the winter twilight was falling over the courtyard of the Conciergerie, where one other victim stood by the waiting tumbril—an old colonel whose crime was to have stayed beside the king at the Tuileries on the 10th of August.

The harsh voice of the executioner could be heard calling over the names of the victims.

“Armand Louis Philippe François Custine !”

A warder entered the cell and tore the pen from the young man's hand.

“It is your turn. Come.”

Armand followed silently. His serenity never deserted him ; his boyish face held to the last its look of radiant innocence. Yet who can measure the depth of his anguish as from the scaffold in the Place de la Révolution he looked towards that once happy house which only seven years earlier he had entered as a lover ? Did he think of golden summer days with Delphine and her mother under the trees of the garden, now leafless and deserted, as he went to his death with a smile on his face that bitter winter evening ? We only know that he met his end simply, like the brave and gentle boy he was, holding his head high until he laid it down beneath the blade of the guillotine.

So ended Armand de Custine's dreams of the great “Regeneration.”

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Delphine, left alone with little Astolphe and the faithful Nanette in the Rue de Bourbon, had now no thought but flight. They must escape from Paris, from this growing “inferno,” and join Madame de Sabran in Germany. But how was it to be managed ? As the daughter-in-law and widow of the traitors Custine, she could not hope to avoid the vigilance of the Comité de Sûreté, and the gates of the city were all strictly guarded. In her perplexity she turned to the one friend who was left her, a man named Bertrand who had known her as

a child and had been imprisoned with Armand at the Conciergerie. For some reason he had secured his release, and now that he was free he devoted himself to Delphine. At the risk of his life Bertrand became her accomplice in her plans for escape, and every few days came to dine with her, and discuss the best way of carrying them out. Madame de Custine, they finally decided, must leave Paris alone; the presence of her child might lead to identification—disguised as a seller of lace, she would travel to Belgium, thence to Germany, where Madame de Sabran and Elzéar would receive her. Meanwhile Nanette, who could pass easily as a peasant of the Vosges travelling with her child, was to take Astolphe and make her way with him through Alsace across the frontier to Westphalia, where she would join her mistress and go on with her to Berlin.

This scheme, discussed behind closed doors and in hushed whispers, was to be kept a secret from every one in the house except of course Nanette. The loyalty of the other four servants—the cook and his wife, the maid and the footman—was not to be depended on, and indeed loyalty was too much to expect from servants in those days, when not merely to aid, but to connive at the escape of their employers was to run the risk of being denounced as an aristocrat and sharing the same fate.¹

Delphine de Custine's maid, like many others, lived in dread of the Tribunal, and when her mistress had several times entrusted her with parcels to be carried to Monsieur Bertrand's—containing, of course, clothes for the intended journey—she became suspicious. What could these mysterious packages contain? At

¹ The power thus placed in the hands of servants was sometimes used with terrible effect; cooks taking "an afternoon out" in defiance of orders during the Reign of Terror, had only to appeal to the Revolutionary Tribunal for sympathy: "The citizeness complained that I went to see the guillotine, and did not return after the second head!" Result: approval for the "patriotic" cook and prison for the mistress. ("Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution," by de Goncourt.)

last, one day, overcome by curiosity, she opened the parcel she was carrying and examined the contents. Instantly she guessed the truth—Madame was going to emigrate, and she would be accused of complicity! In a sudden panic she hurried to the Comité de Sûreté Générale and told them her suspicions. . . . Poor Delphine! She paid heavily for her imprudence.

The fateful evening arrived, and Nanette, concealing Astolphe beneath her voluminous cloak, left the house on her way to the Strasbourg coach. A rope ladder had been carefully left hanging from the drawing-room balcony to give the impression that Delphine had escaped without the knowledge of the servants. Bertrand was waiting at the barrier to speed Delphine on her journey with a false passport he had procured for her. Delphine herself was dressed as a lace-seller, and ready to start, when suddenly she remembered that the drawers of her cabinets and writing-table were filled with incriminating documents. It was so like the feckless Delphine to have forgotten all about them until the last moment before starting on her journey! Sitting down now on the sofa, she began hurriedly to destroy them. There were letters from all kinds of people, from *émigrés*, from suspects, from aristocrats still in Paris, many so anti-revolutionary in tone that she realized, with a thrill of horror, here was evidence enough to provide a whole *journée* for the guillotine! With feverish haste she threw them by handfuls into the fire; yet there were some she could not bring herself to destroy—her mother's, Elzéar's, the Chevalier's—and so, seizing upon an empty cardboard box, she began to thrust them into it.

Suddenly a loud knocking sounded on the outer door. Her heart almost stopped beating. "I have been denounced! They have come to arrest me!" she told herself, sick with horror. Hastily gathering up the remaining piles of letters in her arms, she crushed them all together into the box and pushed it under the sofa

on which she had been sitting, and of which the covering reached the ground. Then, standing up in front of it, she contrived to push the compromising box farther beneath it with her foot at the very moment that the armed members of the Comité de Sûreté came into the room.

They were a sight to strike terror into the heart of the strongest—these brutal men, with their red caps drawn over their ragged hair, in their dirty shirts and carmagnoles—yet “as ridiculous as they were atrocious,” says Astolphe. Delphine faced them calmly as they came towards her. Guns and sabres flashed around her golden head; rough hands seized her; the false passport was snatched in triumph from her pocket.

“Thou art arrested!” said the leader of the band, designated as the “president.”

Delphine made no reply.

“Thou art arrested because thou hast been denounced as an intending emigrant.”

Of what use to deny it since the incriminating passport was already in his hands?

“It is true,” she answered simply, “I wanted to escape.”

“We knew it!”

At that moment, beyond the faces of the revolutionaries, Delphine caught sight of a guilty, trembling figure. It was her maid, overcome with remorse at the consequences of her cowardice.

“I pity you!” was all Delphine said, as their eyes met.

The girl burst into tears.

“Oh, madame, forgive me! I was so frightened!”

“If you had spied on me better,” Delphine returned gently, “you would have known that you were in no danger.”

Meanwhile the members of the committee were searching the room for further evidence against the prisoner. Cabinet doors were opened, furniture moved

aside, but mercifully no one thought of looking underneath the sofa, and the compromising box of letters remained undiscovered.

Then, the search ended, Delphine was led downstairs and driven away in a cab with three armed men to prison at the Couvent des Carmes.

CHAPTER V

A HORROR OF BLACK DARKNESS

IN all the history of the Revolution, that time of horror and bloodshed so appalling that many of us cannot bring ourselves to read of it, the fact that appeals most strongly to the imagination is the amazing contrast of brutality and kindness of heart, of bravery and cowardice, of grovelling vice and of soaring virtue. If the French Revolution had been merely an "inferno" unrelieved by gleams of heavenly light we might well turn away our eyes in sickening loathing at the spectacle. But it was not so. Human nature at this crisis was as sublime as it was infamous. Here and there amidst the mass of debased humanity, mad with the lust of blood, were men and women whose names shine out like stars from the blackness of the night, and the same France that produced the monsters of the Terror produced likewise countless heroic victims, not only the Princesse de Lamballe, Charlotte Corday, Made-moiselle de Sombreuil, and others known to fame, but many humble and forgotten people who showed themselves no less capable of supreme self-sacrifice.

Such a humble heroine of the Terror was Nanette Malriat, the nurse of Astolphe de Custine.

On that fatal evening of February 20 Nanette arrived with Astolphe at the station for the Strasbourg coach. Meanwhile Bertrand was waiting impatiently at the barrier for Delphine, and when she failed to appear he guessed immediately what must have happened, and

hurried to Nanette in order to prevent her starting for Alsace. The three made their way back to the Rue de Bourbon and here the deserted flat told its own tale. The servants had fled—after stealing the plate and linen—and the seals of the Revolutionary Tribunal were set on the doors of all the rooms but one. In this one, the kitchen, Nanette improvised beds for herself and Astolphe and here for eight long months they lived—through the whole Reign of Terror.

“ In this devastated dwelling,” says Astolphe, “ Nanette cared for me as if I had been a *grand seigneur* . . . with maternal fidelity. She had nothing of value in her possession, and when the small sum of money she had borrowed for the journey was exhausted she fed me with the proceeds of her clothes that she sold one by one. . . . Hers was a beautiful soul, a noble heart ! ”

As a woman of the people, Nanette might have escaped from Paris, without much difficulty, but as long as Delphine was alive nothing could make her leave her post ; only if the worst happened and her mistress perished at the hands of the Tribunal, she resolved to go back to her own country and take Astolphe with her to be brought up amongst the little peasants of Nidervillers.

To return to Delphine, whom we left at the Couvent des Carmes.

The Carmes was one of the worst of the many horrible prisons of the Revolution. “ For one Bastille that had been destroyed, thirty, or even forty, had sprung up.”¹ Here were none of the amenities that prevailed at the Luxembourg or even at the Conciergerie, where, as we have seen, the women retained their habitual elegance. At the Carmes few people cared about their appearance ; the men went unshaved, the women wore gowns of shabby cotton which they did not change all day. The cells were dark and damp, with windows half stopped up, to increase the gloom, and the smells were pestilen-

¹ “ Histoire du Tribunal Révolutionnaire,” by H. Wallon.

tial.¹ On every side were seen the traces of the horrible scenes that had recently taken place there—"the walls of the refectory . . . and the wooden chairs were still stained with the blood and brains of the venerable old priests murdered in September."²

What a place for Delphine, brought up amidst the luxury and splendour of her mother's exquisite house in the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré! But adaptability most often goes with the highest breeding, and she retained her tranquillity through all these vicissitudes. "Physical ills," says Astolphe, "had no power to affect her," and she would never allow her natural fastidiousness to show itself at the unpleasant fare provided by the prison which she shared with people of all classes at a common table.

Fortunately, at the Carmes she found several friends, for here were some of the aristocrats who, like the de Custines, had sympathized with the Revolution—amongst them the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and Madame Charles de Lameth; but the most pathetic figure of all was her mother's friend, the old Duc de Nivernais, who had been torn from his bed in the Rue de Tournon at midnight and driven off to prison. Chaumette, one of the most vindictive members of the Commune, had been sent to inspect the duke's estates in Nivernais, yet, though he was obliged to report on his return that he had found no ancient abuses in existence—probably owing to the letter quoted earlier in this book appealing to the duke for protection against the excesses of his agent—the duke's estates were confiscated, and his golden ducal crown was solemnly brought up to Paris and shattered on the altar of liberty.

Little had Delphine dreamt, during that splendid fête at Saint-Ouen, five years ago, that she and the dear old man who entertained them all with princely hospitality were to meet one day in such a place as this!

It must have been a horrible experience for the

¹ "Mémoires sur les Prisons."

² "Memoirs of Mrs. Elliott."

sybaritic duke. He liked everything that was exquisite—art, furniture, manners, conversation, music, food, and dress, all these at the Rue de Tournon had been quite perfect. His palate was so keen that he could distinguish the right from the left wing of a chicken, merely by the taste.¹ What, then, must have been his despair at finding himself in one of the stuffiest and dirtiest cells in the Couvent des Carmes? The smells were by far his worst affliction, but after a while his faithful valet, Liebebe, was allowed to come to the prison and bring him his favourite scents—"rose and lavender water, Neapolitan soap, scented with amber, and jasmin powder for his hair." In return for these attentions, the old man would sometimes persuade, or bribe, his jailer to convey little notes to Liebebe, such as this :

"My good François, I am quite well, and not too uncomfortable in my room; only I cannot make my bed as well as you do—it is very badly done. What I feel the most is having to go down and fill my jug and bring it up again, for it is very heavy. But in time I shall get accustomed to it."²

So the Duc de Nivernais, like the fine old aristocrat that he was, resigned himself peacefully to his fate. Nearly eighty now, and worn with fever, he nevertheless pursued his courtly way between these prison walls. Every morning, at the same hour, he sat down at the rough table in his cell as serenely as he had once sat in his bower of birds at Saint-Ouen, and for seven hours a day occupied himself in translating Latin poetry or composing graceful verses of his own. So in the prisons of Paris these people, trained from infancy to control their feelings and to make themselves agreeable, remained true to their traditions. With them, "misfortune was treated like a tiresome child, only to be

¹ "Mémoires de la Marquise de Créquy."

² From "Le Duc de Nivernais," by Lucien Perey.

laughed at—and, in fact, they laughed very heartily at the divinity of Marat, the priesthood of Robespierre, and the *magistrature* of Fouquier, and to all these blood-stained flunkys (*cette valetaille ensanglantée*) they seemed to say: "You can kill us if you like, but you will never prevent us being amiable."¹ Supreme triumph of the spirit over brute force!

There were many prisoners other than aristocrats at the Couvent des Carmes. In one room shared by fourteen women was an old Englishwoman, deaf and nearly blind, who could never make out why she was here, and kept continually asking her fellow-prisoners the reason. "The executioner," says Astolphe drily, "answered her last question." Quite a character was Madame Loison, another of the fourteen. She and her husband had owned a little, marionette-show in the Champs Elysées and had been arrested because they were said to have laughed at Marat, and because their Polichinelle had too aristocratic an air. The Tribunal was right, however, in believing Madame Loison to be an "aristocrat" in her sympathies, for she adored the old régime. She had little cause, poor soul, to be grateful to a Revolution that thus expressed its goodwill to the people, and now, finding herself amongst the *grandes dames* who represented to her mind an order of things greatly to be preferred to the present reign of "liberty," she insisted on treating them with all the deference she held to be their due; she did their rooms for them, begged to be allowed to wait on them, and in speaking to them used terms so ceremonious that at first these unfortunate ladies, unaccustomed now to be treated with respect, thought she was laughing at them, but soon realized the sincerity of her devotion. So, in contrast to the insolent jailers, Madame Loison, with her courtly manners and polished phrases, created quite a feudal atmosphere which at the same time amused and touched the prisoners.

¹ "Mémoires du Comte de Beugnot," vol. 1. p. 203.

During the day-time the women associated only with each other, but in the evening all the prisoners were allowed to meet in the garden—that garden that during the September massacres had been a scene of horror where the ill-fated priests, pursued by their murderers, had sought refuge, frantically endeavouring to escape over the walls, but relentlessly tracked down and butchered. Here, beneath the soil in the middle of the garden, lay their bodies, and over them passed the feet of the prisoners who, for all they knew, would one day share the same ghastly fate. Yet no one dwelt on such possibilities; all lived for the moment, and maintained an air of gaiety, even Delphine, who was already beginning to recover from her dreadful experiences. She was lovelier than ever now, hung about with tragedy, in her black dress and veil, and at the Carmes admirers were not wanting. The German Prince de Salm—he whom Boufflers had met long ago on his way to Lorraine ingratiating himself with the people of Provins—had long adored her, and, having been arrested by the Tribunal, succeeded in getting himself imprisoned at the Carmes to be with his divinity. Soon, yet another lover was worshipping at the shrine of the lovely Delphine—General Alexandre de Beauharnais, once a gay man of the world and the best dancer in Paris, but who had become an infuriated republican and ended by incurring the displeasure of the Tribunal.

In the long spring evenings Alexandre de Beauharnais would walk by Delphine's side through the garden, talking of love, and Delphine, fascinated by his personality and thrilled at this new love affair, murmured soft replies. Poor Armand! Was he, then, already forgotten? Probably not, but Delphine was a woman who simply could not exist without some man at her feet. How far are such women to blame—women whose beauty is of the kind that leaves a man no time for thought, but goes immediately to his head like wine? This was the difference between Delphine and her mother. In

Madame de Sabran, as the Chevalier had said, the first thing one saw was not her beauty but her soul, whilst Delphine's rose and white loveliness appealed directly to the senses. To look at her was to love her, not with life-long worship such as her mother had inspired, but with the fitful fire of passion. And, like the child she still was, she loved to watch the flicker of this flame in the eyes of the men who became her slaves. By an irony of fate, a few weeks after her arrival at the Carmes, the general's wife, Joséphine de Beauharnais, was arrested and sent to the same prison. In the memoirs of the period many women claimed to have shared the same room as the future empress, but for a time, at any rate, Delphine was her companion. Was it in that sinister "Chambre des Épées" where we know that Joséphine spent part of her captivity? if so—poor Delphine! For on the walls of this long, low-vaulted room, with its iron-barred window looking out on to the garden, were the gruesome stains of three swords that had been leant against them during the September massacres—hence the name which the room bears to this day.

Joséphine, child of the south, indolent and luxurious, saw with dismay the place where she was to spend six months of her life, and she showed, says Astolphe, "a despondency that made her companions in misfortune blush." Sunk on her pallet bed, she wept continually, and spent long hours telling her fortune by cards in the frantic hope of their promising her deliverance.

It is said that, fifteen years earlier, in her native land of Martinique, an old negress had foretold the future of Joséphine Tascher de la Pagerie. "One day," she had said, "you will be Queen of France!" This prophecy must have mocked the unhappy woman as she sat dealing out the cards in the *Chambre des Épées*. Nothing at this moment seemed more unlikely. Only to be free again, out of the shadow of the scaffold, seemed happiness enough to hope for. Delphine did everything

she could to keep up her companion's courage, and Joséphine, too good-natured—or too indolent—to resent her husband's admiration for Delphine, soon became attached to her.

Several times after Delphine's imprisonment at the Carmes she was taken back to her flat by twelve members of the Comité de Sûreté who had not been satisfied with their hurried inspection of her rooms on the night of her arrest and hoped still to find incriminating papers.

By marvellous good luck, on each of these occasions they never once thought of looking under the sofa, and though they actually broke the writing-table to pieces and tore up the parquet, the fateful box continued to repose peacefully behind its concealing valence. Delphine, standing by, breathless with fear, could hardly believe her good fortune, and never dared to look in the direction of the sofa, lest she should betray her anxiety.

Her irresponsibility on these occasions was, perhaps, her greatest protection. The pitiless men who made up the Comité would have known how to deal with a woman who showed fear of them, but they could make nothing of Delphine. Instead of trembling at their questions she answered them with a smile, almost mockingly, teasing these rough brutes as a child might tease some savage animal and surprise it into gentleness. We must leave it to Astolphe to describe an extraordinary scene that once took place between them.

“ Seated around a table in the middle of the room, they ended their visits by a long and detailed examination of the prisoner. The first time this sort of revolutionary jury was presided over by a little hunchback, a shoemaker by trade and as spiteful as he was ugly. This man had found a shoe in a corner of the room which he declared to be of English leather—a serious accusation! My mother maintained that the shoe was not of English leather; the shoemaker insisted that it was.

“ ‘ It is possible,’ my mother said at last; ‘ you must

know more about it than I do ; all that I can say is that I never had anything sent to me from England, so if the shoe is English it is not mine.'

"They try it on—it fits her foot!

"'Who is your shoemaker?' asked the president.

"My mother named him ; he was the fashionable shoemaker at the beginning of the Revolution, and worked at that time for all the young women of the Court.

"'A bad patriot!' answered the hunchbacked and jealous president.

"'But such a good shoemaker!' said my mother.

"'We intended putting him in prison,' the president answered venomously, 'but he hid himself—the aristocrat! His bad conscience had warned him. Do you know where he is now?'

"'No,' said my mother, 'and if I did I should not tell you!'

"Her courageous answers, which contrasted so with her timid appearance, the irony of her thoughts . . . her enchanting beauty, the delicacy of her features, her perfect profile, her mourning garments, her youth, her dazzling complexion, the magic of her pale golden hair . . . her passionate, yet melancholy face . . . her courtly manners, whose very ease brought blushes to the faces of these men, embarrassed by their natural or affected roughness, the matchless quality of her silver voice . . . everything about her combined to win the hearts of her judges, cruel though they were."

So by degrees they softened—all but the little hunchback, who, doubtless, could not forgive the favour shown to his rival in the trade. Who could have behaved as Delphine did during this ordeal? Whilst the Comité were discussing the question of her guilt she quietly took up a pencil and proceeded to make a spirited sketch of the tragic scene in which she played the leading part. The little hunchback, his hump gracefully dissembled by the flattering artist, could be seen standing on a chair holding up the shoe of English leather to the gaze of the company. She was just

putting the finishing touches when one of her judges, a master-mason called Gérôme, a furious revolutionary, stretched out his hand and took the paper from her, which he handed to his companions. Delphine held her breath, and then, as smiles broke out on the grim faces round the table, and smiles turned into laughter, it seemed for the moment as if the situation had been saved.

"Look!" cried the judges, thrusting his portrait on the president, "see how you are flattered! The citizeness thinks you handsome—*ma foi!*"

These jeers, and the roars of laughter by which they were accompanied, only made the hunchback angrier than ever, and Delphine felt that she had made a dangerous enemy. The president of the Comité was all-powerful, and a word from him to Fouquier-Tinville would be her death-warrant.

The Revolution was now nearing its crisis. One by one the obstacles to the supremacy of Robespierre had been removed, the Girondins, the so-called moderates, had long since been executed, the monarchy had been abolished, the aristocracy were being rapidly done away with, and finally the death of Danton this April took from Robespierre's path the only strong man capable of opposing his designs. A further momentous decision must now be arrived at—whether God was to be dethroned likewise. For some time religious services had been forbidden, and the devout went stealthily to confession; but the followers of Hébert had not been able to make the position of Atheism secure, and it remained for the little provincial solicitor, Maximilien Robespierre, to arise and take up the cause of the "Supreme Being." In his famous pale blue coat, curled, scented, powdered, with the inevitable bunch of flowers in his hand, he presided at the great Festival and delivered a long discourse on a belief in the Deity, composed by—the Abbé Porquet!

¹ "La Révolution," by Louis Madelin, p. 363.

Porquet had progressed far since the old days when Stanislas had given him a year in which to be converted !

The aristocrats hailed this event with joy, as signifying a return to law and order ; but, alas ! the worst of the Terror was yet to come. Two days after the Festival of the Supreme Being the law of the 22nd of Prairial was passed, giving absolute power to the Revolutionary Tribunal to pass sentence of death without reference to the Assembly. From this moment the guillotine worked with frightful rapidity ; the executions, which in the month preceding the 22nd of Prairial (June 10) had averaged about ninety a week, rose to double this number in the weeks following, and at last in Thermidor they reached the appalling total of 342 in nine days.

Paris had become a place of fear and horror. In the silent streets where now no carriages ever passed, men crept by furtively, pulling their hats over their eyes, starting at the sound of their own footsteps. Women, jaundiced with terror, greeted their friends with hardly a nod of recognition. Who knew what one might be reported to have said in a few minutes' conversation, what twisted meaning might be given to the most innocent remark ? One feared to laugh lest it should be said one mocked at the existing order of things ; one dared not weep lest one should be accused of regretting the old order that had passed away. " Oh ! le bon temps que celui de la Terreur ! " cries Madame d'Abrantès, recalling this period of her youth.

Only in the prisons some semblance of gaiety survived—here, at least, one was safe from denunciation, and in these nightmare days death seemed almost benignant, a speedy and simple way out of one's perplexities. The men and women still at liberty had acquired none of this tranquillity ; to them life was one long-drawn-out suspense, and the sword hanging per-

petually over one's head was harder to bear than that sword when it eventually descended.

No one was safe from denunciation; the "Glaive Vengeur" struck out in all directions and entirely at random, as will be seen by reading through the list of condemnations passed by the Tribunal. These records, published both by Campardon and Wallon, eloquent in their brevity, dispel any lingering belief in the Revolution as a retribution that overtook the oppressors of the people. The small party amongst the aristocrats who had opposed reforms in 1789—Calonne, the Polignacs, and their set, including the Comte d'Artois, perhaps the most really culpable member of the court party—had all emigrated, whilst amongst those who remained in France to perish were some of the most ardent reformers and the truest friends of the people—good old Malesherbes, once the colleague of Turgot in his schemes for relieving distress; Madame Elizabeth, and the Princesse de Lamballe; the Comte de Brienne, to whom "the destitute had never applied without being listened to and helped," and who was executed in spite of the fact that *more than thirty villages petitioned for his release*¹; Emilie de Sainte-Amaranthe, who at eleven years old had cut off and sold her golden hair to save a starving family,² and was led to her death in the *chemise rouge* of an assassin,—these are only a few of the countless instances that could be quoted, and which form no striking exceptions to the general rule. On the contrary, in looking through the list of aristocrats condemned, *I have been unable to discover one who was accused of any wrongs towards the people*—they were condemned merely for being aristocrats, and on no other pretext.

Yet one hears sometimes the extraordinary argument brought forward that these unfortunate people were descended from nobles who had oppressed the people.

¹ "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès," vol. i. p. 385.

² *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 218

As a matter of fact, I do not think this charge was brought against a single victim of the Tribunal—nor was such evidence necessary.¹ But, even had it been required and forthcoming, can one conceive a more monstrous injustice than to hold a man responsible for the conduct of his ancestors? The Mosaic law that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children was never a command given to man to carry out, but simply the statement of the natural law of heredity by which a man suffers in himself for the vices of his progenitors. What would be the outcry if such a principle of retribution were carried out in the case of a man of the people who, because his grandfather was a felon, were treated as an outcast and refused the privileges of a law-abiding citizen? Would not the plea of "giving every man his chance in life" be justly brought forward, and the taint of his ancestry be counted as atoned for by his own honourable behaviour?

Had the Revolution broken out sixty or thirty years earlier—under the corrupt régime of the Regent or of the infamous Louis XV—not a voice could have been raised in remonstrance; had the king who lived only for his vile pleasures and cared nothing for the welfare of his people, been torn from the throne; had the Pompadour who organized the Parc aux Cerfs, and not the du Barry who abolished it, been dragged shrieking to the scaffold, had the Conciergerie been filled with the

¹ Such an incident as the condemnation of Charles Darnay in "The Tale of Two Cities" is of course purely imaginary. Dickens, as an artist, legitimately created a dramatic situation, by introducing the pretext of the uncle's ill-treatment of a peasant; but in no real instance was evidence of this kind brought forward, nor would it have been listened to at a time when the Tribunal had fifty cases to dispose of in a few hours.

Victims were summoned in batches and condemned without the formality of a trial—without even being allowed to utter a word in their own defence.

"Tu es accusé de propos contre-révolutionnaires."

"Mais, citoyen président——"

"Tu n'as pas la parole! A l'autre!"

And the next prisoner was led before the judges.

roués of the Regency or the scandalous women of Louis XV's youth, then, indeed, the Revolution would have been the retribution represented by democratic writers. But this is precisely what did not happen. Louis le Bien-Aimé died in his bed, and, if no longer loved, yet publicly mourned by the nation¹; Madame de Pompadour lived in ease and splendour to the end of her days, and not one member of the dissolute Court of the Regent survived to suffer at the hands of "the People."

As to the people themselves, how did they fare in these days of their "sovereignty"? At every turn, ironical placards met the eye: "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité, ou la Mort!" Or outside the theatres, filled now only with the lowest rabble: "De par et pour le Peuple Souverain." Meanwhile the people, poorer than ever through want of employment, were far more dumb than they had ever been under their old oppressors. Woe betide the mother of hungry children who now dared to criticize the existing order of things!

For, though the royal family and aristocracy, who had been held responsible for the famine, were now swept away, provisions were still very scarce; the people were just kept from starving—for the *bête populaire* must be fed if it was not to rise against its rulers; but the black and slimy *pain de section* dealt out in scanty rations, was far from satisfying.

Yet so firm a hold had the demagogues acquired over the minds of the populace that the crowd who had once marched on Versailles breathing curses against the *boulangers* now meekly gathered up the crumbs that fell from their masters' tables. Just outside Paris, says Courtois in the *Moniteur*, the great journal of the day, the leaders of the Tribunal, including the austere Robe-

¹ "A la mort de Louis XV. . . . Paris tout entier prit le deuil. . . ." ("Au Couchant de la Monarchie," par le Marquis de Ségur). "L'artisan, le portefaix, ceux à qui il ne fait réellement rien qu'un roi soit mort, s'étonnaient à attrister leurs vêtements. Il semblait que chacun eût perdu son père" ("Mémorial de Norvins," vol. i.).

spierre, "had several pleasure-houses where they gave themselves up to the most infamous debauchery. There they always found Lucullus feasts spread, whilst those they spoke of as 'the populace'¹ (for it was thus that in their orgies they referred to the mob of whom they made use to carry out their criminal designs) were in dire want. . . ."

Madame de la Tour du Pin, too, describes the scenes that took place in Bordeaux at this moment: "When two or three hundred people, each waiting for his pound of meat, were gathered round the butcher's door, the crowd made way without a murmur or dispute for messengers carrying fine appetizing joints destined for the tables of the representatives of the people, whilst most of the crowd could only aspire to scraps. My cook, who was then sometimes obliged to go and fetch provisions for the ruffians, told me in the evening that he could not imagine why he was not assaulted. The same sight was to be seen at the bakers' doors, and even if envious eyes rested on the baskets of little white rolls intended for our masters, not a complaint was heard."

But this was the milder side of the people's sufferings. They had far more to fear from the Tribunal than slow starvation. Let any one who imagines that the Reign of Terror was mainly a massacre of the aristocrats, and that the members of "the People" condemned were merely incidental, examine for himself the list of sentences passed by the Tribunal.

Now the number of death-sentences passed and executed by the Revolutionary Tribunal during the course of its existence—that is to say, between March 10, 1793 and May 1795, is approximately 2,800. Out of all these victims *only about 485 were nobles*, and amongst

¹ Note, in this context, Fouquier's last words to the people, shrieked on his way to the guillotine: "Vile canaille! Va chercher du pain!"

² On the subject of these orgies see also "Deux Amis de la Liberté," vol. xii. p. 194, and "Mémoires sur les Prisons," by Riouffe, vol. ii. p. 248.

these are included all officers of the army or navy who belonged to the nobility. What, then, of the remaining 2,315? Of these, 205 were ecclesiastics—almost entirely obscure and humble priests; but no dissolute pontiffs such as the Cardinal de Rohan. Eliminating, then, the nobility and clergy, we find that 2,110 people of the middle and working classes perished—a total that includes the following items¹:

360 Government officials—from farmer-generals down to small clerks and turnkeys; also members of the various revolutionary factions condemned by each other.

320 shopkeepers.

253 soldiers and sailors—not officers.

173 people of no profession—mostly women.

161 lawyers and men of business.

130 workmen.

106 domestic servants.

68 cultivators and wine-growers.

64 clerks and secretaries.

48 artists, authors, architects, etc.

39 court officials.

32 doctors and dentists.

31 barbers and hairdressers.

29 manufacturers.

23 working women (*ouvrières*).

22 inn-keepers.

13 printers.

12 artificers.

Besides these are the curious items of a rat-catcher, a poacher, a chimney-sweep, several old-clothes sellers, and pathetic victims such as "Ostelier, bon pauvre et jardinier," or Dorival, a "hermit-weaver," whose power to injure the Republic is quite unimaginable.

¹ I do not know whether any other writer has analysed this list. I have compiled the figures direct from Campardon's "Tribunal Révolutionnaire." In the provinces the proportion of victims taken from "the people" was of course far higher. Arsène Houssaye (in "Notre Dame de Thermidor," p. 146) says that out of 11,470 only 639 were nobles.

Such was "the People's Revolution"! How far was it the will of "the People"? Undoubtedly it was the will of that residuum—*la bête populaire* of whom the Tribunal had made their tool, for we are told that it was against the members of their own class that the furies of the guillotine uttered their foulest invectives, whilst at Orange a tribunal presided over by rag-pickers resulted in the condemnation of no less than a hundred of their own profession. But were these the People—the *apaches* and the *tricoteuses*, the viragoes who crowded on the steps of the Palais de Justice howling at unfortunate victims? Was not the "mass of the true people" far more truly represented by the audiences that applauded the acquittals of the Tribunal, by the innumerable men and women accused of saying they hated the Revolution, and by the inhabitants of the Rue Saint-Honoré, who, sickened at the sight of the tumbrils passing continually beneath their windows to the Place de la Révolution, petitioned for the removal of the guillotine to another quarter of the town?

It was thus that all the great *journées* of the Terror, after the passing of the *loi du 22 Prairial*, took place at the Place du Trône, when Fouquier, desperate for pretexts to condemn more victims, invented the "conspiracies of the prisons," and was able by this means to supply fifty or sixty heads daily for the guillotine.

One of the most pathetic of these victims was Boufflers' cousin, the poor little Duchesse de Biron, once Amélie de Boufflers, whose *petit air effarouché* had so amused the gay Chevalier. Timid as she was throughout her life, she went to her death as bravely as the rest, asking only for a little cotton-wool to fill her nostrils so as to keep out the odour of the crowd at the Tribunal lest it should make her faint and appear afraid. Fouquier did not even trouble to invent an accusation against her; another Duchesse de Biron, the wife of a cousin of her husband's, had been condemned, and the jailer, uncertain which of the two

duchesses he should take, appealed to the Accusateur Public. "Take them both!" Fouquier answered with a shrug. This day was the great *journée de nobles*, in which also perished the old Maréchal de Mouchy and his wife, Prince Victor de Broglie, and Madame Crozant, who had devoted herself to the care of nursing mothers.

Ten days later came the largest *journée* of all—no less than sixty people, accused of a conspiracy at the prison of the Luxembourg. What must have been the feelings of the Chevalier de Boufflers, far away at Rheinsberg, when the news of this dreadful *journée* reached him, for amongst the names—all men but two—was that of "Marie Catherine Stanislas Boufflers, femme de Boisgelin, 50 ans, ex-noble et ex-comtesse." Poor Catherine de Boisgelin! She had not been very "pleasant in her life," but she was certainly guilty of no wrongs towards the people. I think Madame de Sabran must have forgiven her now for all the unhappiness she had caused her—even for that miserable evening, seven years ago, when she had tortured her about the Chevalier's letters. The Tribunal had no charge to bring against her except that of being the wife of the Comte de Boisgelin, with whom she had hardly lived at all, and who was condemned merely because he had refused to sit in the States-General.

In that same terrible *journée* was found a touching figure, the venerable Abbé de Fénelon, nephew of the great Fénelon, aged eighty, whose kindness had endeared him to the poor of Paris, especially to the little Savoyard chimney-sweeps, whose protector he had been. As he stood at the Tribunal a crowd of his poor little *protégés* made their way into the hall, crying out that he was their father and imploring mercy for him. But never did the cry of the poor or helpless touch the heart of Fouquier-Tinville. The abbé was condemned to death amidst the sobs of all the little Savoyards. He turned towards them gently: "Do not weep, my children," he said; "it is the will of God."

All the way to the scaffold they followed him, whilst the old man exhorted his companions in the tumbril, telling them to turn their thoughts to God. Then at last, standing on the dripping platform and seeing still the tearful faces of the children looking up at him from the crowd, he begged the executioner to untie his hands for a moment so that he might spread them out in blessing over the children's heads. As he did this the whole crowd, touched suddenly by divine power, fell on their knees around the scaffold. The blade descended in a silence only broken by the sound of weeping.

Was Catherine de Boisgelin amongst the abbé's companions in the tumbril? Were her last moments illumined by a light from Heaven? We cannot tell, for of her end we know only that she met death with courage. By a bitter irony of Fate her happy childhood at Lunéville was brought before her mind, for here amongst the victims was a face she must often have seen there—Simon Mique, the architect who had executed all the wonderful schemes of kind old King Stanislas, in those palaces where she once had been "la divine mignonne."

Every day, now, victims were being taken from the Carmes and led to the scaffold. Delphine, convinced that her turn must come, nerved herself to face the summons. For, though on the last visits paid by the Comité to her flat the fatal box of papers had still remained hidden, other compromising papers had been found, amongst these a poem called "Hannibal" that Elzéar had composed when he was fifteen, and that absolutely teemed with sentiments "contrary to the principles of the Revolution." She could not fail to realize that she was now regarded with the greatest suspicion by the Comité, and the terrible Gérôme, who, during the scene when she had sketched the hunchback and his companions, had seemed for a moment to relent,

now never spoke to her without ferocious looks and angry curses. Gérôme, she felt, was no less bitter an enemy than the hunchbacked president; moreover, the daring sketch had been placed amongst the other incriminating documents to be given over to Fouquier-Tinville. When, on June 20, after the last visit to her flat, Delphine held little Astolphe to her heart and bade farewell to the faithful Nanette, she knew all too well that it was probably for the last time.

Often through the hot July nights—for the heat this summer in Paris was tropical—Delphine would lie in her dark cell at the Carmes forcing herself to remain awake, lest if, as sometimes happened, the dread summons came at this time and they woke her from her sleep, she might be taken unawares and fail to show courage.

To be brave! To face death calmly! That was the one ambition left to these heroic people, and which not one amongst them all failed to achieve. "Before the judges, in the tumbril, they keep their dignity and their smiles, the women particularly go to the scaffold with all the ease and serenity they had worn at evening parties. Supreme characteristic of that *savoir faire*, which to this aristocracy had become the one duty and their second nature. . . ." ¹ Yet was it merely *savoir faire*? In many cases there is no doubt that religion was the power that sustained them, and this society that had smiled with Voltaire at a creed which in their days of prosperity had ceased to hold much meaning for them, now in their hour of need came back to it and found in it a power that enabled them to face death with tranquillity, believing that "to die was only to shut one's eyes for a moment, in order to open them again to eternal light." ²

Madame Vigée le Brun, speaking of this amazing courage of the condemned, expresses her conviction

¹ "L'ancien régime," by H. Taine, p. 218

² "Mémoires d'un Détenu."

that it made their doom more certain, and points out that the shrieks and sobs of Madame du Barry very nearly succeeded in bringing the crowd to her rescue. Had the aristocrats done likewise and cried for mercy, Madame le Brun believed the Terror would have ended sooner, for, as she remarks: "The imagination of the people is not vivid enough to make them realize unexpressed suffering; it is easier to excite their pity than their admiration."¹

At the Carmes this serenity was maintained as steadfastly as elsewhere. It was now at six o'clock in the evening, when the prisoners were all in the garden, that the Tribunal usually sent for its victims. The arrival of the band of ruffians in their red caps, carrying swords and muskets, had become a daily occurrence which was not allowed to disturb the hour of recreation. So, if it was a man who was summoned, and he happened to be playing at prisoners' base, he merely said good-bye to his companions and the game went on without him; a woman left the party with as little ceremony. "The same sword," says Astolphe, "was hung over all heads, and the man spared on one occasion did not hope to live more than a day longer than the one who went before him. . . . Time was no more counted in weeks, but in tens of days; the tenth day was called *decadi*, and corresponded to our Sunday because there was no work or guillotining that day. Therefore when the prisoners reached the evening of *nonidi* they were sure of twenty-four more hours of life—that seemed like a century, and they held a fête in the prison."

So the hot summer days went by and the month of Thermidor arrived. On the fourth of that month a terrible *fournée* of forty-four took place; amongst them was the poor old Maréchale de Noailles—she who had posted letters to the Holy Virgin in the pigeon-cot—now eighty-five and more than ever wandering in mind, but devout to the last. Her daughter-in-law and

¹ "Mémoires of Madame Vigée le Brun," vol. ii. p. 113.

granddaughter perished with her. Whilst this brutal crime was taking place the prisoners at the Carme were walking together round the garden in the cool of the evening, for a terrific thunderstorm had burst over Paris and cleared the air.

Blown on the breeze came the sounds of the great city all astir at this hour of the daily spectacle—the distant roar of the crowd in the Place du Trône, the roll of drums, with now and again a burst of savage music—the thrilling melody of the “Marseillaise” or the angry gasp of the “Ça ira !” Up and down the street the newsvendors were calling out the latest judgments of the Tribunal in tones raised purposely to a stentorian pitch as they passed the prisons: “Voici la liste des gagnants à la loterie de la très-sainte Guillotine ! Qui veut voir la liste ? Il y en a aujourd’hui quarante quatre, plus ou moins !” Which of their names would be found in that list the following evening ? This was the unspoken thought in the minds of the prisoners as they paced the wet garden-paths of the Couvent des Carmes. The arrival of the emissaries of the Tribunal left them no longer in doubt. Gathered in a piteous group, they stood waiting to respond to the dreaded summons—each one nerving himself to hear the sound of his own name. Delphine listened with a beating heart, and these words smote on her ears with a cold thrill of horror :

“Frédéric Salm-Kirbourg . . . Alexandre Beauharnais. . . .”

At the sound of that last name all Delphine’s courage deserted her, and she burst into a passion of tears. Beauharnais himself, pale but resolute, came towards her and slipped an Arab ring into her hand as he whispered farewell.

The Prince de Salm’s last thoughts were also for Delphine. At his house opposite her flat in the Rue de Bourbon were certain letters she had written him, and his one dread was that they might be discovered

and incriminate her with the Tribunal. With great difficulty he contrived to let his sister, the Princess of Hohenzollern, know of them, and at the risk of her life she entered his house and destroyed the letters. Then, knowing that this had been done, the prince died calmly.

So on the same day and in the same tumbril both Delphine's lovers went to their death.

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In his lair at the Conciergerie—on the first floor of the Tour d'Argent—Fouquier sat at work making out his lists. Bent over his task "like an ox beneath the yoke," he would toil far into the night physically exhausted, yet trusting no one to carry out his dreadful task with his own thoroughness. Things were going well now, "*les têtes tombent comme des ardoises!*" he had said cheerfully, and the growing pile of names on his writing-table promised well for the total of a hundred heads a day that he hoped to achieve.

These names were all entered on separate sheets of paper, and Fouquier, rising at last from his work to go out to supper, gathered them all carefully together, as was his wont, and piled them into a cardboard box which he put away in a safe place. Next morning, when arranging the programme for the day, he would take off the top of the pile the number of sheets required to make up a substantial *journée*. This task methodically performed, Fouquier rose, and, with the soothing consciousness of duty done, put on his feathered hat, *à la* Henri IV, and made his way down the narrow staircase of the tower. As he passed before the men he employed to help him in his work his eyes, under their monstrously thick brows, peered out distrustfully, whilst the looks that he encountered were those in which hatred and contempt were only veiled by fear. Every one hated Fouquier, but so far no one dared to show it—the day was coming when they would no longer tremble at his footstep, when the

curse that fell perpetually from his lips would provoke only laughter, and over four hundred witnesses would arise to testify to his countless infamies.

Amongst the men who watched him leave the tower was Gérôme—the furious revolutionary before whom Delphine de Custine had so often trembled. Gérôme was one of the very few people trusted by Fouquier to enter his room, whilst he was away, and now, when the black-coated figure of the Accusateur Public had disappeared, Gérôme as usual made his way into the lair of the monster and glanced around him. He was alone. At this hour of the evening it was unlikely that any one would come into the silent tower—except, perhaps, Robert Wolf, Fouquier's clerk, a silent, impassive man, who, whilst serving Fouquier, thought his own thoughts the while. What those thoughts were Wolf would one day tell to Fouquier's judges; but that time had not come. Gérôme knew, however, that Wolf was to be trusted not to betray him, and stealthily he set about his nightly task. Crossing the room to the corner where Fouquier had put the fatal cardboard box, he took it from its hiding-place and swiftly turned over the pages it contained until he came to the one he sought—the page on which, in Fouquier's crabbed writing, was the name of "Delphine Custine."

For, just as Delphine had feared, her imprudence that day at her flat when she sketched the members of the Comité had brought on her the vengeance of the hunchbacked president, and the unlucky drawing, together with the other incriminating documents found later in her rooms, had been handed over to the Accusateur Public, with the result that her name had now been for many weeks on Fouquier's list for the guillotine.

Why, then, was she still alive? Because that very imprudence that had made for her so dangerous an enemy had gained her a devoted friend. Gérôme, bloodthirsty revolutionary though he was, had fallen under the

spell of her beauty. Her daring, that had so enraged the hunchback, fascinated Gérôme. She was so *exquisite*, so unlike anything he had ever seen in his own rough workaday world, and from this moment one idea possessed him. Delphine's golden head must not fall beneath the blade of the guillotine! Other heads did not matter, for Gérôme was a thorough-going revolutionary; he cared nothing for the countless wretched prisoners that filled the Conciergerie, for the tumbril loads he saw daily moving out on to the quay, and as he turned over the pages in Fouquier's cardboard box and carefully placed the one bearing Delphine's name at the bottom of the pile; he cared nothing for that other name that now lay at the top instead of Delphine's. He had done this every evening without once failing ever since he knew that her name had been entered in the fatal register, and Delphine, trembling at his angry looks and the ferocious language he was careful to employ whenever he addressed her, little dreamt that all the while he was risking his life to save her. His plan had been well thought out: to remove the page from the pile would, he knew, lead to discovery, for Fouquier counted over the number of pages every morning; but he did not check their order. Therefore, to keep on moving Delphine's name perpetually to the bottom was to postpone continually the day of her execution. How long would he be able to do this? That was the thought that haunted Gérôme! Another thought haunted him too, at moments, and to-night, as he made his way back to his own room, it kept him wakeful through the watches of the night. What if some one else had devised the same plan and were trying to save another victim at the expense of Delphine de Custine? This possibility so tormented him that several times he had crept back at dead of night to Fouquier's lair to make sure that no one had disturbed the order of the pages. To-night, again, the same fear assailed him, and in the small

hours of the morning—for Fouquier came back after supper and often worked far into the night—he stole up the winding staircase to the rooms of the Accusateur Public. All was well; no light came from the room in the Tour d'Argent; Fouquier was asleep in his bedroom close by in the Tour de César. Gérôme entered stealthily and made his way to the place where lay the cardboard box. As he took it out a cold thrill went through him, for there, on the very top, the first name of all, was Delphine's. Gérôme shuddered. Had he not obeyed his premonition that fair head must have fallen the next day. Once more thrusting the paper to the bottom of the pile, he went back to his room sick with fear. Whose was the hand that had placed Delphine at the top? Was it Fouquier's own? Had he resolved on her death? If so, nothing could save her; moreover, Gérôme's ruse would now be discovered, and he himself would probably perish likewise. But mercifully, in the morning Fouquier appeared to have noticed nothing, and Delphine's name still lay beneath the rest.

As the days of Thermidor went by, the contents of the cardboard box dwindled ominously. The *journées* of the last few days had been so enormous that the prisons were rapidly emptying, and Fouquier was hard put to it to make up his lists. At last, one evening—about three nights after the death of the Prince de Salm and General de Beauharnais, Gérôme, going to the box, found only two pages besides Delphine's! It was beyond his power to save her now, and Gérôme was filled with despair.

Meanwhile, Delphine at the Carmes daily awaited her summons before the Tribunal. The prisoners, no longer allowed to walk in the garden, knew that some terrible crisis was impending. During the last week or two the jailers had been changed for men far harsher than their predecessors, and in response to inquiries about this change of treatment these men brutally

replied that the Tribunal had decided not to judge any more victims, but *to repeat the massacres in the prisons.*

It was true ; Robespierre and Fouquier realized that the people were tired of the guillotine—"le peuple est las de la guillotine"—and, as a show, it had ceased to attract. Some other way must be found of removing the remaining obstacles in Robespierre's path to absolute power—hired assassins must take up the work of the guillotine. What words can describe the feelings of the prisoners finding themselves confronted with this new horror? Even Delphine, who had nerved herself to face the scaffold calmly, felt her courage fail her now. She almost envied the prisoners, who at this moment were summoned to appear before the Tribunal. On the evening of July 26, the emissaries came as usual to fetch the victims, and this time it was Madame Loison, the aristocratic owner of marionettes, who was taken with her husband to the Conciergerie. Her courtly manners never deserted her, and she came with all her customary formalities, her pretty speeches, and respectful curtsies to take leave of the poor ladies she had waited on with so much devotion. It was not only the aristocrats by birth who went to the scaffold with dignity.

The next morning dawned sultry and oppressive ; by midday the city had become a furnace under a sky of bronze. The unhappy women at the Carmes sat suffocating in their cells, filled with a dreadful sense of foreboding. From the garden outside their windows came the dull thud of spades. "They are digging your graves !" said the jailer grimly.

Poor Delphine ! Poor Joséphine ! In that ghastly Chambre des Épées, with the traces of the last massacre ever before their eyes—the mark of those dripping swords, soon perhaps to be plunged in their own breasts ! How did they retain their sanity all through those frightful hours ?

As night drew on, a sound of tumult arose in the city—the roll of drums, the surging of excited crowds, and through it all the undercurrent of thunder that ended with a fearful storm at midnight. Suddenly there rang out the shrill knell of the little tocsin at the Hôtel de Ville, and at this sound the prisoners gave themselves up for lost. At the same time, in the corridors outside their cells an unwonted stir arose; warders, policemen, *concierges*, hurried in all directions, whilst armed men took their places. The prisoners, convinced that this was the signal for the massacre to begin, were paralysed with terror. The men were for resistance, and set to work on barricades of chairs; the women only wept and shuddered hopelessly, clinging to each other, frantic, demented.

Day dawned at last, a day refreshed by the storm, and with it came a faint lull in the tumult—a lull broken at intervals by the roar of cannons. What could be happening? The prisoners waited, racked with suspense, and at last, unable to bear it any longer, some of them ventured out into the corridor. Others followed—to their surprise the jailers offered no resistance. Soon nearly all were collected there, vainly endeavouring to read their fate in the faces of their guardians. Gradually a faint flicker of hope crept into their hearts, for on those ferocious features was a slight relaxing; the brutality of the men's manner had diminished. What can have happened?

Suddenly one of the prisoners whose cell looks out into the streets bethinks him of his wife who lives near by and often shows herself to him at a garret window. In a moment he has sprung on to a chair and is eagerly peering out of the bars of his cell in the hope of seeing her as usual.

"Is she there?" cry his companions breathlessly, gathering round him.

"She is there! She claps her hands, she waves a handkerchief—now she has taken the handkerchief and

is writing on it with a piece of charcoal in great black letters——”

“What is she writing? For the love of Heaven tell us quickly!”

“First a large R, then O—B—E—S—P— and that is all! Robespierre! My God! it is Robespierre! Now she waves the handkerchief again and with the back of her hand she smites her throat—and laughs with joy! Robespierre guillotined! Kiss me, my brothers; kiss me, my sisters! The tyrant has fallen! We are saved!”

With one accord they fall on each other's necks; they sob, they weep, they laugh, in a delirium of delight. Was there ever such a moment, such an awakening from the most horrible of nightmares? Robespierre had fallen, and the Terror was at an end!

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That great day, the 9th of Thermidor, had saved Delphine and several of her friends at the Carmes— Joséphine de Beauharnais, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, Madame Charles de Lameth, and the Duc de Nivernais. Alas! it had come too late to save the Loisons! The *journée* of the 9th of Thermidor was composed almost entirely of obscure and humble people, and the poor little owners of the aristocratic Polichinelle were taken to their death with the rest. For a moment there had seemed a hope of saving their lives; the people, sickened to fury at this last sacrifice to the cause of “liberty,” made an effort to stop the tumbrils containing the victims; but Henriot, Robespierre's ally, broke in on them and cut down the crowd, dispersing it in all directions. After that the tumbrils moved on again, and forty-two more heads fell in the Place du Trône. But, if the people were sick of the massacre of innocent victims, they opposed no obstacle to the *journée* of the following day; on the contrary, the Rue Saint-Honoré, that had protested against the passage of the

tumbrils, now hailed the procession of the 10th of Thermidor when Robespierre and his accomplices were driven down the "Via Dolorosa"—along which they had sent so many helpless creatures to their death, on their way to the guillotine that had been set up in the Place de la Révolution again for the great occasion.

Paris danced with joy at the downfall of the man under whose vast shadow it had lived through fourteen dreadful months. Workmen whistled once more as they went to work, girls flew to the pianos they had feared to touch lest they should be overheard and denounced for merriment,¹ the national sense of humour revived, and a caricature was circulated representing Samson, the executioner, reduced to guillotining himself for want of further victims. "People embraced each other in all the streets and at all the theatres; their surprise at finding each other still alive redoubled and sent them nearly mad with the joy of this resurrection, and yet tears flowed abundantly at the remembrance of those they had lost. . . . Human nature, that had been so horribly deformed, now seemed purified, ennobled; the evil spirits had passed away, the angels had taken their places." ²

Such was the result of the fall of Robespierre!

Yet even now there are men who would palliate Robespierre's crimes, and would have us believe that in his atrocious nature lay some element of greatness. No one was ever more *mesquin* than Robespierre; the pettiness of wounded vanity, furious envy of men greater than himself—these were his dominant characteristics and the motives that inspired his policy, as contemporary evidence testifies. "Type vivant de l'envie," says Lacretelle, who describes the Assembly "yawning at his cold atrocities." "Robespierre," says

¹ During the Terror, at Arras, two girls of sixteen and seventeen were executed for playing the piano on the evening of a reverse suffered by the armies of the Republic. ("Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès," vol. ii. p. 174.)

² "Dix années d'épreuves pendant la Révolution" by Lacretelle.

Garat, who once had been his *intime*, "n'était pas un ambitieux tyran; c'était un monstre."

Astolphe de Custine, who through his childhood listened to the stories told by the survivors of the Terror, describes him no less forcibly :

"It has been said that Robespierre was not ferocious by temperament : what matter ? Robespierre is envy made all-powerful. That envy, nurtured by the well-merited humiliations this man had endured under the old world, had led him to conceive a vengeance so atrocious that the vileness of his soul and the hardness of his heart fail to make us understand how he was capable of carrying it out. To submit a nation to mathematical propositions, to apply algebra to political passions, to write with blood, to calculate in heads—this was what France allowed Robespierre to do. She does even worse to-day : she listens to men of superior intelligence who pride themselves in justifying such a man ! He did not steal . . . but the tiger does not always steal to eat."

The words that follow were written in 1843, but they are still true, not only of France, but of England to-day :

"The men of to-day, in their judgments dictated by false emotion, annihilate with their impartiality both good and evil ; in order to settle things on earth, they abolish at one blow Heaven and Hell. They have reached such a point that our generation recognizes only one crime—that of indignation against crime. . . ."

But, in order to find out the truth about the men who ruled France in those days of horror, one must go to the revolutionaries themselves or to their apologists ; for, since they all ended by turning on each other, they showed up their former accomplices far more thoroughly than any royalist could do. Thus, Camille Desmoulins will tell us of the treachery and hypocrisy of Saint-Just¹ ; Saint-Just exposes the folly, the futility, and

¹ "Saint-Just," by E. Fleury, vol. ii. p. 187.

vanity of Desmoulins¹; Robespierre denounces "the falseness of Danton,"² whilst Danton craves to "eat the entrails" of Robespierre,³ and, finding himself overtaken by the fate to which he had condemned so many victims, tersely sums up the truth about them all—Girondins, Hébertistes, Dantonistes, and Robespierristes alike—in the words: "Ce sont tous mes frères Caïn!"⁴

What need to have recourse to the testimony of anti-revolutionists when the whole infamous gang have so completely damned each other?

¹ "Histoire de Saint-Just," by E. Hamel, p. 434.

² *Ibid.* p. 432.

³ "La Révolution," by Louis Madelin, p. 353

⁴ "Mémoires de Riouffe," p. 66.

CHAPTER VI

THE GREAT CALM

DIRECTLY after the 9th of Thermidor the prisons began to empty. Joséphine de Beauharnais, hysterical with joy at her release, left the Carmes five days later ; the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and Madame de Lameth were set free at the same time.

On the 20th of Thermidor the old Duc de Nivernais was also set at liberty. He owed his escape from the guillotine to no flickering sense of justice on the part of the Tribunal, but to the fact that, like Delphine, he had found a friend amongst the assistants of the Accusateur Public. Though no accusation could be brought against him, his name had been duly entered on Fouquier's register, but was torn out by an unknown hand ! Was it Robert Wolf's ? The duke never found out, nor has it been discovered to this day.

On the day of the duke's release the faithful Liebbe arrived at the prison to escort him back to the Rue de Tournon, and, after bidding farewell to Delphine, who had not yet been set at liberty, the old man started off on foot, carrying his beloved manuscripts under his arm, whilst Liebbe held the parcel containing his few poor clothes.

Pathetic shadows of a bygone age, these liberated victims passing out from all the prisons of Paris in their shabby garments, through the deserted streets back to the scenes of their former splendour ! In the Faubourg-Saint-Germain one seemed to be in a city of the dead ; the grass was growing between the paving-stones, the great houses were falling into disrepair.

Poor folk, looking out from their doorways, watched with wondering eyes these *grandes dames* and *grands seigneurs* whom they had once seen flashing past in their gilded coaches now moving, ghost-like, back to the world of the living.

The old duke had always been loved by his poorer neighbours, and several of these came out of their shop-doors to welcome him.

"Bonjour——" they cried, then checked themselves hurriedly, for the forbidden words "Monsieur le duc" had all but escaped them.

The old man understood and smiled.

"Call me Citoyen Mancini, my friends! I swear that you will not offend me!"

And with feeble steps he entered the crumbling gateway of his great hotel.

This is not the place to tell the end of the old duke's history; it has been done in detail in the charming book of Madame Lucien Perey, from which this account of his release is taken. Suffice it to say that he lived on several years longer in his desolate home, from which nearly all his treasures had been removed, very poor and shattered, but always kindly and contented. When, in 1796, the Republic celebrated the "Fête de la Vieillesse," the Duc de Nivernais was unanimously elected as "the most virtuous old man of the district (le vieillard le plus vertueux de son arrondissement)." His pillaged house was wreathed in garlands, "the prettiest citizenesses brought him bouquets of flowers, and the duke did not lose the opportunity to kiss their fresh cheeks . . . the procession retired crying: 'Vive Mancini Nivernais!'" The newspapers, describing the fête that took place that evening at the opera in honour of the *vieillards vertueux*, observed: "Amongst the objects of public veneration was seen the heretofore Duke of Nivernais, remarkable for his dignity and the majesty of his features; he greeted the assembly in that old-world manner and with that exquisite courtesy

of which he has preserved the memory. . . ." So, crowned with flowers, amidst the acclamations of the Republic that only by an oversight had omitted to cut off his head, we leave the duke to his well-earned repose. The Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran never saw their old friend again; he died in 1797, before their return, very peacefully, and rhyming to the last.

Long after her friends' deliverance Delphine de Custine lingered on at the Carmes, and this was the period of her imprisonment that she found the most unendurable. "Boredom," says Lacretelle, who lived through that time in Paris, "devoured those who survived the great atrocities of the Terror. One had no more need of one's heroism to face the scaffold, and the imagination, no longer stimulated, relapsed into gloomy languor." This was still more the case with Delphine, left almost alone in the prison. News from the outside world sometimes reached her now through Nanette, who was allowed to visit her and talk to her of Astolphe, but the *cabinet noir* made communication with the *émigrés* almost impossible. All through the Terror Madame de Sabran was unable to write to her, but once she succeeded in sending her a little poem she had composed which, in the form of an allegory, told Delphine of the emotions her mother was passing through during those dreadful months of anxiety :

" Est bien à moi, car l'ai fait naitre,
Ce beau rosier, plaisirs trop courts !
Il a fallu fuir, et peut-être
Plus ne le verrai de mes jours.

" Beau rosier, cède à la tempête :
Faiblesse désarme fureurs,
Sous les autans, courbe ta tête,
Ou bien c'en est fait de tes fleurs.

" Bien que me fis, mal que me caress,
En ton penser s'offrent à moi ;
Auprès de toi n'ai vu que roses,
Ne sens qu'épines loin de toi.

"Etais ma joie, étais ma gloire,
Et mes plaisirs et mon bonheur ;
Ne périras dans ma mémoire :
Ta racine tient à mon cœur ! . . .

"Rosier, prends soin de ton feuillage,
Sois toujours beau, sois toujours vert,
Afin que voye après l'orage
Tes fleurs égayer mon hiver."

One night in October, Delphine was aroused from her sleep at three o'clock by a loud knocking on her door. She started up in alarm—what new terror was this? Rough voices were calling to her, voices she recognized with fear as those of drunken men.

"Who is it? What do you want?" she called out tremblingly.

"We are friends, citizeness. Open the door!"

"I will not open it. I do not know who you are!"

"But, citizeness, we are here to liberate you!"

"That may be!"

"It is true! Open the door and come with us!"

Go with them? With drunken men she did not know, in the middle of the night? Impossible! No prayers or explanations would move her. "Then we will come back in the morning to fetch you." And, amidst much laughter, they retired.

Next day, at ten o'clock, three perfectly sober young men arrived, and now Delphine realized that they were friends indeed. This was the strange story they told her:

Late the night before they had all come into the office of Legendre, the retired butcher, where they were employed, after drinking at a cabaret. It was the business of Legendre to receive the petitions addressed to the Republic by friends of prisoners, and stacks of these lay piled on a shelf in the corner, for Legendre seldom bothered to read them. The three boon companions, heated by wine, began to play the fool—jumping on the tables, pushing each other about, and

upsetting the furniture. In the confusion a paper fell from the shelf, which was picked up immediately by one of the revellers, whose name was Rossigneux.

"What have you there?" cried the others.

"A petition, no doubt!" answered Rossigneux.

"Yes, but what is the name of the prisoner?"

It was too dark to read it; they called for a light. Then, whilst waiting for it to be brought, they all made an oath to rescue the prisoner mentioned in this petition, whoever he might be.

A candle was placed on the table, and the three heads bent over the paper.

"What luck!" cried the three young men, "it is *la belle* Custine! A second Madame Roland! We will all go together and get her out of prison!"

Legendre himself came in a moment later, drunk as the rest, and appended a crazy signature to the order for release made out by the roysterers. Thus it was that they arrived at Delphine's door in the small hours of the morning.

On such slight threads hung the fate of men and women during those strange days!

Whose was the petition that by this extraordinary coincidence had given Delphine her liberty? None other than the faithful Nanette's! Nanette had moved Heaven and earth to secure her mistress's release. She set about it cleverly too. The de Custines' china factory at Nidervillers had been shut down by the revolutionaries, and fifty of the workmen, amongst whom was Malriat, Nanette's father, had come to Paris to work at a factory in the Boulevard du Temple. All these men were passionately loyal to the de Custines and eagerly signed a petition framed by Nanette, which she sent to Legendre.

So Delphine returned at last to the desolate flat where still the seals were set on the doors of the rooms, and poor little Astolphe, deaf, and almost imbecile after a long illness, was still lodged in the kitchen.

It was now for the first time that Delphine heard about Gérôme, how he had risked his life to save her, and that, not content with this, he had been to the Rue de Bourbon to look after Astolphe and Nanette. But the fall of Robespierre had brought about the disgrace of all his associates—amongst these Gérôme, who was obliged to fly from the fury of the populace and was still in hiding.

At this moment Delphine's health at last gave way; the awful strain of the past year began to show itself, and for five months after her release she never left her bed. All this time Nanette nursed her devotedly. When she was well again, and Astolphe, too, had recovered, they were able to leave Paris and go to a small estate of the de Custines that had not been confiscated with the rest of their property.

It was then that Nanette said one day to her mistress :

"What does Madame think that she has lived on since she left prison?"

The feckless Delphine had no idea—Nanette had paid the bills and Delphine had never inquired where the money came from.

"I don't know, Nanette," she answered vaguely. "Did you sell some of the silver?"

"There was none left to sell!" It had all gone with the decamping servants the night that Delphine was taken to prison.

"Linen or jewels then?" asked Delphine, who had either forgotten or never realized the loss of her property.

"None of those left either!" Nanette replied.

"Well then, with what, Nanette?"

"With the money that Gérôme sent from his hiding-place every week, with strict orders to say nothing to Madame; but now that she can pay him back I tell her what happened. Here is the account—I kept it carefully."

So in this man and woman of the people Delphine had found devoted friends. Fortunately, she was able to repay Gérôme with more than money, for soon after this his life was again in danger, and now it was the turn of Delphine to save him, for she succeeded in hiding him, and then helped him to get safely away to America.

It was not for a year after her release that Delphine could rejoin her mother. They had arranged to meet in Switzerland. Madame de Sabran and Elzéar came to Zurich, and there—at the Hôtel de l'Épée—they fell into each other's arms at last with tears of joy. What must have been the feelings of Madame de Sabran at seeing the lovely Delphine alive and lovelier than ever? It was a relief almost too great to bear. Yet over their rejoicings fell a shadow—the thought of Armand, torn from them so cruelly. But of this they could hardly bring themselves to speak. "My mother," says Astolphe, "never liked to talk of this part of her life—so glorious but so painful—it would have been almost like beginning it over again."

Delphine only remained a few weeks in Switzerland and then returned to Nidervillers, whilst Madame de Sabran rejoined Boufflers.

Prince Henry of Prussia had given them a little farm on his estates called Merkatz, and here they spent two years, but by the end of that time evil tongues had succeeded in creating misunderstandings between Boufflers and the prince. Boufflers was far too whimsical and independent to find the position of a *protégé* a congenial one for long, and detecting a coldness in the Prince's manner he decided to leave Merkatz and accept the King of Prussia's offer of an estate in Poland called Wimislov, where he hoped to start a colony for *émigrés*.

Just at this time Madame de Sabran heard of the confiscation of her property; the lovely house in the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré had been annexed by the

Republic, and she herself had been declared an *émigrée* for the second time. There was, therefore, now no longer any disparity between the positions of Madame de Sabran and the Chevalier, and so at last, after all these long years of waiting, Boufflers suggested that they should be married at once. He started for Wimislov to prepare for her arrival, and from Breslau on his way there he wrote her this strange proposal :

"Come quickly, then, little lazy one, so that I may marry you, for this ought to have been done long ago. You cannot imagine, *chère fille*; or rather, I hope you feel for yourself, instead of imagining, how I am looking forward to it. I see ourselves already doing together something serious for the first time in our lives. You will be embarrassed without being awkward, whilst I will content myself to be awkward without being embarrassed; anyhow, we will get through it as well as so many others who have not died of it. What I am most troubled about is my wedding coat, for my wardrobe has not yet arrived on account of the floods which make it impossible to ascend the river, but I hope that from now onwards things will arrange themselves, and if the wife arrives before the wardrobe I shall not complain.

"You are the admiration of every one here; they cannot conceive how a woman that they conclude to be accustomed to all the delicacies and elegance of France should boldly make up her mind to come and lie on a heap of straw with an old Job in the depths of Poland. . . .

"Do you know that I am really annoyed with you, I have no letter from you, and I am going to be away for eight or ten days, during which, if you write to me, your letters will have to wait, and I assure you that, however you may talk and laugh about it, this is very annoying for an 'intended.'"¹

(Mais viens donc vite que je t'épouse, petite paresseuse, car cela devrait déjà être fait depuis longtemps. Tu n'imagines pas, chère fille, ou plutôt, j'espère que tu sens par toi-même au lieu d'imaginer, la fête que je

¹ Unpublished letter lent by M. Gaston Maugras.

m'en fais. Je nous vois d'ici tous les deux faisant ensemble quelque chose de sérieux pour la première fois de notre vie. Tu seras embarrassée sans être gauche, moi, je me contenterai d'être gauche sans être embarrassé ; mais enfin, nous nous en tirerons aussi bien que tant d'autres qui n'en sont pas morts. Ce dont je suis le plus en peine, c'est mon habit de noce parce que ma commode n'est point encore arrivée à cause des grandes eaux qui rendaient le fleuve trop difficile à remonter, mais d'ici là j'espère que les choses s'arrangeront, et en tout cas si la femme arrive avant la commode, je ne m'en plaindrai point.

" Tu fais ici l'admiration générale, on ne conçoit pas qu'une femme qu'on suppose habituée, nécessitée même à toutes les délicatesses et à toutes les élégances françaises, se détermine audacieusement à venir se coucher avec un vieux Job sur un tas de paille au fonds de la Pologne. . . .

" Sais-tu que je suis vraiment fâché contre toi, je n'ai point de lettre, et je vais être huit ou dix jours absent, pendant lesquels il faudra, si tu m'as écrit, que tes lettres m'attendent, et je t'assure, quoique tu en puisses dire et rire que cela est fort ennuyeux pour un *promis*."

Petite paresseuse ! She, who for nearly twenty years had asked no more of life than to marry him, who had entreated him to put an end to the false position and make her his wife before the world ! Did she laugh or cry as she read these words ? Probably both, but she had learnt to take the Chevalier as she found him, and that he should be her husband at last was really all that mattered.

Neither age nor misfortunes nor disillusionments could ever make Boufflers serious : " J'attends pour être grave que je sois mort ! " he said. The letters he wrote her on his way to Wimislov still give forth gleams of that deep-seated sense of humour that had survived all the vicissitudes through which he had passed, and his pen still rhymed of itself from long habit :

" Tu te plains de moi, je me plains de toi ; nous

voilà donc quitte à quitte; quand je pourrai je reprendrai bien vite entre tes draps entre tes bras mon gîte; et l'Amour qu' Hymen tiendra par la main ne reprendra plus la fuite."

After telling her of his adventures in German society, which he finds far from exhilarating, Boufflers returns again to the subject of their marriage:

"My plan is to abdicate all authority over my person, and confide it to a little queen I know who will dispose of it according to her pleasure. Farewell, my dear little wife; if you can read this you will be cleverer than I am, for I do not know which is the worst—the pen, the ink, or the paper. No matter, none of the three will refuse to let you know that I love you and that I kiss you with all my heart."

The Chevalier was delighted with Wimislov on his arrival.

"I am here," he writes, "at the prettiest, or rather, the most beautiful place in the world. The Oder flows at the foot of the garden, and from my room I can see four or five big vessels pass every hour. . . . The views are perfectly arranged, and the scenery as varied as can be expected in a plain. . . . All goes fairly well here, except for the new garden, which but for a few trees gives no sign of life. Geese, turkeys, and pigs will not be wanting; we shall have ducks as well. If you can lay your hands on any money we must certainly think about a sheep-pen. . . . The house progresses slowly; just now they are plastering your little room. If things go on at the same rate we may be ready by Pentecost, or, like poor Marlborough, by la Trinité!"

"What else shall I tell you, dear little wife," he writes again; "that I love you with all my heart? That is a topic that would long ago have been exhausted if it had not been inexhaustible; but one can no more tire of loving you than of living, or of telling it to you than of breathing."

So he had written nearly twenty years ago, so he still wrote and felt, this man who once had made a mock at constancy ! All through these long years his love for her had never changed, never passed from romance into mere good friendship. Boufflers became at last her husband, but he never ceased to be her lover.

In June 1797, just twenty years since they first met at the hôtel de Luxembourg, the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran were married in Breslau by the bishop of that town, the Prince of Hohenlohe. Only Elzéar was with them ; none of the gay world amongst whom their brilliant youth was passed were there to smile on them as they came out of the church into the summer sunshine—husband and wife at last ! He was fifty-nine, she was forty-eight, but their hearts were young, and they loved each other with all the ardour of youth and the philosophy of age. So in their little house at Wimislov they realized at last the dream that ever since the days of " Aline " had haunted the Chevalier—the life alone with love and Nature—and the last words of the famous story proved prophetic : " Ce n'est qu'à la fin de ma vie que j'ai commencé à vivre ! "

The Chevalier and Madame de Boufflers, as we must henceforth call her, lived on for three years at Wimislov, forgetting the splendours of their youth in this belated honeymoon which lasted to the end of their lives.

The colony for *émigrés* unfortunately succeeded no better than Boufflers' other schemes for the good of humanity ; the *émigrés* proved exacting and discontented, whilst Boufflers was far too erratic and unbusinesslike to settle things pacifically. So, as time went by, his thoughts turned more and more longingly to his own country. The Revolution was now over, and he began to hope for the ending of his exile. Meanwhile, Delphine in Paris was also longing for her mother's return.

"*Pauvre chère mère,*" she wrote, "how good and sweet you are! What a pity you should be buried in the depths of Poland! You alone are cleverer than a thousand other people—you have so much charm, you write like an angel! I hope that in your solitude you are working a little and will write some novels—I would get them printed for you. What a joy to print your works! Madame de Staël writes incessantly, and publishes books; but you are a thousand times cleverer than she is! Write books for me, dear mother!"

During these years France was passing from convulsion to convulsion; the Convention had given way to the Directorate, the Directorate, in its turn, gave way to the Consulate. When in February, 1800, Napoleon became First Consul, Delphine saw her opportunity for enlisting his sympathy with the exiles at Wimislov; she used her influence over a new admirer, General de Beurnonville, and also went to Malmaison, where Joséphine, once her unhappy fellow-prisoner at the Carmes, now reigned supreme over the heart of the future Emperor. At Joséphine's request the name of Madame de Boufflers was removed from the list of *émigrés* who were forbidden to return, and a little later Duroc remarked to Napoleon: "Boufflers' name is on the list of emigrants—you should have it crossed out!" "True," said Napoleon, "he will make us songs!" Strange coincidence! Louis XVI, because Boufflers was a versifier had crossed him out of a list for promotion; Napoleon, for the same reason, erased him from the number of the banished.

The Chevalier lost no time in responding to the summons. "I would rather die of hunger in France than live in Prussia!" he cried, and so, leaving Madame de Boufflers at Wimislov, he flew back to France to settle his affairs and prepare for her return.

At last, in December 1800, after nine years of exile, Madame de Boufflers and Elzéar, in an immense travelling-coach, set forth for Paris. Delphine has described

the wild joy of their arrival. At her little house in the Rue Martel she waited impatiently with the Chevalier and Astolphe. Will the travellers never arrive? Then suddenly there is the jingling of bells, the crack of a whip——

“There they are! They have arrived at last!”

“Look! Their carriage is a house!” cries Delphine, peeping out of the window at the overloaded coach.

“The house of the tortoise!” adds the impatient Chevalier.

“Let us run to kiss them!” says Delphine; “we can scold them at our leisure!”

They were back again at last, back in this Paris that had undergone such amazing vicissitudes since they were young and gay. Over it had passed the Revolution, like a tidal wave, sweeping away so many familiar things, so many people they had known and loved in the happy past, leaving so many pathetic relics amongst the wreckage. In the streets dilapidated coaches passed them, plying for hire, that had once been those of great families destroyed or reduced to penury by the revolutionaries, or in the windows of the second-hand shops they would suddenly recognize pictures, ornaments that belonged to friends they had lost, jewels that had once gleamed on the necks of women who had perished in the Terror.

Paris was a place of ghosts in those days—above all, that part of the city where Madame de Sabran's youth had been spent. The Rue Saint-Honoré! What scenes had taken place here since, as a child, she had wept over the murdered Zina at the Couvent de la Conception! Here was the sinister house that can still be seen to-day where Robespierre had his lair, and there, at Saint-Roch, where the beauty of the young Comtesse de Sabran had drawn crowds of eager spectators as she begged alms for the poor, howling furies had gathered on the steps to see the queen pass to her

death. But, most dreadful of all, was the newly named Place de la Concorde, close to the end of Madame de Sabran's garden, that she had known as the Place Louis XV, but that since those days had, as the Place de la Révolution, been the scene where the great tragedies of the Revolution had taken place—here the king had died, the queen, the heroic Madame Elizabeth, and, to Madame de Boufflers, most poignant thought of all, her "little son-in-law," Armand de Custine. I think it must have been very long before Madame de Boufflers could bring herself to pass that way. Yet, haunting as were the memories, that crowded around this corner of Paris, she could not leave it and settle in another quarter of the town. The house where she had lived had now passed into the hands of Delphine's admirer, General de Beurnonville, who had proposed to bring it back into the family by the pleasant process of marrying Delphine; but this offer was refused. The Chevalier and Madame de Boufflers, finding themselves homeless, finally settled down in a small house in the same street—114 Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, which had been vacated by its former owner on account of the damp that exuded from the walls. This they supplemented after a while by a cottage at Saint Germain-en-Laye; but these dwellings, said the Chevalier, were like those of the town rat and the country rat—both holes. For, of course, they were very poor; indeed, they could not have lived at all if the State had not accorded Boufflers a meagre pension enough to provide the necessaries of life—"they did me the honour," he said gracefully, "of believing that I desired no more than that." In an amusing letter to his mother's old friend, Madame Durival, he describes the enjoyment his country "hole" affords him:

"All our domain consists in a fairly large fruit and vegetable garden which promises much in spring, but, according to the sad custom of Nature, contains little

in autumn. But this garden, now blessed, now cursed, feeds its owners, and even gives them drink, for I have a little vineyard and a wine-press and we have the good sense, or perhaps the folly, to think our wine the best for twenty leagues round Paris. At any rate, we find there is no sweeter form of intoxication than getting drunk at our own wine-barrel."

Here in the garden they planted two trees: the oak Stanislas and the lime-tree Eléonore, described by Monsieur de Croze twenty years ago as still existing and protecting by their shade the sisters of the Carmelite convent into which the house (8 Rue Saint-Léger) had been transformed.

The Chevalier and Madame de Boufflers had a few old friends left, and they made many new ones; amongst these last was Gérôme, Delphine's rescuer, who had just returned from America. Madame de Boufflers could not do enough for the man who had given Delphine back to her, but Gérôme would never join their circle, for he was well aware of his own uncouthness. So when Delphine and her mother pressed him to come and see them often he would answer:

"I will come when you are alone, but when there are people there I will not go to your house. Your friends would look on me as some curious animal, and though you would receive me kindly—for I know your good heart—I should feel awkward, and I do not want that. I was not born like you, I don't talk like you do, I have not had the same education. If I did anything for you, you did as much for me; so we are quits. The madness of the times brought us together for a moment, and we shall always be able to count on each other; but we shall never understand each other."

He must, indeed, have been a strange element in their peaceful home, this man who, for all his sublime heroism in the case of Delphine, had nevertheless been the accomplice of Robespierre. Astolphe, brought up as a child to revere him, admits that in Gérôme's aspect

was something that bewildered him—did the boy's eyes read perhaps the mark of Cain upon his brow?

The Chevalier de Boufflers, looking back now on that abyss of horror—the Revolution from which he had once hoped such great things—was filled with a burning disgust :

“ No one,” he wrote at this time to Madame Durival, “ can abhor more than you must do the infernal delirium that has shed so much blood on our soil, and left so many stains upon our nation. . . . Let us look back no more, dear friend, or rather, let us look back further—over these last ten years as across a river of blood in which our imaginations would be defiled. Beyond that frightful chasm, the mind can rest ; there is an Elysium where you and I can find my mother whom you loved so much and who so returned your love, and, whilst we regret such charms and qualities as we shall never see again, let us rejoice in the thought that she died a natural death and that her eyes never looked on the horrors which made me blush to be a man.”

He goes on to tell this old friend of the shelter he has found from the storms of life :

“ This home is happier than if it were more brilliant. I see that in losing my advantages, my goods, and my hopes I have lost only appearances, and that the reality is left me. All our true possessions consist in thoughts and feelings and so in this respect every man has within him a mine, more or less abundant. . . . Nearly all my affections are now concentrated on one to whom you would give your passion for my mother as I have given her name to her. You would find at every moment the same mind, the same tastes, the same wit, the same inward equability with the same outward variety, and those innocent caprices, those unexpected traits, that indefinable charm, and at the same time that incorruptible simplicity that we admired in your old friend to the last day of her life. . . .”¹

¹ From “ La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier,” by Gaston Maugras

The Chevalier was undoubtedly flattering Madame Durival's old friend by comparing her to the adorable woman he had made his wife, but in the matter of characteristics—particularly of that *incorruptible simplicity*—one can see some resemblance between the two women and a man may be certainly forgiven for idealizing his own mother.

In spite of their poverty the Chevalier and Madame de Boufflers were seen everywhere in the world, and even at the Court of the First Consul at the Tuileries. As royalists, they might have been expected to resent the presence there of the man whom Elzéar angrily described as "a usurping Corsican brigand" in the place of their murdered king, but they were wise enough to see in Napoleon Bonaparte, as Elzéar did not, the only man capable of stamping out the smouldering flames of revolution and giving peace to France. They found their country, that they had left torn by dissensions, deluded by vain dreams of democracy, once more in the iron grip of autocracy and consequently happier than it had been for years. Napoleon was no sentimentalist; he cared nothing for the "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" of the revolutionaries, for he believed that to the great mass of humanity discipline is more necessary than liberty; he knew that as long as the human race exists there can never be equality, and that in a world where, for one man who is born to lead, a hundred are born to follow, fraternity is less to be preferred than a fatherly government which never allows the people to dictate. "Do you mean to wait," he cried to the members of the Convention when the mob showed signs of violence on the 13th Vendémiaire, "do you mean to wait until the people give you leave to fire on them?" And forthwith he swept the Rue Saint-Honoré with his cannons, and at the sacrifice of four hundred lives restored order—nor did the people harbour the least resentment at his action. For the people that always worship force adored Napoleon. So in this strong

man who had taken the place of the weak and kindly king, the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran rightly saw the saviour of their country.

"I want to talk to you of Buonaparte," Madame de Boufflers wrote to a friend soon after her return to Paris. "I have been to see him, and my heart beat as I looked at him and thought how many destinies rested on him—or rather, the destiny of all France. I arrived the day after the explosion¹ that had been planned to kill him; every one was still stupefied by it. He escaped from this infernal snare as by a miracle, and at this moment the trial of the monsters implicated in the deplorable affair is being prepared. To give you an idea of the cold courage of the hero—really the greatest of the human race—he had just escaped death by the rampart of a house at the corner of the street where his carriage turned.² General Lanne, who was with him, put his head out of the window at the moment of the explosion. 'What are you doing?' said Buonaparte. 'But don't you hear,' the other answered, 'that you are being fired at?' '*Ma foi!*' he said, 'I don't know what they are doing, but they are certainly shooting very badly.' What do you say to this calmness when it was against him the attack was directed? He has a pleasant and gentle face, talks little to women, or in society, but his manners are kindly, and his wife is the most amiable person in the world . . . they say there was nothing she would not do for people in the past, and that many owe her their lives. I enjoy going often to see them and showing them what I feel at seeing them in the midst of the crowd that surrounds them."³

Madame de Boufflers was back once more in the whirl of society—in the new Paris that had replaced the Paris of her youth. Society was as gay now as ever, but with a gaiety of a very different kind to that which had prevailed in the old days of the monarchy. Demo-

¹ A conspiracy to blow up Napoleon with an infernal machine on his way to the Opera.

² The Rue Niçaise.

³ From "*La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier*," by Gaston Maugras.

cracy had already gone out of fashion, and the great aim of the new social stars was to resemble as far as possible the dethroned aristocrats. An awful "gentility" had replaced the old ease of manner, and in the tarnished mirrors of the great *hôtels* magnificent ladies sprung from nowhere minced and preened as they imagined the duchesses of the old régime had done before them. For inevitably the passing of the aristocracy had resulted in the reign of plutocracy. Money now was all that counted, and conversation was a lost art.¹ "Go into any *salon*," said Madame Vigée le Brun, "and you will find the women yawning in a circle, and the men quarrelling in another corner of the room. . . ." Stockjobbing was the great topic of discussion.

Another pleasing fashion that had been introduced since the Revolution was divorce. Under the old régime this practice had been unknown, for the

¹ Madame de Genlis, who also returned at this date to Paris, describes, amongst the new and vulgar fashions that had come in with the new régime, the innovation of going in to dinner in couples—the lady of the greatest importance being taken in first:

"In the old days the suppers of Paris were renowned for their gaiety; we enjoyed ourselves, and talked without interruption because we always chose our places and sat beside the people we liked best. . . . Politeness was always perfect . . . and never degenerated into chilly ceremonial, and in society anything that could resemble etiquette and suggest the idea of differences in rank was carefully avoided. . . . The *grand seigneur* who invited the wife of a farmer-general and the wife of a duke to supper treated them with the same consideration and respect. The financier's wife would never have given up her place in the circle to a duchess, or, if she had offered it to her, the duchess would never have accepted it under pain of being thought ill-mannered.

"When we went in to supper the master of the house did not dash towards the most important person and drag her from the end of the room, leading her in triumph past all the other women and placing her with pomp beside him at the table. The other men did not rush forward to give the arm to the ladies, as I have seen done, and as is often done to-day. This custom only prevailed in provincial towns. Women (in the old days) all went out of the drawing-room together, those who were nearest the door passing first; they made each other little compliments, but very briefly, which in no way delayed matters. All this was done without any awkwardness, quietly, and neither hastily nor slowly. The men passed out afterwards. Every one having arrived in the dining-room, they sat down at the table where they liked. . . . *Nous avons changé tout cela!*"

Church did not recognize the dissolution of a marriage, and the only penalty that could overtake an erring wife was to be shut up in a convent for the rest of her life; but very few husbands availed themselves of this means of retaliation. The passing of the law of divorce on September 20, 1792, introduced, however, a new element of excitement into the marriage tie. Scandal, once the privilege of the great, was now brought within the reach of all, and in the fifteen months that followed the passing of the law no less than 5,994 divorces took place in Paris alone. "It is impossible," says Picque-nard, a partisan of the Revolution, writing about this period, "to form an idea of the state of public depravity."

A friend of Madame de Boufflers' writing to her in 1798 gives this illuminating description of the "new society" that flourished under the Directory¹:

"Every one who has had any education or wealth is in distress, but beneath soiled and shabby garments they retain their polish and an air of dignity—I might even say superiority, for one never loses that. Courtesy, decency, good-breeding, and ease of manner—all these are only to be found in garrets where French politeness and gracious manners have taken refuge, being regarded only as antiquated prejudices to be turned into ridicule by the newcomers who cannot acquire them. That play of wit, that art of saying nothings gracefully, that delicate persiflage that prevailed at the Court, that gentle tone of voice which education gave to women, have been replaced by *bourgeois* screeching, and the use of 'thee' and 'thou.'

"One of the greatest joys is eating. It is the fashion to give lunches. I was at one of these orgies, and will try to tell you what I saw and heard. The guests arrive at twelve o'clock, the deputies (whose wives do the honours of the house) drink a glass of brandy before starting for the Legislative Assembly; every one, men and women alike, drinks the toast of the Republic. Then they begin lunch with tea, which is considered good style, and they end with wine and liqueurs and

¹ This letter is taken from "La Marquise de Custine," by Gaston Maugras.

a hubbub that is unbearable to old-fashioned ears. This lunch lasts about two hours; afterwards, whilst waiting for dinner, they play innocent little games, kissing and slapping each other and tearing each other's clothes—all this amidst such noisy gaiety that the whole neighbourhood knows there is a party at that house. At four o'clock the deputies return for dinner. The table is covered with dishes, as many as it can hold, in the greatest profusion. It is good style to mention the cost of each dish and of every bottle. . . .

"Republican jokes are very free; I can assure you, that is the only freedom that exists in France, and they make good use of it. An extraordinary revolution has taken place amongst women; in the old days, as you know, the women of Paris were accused of being very frivolous and flirtatious, and incapable of deep feeling, and even, to put it plainly, devoid of passion. Well, madame, it is quite the contrary now; the women of the day . . . are no longer flirtatious, but frankly bold [*ne sont plus coquettes, mais bien franchement coquines*]. A woman finds a man to her taste, and indulges her fancy. One no longer says: 'My lover is amiable, he is good, or clever' . . . the word 'amiable' is heard no longer, and good is synonymous with stupid. Cleverness consists in making money, no matter how. . . . Principles are reduced to prejudices, and nothing is so ridiculed as prejudices—that must be so in a country where there are no laws. . . . Landed proprietors and people of independent means are crushed out of existence, the former by duties, arbitrary taxes, and by their farmers; the latter by the worthlessness of *assignats*. Only personal fortunes, therefore, are left. In order to do good business and inspire confidence, one must have fine furniture, an imposing house, an expensively dressed wife, and, so as to show them all, one must give good dinners, parties, and balls."¹

¹ In the chapter on the Directory by G. K. Fortescue in "The Cambridge Modern History" we find the state of morality described in still more forcible language: "The men, dishonest, reckless, and vulgar, flaunted their wealth in lavish or debauched display; the women lived in a sort of delirium of shamelessness, exhibiting themselves in costumes more indecent than nudity, changing their husbands at their own caprice, and trading on the charms or the influence of their lovers."

Such was the result of sweeping away the "*corrupt morals of the aristocrats*"!

This was the France to which the Chevalier and Madame de Boufflers had returned after long years of exile. They accepted it with all the philosophy of the age they had adorned. "Madame de Boufflers," says Monsieur Bardoux, "was the last representant, in the eyes of romantic generations, of that bygone sanity of mind [*cette justice d'esprit*] without dryness or pedantry. Her face retains, through all the accidents of fate, calm, good-humour, and wisdom to the end. . . . In spite of the new society, she remained always the woman of the Louis XVI era."

But now old age was fast approaching, and though Madame de Boufflers' face under her white hair was still as charming as ever, her wit as keen, and her heart as young, the pretty feet that had climbed so nimbly over mountain passes and danced so gaily at Delphine's wedding were crippled with rheumatism. Every year the Chevalier took her to Plombières for a cure, and when there he never left her; sometimes he supported her frail weight on his arm, or, if she was unable to walk, he pushed her about in a wheel-chair. Once she had drawn a laughing picture of their old age when she would have to nurse the Chevalier; but now it was his turn to care for her, and he cared for her like a mother.

We who have read their story must often have felt impatient at the suffering he had caused her—the needless pain at his absences, the wearing anxiety and suspense he had inflicted on her, the haunting fear of his infidelities—but I think that as one sees him in this last scene, the once gay Chevalier now become *le petit père*, wrapping round with tenderness the woman he had loved for more than thirty years, we can forgive him for the past. It is certain that Madame de Boufflers forgave him.

"To-day," she wrote to Elzéar from Plombières in July 1809, "I was able to go up on to the mountains with the kind little father, who half carried me, not on his back but on his arm, for he is very good to me, and the edification of all Plombières. Every one says they have never seen such a good husband."¹

So we leave him ending his long life :

"Ami sûr, philosophe, et poète, et fermier,
Mari tendre et fidèle et Boufflers tout entier!"²

He did not live to see the downfall of the conqueror who had recalled him from exile, for on January 18, 1815, just five months before Waterloo, he breathed his last in the arms of the woman he loved. "What matter to be young or old if only I can be with you and that in dying I can hold your hand!" His wish of long ago had been granted. On his grave at Père-la-Chaise beside that of his friend, the poet Delille, they engraved the words that were almost his last :

"Mes amis, croyez que je dors!"

Madame de Boufflers lived on twelve years longer, not alone, for Elzéar was always with her.

"His arm," says Madame Vigée le Brun, who often saw them together at this time, "was, so to speak, fastened to his mother's, and one could really envy the lot of Monsieur de Sabran, for, in spite of her sufferings and her age, Madame de Boufflers was always kind, always agreeable, and preserved that charm that pleased and attracted every one. I remember once that at the end of her life, Fortense, the celebrated oculist, operated on her for cataract and she was obliged to remain in the dark. One evening, I went to see her; I found her alone without a light. I intended to stay only a moment, but the never-ending charm of her conversation, which was so piquante, so full of anecdotes

¹ From "La Marquise de Boufflers et son fils le Chevalier," by Gaston Maugras.

² Lines written to Boufflers by Duclos.



"LE PETIT PÈRE."

that no one else could tell as she could, kept me with her three hours. I thought, as I listened to her, undistracted by any outside objects, that she was reading in herself, if I may so express it, and it was this sort of magic-lantern of things and ideas that she sketched so skilfully which held my attention. I left her with much regret, for never had I found her so charming. . . .”

Her children brought her grief as well as consolation, for Elzéar became a devotee at the shrine of Madame de Staël, thereby incurring the displeasure of the Republic, which resulted in his imprisonment for several months in Vincennes, whilst Delphine fell a victim to a hopeless passion for the poet Chateaubriand and died at last in 1826.

The next year, on February 27, 1827, Madame de Boufflers, worn out with emotions, found that rest for which throughout her stormy life she had so often craved, and now welcomed in the exquisite little epitaph she had composed for herself :

“ A la fin, je suis dans le port
Qui fut de tout temps mon envie,
Car j'avais besoin de la mort
Pour me reposer de la vie.”

Yet, was this the end ? Can such love die ? Is it not immortal ? Let those who have loved only that which is material believe that life ends where matter ends—in the grave. But the Chevalier de Boufflers knew better when he put into words the truth that love had taught him : “ Aimons la vie et ne craignons pas la mort, car les âmes ne meurent pas et s'aiment toujours ! ”

THE END



APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

THE HOUSE OF BOUFFLERS

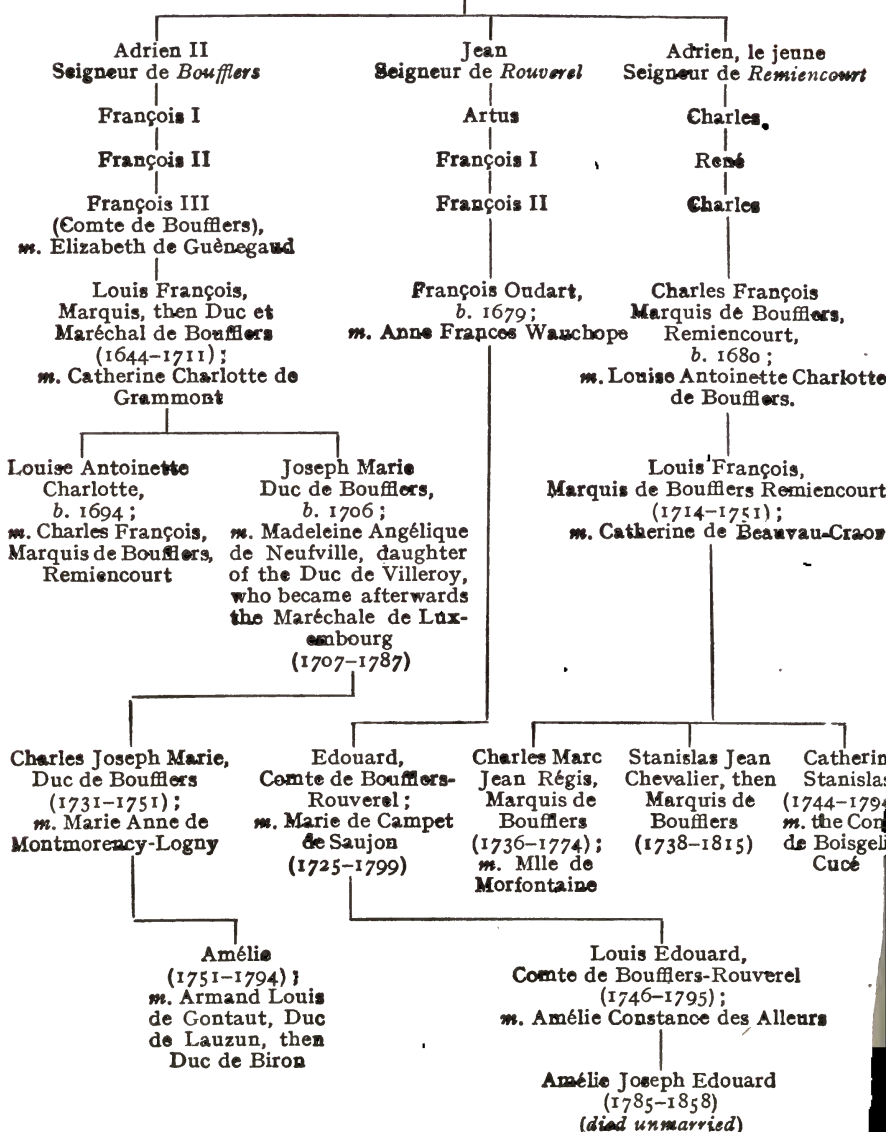
THE de Boufflers were one of the oldest families in the province of Picardy, dating from one Bernard de Morley, chevalier, and Seigneur of the lands of Boufflers situated on the river of Authie, five leagues from Abbeville.

In the sixteenth century the family was divided into three branches, that of the Seigneur de Boufflers, the Seigneur de Boufflers-Rouverel, and the Seigneur de Boufflers-Remiencourt. The ramifications that resulted have caused so much confusion in the minds of historians—scarcely any French writer having failed to confound the various women mentioned vaguely as “Madame de Boufflers” in the *Mémoires* of the eighteenth century—that the genealogy of the family must here be appended.

ADRIEN I

(Seigneur de Boufflers, Rouverel, Remiencourt, etc.)

(1491-1535)



It will be seen by the foregoing table that there were no less than five women in the eighteenth century known as "Madame de Boufflers"; thus:

1. Madeleine Angélique de Neufville-Villeroi, the Duchesse de Boufflers, referred to in this book as the *Maréchale de Luxembourg*.

2. Her daughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Boufflers, a shadowy personage, mentioned in the *Mémoires* of Madame du Deffand.

3. Marie de Campet de Saujon (referred to in this book as the *Comtesse de Boufflers*), the "Idole" of Madame du Deffand, often mentioned by Horace Walpole, and described by Boswell in the "Life of Dr. Johnson."

4. The old Marquise de Boufflers-Remiencourt, of whom very little is known.

5. Her daughter-in-law, the *Marquise de Boufflers*, mother of the Chevalier, and the "Mère Oiseau" of Madame du Deffand.

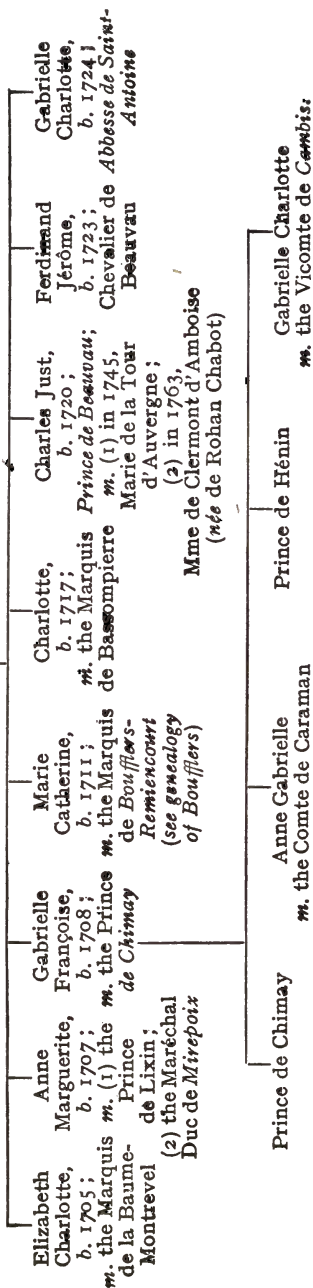
A further confusion arises between the daughter-in-law of the Comtesse de Boufflers, the Comtesse Amélie de Boufflers, and her distant cousin, Amélie de Boufflers, who became the Duchesse de Lauzun. On this point even the "Biographie Michaud" is at fault.

(For the family of the Prince de Beauvau-Craon see next page.)

MARC

Prince de Beauvau-Craon (1679-1754)

m. Anne Marguerite de Ligniville



The above are the best known amongst the twenty children of the Prince de Beauvau-Craon—the remaining twelve died young or went into convents. The italics indicate personages mentioned in this book.

APPENDIX II

DURATION OF THE "PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP"

IN the account given in this chapter (Book II, Chap. IV) of the beginning of Boufflers' *liaison* with Madame de Sabran, it may be objected that I have departed from the line laid down by eminent writers on the subject who have-unanimously agreed that the period of "platonic friendship" can only have lasted a short time. That in the eighteenth century two lovers, of whom one was the Chevalier de Boufflers, should have remained platonic in their relations for so long a period as four years, seems certainly too improbable to believe without some convincing proof. This proof, I believe, nevertheless, exists.

Writing on May 2, 1787, Madame de Sabran says to Boufflers: "Avant tout, souviens toi du deux de mai; il sera à jamais mémorable dans mes fastes; c'est lui qui a décidé du bonheur et du malheur de ma vie."

This can surely mean only one thing, that on a 2nd of May Boufflers became her lover. M. Imbert de Saint-Amand arrives at this conclusion in his article on Madame de Sabran: "Un 2 mai (la date seule du mois est certaine; quant à l'année, ce doit être 1779 ou 1780), l'amie se changeait en amante."

But was it 1779 or 1780? Certainly not 1779, since in May of that year Boufflers was in Lorraine, and a letter he writes her from there is actually dated May 2. What, then, of 1780? This might, indeed, be the fateful year but for a further enigmatical remark found in a passage of Madame de Sabran's journal for August 23, 1787: "J'ai plus de peine que jamais à te quitter; c'est bien ridicule après dix ans d'amour, quatre ans de mariage et deux ans d'absence."

Now when these words were written it was exactly ten years since they had first met, in 1777. Hence the ten years of love, for she evidently feels she has loved him from the first. It is

also two years since he left for Senegal; hence the two years of absence. What possible conclusion can, therefore, be drawn from the words "four years of marriage," but that their *liaison* began in 1781, and remained unbroken for four years until he left her to go to Africa in 1785? Her arithmetic being correct on the two first points, it is presumably correct on the third also.

Moreover, if we examine the correspondence carefully we shall find that precisely at this date, the spring of 1781, the tone of her letters alters: "vous" gives way to "tu," "mon frère" to "mon enfant"—a change that takes place in letters XX, XXI, XXIV, and XXV of the "Correspondance," and also after letter IX of the "Lettres du Chevalier"—letters which can almost certainly be attributed to this period. From this time onwards there is no further question of fraternity.

APPENDIX III

CARLYLE AS AN HISTORIAN

WITH regard to certain references in this book to Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," it has been pointed out to me that Carlyle's inaccuracy is too well known to be worth refuting. Moreover, my attention has been drawn to Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher's edition of Carlyle's book (Methuen: 1902), in which many of the author's errors are corrected by means of footnotes and an excellent preface endorses the statements I had made—quite independently—on the subject of Carlyle's prejudiced and mistaken point of view towards the state of France before the Revolution. "Carlyle," says Mr. Fletcher, "appears to have gone wrong in accepting without inquiry the 'hunger-and-misery' view of the *Ancien Régime*. In giving full scope to his imagination on this point, he has also given credence to several untenable theories, e.g. that the clergy were everywhere contemptible and worthless, and that the faith was a dead letter, that the immense majority of the *Noblesse* were utterly worthless and quite indifferent to the sufferings of the lower classes, that there was no enlightened middle class. These views, made the groundwork of his subject, lead him to the conclusion (which, by the way, has no logical connection with these premises) that the whole system of society and government was so utterly bad that nothing short of a complete social upheaval could do any good to France."

But a further point that needs emphasizing is that Carlyle was not merely mistaken, but wilfully misleading in his statements. It is true that he had far less material to draw on than modern writers on the Revolution, but, if his purpose was to write a truthful history, not simply to paint a fanciful picture, he should have felt himself bound in honour (1) to weigh the reliability of the evidence he brought forward, and (2) to quote such evidence fairly. Carlyle did neither. He accepted evi-

dence exactly as it suited his purpose, and, holding apparently the theory that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, quotes shamelessly any scandal circulated by the gutter press or the underworld of Paris with a view to colouring his picture,¹ and when quoting respectable authorities, such as Lacretelle or Arthur Young, deliberately distorts their meaning by cutting short or omitting part of the paragraph. By this means he has succeeded in influencing enormously the attitude of the British public towards the Revolution, for the men of learning who recognize his errors are but a small minority, whilst the mass of English readers love a lurid picture and do not pause to inquire as to its veracity. For the benefit, therefore, of those who still regard Carlyle as a serious historian I append a few instances of his mis-statements. The most glaring is perhaps the gross calumny on Louis XVI contained in his reference to the *Guerre des Farines* in a paragraph with which he was apparently so pleased that he repeats it no less than three times in the course of his work.

CARLYLE

"And so, on the second day of May 1775, these waste multitudes do here, at Versailles Château, in wide-spread wretchedness, in sallow faces, squalor, winged raggedness, present, as in legible hieroglyphic writing, their Petition of Grievances. The Château gates have to be shut; but the King will appear on the balcony, and speak to them. They have seen the King's face; their Petition of Grievances has been, if not read, looked at. For answer, two of them are hanged, on a 'new gallows forty feet high'; and the rest driven back to their dens—for a time."—Vol. I. Book II. chap. ii.

"Starvation has been known among the French Commonalty

HISTORY

Immediately after his accession, Louis XVI summoned Turgot and Malesherbes to inaugurate measures of reform. Turgot proposed the establishment of free-trade in corn throughout the kingdom. On the appearance of the edict ordering this law to be brought into effect much opposition was excited, and disturbances took place in the agricultural districts. On the 2nd of May the mob, led by the agitators, invaded Versailles to protest against Turgot's scheme for their relief. The King looked on, with tears in his eyes, and promised the people that bread should be sold at the price demanded. The next day the mob moved to Paris, broke into the bakers' shops, plundered large quantities of grain, and threw them

¹ The authority most often quoted by Carlyle is the interesting but entirely unreliable anonymous revolutionary publication, "*Histoire de la Révolution française, par Deux Amis de la Liberté.*"

before this; known and familiar. Did not we see them, in the year 1775, presenting, in sallow faces, in wretchedness and raggedness, their Petition of Grievances; and for answer, getting a brand new gallows forty feet high?"—Vol. I. Book VI. chap. iii.

"History, looking back over this France, through long times, back to Turgot's time for instance, when dumb Drudgery staggered up to its King's Palace, and in wide expanse of sallow faces, squalor and winged raggedness, presented hieroglyphically its Petition of Grievances; and for answer got hanged on a 'new gallows forty feet high,' " etc.—Vol. III. Book VII. chap. vi.

Again and again Carlyle repeats accusations against the aristocrats of holding up the corn, yet never once produces a shred of evidence to prove them. It was the theory advanced by the "Deux Amis de la Liberté" and other revolutionaries of this kind, but more reliable authorities show that the real *accapareurs* were the revolutionary leaders themselves, moreover that when they were convicted of the crime, the people themselves took their part and prevented justice being done to them:

ARISTOCRATS AND THE FAMINE

CARLYLE

"... 1789. Maternity awakes, to hear children weeping for bread. Maternity must forth to the streets, to the herb-markets and Bakers'-queues. . . . But, instead of Bakers'-queues, why not to Aristocrats' palaces, the root of the matter?"—Book VII. chap. iv.

into the streets. It was absolutely necessary to put a stop to the disturbances by force, and much against his will the King was persuaded by Turgot and Malesherbes to take vigorous measures.

Two of the ringleaders *caught pillaging* were therefore hanged on a gibbet forty feet high; but the King, overcome with scruples of conscience, repeatedly said to Turgot, "Have we nothing to reproach ourselves with in the measures we have adopted?"—See Alison's "History of Europe," "Cambridge Modern History," and Droz, Taine, Martin, or any reliable history of France.

MADAME DE LA TOUR DU PIN

"On commençait déjà, avant la fin d'août (1789), à découvrir des menées coupables pour faire naître une disette dans les subsistances, et plusieurs agents furent surpris et arrêtés. Deux d'entre eux furent jugés et condamnés, sur leurs propres aveux, à être pendus. Le jour de l'exécution, le peuple s'assembla sur la place. La marche-chaussée, insuffisante pour maintenir l'ordre et empêcher que la populace ne délivrat les con-

"Grains do grow, they lie extant there in sheaf or sack; only that regraters and Royalist plotters, to provoke the People into illegality, obstruct the transport of grains."—Vol. II. Book I. chap. viii. etc., *ad infinitum*.

damnés, crut prudent de les faire rentrer dans la prison, et l'exécution fut remise au lendemain. Le peuple brisa la potence et pilla les boulangers, qu'on accusa d'avoir dénoncé ceux qui avaient voulu les séduire."—"Journal d'une femme de cinquante ans," Vol. I. p. 207.

"Ce qui exaspérait surtout le peuple contre la cour, c'était la disette factice organisé dans ce but par les chefs avoués ou cachés de la Révolution. Un banquier, nommé Pinet, homme de confiance du duc d'Orléans, passait pour l'agent secret des accapareurs."—"La Princesse de Lamballe," by M. de Lescure, 1864.

As it has already been pointed out in this book, Arthur Young also held that the revolutionary agitators made capital out of the famine, but if further proof were needed that the aristocrats were not the cause of the trouble, it is to be found in Carlyle's own words. Writing of the state of France in April 1795, after the aristocrats had been swept away, he calmly remarks that "there is yet, after all toils and broils, no Bread, no Constitution" (Book VII. chap. vi.), yet never attempts to reconcile this fact with his former accusations!

CARLYLE'S METHOD OF QUOTING ARTHUR YOUNG

CARLYLE

I. "Highbred Seigneurs, with their delicate women and little ones, had to 'fly half-naked,' under cloud of night: glad to escape the flames, and even worse. You meet them at the 'tables-d'hôte' of inns; making wise reflections or foolish, that 'rank is destroyed'; uncertain whether they shall now wend."—Vol. I. Book VI. chap. iii. Note in Carlyle's book refers reader to Arthur Young as the authority for this paragraph.

YOUNG

"In this inn, la Ville de Lyon, there is at present a gentleman, unfortunately a seigneur, his wife, family, three servants, an infant but a few months old, who escaped from their flaming château half-naked in the night; all their property lost except the land itself; and this family valued and esteemed by the neighbours, with many virtues to command the love of the poor, and no oppressions to provoke their enmity. Such abominable actions must bring the more detestation to the cause from being unnecessary; the

YOUNG—*continued*

kingdom might have been settled in a real system of liberty, without the regeneration of fire and sword, plunder, and bloodshed."—"Travels in France," July 30, 1789.

At the table d'hôte, only three, myself and two noblemen, driven from their estates. . . . One of these gentlemen is a very sensible, well-informed man; he considers all rank, and all the rights annexed to rank, as destroyed in fact in France; and that the leaders of the National Assembly, having no property, or very little, themselves, are determined to attack that also, and attempt an equal division . . . whether it takes place or not, he considers France as absolutely ruined. That, I replied, was going too far, for the destruction of rank did not imply ruin. "I call nothing ruin," he replied, "but a general and confirmed civil war, or dismemberment of the kingdom. In my opinion both are inevitable; not perhaps this year or the next, or the year after that, but whatever government is built on the foundation now laying in France, cannot stand any rude shocks: an unsuccessful or a successful war will equally destroy it." He spoke with great knowledge of historical events, and drew his political conclusions with much acumen. I have met very few such men at tables d'hôte."—"Travels in France," August 1, 1789.

Carlyle, obliged to record that the nobles voluntarily abandoned their privileges, accounts for it by the theory that they were drunk—*i.e.* it was "after dinner." But dinner in the eighteenth century took place at two, or at latest three o'clock, and the next meal was supper at nine or ten! The resolution was passed at the end of the day's sitting:

"A memorable night this Fourth of August: Dignitaries temporal . . . Soudain, le 4 août, à 8 heures' du soir, au moment où

and spiritual; Peers, Archbishops, Parliament-Presidents, each out-doing the other in patriotic devotedness, come successively to throw their now untenable possessions on the 'altar of the fatherland.' With louder and louder vivats—for indeed it is 'after dinner,' too—they abolish tithes, Seignorial Dues, Gabelle, excessive preservation of Game; say, Privilege, Immunity, Feudalism root and branch: then appoint a 'Te Deum' for it; and so finally disperse about three in the morning, striking the stars with their sublime heads."—Vol. I. Book VI. chap. ii

s'allait clore la séance, le vicomte de Noailles se lève; on vient de lire un arrêté destiné à 'calmer les provinces.' Le vicomte prend la parole: le seul motif du peuple pour dévaster les châteaux est le fardeau onéreux des rentes et prestations seigneuriales, reste odieux de la féodalité: il faut les balayer."

(Then followed the abandonment of privileges in a sitting that lasted till eight in the morning.)—"La Révolution," by Louis Madelin, p. 81

ÉMEUTE DES TUILIERIES

"Victorious Lambesc, in this his second or Tuileries charge, succeeds but in overturning (call it not slashing, for he struck with the flat of his sword) one man, a poor old schoolmaster, most pacifically tottering there; and is driven out by barricade of chairs, by flights of 'bottles and glasses,' by execrations in bass voice and treble."—Vol. I. Book V. chap. iv.

"'Le sanguinaire Lambesc et sa troupe aveuglément féroce' furent singulièrement débonnaire; dix récits en font foi. Quoiqu'ils fussent lapidés par les gens embusqués dans le chantier, ils se contentaient d'avancer sans charger. . . . Du côté des Tuileries, c'était les chaises du jardin qu'on jetait aux dragons: ils voulurent refouler les assaillants et, paraît-il, renversèrent un vieillard 'qui ne put ou ne voulut se ranger': il ne fut que blessé, mais fut, d'ailleurs, pour les besoins de la cause, tenu pour mort. Qu'un seul vieillard ait été renversé et qu'on en ait fait si grand état dans le camp populaire, cela indique, mieux que tous les récits contemporains, à quel point fut anodine la 'répression.'"—"La Révolution," by Louis Madelin, p. 63.

CÉCILE RENAULT

"... It is . . . the 23rd of May, and towards nine in the evening, Cécile Renault, Paper-dealer's daughter, a young woman of soft,

"Le Comité l'ayant fait fouiller, on trouva sur elle deux petits cartons. Elle avait déposé un petit paquet chez un citoyen.

blooming look, presents herself at the Cabinet-maker's in the Rue Saint-Honoré; desires to see Robespierre. Robespierre cannot be seen; she grumbles irreverently. They lay hold of her. She has left a basket in a shop hard by: *in the basket are female change of raiment and two knives!* Poor Cécile, examined by Committee, declares she 'wanted to see what a tyrant was like': the change of raiment was 'for my own use in the place I am surely going to.' 'What place?' 'Prison; and then the Guillotine,' answered she. Such things come of Charlotte Corday; in a people prone to imitation, and monomania! Swart, choleric men try Charlotte's feat, and their pistols miss fire; soft, blooming young women try it, *and only half resolute, leave their knives in a shop.*"—Vol. III, Book VI, chap. iii.

Payen, limonadier . . . il contenait un habillement complet de femme." —Wallon's "Tribunal Révolutionnaire," Vol. IV. p. 7.

On this point all writers are agreed—Carlyle apparently invented the point of her leaving the knives in a shop so as to minimize the courage of an anti-revolutionary and to strike an effect. He also leaves out carefully Cécile Renault's courageous speech to the Tribunal: "J'ai dit que je pleurais notre bon roi, oui, je l'ai dit, et je voudrais qu'il vécut encore. N'êtes-vous pas cinq cents rois, et tous plus insolents et despotiques que ne l'était celui que vous avez tué?" etc.

THE LEGEND OF FOULON

CARLYLE

"Our Foulons, Berthiers intrigue for him: old Foulon, who has now nothing to do but intrigue; who is known and even seen to be what they call a scoundrel; but of unmeasured wealth; who, from Commissariat-clerk which he once was, may hope, some think, if the game go right, to be Minister himself one day."—Vol. I, Book III, chap. ii.

" . . . Foulon named 'âme damnée du Parlement'; a man grown grey in treachery, in griping, projecting, intriguing, and iniquity: who once, when it was objected to some finance-scheme of his: 'What will the people do?'—made answer, in the fire of discussion, 'The people may eat grass.'"
—Vol. I, Book III, chap. ix.

TAINÉ

"M. Foulon, maître sévère, mais intelligent et utile, a dépensé soixante mille francs, l'hiver précédent, dans sa terre pour donner de l'ouvrage aux pauvres. . . . Pour Foulon, comme pour Reveillon, une légende s'est faite marquée au même coin, sorte de monnaie courante à l'usage du peuple et que le peuple a fabriqué lui-même en rassemblant dans un mot tragique l'amas de ses souffrances et de ses ressentiments.

"Note.—Par exemple: 'Il est sévère avec ses vassaux.' 'Il ne leur donne pas de pain, ils veulent donc qu'ils mangent de l'herbe?' 'Il veut qu'ils mangent de l'herbe comme ses chevaux,' etc. ' . . . On retrouve la même légende dans d'autres Jacqueries contem-

poraines."—"La Révolution," by H. Taine, Vol. I. p. 52.

The "Biographie Universelle" of Michaud, which we know Carlyle habitually consulted (see Mr Fletcher's edition of "Carlyle," note on p. 45), also gives a full account of Foulon's honourable career, and indignantly refutes the libels circulated about him

DEATH OF LOUIS XVI

CARLYLE

"He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of grey, white stocks. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The executioners approach to bind him; he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the scaffold, 'his face very red,' and says: 'Frenchmen, I die innocent; it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France —' A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: 'Tambours!' The drums drown the voice. 'Executioners, do your duty!' The executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), *seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank.* Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven.' The axe clanks down;

ACCOUNT WRITTEN BY THE
EXECUTIONER SANSON

"Voici, suivant ma romesse, l'exacte vérité de ce qui s'est passé. Descendant de la voiture pour l'exécution, on lui a dit qu'il fallait ôter son habit; il fit quelques difficultés, en disant qu'on pouvait l'exécuter comme il était. Sur la représentation que la chose était impossible, il a lui-même aidé à ôter son habit. Il fit ensuite la même difficulté lorsqu'il s'est agi de lui lier les mains, qu'il donna lui-même lorsque la personne qui l'accompagnait lui eût dit que c'était un dernier sacrifice. Il s'informa si les tambours battraient toujours; il lui fut répondu que l'on n'en savait rien, et c'était la vérité. Il monta sur l'échafaud; il voulut foncer sur le devant, comme voulant parler; mais on lui représenta que la chose était impossible encore; il se laissa alors conduire à l'endroit où on l'attacha et où il s'est écrié très haut: PEUPLE! JE MEURS INNOCENT! ensuite, se retournant vers nous, il nous dit: JE SUIS INNOCENT DE TOUT CE DONT ON M'INCULPE. JE SOUHAITE QUE MON SANG PUISSE CIMENTER LE BONDHEUR DES FRANÇAIS. Voilà, Citoyen, ses dernières et véritables paroles.

a King's life is shorn away."—Vol. III. Book II. chap. viii.

"L'espèce de petit débat qui se fit au pied de l'échafaud, roulait sur ce qu'il ne croyait pas nécessaire qu'il ôtât son habit et qu'on lui liât les mains. Il fit aussi la proposition de se couper lui-même les cheveux. Et pour rendre hommage à la vérité, il a soutenu tout cela avec un sangfroid et une fermeté qui nous a tous étonnés, et je reste très convaincu qu'il avait puisé cette fermeté dans les principes de la religion, dont personne plus que lui ne paraissait pénétré et persuadé.

"Vous pouvez être assuré, Citoyen, que voilà la vérité dans son plus grand jour."

Signé SANSON.

It was Santerre who said that the King struggled on the scaffold, and his was the evidence that Carlyle chose to accept!

CARLYLE AS A JUDGE OF CHARACTER

CARLYLE ON MADAME ROLAND

"Reader, mark that queen-like burgher woman: beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to the eye; more so to the mind. *Unconscious of her worth* (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness; genuine, the creature of Sincerity and Nature; in an age of Artificiality, Pollution, and Cant; there in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, *she*, if thou knew it, is the noblest of all living Frenchwomen—and will be seen one day. O, blessed rather while unseen, even of herself!"—Vol. II. Book I. chap. viii.

MADAME ROLAND ON HERSELF

"C'est peut-être ici le lieu de faire mon portrait. . . . Ma figure n'avait rien de frappant qu'une grande fraîcheur, beaucoup de douceur et d'expression; à détailler chacun de ses traits, on peut se demander où donc en est la beauté? aucun n'est régulier, tous plaisent. La bouche est un peu grande, on en voit mille de plus jolies, pas une n'a le sourire plus tendre et plus séducteur. [A page more follows describing in detail 'les trésors que la bonne nature m'avait donnés.'] . . . Mon portrait a été dessiné plusieurs fois, peint et gravé: aucune de ces imitations ne donne l'idée de ma personne; elle est difficile à saisir, parce que j'ai plus d'âme que de figure, plus d'expression que de traits. Un artiste ordinaire ne peut le rendre, il est même pro-

bable qu'il ne la voit pas. . . . Je me trouve si bête avec tant de gens que, m'apercevant de mes ressources avec les personnes spirituelles, j'ai cru longtemps dans ma bonhomie, que c'était à leur habileté que j'en étais redevable. Je plais généralement, parce que je craindrais d'offenser qui que ce fût ; mais il n'appartient pas à tous de me trouver jolie et de sentir ce que je vaudrais."—"Mémoires de Madame Roland," Vol. II. pp. 97-100.

DANTON

CARLYLE

"The great heart of Danton. . ."
—Vol. III. Book VI. chap. i.

SAYINGS OF DANTON

"Buvons le sang des ennemis de l'humanité !" —Danton.

Danton, speaking of the Massacres of September to the duc de Chartres:

"C'est moi qui l'ai fait."

Danton to the Convention:

"Que m'importe d'être appelé buveur de sang !"

Danton to Thibaudeau:

"Je mangerais les entrailles à Robespierre."

But on no point is Carlyle so far from the truth as in this monstrous passage about the Reign of Terror which in its callousness can only be compared to his brutal sneer at the sufferings of the little Dauphin. It must be read side by side with the account given by Isnard—Isnard, who started as a furious revolutionary, but lived to see the full horror produced by the system of which he had been a part author.

CARLYLE

"History, looking back over this France through long times . . . confesses mournfully that there is no period to be met with in which

ISNARD

"Civil war kindled ; Robespierre raised to the throne of the dictator ; the Convention mutilated, powerless, and subjugated ; the Reign

the general Twenty-five Millions of France suffered *less* than in this period which they name Reign of Terror! But it was not the dumb Millions that suffered here; it was the speaking Thousands, and Hundreds, and Units, who shrieked and published and made the world ring with their wail as they could and should: that is the grand peculiarity."—Vol. III. Book VII. chap. vi.

of Terror established; all natural feelings stifled; liberty of action, speech, and of the Press in chains; honesty, virtue, and philosophy banished; commerce, arts, and sciences abolished; . . . numberless sanguinary tribunals set up, the power of life and death delegated to the most ferocious of men, thousands of scaffolds erected, . . . 100,000 victims executed, crushed, or drowned, . . . millions of families of widows and orphans bathed in tears . . . vast tracts of country providing no harvest but bones and thorns; old age massacred and burnt on its bed of suffering; the unborn child slaughtered; virginity violated in the arms of death; the monsters of the ocean gorged with human flesh; the Loire rolling over more corpses than stones; the Rhône and the Saône changed into rivers of blood; Vaucluse into a fountain of tears; Nantes into a tomb; Paris, Arras, Bordeaux, Strasbourg into slaughter-houses; Lyons into ruins; the South into a desert, and the whole of France into a vast scene of horror, pillage, and murder."

It is on this amazing fallacy—that the Terror proved beneficial to the people—that Carlyle's view of the Revolution is founded, a fallacy proceeding from the same perverse wrong-headedness that prompted his infamous letter to the *Times* on November 18th, 1870, deploring the "cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France," pouring forth floods of invective against the country that had now become the object of his insane hatred, and ending with the fervent hope that "noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation and become Queen of the Continent."

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THE SECRET OF THE ZODIAC

by

JULIAN STERNE



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“So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes.”—DISRAELI.

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THE SECRET OF THE ZODIAC

CHAPTER I

A POLITICAL DÉBUTANT

It was a warm night in May, and Sir Alfred and Lady Frensham were giving one of their dull dinners at the House of Commons.

There was really no reason why their parties should be dull. Sir Alfred, Conservative member for Westborough, was a cheery man, still on the right side of fifty, very popular in the county, and particularly in the hunting field, whilst Lady Frensham, with her charming smile and attractive clothes, had made herself beloved by every class of the constituency. Neither were the guests at her parties altogether of a boring kind. But they were badly sorted. Living in a perpetual whirl of political and social functions, Lady Frensham had no time to consider which of her guests would be congenial to each other. So, when giving dinners, she had fallen into the habit of ticking off a list of the people who were "owed invitations" and then arranging them round the table as she would have played a hand of cards, following the same suit—a duke's daughter next to a marquis, a baronet next to a knight's widow, a plain captain next to an untitled spinster, and so on.

Consequently, this evening the ethereal Lady Daphne Medway, whose poems were the rage in high-

brow circles, was obliged to sit mutely beside the plethoric old Lord Kilbain, who thought it affected to talk of anything but hunting prospects, whilst Mrs. Blitheroe, whose weather-beaten complexion spoke of long runs across country in the teeth of a winter gale, was vainly endeavouring to make herself understood by a rising young Italian novelist who spoke only two words of English.

Major Terence Kavanagh, prospective Conservative candidate for South Mershire, looking round the table, wondered why people should take the trouble to give dinners and then not make them more convivial. If only Lady Daphne had been placed next to Antonio Grigio, and Mrs. Blitheroe next to Lord Kilbain, if only he himself were next to Rosamund Dare, the one girl who during the short time he had been back in London had really interested him, that would have been a dinner-party worth turning out for. Under such circumstances it might even have been possible to forget the deficiencies of the House of Commons *menu*. As it was, he found himself flanked on one side by Mrs. Murray Bateman, wholly monopolised by her right-hand neighbour, and on the other by Myra—the young and extremely animated daughter of the multi-millionaire, Sir Paul Greenworthy—whom but for Rosamund on the other side of the table he might have found attractive. But in his present mood Myra's scintillations rather tired him, and it was a relief when Mrs. Bateman, at last released by the member for Downborough, turned towards him with a sigh and murmured :

“ I've been having such a terrible dose of statistics, Major Kavanagh, do tell me something amusing to take the taste away.”

Mrs. Murray Bateman, wife of the member for Ludford, was very popular in "the Party." She had done so many things—worked in a hospital in France during the war, interviewed the Kaiser for a Sunday newspaper, dined with Bela Kun in Budapest, bathed with Mussolini; it was said she had even penetrated into the heart of Thibet disguised as the wife of a Chinese mandarin, though there were cynics who unkindly shrugged their shoulders at her accounts of this last exploit. And since she knew every good restaurant in Paris, Vienna, and New York, had met every celebrated author, musician, actor, scientist, and film star, and entertained every visiting foreign celebrity at her marvellously decorated house in Curzon Street, there was no one more in request than Mrs. Murray Bateman whenever one wanted to get up an entertainment, run a cabaret ball, or organise a bazaar in aid of Party funds. She knew exactly how things should be done, and who should be asked to do them, and as she never held any special opinions on Party differences, she was able to retain her popularity with all the various coteries that made up official Conservative society. Cabinet Ministers adored her. Whilst other women plied them with tiresome questions on affairs of State, Mrs. Murray Bateman could be safely trusted to lead the conversation at dinner over country where lay no pitfalls, so that a weary minister could throw off restraint and let himself go without the fear of unguardedly committing himself to some expression of opinion.

Kavanagh, however, not being a minister, but a soldier not long home from service in India and still in the first flush of his political enthusiasm, listened with some impatience whilst Mrs. Bateman talked to him of the

charming little spot she had heard of in Austria, where she hoped to find rest and peace after the London season, of the marvellous Roumanian pianist she had discovered, and of the latest volume of Memoirs which had just appeared, and was said to be so scandalous that quite a lot of libel actions might be expected.

All this might be amusing enough in normal times, but in this year of 1934, with the fate of the Empire in the balance, some discussion of more vital questions might be expected. Yet in spite of the failure of the "National Party" since it had taken office—with Mr. Nelson Parbury, a leading Conservative, as Prime Minister—to solve the grave problems confronting the nation, no one seemed in the least disturbed.

Still, one could not accuse these people of being idlers. The women particularly seemed to be extremely busy with charitable and political work. Kavanagh could hear snatches of their conversation all round the table :

"Dear Florrie, isn't she wonderful? Were you at her party to meet the Prime Minister? . . . Yes, I always think her *chef* is *quite* the best in London. . . . We've got six film stars to come and help at our bazaar for the Mothers' Conservative Guild next month. It ought to be a success. . . . We really must get dear old Tommy in at the Westshire by-election."

Then someone said plaintively :

"Poor Lady Winkmere, she sent out five hundred invitations to a drawing-room meeting for the Young Imperialists' League, and only fifty people came! All those rows and rows of gilt chairs empty! And she had two Cabinet Ministers to speak!"

"Yes, so disappointing, wasn't it? And even some

of the fifty crept out in the middle of the Home Secretary's speech. No, I wasn't there myself ; it was the day of the Sandmarket Stakes, you know."

" Well, anyhow, the cabaret ball for the League was a great success. Such a crowd ! Poor Mrs. Parbury got jammed in the doorway and had to be taken home in an ambulance."

Kavanagh was wondering whether anybody bothered about the objects of the Young Imperialist League or of the Mothers' Conservative Union and how Tommy's success at the polls would affect the destinies of the nation, when old Lady Kilbain leant across the table and said earnestly :

" Oh, Major Kavanagh, I do hope you're coming to the meeting for the Dogs' Borstal ! "

" The Dogs' Borstal ? " Kavanagh repeated in a puzzled tone.

" Yes. Hadn't you heard about it ? Lady Lutterworth's getting it up. She feels it's so hard that a dog should only be allowed *one* bite. If there was a Dogs' Borstal he could be sent to and placed under good influences he might become quite a reformed character. And then it would give work to some of the unemployed ! "

" So that, if he still felt like biting he could bite the unemployed ? " Kavanagh could not help remarking.

But Lady Kilbain looked shocked and said : " Oh, I'm sure he wouldn't want to do that. There'd be nothing to irritate him at a nice, kind Home. *Do* come to the meeting on Friday ! "

Only towards the end of dinner the Conservative set-backs in the provinces came under discussion.

" All want of organisation," Mr. Oscar Franklin observed impressively.

Everyone turned respectfully in his direction. The multi-millionaire was the guest of the evening. Born some fifty years ago in Frankfurt, he had migrated in early youth to the United States and had assumed American citizenship. But at the age of forty he had developed a keen interest in the affairs of Great Britain, and acquired the habit of spending the season in London. After buying a magnificent house in Carlton House Terrace, and renting a grouse moor, he proceeded to inaugurate and finance a campaign for "elevating films," and for some reason, not apparent to the general public, had become *persona grata* in official Conservative circles. On arrival in England he never failed to pay a visit to the Central Office of the Party in Palace Chambers, where he was received with particular deference, and remained long closeted with the Chairman. Although he played no official part in political life, he had become a personage of no small importance, and always spoke of "we" in referring to the Party. Accompanied by his son Isidore, a young man with a Charlie Chaplin moustache, he provided the *pièce de résistance* at the Frenshams' dinner-party. Consequently, when he opened his lips to speak, everyone listened to him as to an oracle.

"Organisation is what we need," Oscar Franklin went on, nodding his head sagaciously at the dinner-table. "And for organisation we must have enthusiasm. The curse of the Party is *apathy*."

"Yes, indeed!" came in a murmured chorus.

"The British people," Franklin continued in the same impressive tone, "seem to have no conception of the value of their heritage. With an Empire extending all over the face of the globe, they're content to

exist as if it was still the Elizabethan era—thinking only of cakes and ale. What they need,” and he thumped the table with his fist, “is to be made to think imperially ! ”

“ Oh, my dear Franklin, you’ll never get the working classes to do that ! ” Mr. Murray Bateman observed with a shrug of the shoulders. “ It isn’t in their nature.”

“ The working classes,” retorted Franklin, “ are sheep. They follow where they’re led. All they want is leaders. But we’ve got no brains in the Party—no brains, I tell you ! ”

The words were frankly rude and spoken without a disarming geniality of manner. But no one remonstrated ; the great financier was too influential to be treated with anything but deference.

“ What we need,” he added emphatically, “ is a Disraeli.”

“ Oh, of course,” several voices agreed.

“ All the same,” Sir Alfred Frensham said cheerfully, fortified by a hearty dinner and several glasses of champagne, “ we’re not doing so badly. Of course we’ve lost a good many seats, but we can afford that. Our former majority was a bit unwieldy. It will be easier now to agree on policy.”

“ But don’t you think,” Kavanagh said, joining for the first time in the conversation, “ that the Labour Party are gaining ground rather rapidly ? ”

“ Oh, perhaps. But that doesn’t matter. The Labour Party have become eminently reasonable. We’ve nothing to fear in that direction. The great thing is to avoid antagonising them.”

Everyone—or nearly everyone—murmured approval. It was so pleasant to feel one need not worry, and that

one could get on with the hunting or whatever else one happened to like doing without bothering one's head about affairs of State. Only Kavanagh, remembering the howls he had heard arising from the Labour benches during the debate he had attended that afternoon, had the temerity to ask :

"But aren't the Labour Party already antagonistic? Surely you wouldn't describe Hanley as exactly conciliatory?"

"Not apparently, perhaps," said Sir Alfred Frensham cheerfully. "Of course, they've got to keep up a pretence of opposition to satisfy their constituents, but really they're the best fellows in the world. Take Bagnall, for instance, there isn't a better Imperialist in the country."

"My dear Frensham," said Franklin in the lightly patronising tone that was beginning to irritate Kavanagh, "Bagnall knows very well which side his bread is buttered. These Labour men are all the same. Give them plenty to eat and, above all, plenty to drink, a motor-car, and so on, and they're yours."

"Well, I must say I think better of them," said Sir Alfred. "I believe they're thoroughly sound at heart."

"Dear General Brighorn said something that struck me so much the other day," said old Lady Kilbain, leaning forward and looking earnestly at Sir Alfred; "someone was talking about the danger of revolution in England, and General Brighorn said: 'No fear of that. Trust to the common sense of the working man.' I thought that so interesting."

Kavanagh, glancing at Oscar Franklin, caught the quick flash of derision that passed across the prominent black eyes of the financier, and shone out even more

intensely in those of his son Isidore, who remained silent throughout the conversation.

"What fools they think us all!" Kavanagh said angrily to himself, "and so we are!"

But Sir Alfred answered heartily:

"Quite so, quite so, Lady Kilbain. Brighorn's perfectly right. The working man is not in the least revolutionary. A better feeling between Labour and Capital and all will be well."

"That can never be brought about as long as the present system exists," said Dudley Milverton, one of the "rising" young men of the Party, in the lofty tone of one who realises that he alone amongst those present knows the true solution to the point under discussion. "The terms Capital and Labour are now completely obsolete. All such class distinctions must be done away with. The *rentier* class, of course, must disappear—this is inevitable in the course of evolution. It is for us to hasten the process, and make way for the new order."

Kavanagh listened in bewilderment. Was he at a Conservative dinner-party or a meeting of the I.L.P.? The only person to express robust Imperialist sentiments was the American millionaire. The rest seemed ready to acquiesce in any policy however defeatist rather than appear "reactionary"—the one thing to be avoided. Would they all be content to "disappear" when it came to the point? he wondered. At any rate no one expressed dissent. So, as there seemed no comment to be made on the impending cataclysm foretold by the last speaker, Lady Frensham judged it the moment to catch old Lady Kilbain's faded eye and rise from the table. The whole party moved out together on to the terrace to enjoy the

peaceful beauty of the spring night. Kavanagh, leaning back in his chair, amused himself watching the heterogeneous crowd that passed before his eyes—country cousins, natives of India, American tourists, being introduced to the Mother of Parliaments, principally by "Labour" members, who entered into their rôles of hosts with particular fervour. The older M.P.s, especially the Conservatives, sauntering past with their hands in their pockets, looked, for the most part, bored. Not so, however, Sarah Marchmont, the Girton girl who, after taking a brilliant first in mathematics, had successfully contested Lamington as a Conservative, and was now engaged in a lively discussion with the Minister of Agriculture.

"There's that tiresome Miss Marchmont!" murmured Lady Frensham, turning to Kavanagh. "She's evidently buttonholed poor Mr. Framlingham—how terrible for him!"

"Isn't she the woman who started the Corps of Speakers to go about the country and lecture on Imperial questions? It seemed to me a first-rate idea."

"Oh yes, that's her hobby," said Mrs. Murray Bateman. "Before the last election everybody asked one about Miss Marchmont's Corps. One got so bored with it. Ah, Mr. Barrington," she went on, playfully pulling the coat tail of a passing Conservative member, "I hope you're coming to our Ascot party? You never answered my invitation, you know!"

"Didn't I, dear lady? How very remiss of me. But I'm coming all the same."

Kavanagh turned away and looked across at Rosamund Dare.

"Come and take a turn up the terrace and watch the river," he said.

Rosamund rose with her usual air of gentle languor, and together they wandered to the balustrade looking out over the Thames, where the lights from the buildings on the opposite bank and from passing barges glittered on the smooth-running dark surface of the water.

"So you're going to stand for Parliament?" Rosamund said with a smile.

"Yes; do you think I'm a fool to do it?"

"No; I think it's splendid of you. But——"

"But what?"

"Well, somehow I don't imagine you'll be very popular with the Party."

"Why not?"

"Because you'll make them think. They'll hate that. I believe thinking really hurts them," she added with a laugh that took the edge off the satire.

Kavanagh turned and looked at Rosamund's clear profile, outlined against the darkness of the sky, with wondering curiosity. Was this really the same Rosamund he remembered long ago when they used to play together as children in a London square? She used to be such a jolly little thing with her crop of red-gold curls and laughing eyes—the beauty of the garden. All the little boys adored her.

She was beautiful still, with a strange half-sad, half-mocking beauty—flexible lips that curved upwards or drooped according to her mood, grey eyes that still could laugh, but more often had a curious veiled expression as if they had looked on things they wished to see no more. What had happened to her during all those years he had been away? Until his

return two months ago they had never met since she was sixteen. Now she must be about twenty-eight. Why had she never married? He had heard that she had been at college and was regarded as rather a "highbrow" by her set. Somehow he felt that she had passed through experiences which had left their mark on her. What were they? He longed to know.

"What ages ago it all seems!" he said, thinking aloud. "I feel like Rip van Winkle coming back to London and finding everything so changed. The same things and people, but all so different. I can hardly believe you're really little Rosamund whom——" he stopped short with a smile. Dare he remind her how they used to play at weddings, and how they two were married in the summer-house by Jimmy Brandon, dressed as a parson in one of the nursery-maid's aprons? And he had twisted a purple crocus round her finger for a ring. But evidently Rosamund remembered, for she said with a laugh only faintly tinged with embarrassment:

"We were terribly sentimental in those days, weren't we? Of course, at eight or ten one goes through that phase."

"And gets it over? The girls and boys to-day certainly don't seem much troubled with sentiment once they're grown up. Think of nothing but getting from one place to another. All motion and no emotions. I say, how's that for an epigram?"

"I think it's rather good. But perhaps they're wise."

"D'you remember," Kavanagh went on after a pause, still reminiscing, "the secret societies we used to have in the garden? One had to take a fearful

oath which made the others wild to know what it was all about."

Had he imagined it, or did a shadow pass over her face as he asked the question? She did not answer, but turned it off by saying:

"I remember that you and Jimmy Brandon swore eternal friendship and sealed it in blood by pricking your fingers with a pin."

"So we did. Under the laurel bushes. Jimmy and I were tremendous pals in those days—and afterwards."

"Rather an odd boy, wasn't he?"

"Well, perhaps being brought up abroad made him different from the rest of us. Went to school at Stuttgart, I remember. Then was through the end of the war and badly wounded. I haven't seen him since, though we've written to each other. He was really the best pal I ever had."

They were silent for a few moments. Then Kavanagh said, drawing nearer to Rosamund so that his coat sleeve touched the smooth white arm resting on the balustrade:

"I wonder what you're thinking about, Rosamund? There's something Sphinx-like about you. We've met quite often since I've been back in London, yet I never seem to know you any better."

She smiled—just gently enough to give him courage to go on.

"I feel," he said, "like someone standing in the hall of a house they know. The rooms seem quite familiar, bright and jolly, lit up by sunshine. But somewhere in the house there's a room I've never been into. I don't even know where it is. I only feel it's there."

"Perhaps it's a haunted room."

She breathed rather than spoke the words, and Kavanagh turning his head saw that her dark eyes were full of terror, like a child's in the dark. He put out his hand instinctively to clasp hers, but at that moment the hearty voice of Sir Alfred Frensham broke in behind them.

"Come along, you two, I want to introduce you to some of my Labour friends."

And remorselessly he shepherded the errant couple back to the flock.

The dinner-party had now gathered round a small table for coffee and cigarettes, and Mrs. Bateman was smiling prettily at the two Labour members Sir Alfred had drawn into the group. Jos. Bagnall, of the Miners' Federation, was beaming genially as his thick fingers closed around the expensive cigar held out to him by Oscar Franklin, but Hanley's tight lips gave no hint of a smile as he declined the proffered luxury. He was a teetotaler and non-smoker—one of the rare ascetics of the Labour movement—and after replying curtly to Lady Frensham's overtures, moved away with scarcely concealed contempt.

Kavanagh, watching his retreating form, observed to Rosamund: "There goes a potential Robespierre. He'd have us all guillotined without a qualm."

"Yes, that's why poor Lady Lutterworth keeps on asking him to lunch with her in Belgrave Square. She says if these people really want to cut off our heads, we'd better make friends with them. But Hanley never goes."

"I rather admire him for that. He's got the courage of his opinions and observes the rules of warfare. No

fraternising between the trenches! After all, this isn't a game."

"No. But our Party likes to think it is."

Suddenly Kavanagh heard himself greeted by a cheery voice: "Why, Major, don't you remember me?" And turning in its direction he saw a sturdy figure in tweed taking a seat at his side.

"Hullo, Cragg, is it you?" he answered, grasping the large hand held out to him. Could this really be Tom Cragg, the gallant miner who had served under him during the war? "By Jove, I'm glad to see you again. But what are you doing here?"

"Didn't you know? I'm Labour member for North Warmshire now."

"The devil you are, Cragg. I always said you'd get on. But not in this line of business! How d'you like it?"

"It's all right," said Cragg unenthusiastically. And pulling a somewhat foul pipe out of his pocket he added: "No good expecting too much, is it?"

"You don't believe in the Socialist millennium, Cragg?"

"I don't know anything about millenniums, or Socialism either, but I'd like to make the old country a bit better than we found it."

"Well, we'd all like to do that."

"Aye, *you* would, Major. But what about the rest of them?" He drew his chair closer and said in a low, confidential voice: "I can tell you, when I think of the misery down there"—he jerked his head towards the river—"in dockland, and up in the mines, and then read in the papers about society at play—always at play, whilst others can't get work, it makes me fairly sick."

"Oh, I know the society papers are the best recruiting organs for Socialism. But the poor fellows who read them in the public libraries can't know that the people who do nothing but play are only a very small minority."

"And they can't know either that if we put all those people in a lethal chamber to-morrow our class would be no better off," Cragg answered with a grim smile. "Still, there's something wrong somewhere."

"No doubt there's lots wrong—the trouble is, how to alter it," said Kavanagh rather helplessly, wondering what more he could say. But Cragg saved him the trouble of thinking out further arguments by saying:

"Well, I must be off. Good night, Major."

"Good night, and I say, let's meet again. I'm standing for Parliament too, you see. And though we're on different sides, I'm sure we're both out for the same cause. Perhaps we could help each other."

"That's right. I'll come along one day."

Kavanagh gave him his card and sat down again wondering at himself. Only five minutes ago he had said: "No fraternising between the trenches," yet here he was palling up with a Labour member whom somehow he could not regard as an enemy. Indeed, he felt uncomfortably that he had more in common with him than with the members of his own Party at dinner, and that the few minutes' conversation with Cragg had brought the first serious note into an evening which, but for the presence of Rosamund, would have been utterly futile and unprofitable.

But it was growing late; the House had already risen, and the party now broke up and made their way through the long stone halls, almost in darkness,

to the entrance where a row of cars was waiting. Into the most luxurious of these, an Isotta Fraschini, driven by a negro chauffeur, stepped Oscar Franklin and his son Isidore.

Meanwhile Kavanagh had managed to place himself again by Rosamund and to see her into a taxi. As she drove away he watched her face at the window, looming like a white flower against the blackness of the cab.

CHAPTER II

COMRADES IN ARMS

MAJOR TERENCE KAVANAGH was a young man whom the world in general regarded as phenomenally lucky. Tall, handsome, with charming manners, an un-failing gaiety of temperament, inherited from his Irish ancestors, he was as popular with men as with women, and since, to crown all, he was the happy possessor of a digestion that functioned perfectly, he found the world a very pleasant place to live in. If not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he had had one placed in it firmly at an age when he was able to appreciate its value, for at thirty-five, after eighteen years in the Army, he found himself the heir to an uncle's estates in Mershire, and turned his back on India to take up the peaceful life of a "country gentleman."

But England, on closer acquaintance, seemed to be far from peaceful, for the failure of succeeding Governments to carry out their pledges had spread an unsettled feeling throughout the country. Nobody knew what was going to happen next; industry and agriculture were hampered by the sense of insecurity, and recurring strikes added to the confusion.

Kavanagh, who had hitherto never taken any particular interest in politics, wondered what had happened to England. The general indifference to all questions of national importance provided a striking contrast with the state of the public mind when he

had left for the East soon after the war. Then the idea of the Empire was uppermost in everyone's thoughts, the men who had fought and died for it were honoured, the cause for which they had sacrificed themselves had seemed to be the noblest of all causes—now the Great War was habitually referred to as a sort of tragic blunder, in which a regrettably large number of enthusiasts had thrown their lives away. But in general people did not bother about these questions at all—"sport," the theatre, cricket matches, society scandals, these were the things that really mattered, and anyone who took politics seriously was regarded as a bore.

In normal times Kavanagh could readily have slipped into the same pleasant and easy-going manner of life. He had, however, seen too much of anti-British agitation in India not to feel disturbed. So when one day his late Colonel said to him: "Why don't you go into Parliament? You're the sort of fellow we want to counteract all the slush that's talked there," Kavanagh felt it his duty to reply: "Well, sir, if you think I ought to try and stand—But politics are a dirty game."

"So they are. But if decent men won't go in for them they'll never get any cleaner. It's up to you to do what you can to save the Empire—it mayn't be much, but every ounce of weight in the right scale counts for something."

Accordingly, resisting his natural inclination to settle down to farming and shooting in Mershire, Kavanagh let the place for several years and wrote a letter to the Chief Agent of the Conservative Party saying he wished to stand for Parliament. The Chief Agent replied promptly, fixing a date for an interview.

At the hour appointed Kavanagh, after waiting twenty minutes on a hard leather seat, was shown into a pleasant room looking out over the Houses of Parliament, and found himself in the presence of a stout man with a complacent, rubicund face, seated at a large desk on which reposed an inkstand, a paper-weight weighing down nothing, and a telephone.

George Bloxham, the newly appointed Chief Agent, had recently been deputed to reorganise the Party machine on business lines. Selected as a brilliant organiser who had won his laurels in the wholesale bacon trade, he was generally regarded as just the man to restore Conservatism to its former vigour.

"Good morning," he said in business-like tones. "Major Kavanagh, eh?" he added, glancing at the card handed him by his secretary.

"Yes. I want to stand for Parliament." And to himself Kavanagh added: "But I don't want to stand here. Why doesn't the fellow offer me a chair?"

"H'm. Well, you see, we have a lot of applicants—a terrible lot of applicants. How much could you contribute to your election expenses?"

"How much? Well, really I hadn't thought. I suppose the whole if necessary. I'm not hampered by any want of money."

Kavanagh was invited to sit down. The Chief Agent now smiled genially.

"Come, that's talking. Have a cigar?" And he took a large gold case from his pocket, emitting a sigh of relief the while.

"Thanks, I'll have a cigarette," said Kavanagh, taking out his own case.

"You see, it's like this, Major. We've got to make this place a paying proposition. When I took over,

the Party was hard up. Devilish hard up. People weren't contributing as they used to. If only we could raise about half a million for the next election now——"

"But surely it isn't only money, it's work that counts."

"Bless you, no, it's advertisement. Advertise well, and you'll have the public with you. I'd like you to see some of our new circulars, they're A1. Just the sort of stuff that goes down. But now about your standing. D'you want a country constituency?"

"I should like to stand for my own county, South Mershire, if possible."

"I dare say that can be arranged. The present member's getting on for eighty, and not likely to stand again. We'll see what we can do about it. And you really must see some of our publications. We've got a first-rate man who used to write for the I.L.P. under the name of 'Quizzer.'"

"Then he's turned Conservative?"

"Oh, Lord, no, he's got no politics. But he knows what'll catch the public."

And lifting the receiver of the telephone, he said into it:

"Bring up some samples of our literature."

In a few minutes a young man with an East European profile returned with a bulky packet of literature.

"Now, have a look at these, Major," said Mr. Bloxham, proudly spreading them out on the table. "Snappy, aren't they? Just the thing to catch the eye. 'Vote Conservative and save your bacon!'" —it was evident that the Chief Agent's mind still harked back lovingly to his last sphere of usefulness—"short and to the point! That's the kind of stuff to give

'em ! Now these for the women, striking the homey note. First rate, aren't they ? "

Kavanagh turned them over silently. There was a pretty picture of an aged couple sitting over the fire, and underneath in large lettering : " Vote Conservative and grow old gracefully ! " There was the Prime Minister holding out a well-filled feeding bottle towards a crowing infant. There was a steaming teapot with the words : " The Conservatives took a half-penny off the packet."

" One would think," Kavanagh said to himself, " that Conservatism was a sort of patent food— ' Sweet as cream, children like it ! ' ' Conservatism builds bonnie babies ! ' " Aloud he said, rising :

" Well, good morning, Mr. Bloxham. You'll let me know about South Mershire, won't you ? "

And he shook the podgy hand held out to him. As the swing doors closed behind him Kavanagh realised that he felt absurdly damped by his reception. Only half an hour ago he had pushed his way through those portals, glowing with enthusiasm, eager to renounce the life of ease and pleasure that might have been his for the sake of what he held to be a great and worthy cause—and now ? Was this really all that happened when one offered one's services to the Party ? Of course, he did not really want thanks ; still, he was making no small sacrifice in time and money, surely some word of encouragement might have been forthcoming ? Then he shook himself impatiently, and reflected that this was childish. Were the Party officials to fall on his neck and embrace him ? After all, they *were* only officials ; it was the cause that mattered.

And this was how Kavanagh came to start on the

slippery path of a political career, and to be present at Lady Frensham's dinner-party as the candidate for South Mershire. So far nothing had happened to inspire him with greater enthusiasm for the Party. Once inside it he had supposed that he would be brought in touch with people interested in large political questions, and he dined out hopefully at the houses of leading Conservatives—to which, as a rich and unattached young man, he received endless invitations—always expecting that at any rate over the port he would learn something more about the Party with which he had thrown in his lot. But no, the conversation turned almost invariably on sport—shooting, hunting—the newest make of motor-car, or where to go for a pleasant holiday abroad.

Despairing of the Party, Kavanagh turned to the independent patriotic societies, whose circulars poured in on him always accompanied by requests for funds. There was the "League of National Constitutionalists," and the "Union of Constitutional Nationalists," with almost identical programmes, but bitterly hostile to each other; there was the "British Dreadnoughts League"—the inaugural meeting of which he had attended years before when home on leave; then there was the "League of Loyal Citizens," the "King and Country Union," the "Home Front League," etc., etc. Kavanagh's head whirled as he tried to disentangle them. All were apparently aiming at the same thing, all owned comfortable offices with a secretary sitting at an enormous desk, and typewriters clicking in the background. Kavanagh conscientiously went the round of them, and left with bundles of leaflets stuffed into his pockets—together with subscription forms ready to fill in. Funds, more

funds—this was the burden of each secretary's song—"if only we could raise £30,000 a year!" The secretary of the "British Dreadnoughts League" indeed declared that nothing under a million a year would meet the case. Precisely what was to be done with these vast sums when collected no one seemed to have time to think out—apparently mass conversions were only a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence.

And so it happened that Cragg, the Labour back bencher, was the first Member of Parliament who had spoken seriously to Kavanagh about matters affecting the fate of the nation.

Coming out of the House of Commons after the Frenshams' dinner-party, Kavanagh looked up at the stars and said:

"The night is yet young; I'll take a breather!"

He was still fresh enough to London to enjoy walking through the streets at night, and cutting across Parliament Square, he turned into Whitehall. As he passed the Cenotaph he raised his hat at the same moment as a man coming towards him, a man with set white features which struck him as curiously familiar.

"Hullo, Terence!"

"Jimmy!" Jimmy Brandon! Was it possible?

"I say, old fellow, this is extraordinary!" he said, grasping Brandon's outstretched hand. "I've been talking about you only to-night with Rosamund Dare. You remember her in the old days in the Square garden? Isn't it odd the way one mentions somebody one's lost sight of and then suddenly runs into them?"

"Yes, 'speak of the devil and you see his horns'—as our Italian friends say."

"Anyhow, it's good to see you again," said Kavanagh, turning to walk by Brandon's side in the direction of Victoria Street.

It must be sixteen years, he said to himself, since they had met—in the spring of 1918 when both, though only boys of nineteen, were war-time captains. Then he had heard how Jimmy had been fearfully wounded at Asiago, but had made a miraculous recovery; after a while a pencil note in Jimmy's handwriting had reached him. During all the years that followed they had corresponded spasmodically, but somehow had never succeeded in meeting: when Kavanagh was home on leave Brandon happened to be somewhere in the East of Europe, or when Brandon was in London Kavanagh was in India. And since Kavanagh had left the service he had been too much occupied with taking over his estate and embarking at the same time on a political career to follow up personal friendships and find out Brandon's whereabouts. But here was Jimmy in the flesh walking beside him.

"By Jove, old chap," he repeated, "it's a bit of luck meeting like this."

"Yes, it's grand," Brandon answered solemnly, and his face formed into a sort of crease that puzzled Kavanagh.

"I say, you might look more pleased to see a fellow; smile, Jimmy, smile!"

"I never smile," said Brandon. "You remember the poem we learnt at school 'He never smiled again'—Henry II, wasn't it? Well, that's me, Terence."

"What on earth do you mean? D'you never laugh either?"

At Kavanagh's obvious bewilderment Brandon emitted a wild hoot that made several passers-by turn round in surprise.

Had poor Jimmy gone mad? Perhaps the wound had affected his brain. Kavanagh relapsed into an embarrassed silence.

"No, Terence, I'm not mad," said Brandon, answering his friend's thoughts. "Come to my house, it's close by, and we can have a talk in peace."

They walked on together until they reached a house in Smith Square. "Here's where I live," said Brandon. And opening the door, he led the way into the smoking-room on the ground floor.

"You've made yourself jolly snug, Jimmy," said Kavanagh, sinking into the low saddle-bag beside the fireplace and looking round at the old furniture, Persian rugs, and paintings on the walls around him. "I like your pictures. Who're they by?"

Brandon struck an absurd attitude and bowed.

"Your humble servant to command," he said.

"What, Jimmy! Are they really your efforts? I didn't know you were such an artist. You used to paint in the old days, I remember, but these are first class."

"Oh, I'm a portrait painter now by profession—didn't you know that? I've got on quite well—well enough to pick and choose my models a bit. I loathe painting anybody with no points of interest. I see you're looking at my picture of Mrs. Murray Bateman—that's one of the best things I've done."

"Yes, it's extraordinary life-like. But what points does Mrs. Bateman present? She's not a beauty—beneath the paint and powder."

"You're right, she's no *houri*. But I said points of

interest, not beauty. I found Mrs. Bateman extraordinarily interesting to paint."

And again Brandon's face creased in the odd way that had struck Kavanagh on their meeting.

"Mrs. Murray Bateman certainly helped to cheer things up at the Frenshams' dinner-party at the House to-night. These Conservatives are heavy going, Jimmy."

"I should think so. But what were you doing in that *galère*. Politics usen't to be much in your line."

"No. But all the same, I'm going to stand for Parliament."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, seriously I am."

And Kavanagh launched forth into an account of his recent activities in political circles. It was a relief to talk to Jimmy, to tell him of his hopes and fears, his longing to be of service to the country and the despair that often seized him on meeting with blank indifference from the very people to whom he had looked for support.

"It's hard work trying to wake the British public up to the Bolshevik danger. I've tried speaking at a few London meetings, but it's always a case of preaching to the converted. And one ends by stirring up the wrong people—the ones who've absolutely got Bolshevism on the brain. There seems to be no middle course between apathy and hysteria. You can't think what a lot of lunatics there are about who imagine the wildest things. If they'd only do some real work one wouldn't mind; instead of that they pester one with letters that lead to nothing. Look at these!" and Kavanagh drew out of his pocket a bundle of envelopes hastily torn open. "That's a

pretty average sample of my post—reached me to-night just as I was starting out and I looked into them on my way to the House. Here's a retired R.E. Colonel in the North who tells me he's been so alarmed by the Bolshevik menace that he's leaving with his whole family for an island in the South Pacific. Then an old lady in Bath writes to assure me there's nothing to worry about, as we're the lost ten tribes, so we're bound to come out on top in the end. And someone else sends a post card to say the Roman Catholics are at the bottom of all the trouble and the Pope is having poison put into her tea."

Kavanagh stuffed the bundle back into his pocket and went on cheerfully :

" Well, I've talked enough about my affairs. What about you, Jimmy ? There's lots I want to know."

" Amongst other things, what's happened to my smile, eh ? Perhaps I'd better tell you all about it. Have a drink ? Sherry ? Whisky ?—or better still, old brandy, there's some first-rate 'seventy-eight here ? You'll want it before I'm through. It's not a pretty story."

And Brandon crossed over to a cupboard from which he took a couple of glasses and a dusty bottle.

" Thanks," said Kavanagh, as Brandon filled a glass and put it beside him. " Now, fire away."

" You remember I was wounded at Asiago in the Piave show in June nineteen-eighteen."

" Yes, in the head, weren't you ? "

" Not exactly. Whole face. A shell burst close by me. Would you like to see what I looked like after it ? Take a good pull at that brandy and I'll show you."

Going to the writing table Brandon opened a drawer and took a photograph out of an envelope.

"Sure you feel strong enough, old man?"

Kavanagh nodded.

"Look at that, then."

And Brandon held the photograph towards him.

There was a moment of silence. Then Kavanagh covered his eyes with his hand and put the photograph face downwards on the table at his side.

"Good Lord! Jimmy," he murmured. "Good Lord!"

It was the most ghastly thing he had ever seen—what had once been the window of a human soul reduced to the semblance of a gutted house—one eye blown from its socket, a gaping hole beneath, lips, nose torn asunder, teeth gone, a limply hanging jaw beneath that chasm—it was terrible. Even as he thought of it he shuddered.

But a laugh, that same strange hooting laugh that Brandon had given vent to in the street, roused him:

"I don't look pretty, do I? Not the sort of portrait to give one's best girl, eh? But buck up, old chap, you see there's nothing much wrong with me now, is there?"

"No," said Kavanagh, coming back with relief to the present, "you've changed a bit, of course, but still, it's you all the same. How on earth did they put you together again?"

"Well, I was taken prisoner—shoved into an Austrian hospital, and finally sent to Vienna. There are marvellous surgeons there, you know, and plastic surgery's been reduced to a fine art. They understand face building as none of our fellows do—face lifting too, by the way. There are hardly any old-looking women in Vienna, they all have their faces lifted and

look young at sixty—it's amazing. I don't know if they'd have taken so much trouble about mine if it hadn't been for a bit of luck. There happened to be an Austrian orderly in the hospital I'd done a good turn to in the war, and like a decent chap he spoke up about it, so that a great swell in that line, fellow called Zinzenberg, took a special interest in me. Bit by bit he built my face up with those marvellous fingers of his until at last he'd made me something like myself again. Months went by, and when the war was over I stayed on to remain in Zinzenberg's hands as long as possible. When at last I saw myself in the glass almost exactly as I'd been before, it seemed unbelievable."

Brandon paused, lit a fresh cigarette, and went on again.

"But there was one thing even Zinzenberg couldn't do. He couldn't make me smile. You understand, the muscles had been too much damaged ever again to do the lifting job that makes one's face work. My lips will stretch outwards, but they can't curve upwards—see?" And Brandon executed the odd crease that had puzzled Kavanagh. "So you must take that for a smile, old fellow—it's meant as such."

"I understand." Kavanagh was silent for a moment and then said: "You never told me a word about all this in your letters."

"Oh, there was nothing to make a song about. I wanted to forget about it as soon as possible. I only told you to-night because you wondered why I looked so wooden when we met."

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap. I didn't understand. It was stupid of me."

"Not a bit. Quite natural. And I don't mind

talking to you about it. Besides, as you see, it all came right in the end."

"Yes. Only you had to leave the Army?"

"I didn't have to." Brandon paused a moment and then went on: "I found a life that suited me better."

"Painting?"

Brandon hesitated for a fraction of a second before answering:

"Oh, painting and roaming about—all over the Continent, the Near East, Egypt, and so on. In all sorts of queer out-of-the-way places."

And then Brandon went on to talk of his travels, painting word-pictures of the races he had studied and the curious people he had met, with a vividness of touch that enthralled his friend.

Big Ben was striking two o'clock when Kavanagh made his way out of the house.

CHAPTER III

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF JAMES BRANDON

KAVANAGH returned cheered to his rooms in Half Moon Street. It was splendid running into Jimmy like this, although he had changed since the old days. Perhaps that was hardly to be wondered at considering all he had gone through. And then the years he had spent wandering about the Continent and speaking foreign languages no doubt accounted for his rather curious diction, not exactly pedantic, but different from the clipped words and slangy phrases to which Kavanagh was accustomed in the regiment. Talked rather like a book, did Jimmy. Funny, too, his setting up as a portrait painter! But he was always a bit of a dreamer—had more of the artistic temperament than most soldiers. And he had been a soldier for such a short time. Kavanagh determined not to lose sight of him again, and a few days later dropped in on him before dinner.

"Well, and how are you getting on with the Party?" Brandon asked as they settled down for a talk.

"I don't know that I *am* getting on. There seems to be some sort of queer opposition that one comes up against at every turn—almost as if they didn't want one to be too keen."

"H'm. You feel that, do you?"

"Yes, definitely. But I don't know why I should bother you with it. You don't go in for politics, do you?"

"No. But I'm interested in what you're saying. Go on, Terence."

"Well, if I'm not boring you, there are a lot of things that are puzzling me."

"For example?"

"First of all then," and Terence began ticking off his points on his fingers, "the sort of way fellows seem to lose all their guts when they get into Parliament. I've known some of them before, keen as mustard, full of fight and of what they'd do when they got in, and now they're there they'd hardly fight a mouse, let alone a Bolshevik. But then"—passing on to his next finger—"there's this odd want of resistance to Bolshevism everywhere. When one's seen what I have out in India—agitators of the Red Flag Union financed by the Soviet Government, Bolshevik propaganda going on in the bazaars—it's inconceivable we should do nothing to stop it there, and next to nothing here. The Conservative Party doesn't seem to worry and the independent societies say they can't raise the funds. Why? If Bolshevism is really a war against Capitalism, why doesn't Capitalism defend itself? Why doesn't it organise its forces? If it had been discovered that a gang of burglars had planned to carry out a series of raids on City offices, wouldn't the City see to it jolly quickly that its safes were protected? Wouldn't it at least take out insurance policies? Yet here, where it's a case of not merely burgling safes, but of collaring the whole wealth of the country, the City sits tight and does nothing."

"No, even though it's seen the coup brought off in another country. The Russian crown jewels sold under its nose!"

"Just so. The City doesn't even bother to put up

funds as an insurance. All the money's on the other side. That's the third thing that's been puzzling me. Where on earth does it come from? Soviet Russia says it can't pay its debts and has to be allowed credits. Yet its propaganda can be carried out at vast expense all over the world. It can finance newspapers—dailies, weeklies, monthlies—organise meetings, cinemas, shows of all kinds, run societies, and so on in every country. The cost of it must be something gigantic. And we're told all this money comes from Russia. How is it possible?"

"No, as the French say, '*cela ne tient pas debout.*'"

"And it certainly can't come out of the workers' pockets. So where *does* it come from? I've asked that question often and nobody can answer it. They don't seem to want to answer it."

"Ah, you've noticed that?" Brandon said, looking, as Kavanagh thought, rather queer.

After that evening the two friends met continually, and somehow Kavanagh began to gain the impression that keen as he was to see Brandon, Brandon was even keener to see him—not only out of friendship. There seemed to be something else; it was almost as if Brandon were watching him, sizing him up in some way. What for?

Kavanagh decided at last to ask him frankly.

"Look here, Jimmy," he said one evening, "I've got a feeling that whilst we're talking about all sorts of things you've got some idea at the back of your mind—something that you're keeping to yourself. It's almost as if you're watching me!" he added with a laugh.

But Brandon made no disclaimer. Instead, to Kavanagh's surprise, he answered quietly:

"Well, as a matter of fact, you're right. I *have* been watching you."

"By Jove, Jimmy, this is a bit thick, considering how long we've known each other," Kavanagh said with some annoyance in his voice.

"Yes; but we haven't met for ages. Men change in fifteen years, Terence. And, after all, we were only boys in the old days when we were pals."

And seeing the cloud still on Kavanagh's face he went on:

"Look here, you mustn't mind, old chap. The fact is, the whole thing's so terribly important. One mustn't risk the slightest mistake. And I wanted to be dead sure of you before saying anything."

"This is very mysterious. But I think you can trust me not to talk, whatever it is."

"Yes, I believe I can. You see, I've watched you to some purpose, Terence. And from little tests I've put you to without your noticing it—don't be huffy now!—I see that you can be close if necessary."

"Close as a clam. Of course I won't breathe a word of anything you tell me."

"Right. Then I can go ahead. From all you've told me since that evening we first met about your political experiences, I've seen that you were up against it. And that, apart from our old friendship, made me want to see more of you. I felt we could help each other. So I determined to watch you, to find out whether I could let you into the secret of my life—my double life as one might call it. For painting is only camouflage for my real work."

"Go on, Jimmy, this is interesting."

"Well. I'll begin at the beginning. You remember how I used to love detective stories?"

"Yes; you were always deep in some great murder mystery."

"Well, but there are more exciting things than mere vulgar murders, based on lust or greed or revenge. There are great mysteries that need the brain of the criminologist to solve, far more thrilling than anything Edgar Wallace ever devised. These are the problems it's worth while tackling—and devoting one's whole life to unravelling."

"You mean——?"

"The hidden causes of the world's events."

"Good Lord!" Kavanagh was decidedly startled.

Brandon went on:

"During the war I always longed to do secret service work, and when my Colonel—'old Bronx,' you know—was put on to it he'd have liked to take me into the show. But for one thing I was too young—only twenty at Asiago when I was wounded, and for another thing Bronx came to the conclusion he couldn't make much use of me. You see, any really observant person could always pick me out of a crowd before I was wounded. My eyes were of two different colours—one brown, one grey." Brandon stopped, and comprehension slowly dawned on Kavanagh.

"You mean, if you called yourself Brandon one day and Snooks the next you'd never have a chance of getting away with it?"

"Something of that sort. Anyway, the war changed that."

"How?"

"By blowing out one of my eyes—the grey one—as you saw in the photograph."

"You don't mean to say that one of your eyes is sham?" asked Kavanagh, looking at his friend in

amazement. "They both look absolutely real."

Brandon nodded. "Marvellous, isn't it? But the left, the grey one, is glass all the same!" And he tapped it lightly with a paper-knife, which emitted a most convincing clink. "Naturally they might build my face up again, but they couldn't put my own eye back. So I had an idea! I was careful, you see, to have it replaced in Vienna by a grey one exactly like it so, as no one at home knows I have lost my eye, I appear to be still, as I was before, a fellow with different-coloured eyes. But after I came back to England I went to an obscure optician in Bath and ordered a spare eye to be made, brown this time, to match the one I have left. In this way, at any moment I can put in the brown eye and apparently have both eyes the same colour. You've no idea how it changes one, especially if someone is on the look out for a man with eyes that don't match."

"By Jove, Jimmy; what an ingenious idea!"

"Yes, but that was not all the bursting shell did for me. As I was having, so to speak, a new face made, I didn't see why I shouldn't have it fitted with a few gadgets so as to be able to change it at will. My teeth were smashed up too and had to be replaced by a false set, together with pads to fill my face out where it had been battered in. This, as you see, was done so cleverly as to make me almost like my old self. But by means of different sets of teeth, with more or less padding, I can alter my appearance entirely—it's extraordinary the difference that teeth can make! So, you see," he ended with a laugh, "it's an ill wind that blows no one any good and even a German shell may bring one luck."

"But, after all, you didn't go into the Secret Service?"

"No," said Brandon slowly, "I didn't go into the Secret Service. I hit on something that interested me far more. It struck me that what we call the Secret Service must be very limited in its scope. And I've found out since that I was right. I don't say that its work is not of enormous interest or that its methods of obtaining information are not marvellous. I'm sure they are. But the information it desires relates entirely to current events. It is merely of the kind to interest the Departments concerned. The War Office wants to know what kind of guns are being manufactured in Paraguay or Poland, or what military preparations are being made in Soviet Russia simply with a view to future hostilities and the efficiency of our own military machine. The Home Office enquires about a certain person merely to judge whether he is fit to be let into the country. It is not the business of the Secret Service to enquire into the motives or hidden causes of the world's events. It is not concerned with speculation ; only with concrete facts. It has never attempted to build up a consecutive theory by studying the origin of world movements, for the past doesn't exist for it ; it wants to know what is happening *now* at the actual moment and what is consequently likely to happen in the next few weeks. And yet the past is the key not only to the present but the future ! What can we know of what is happening in the world to-day unless we enquire into causes that have their roots not only in the past but in the remote past ?

"This is what I've set myself to study. I wanted to find out *why* things happen, to understand the causes of events that seem to us incomprehensible, to discover the secret springs that move men to action or the forces that bind them in inaction. I wanted to under-

stand the reason for the crises that periodically arise in the world—political, economic, or social—that seem to occur without any specific cause. I wanted above all to know who are the real rulers of the world pulling the strings from behind the scenes.

“ You wonder what set me on this track ? Well, it was partly a fellow I met in Vienna, a man who had once been a Communist and mixed with all the ‘ Reds ’ in London and New York. He told me he went into it more out of a spirit of enquiry than from any settled convictions. He simply wanted to find out if there was anything in it, and came at last to the conclusion that *Communism was not the real thing*, that, in a word, there was something behind it all he could never discover. That was what set me thinking, and I determined to find out all I could about the origins of the movement that was convulsing the whole civilised world. So I began to read. During the years that followed on the war I travelled from city to city, reading in all the great libraries of Europe—in Paris, in Berlin, in Rome, in Prague—and at the same time talking to everyone I met in restaurants, cafés, or railway trains. It’s amazing how much information one can pick up in that way.”

“ Good heavens, old man, do you talk all these languages ? ” interposed Kavanagh.

“ Oh, well, I was brought up in Germany, you see, so I could pass as a German quite easily. French I knew of course—had a French governess as a kid. But it meant mugging up a few others. Russian, Polish, Spanish, and so on. No brains required for that—thousands of waiters do it. After a while I took up painting again, which made an excellent excuse for moving from one place to another—sitting about at

street corners or in village squares and getting into talk with passers-by. No one suspects an artist of any ulterior purpose.

"I was lucky, too, in having a perfectly priceless servant called Rigby—the fellow who opens the door when you come here. He has an extraordinary flair for sleuth work, and, as he's half French and was a prisoner in Germany, he's a pretty good linguist. Picked up some Italian, too, when I was painting in Venice.

"Well, Rigby and I had all sorts of adventures together, and when I came back at last to England I'd got the hang of the whole thing in my mind. Then I came into touch with some of the Secret Service people—excellent fellows, most of them, but bound by routine. At the same time, they had sources of information inaccessible to me—Good Lord! what revelations they could make if only they'd go through some of their old files and the records in Government offices for the last fifty or hundred years! But it's nobody's business to do that, as I said—it's only the last fortnight that counts. I shouldn't be surprised if some of the most important documents had gone long ago into the departmental waste-paper basket! They've no idea of the value of a lot of their stuff. During the past five years whilst we've worked in co-operation—for I keep in touch—I've seen reports that meant nothing to them, but which from my point of view were absolutely priceless."

"In that case," said Kavanagh, "it's pretty dreadful to think of all this information not being utilised."

"Publicity's of course the last thing they want. Their information is only for their Departments, not for the benefit of the world. The Press can mislead the

country to any extent and the Secret Service lies low and says nothing. It's not their business to enlighten public opinion. That's where the further difference between their work and mine comes in."

"Then what use do you mean to make of it in the end, Jimmy?"

"I mean to go on working until I've been able to build up a whole consecutive theory which will explain a great deal that's happening in the world to-day. And when I've done that and the last bit of evidence has been collected, I mean to give it the widest publicity. Till that moment comes I've got to lie low and maintain the strictest secrecy."

"I understand. But you've taken on a gigantic task. Is it really possible? When do you expect to get done—if ever?"

"Who can say? There are links still missing, links that may take years to find. The great problem that occupies me night and day is the identity of the individuals behind the movement. Do you remember what Rathenau said: 'Three hundred men, all acquainted with each other, control the economic destiny of the Continent'? But what about twelve men who control the destiny, not only economic, of the whole world?"

"You think there are twelve?"

"I'm nearly sure of it. But more of that another time—it's a long story. Still, perhaps what I've told you to-night may help you to understand what you're up against. You realise already that things aren't what they seem, that entering political life isn't plain sailing, and that, as you said, the strongest opposition you meet with comes from your own side. You've found out, too, that Bolshevism isn't a war of the Have-nots against the Haves, a plot to do away with

all Capitalism—otherwise the whole Capitalist world would have organised a united front against it and nipped it in the bud at the beginning.”

“ Yes, that’s exactly the conclusion I’d come to.”

“ Which of course makes you very dangerous to the other side. People like General Brigham and the cartoonists in the popular Press who represent the Bolshevik regime as being run by a lot of hairy *moujiks* are doing it no harm. On the contrary, they’re helping it by keeping up the fiction that, however misguided, it’s a genuine working-class movement. But once you say, or even find out, anything about what’s really at the back of it all, you can do it enormous damage. That’s why you find yourself up against it. And that’s why I determined to let you into my secret.”

Kavanagh sat still and thought hard. After a few moments he turned to Brandon, who was obviously moved by the intensity of his own feelings towards his self-imposed task and was staring moodily out of the window.

“ I’m very glad you’ve told me this, Jimmy,” he said. “ I believe we could help each other. All you’ve described explains a great deal I couldn’t understand before.”

And to himself Kavanagh added: “ It explains Jimmy, too. Now I see why he talks in the way he does—if he’s been reading for years in the libraries of Europe, no wonder he talks rather like a book.” Aloud he said :

“ I suppose you must have a tremendous collection of data somewhere ? ”

“ Of course. Like to see it ? Come upstairs then.”

Brandon led the way up to a door on the second

floor of the house and opened it with a Yale key. Inside was a room completely lined with steel shelves and cupboards; the former filled with books and pamphlets in a number of different languages; the latter, resembling large safes, provided with special locks. Opening one of these, Brandon disclosed a pile of documents, neatly arranged and labelled.

"The collection of fourteen years," he said, pointing to the row of these steel cupboards. "Notes, reports, photographs, dossiers of people everywhere—all co-ordinated by this"—and he indicated a vast card index also contained in locked steel drawers.

"No one except Rigby is allowed into this room," he explained. "This is where I sit quietly and do my real work."

"Like a human spider in his web!" laughed Kavanagh. "Spinning a network that reaches all over the world."

"Yes, but unfortunately frail, like a real spider's web—made only of theories. What can it do against the golden web spun by the monstrous human spiders that govern the world?"

CHAPTER IV

AN EVENTFUL WEEK-END

AFTER this Kavanagh's life began to take on more colour. Up till the night of the dinner-party at the House of Commons it had seemed to him strangely drab for all its outward gaiety. The people he had met in Society were no more than shadows, or rather animated puppets all repeating the same catch phrases and machine-made opinions turned out for them by politicians or the Press. But now when his brain was in need of exercise he had only to turn into the house in Smith Square and launch into long discussions with Jimmy Brandon on the most enthralling world-problems. In other moods he looked up Rosamund and took her to the play, the opera, or up the river. And though she still mystified him, he felt he was gradually getting nearer to her, breaking down the wall that seemed to stand between them.

One afternoon he came back to his rooms to find Tom Cragg, M.P., on his doorstep.

"You told me to look you up, Major," he said, "so here I am."

"Yes, come in and have a drink and smoke. I'm glad to see you," said Kavanagh, leading the way in. "How do you think things are going in the House?" he went on as they sat down and lit up.

But Cragg was not communicative. Never a man of many words, he seemed to-day to have become unaccountably silent. Kavanagh began to wonder

why he had come at all if he could do nothing but pull at his pipe and say "That's right" to everything. Could it be that he was diffident of opening out to his one-time superior officer? Kavanagh did his best to put him at his ease, talking of the political situation and the need for men with courage to face the dangers threatening the country.

"That's right," Cragg said again, taking his pipe out of his mouth to speak and instantly putting it back again as soon as he had emitted his habitual rejoinder.

"Well now, Cragg, tell me what you really think about things," Kavanagh said at last almost in desperation, determined to say something that could not be met by this inevitable reply.

But this time Cragg was perfectly silent, keeping his pipe in his mouth and looking straight in front of him out of the window. Then suddenly he removed the pipe, tapped it out, put it back in his pocket, and leant forward.

"Look here, Major," he said. "If I say something, you won't let it get back to the Party?"

"To the Labour Party? Of course not."

"Well then, it's like this. I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?" Kavanagh asked in surprise. "You usen't to be afraid of anything."

"Oh, not for myself, Major; for the old country. When I went into Parliament I thought I could do my bit to help it. But I find I can't. There's something——" he paused.

"You're up against it too? Like many of us," Kavanagh added.

"That's just it. Up against it. And I don't know what it is. There's something behind it all I can't make out."

"Behind the Labour Party?"

"Aye. That's it. Something pushing it—from behind. Several of us feel that, but we daren't say anything."

"I think we're all in the same boat, Cragg. There's something behind all Parties. It's odd you should feel it too."

"Well, that's what I wanted to say to you," Cragg said, getting up and holding out a horny hand. "Now I'll be going. Glad to have had this talk with you, Major."

And with a nod he went his way.

"It's interesting he should have said that," Brandon remarked when Kavanagh told him of the conversation. "I've always felt that if one could convince any politicians of what's going on in the background, it would be some of the Labour Party back benchers. They're nearer to realities than the Conservatives or Liberals. Get Cragg to come here one day and bring some of his pals who think as he does. I'd like to have a talk with them."

Kavanagh had no difficulty in arranging this. Five Labour Party back benchers, including three miners, led by Cragg, assembled one evening in Brandon's studio. But the meeting led to nothing definite. There were the same silences whilst the men smoked and drank copious draughts of beer and answered "That's right" to nearly everything. Even Brandon's skilful questioning could elicit little more than Cragg had said on his first visit to Kavanagh—that they were disappointed, had hoped to be able to do something for the country, to help their mates, and so on, but were always side-tracked on to something different—foreign questions and so on. There seemed to be

something behind it all ; they all felt that, but couldn't say what it was.

"We're not out to help the Russians or the Germans," said one, "we're out to help British workers."

"And all this talk of the German fellow Marx," said another. "Dead long ago, isn't he?" he added, turning to Brandon.

"Yes. Karl Marx died somewhere about 1883."

"Then what's he to us?" answered the first man. "Let's get on with our own job, that's what I says."

This remark met with a chorus of agreement. Then another silence fell on them.

"That's the worst of the British working man," Brandon said after they had gone, "as sound and honest as you like, but quite ignorant of politics and completely inarticulate. The sounder they are, the less they'll talk. It's only the wrong 'uns who've got the gift of the gab."

"I don't believe they've got anything more to say," said Kavanagh. "These fellows just feel in their bones there's some queer power behind them, but can't understand what it is."

"And haven't the initiative to find out or to do anything if they did find out. I'm afraid we shan't make anything out of them, Terence."

"No. It's a pity, for they're in deadly earnest. Take politics more seriously than our people."

"Yes, it's their whole life. No week-ends and golf to take their minds off."

"That reminds me," said Kavanagh, "I've been asked for a week-end by Mrs. Murray Bateman to meet the Prime Minister. Shall I go?"

"By all means. Mrs. Murray Bateman's movements are always worth following."

"And I suppose I oughtn't to miss a chance of meeting Parbury, as I'm going to stand."

But perhaps the fact that Rosamund Dare was to be in the party weighed more than duty in Kavanagh's mind.

Accordingly, Friday afternoon found him at Waterloo, with his luggage, trying to spot a newspaper boy with a late edition which might be expected to give the result of the Middlesbrough by-election. Middlesbrough was a key position for the Conservative Party, and up to the 1929 election had been regarded as an absolutely safe seat, but the mill girls' vote had seriously lowered the Tory majority, and even the Party organisers had shown some concern lest this time it should pass out of their hands altogether.

Ah! There was a newspaper boy.

"Got a late edition?"

"Get it in a minute, sir, there's one just coming in."

The train was moving out as the boy thrust the paper in at the window. Kavanagh glanced hastily at the stop press.

"By Jove, we've lost it!" he said to himself. Yes, there it was in black and white—Labour majority 2,100, and Archbold, one of the best men in the Conservative Party, down and out. It was a tragedy. Kavanagh felt impelled to utter some expletive, but the only other occupant of the carriage was a soldierly looking man of about sixty who was apparently composing himself to sleep. Putting down his paper, Kavanagh sat looking out of the window at the peaceful scenes of country life that flashed past his eyes. Happy, yes, still happy England! Haymakers encamped in circles with hearty teas spread out before them; rosy children rolling in the hay; gardens filled

with gay flowers ; men in white flannels playing cricket on the village green ; motors ; farm-carts ; bicycles thronging along the roads between green hedges—why should there be people anxious to destroy this kind old country ? Of course in the background, and in the big cities, there was the misery of which Tom Cragg had spoken—there were the mounting figures of unemployment—yet what were these but bad patches in a fair garden that must be done away with in course of time ? Kavanagh glowed to think that he himself might have some hand in the creation of a better—a still better—England.

After a while he turned again to look at his travelling companion. Who was he ? Somehow his features seemed vaguely familiar. Where had he seen him before ? Surely on a platform—at some public meeting ? Suddenly it all came back to him. Of course. He was General Brighorn, President of the British Dreadnoughts League, who had spoken at the great Queen's Hall meeting in 1925 that was to inaugurate the new movement to sweep Britain clean of Bolshevism. Kavanagh remembered how the General's entry had stirred all that vast audience so that it rose as one man to hail his advent on the platform and again to roar " He's a jolly good fellow " as he resumed his seat after his address. That was years ago. What had happened to the League now ? Was there anything left of that great movement it promised to become except a dusty office in Victoria Street, a harassed secretary eternally sending out appeals for funds, and an anæmic clerk who handed out pamphlets with a listless air. And there was also General Brighorn slumbering in the corner of a first-class railway carriage.

" Doesn't even bother to look at a paper ! " thought

Kavanagh despairingly. But he was wrong. After a while the General opened his eyes, and taking up a copy of the *Daily Telegraph*, proceeded to turn the pages, folded them backwards, and settled down to read.

"Good. He's sitting up and taking notice. Better still, he's actually taking notes." For the General, after an impatient search in seven pockets, had drawn out a pencil and was making careful marks on the paper he held up before him. Kavanagh looked at him hopefully and caught his eye fixed on him. Should he speak? But the General forestalled him:

"What is a canine ailment that is half a pudding?" he said dreamily. And he pointed to the half-filled-in square of a crossword puzzle.

"So that's what he was doing!" thought Kavanagh. "It would be funny if it were not so tragic. But it *is* funny," he added to himself, for he was not an Irishman for nothing, and he burst into a shout of laughter.

The General looked astonished.

"Excuse me, sir," said Kavanagh, "but your question really rather took me by surprise!"

"My question? I didn't ask you any question!"

"You asked me what was 'a canine ailment that was half a pudding.' I conclude it's a clue in your crossword?"

"Dear, dear. Did I really? I must have been thinking out loud. It's a way I have sometimes. Well, as I *did* ask you, perhaps you can supply the answer?"

"Certainly. I can do that in one. Mange, of course."

"Mange? How do you make that out? Ah, blancmange. Of *course*. Half a pudding. Yes, yes. Very quick on your part. You seem to be a crossword

expert. Do you do much of it ? ”

“ No. I can't say I do, except when a young nephew of mine comes to spend a half-holiday with me. Fact is, I'm standing for South Mershire, so I've a good many other things to think of—my name's Kavanagh, by the way. This is a bad thing about Middlesbrough,” he added.

“ Middlesbrough ? Have we lost Middlesbrough ? ”

“ Yes ; with a drop of five thousand votes. The Labour Party are in with a majority of over two thousand.”

“ Dear me, that's unfortunate. What I always say is, that what we're up against is *apathy*. That's the trouble—*apathy*. One feels it everywhere.”

Kavanagh smiled. “ How are the British Dreadnoughts getting on, General ? You see, I know who you are. I was at that meeting in the Queen's Hall nine years ago and heard you speak. It promised to be a fine movement.”

General Brighorn sighed. “ Ah yes, but the trouble has always been the funds. If we could have raised the money——”

“ I thought you raised a good deal.”

“ No, no. A mere matter of thirty thousand pounds. What can you do with that ? Now, if we could only raise half a million we might do something. Perhaps you could help us in this way, Mr.—er—er.”

“ Major Kavanagh.” And scenting that the General was about to touch him for a cheque which he was not in the least inclined to contribute, he added hastily :

“ Doesn't it rather depend on what one *does* with the money one collects ? ”

“ Perhaps, perhaps,” General Brighorn answered impatiently. He had evidently had enough of the

subject and was longing to get back to his crossword. "Are you going by any chance to stay with the Batemans?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes."

"Ah, then we shall have further opportunities for conversation!" And nodding genially the General took up his paper again and continued filling in the squares. That word "mange" had enabled him to finish all the right-hand corner, and by the time the train drew up at Lingford Station only one more word was needed to make the puzzle complete.

Mrs. Murray Bateman's small house-party turned out to consist of no less than twenty guests, including besides the Prime Minister, the new German Chargé d'Affaires, Lady Caroline Wentlock—a leading Conservative hostess—and several other prominent members of the Party. Most of them had arrived by car and were finishing tea when Kavanagh and General Brighorn were shown into the lounge-hall, where Mrs. Murray Bateman sat ensconced behind a large silver urn.

After greeting his hostess, Kavanagh looked round quickly for Rosamund. Ah! there she was, dressed in a cool summer frock, dropping bits of cake into the mouth of a small wire-haired terrier that, with the saintly expression of his kind, sat gazing up into her face.

"So you see I've obeyed the call of duty to meet the Prime Minister," Kavanagh said, sitting down beside her.

"I hope you'll be rewarded. Mr. Parbury," she went on, dropping her voice discreetly, "is in his most rustic mood. He's been round the home farm already."

Kavanagh looked across the room to where the great

man stood, lighting his pipe, on the hearthrug, surrounded by a respectful circle.

"Ah, Alfred," he was saying to his host, "you're lucky to be able to stay down here as long as you like—no hurrying back to town for you on Monday morning. There's no place like the Sussex Weald, I always say. If only one could settle down here in peace and watch the sheep all day browsing on the hill-sides!"

"Let's go out into the garden," said Kavanagh to Rosamund, who got up languidly. Together they wandered along the smooth grass paths between blazing herbaceous borders.

"The P.M.'s right," Kavanagh said after a pause, "the country is the place at this time of year."

"Do you think so? I'd rather be in London."

"For society? I didn't know you were so fond of it."

"No, not for society. But——" she hesitated, then said hurriedly: "The country leaves one too much time to think. One must have a mind perfectly at rest to enjoy peace and quiet." And seeing a question springing to Kavanagh's lips, she added with a laugh: "Like Mr. Parbury, for example! His mind always lies on a sofa of comfortable thoughts."

"Yes, and hardly ever puts its feet to the ground. I wonder whether he'd really like to watch sheep all day?"

"No. I think even he would be bored by the end of an hour or two. But it's the thing just now for politicians of all Parties to make out that their real interests are either rural or literary or artistic—anything rather than political. They bear 'the burden of office' from a pure sense of duty whilst yearning all the while to flee from public life to some calm retreat where they can pursue their real avocations in peace."

"The old pose of musical comedy stars!" laughed Kavanagh. "They always liked to have themselves photographed for the society papers in sunbonnets, making hay or weeding their garden as a piquant contrast to the artificiality of their stage appearances."

"Well, now the fashion has spread to the political world. Haven't you noticed the Press is always featuring the Home Secretary fondling his favourite pig, or the Leader of the Opposition as a Red Indian at a Labour Party fancy-dress ball?"

"I suppose the idea is to make the public feel these exalted beings are human after all—just men like themselves, lovable creatures at heart!"

"Yes, and that it's really very kind of them to bother about affairs of State when they'd so much rather be doing something pleasanter."

"Still, it would be rather nice for a change to have a Prime Minister who liked being one instead of longing to be a farmer. There must be lots of farmers who'd like to be Prime Minister. It seems rather a waste of opportunity."

The same evening in the smoking-room at cocktail time Kavanagh was introduced to his Chief.

"Glad to welcome you to the Party, Major Kavanagh," Mr. Parbury said, extending his hand genially. "I hope things are going well in South Mershire?"

"Yes, sir. Only there's a good deal of headway to make up. The present member has let things go to sleep a bit, whilst the Socialist candidate is always active. He was a conscientious objector in the war, by the way."

"Ah, well! But be careful to avoid personalities. I understand you're a bit of a Die-hard, Kavanagh."

So let me give you a word of advice. Don't be carried away by your enthusiasm. Cultivate the team spirit. Learn to subordinate your private feelings to Party principles. Loyalty to Party, that comes first with us. And of course, loyalty to your leaders. Be ready to be guided by them, to trust their judgment."

Kavanagh listened respectfully. It was evident that he was to be merely a cog in the Party machine, a patient rotating cog on the wheel turned by the master hand of Nelson Parbury.

"But don't you think, sir," he ventured to say at last, "that Socialism is a danger to be fought?"

"Extreme Socialism, yes. But with the more moderate Socialists we have many ideas in common. We must avoid, above all, antagonising them."

Just what Oscar Franklin had said! Strange how the same phrases seemed to become current coin in political circles. It was essential, however, to avoid antagonising Mr. Parbury, so Kavanagh continued to listen meekly whilst the Prime Minister discoursed in beautiful language on the achievements of the League of Nations, the need for an understanding with Soviet Russia, and the legitimate aspirations of the Indians for self-government.

"We have got to march with the times," he ended impressively. "We can't set the clock back. We have to realise that the day has gone by for us to dictate."

"Then you don't think, sir, that there is any danger of our being dictated to?"

"No, no," Mr. Parbury answered with a touch of impatience; "and if we are, we must take it in good part. We cannot arrogate to ourselves the rôle of absolute autocrats."

It was evident that he was getting tired. The dressing-bell provided a welcome diversion.

The Conservative set-back at Middlesbrough did nothing to damp the spirits of the Batemans' house-party, the news in the evening paper brought by Kavanagh had evoked only a few passing comments—"It was unfortunate of course"; "Still, Archbold was rather a turbulent kind of fellow, very unpopular with the Opposition; and then Turnbull, the Labour man, was a good sort, it would be just as well to have him in the House," etc.

Kavanagh, falling under the spell of this happy, careless atmosphere, began by the next morning to wonder at his own enthusiasm for a political career. Wasn't it really rather foolish, after all? Why should one worry about tariffs or the industrial crisis or the League of Nations when this lazy summer world lay open to one? As to propaganda, the very word seemed ponderous and absurd. What was there to propagand against? Trees, birds, and flowers seemed to answer: "Nothing!"

There was the Prime Minister on Saturday afternoon, with the whole weight of the nation's destinies on his shoulders, playing cricket with the House eleven against the village, and being happily bowled out by the baker's boy. As to General Brighorn, even crossword puzzles appeared to provide too great a mental effort, and the *Daily Telegraph* lay unopened on his knees as he dozed under the cedars after lunch with a handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies.

Mrs. Murray Bateman was an excellent hostess and left her guests to seek amusement or repose as they pleased. But finding Kavanagh alone in a corner of

the lawn she insisted on taking him round the rose-garden and telling him all about the marvellous new system of philosophy she had just discovered of which a certain Countess Zapraksy who had recently arrived in London appeared to be the chief exponent.

"You really *must* come and hear her, she's simply *wonderful*. I'm having her to speak at my house one afternoon. Will you come if I send you a card?"

"Well—philosophy's not much in my line. In what does the Countess's wonderfulness consist?"

"Oh, I don't know, it's difficult to explain, you'll just *feel* it when you meet her. She's such a marvellous personality. She simply radiates the life-force."

"Sounds most invigorating," Kavanagh agreed heartily; "I'd love to come and be galvanised."

A faint flicker of annoyance passed over Mrs. Bateman's countenance. She was not accustomed to have her discoveries treated lightly.

"Ah, you must not come in a mocking spirit," she said, "or you will learn nothing!"

"Indeed, no. I will come in all humility, prepared to sit at the Countess's feet—metaphorically, at least."

And with that Mrs. Bateman had to be content.

At the moment Kavanagh had no intention of accepting her invitation; "cults" and prophets of new gospels held little attraction for him, but to accept seemed the line of least resistance; it was too hot to struggle. Besides, his thoughts were mainly occupied with Rosamund.

Somewhat to his surprise, Kavanagh had felt his heart beating quite uncomfortably when he found her at the tea-table in the hall on his arrival. He wondered what it was that made Rosamund so different from other girls. Of course she was beautiful—the small

head with its burnished waves of red-brown hair, the pale but luminous skin, the red curves of her lips, were all charming enough, but it was the veiled look in the big grey eyes, the languor in her movements and in her low musical voice that particularly fascinated him. He wondered whether it was a case of the attraction of contrasts—he was essentially an outdoor man, whilst there was something exotic about Rosamund—she was like a gardenia—yes, that was it, a beautiful white gardenia set in dark-green leaves. He was glad to have found a simile to suit her.

On Sunday evening a strange thing happened. They were out together in a punt, and Rosamund had insisted on taking the pole whilst Kavanagh lay back amongst the cushions watching her slender figure bending to and fro. Suddenly as they passed under some overhanging trees a branch caught in the neck of her dress and tore it off her shoulder.

"I say, has it hurt you?" Kavanagh exclaimed, leaning forward, for on the soft white flesh a red mark had flashed out.

But Rosamund answered almost angrily: "Oh no, there's nothing the matter—don't bother, Terence."

"Rosamund, there *is* something the matter!" Kavanagh persisted, his eyes fixed on the place, and although Rosamund then hastily covered it up he had time to notice that this was no fresh wound made by the jagged end of a drooping bough, but a dull red scar in the form of a circle with a dot in the centre which seemed to have been branded into the point of her shoulder.

Seeing his bewilderment, Rosamund said with an attempt at unconcern: "That's an old mark; it's been there for ages."

"But what is it? It looks like——"

"Don't ask me about it," she interrupted, and he saw she had turned pale—a hunted look had come into her eyes. "Don't ask me about it," she repeated tremulously. And at the quiver in her voice Kavanagh, cut to the heart and hardly knowing what he was doing, put his arms round her and cried:

"But, darling, don't you understand, I love you! Tell me what it is that makes you look sometimes so sad—tell me everything, Rosamund."

She pushed him gently away. "I can't tell you. And you mustn't love me, Terence. I don't want love."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to feel anything, to have any emotions. I dread emotions."

"Ah, you've cared for someone!"

"Yes, once—long ago. But that's all over now."

"Is he dead?" Kavanagh could not help trying to discover whether he had a living rival.

Rosamund answered with a faint shudder: "No, I wish he was!" Then, reading Kavanagh's thought, she added: "But I've put him out of my thoughts, I've done with all that—for ever!"

Silence fell on them as Rosamund punted slowly to the landing-stage and they made their way back to the house through the darkening garden.

After dinner, as they sat together in a corner of the hall, they talked of Kavanagh's plan of standing for Parliament, and Rosamund, who had become her normal self again, suddenly said:

"Look here, Terence, I've had an idea. I heard you saying at dinner that you wanted a secretary for your political work."

"So I do. D'you know of one?"

"What kind do you want?"

"Oh, capable, methodical, not too plain-headed if possible. Still, not a vamp."

"Well, do you think I'd do?"

"You, Rosamund?" Kavanagh said in surprise.

"You don't mean it?"

"Why not? I want a job."

"Somehow I can't imagine you hammering a typewriter. It seems absurd," demurred Kavanagh.

"Oh, but you don't know how I can work. I was at college, you see. Do take me on, Terence," she added with an earnestness that puzzled him.

"Of course I will. I'd love to have you."

"Good. We'll start work directly we get back to London."

Kavanagh smiled at her eagerness; but he could not understand it. His mind worked on very simple lines where women were concerned, and he wondered why she should be so keen to be his secretary but not his wife. Well, one must be thankful for small mercies, and perhaps in time—who knew?

The next morning they travelled up to London by the same train, and on parting at Waterloo Rosamund said gaily:

"Well, then, it's all settled?"

"Certainly, as far as I'm concerned. And the sooner we begin the better."

But they had reckoned without Lady Dare. Rosamund was her favourite daughter; Claire, her elder, had married none too well two years earlier, and Lady Dare had counted on Rosamund to make a really brilliant marriage, especially now that there was no question of

her marrying young Peter Markham, to whom she had been engaged seven years ago. The strange illness she had had at that time was, Lady Dare felt convinced, as much to be accounted for by overworking at college as by the sad ending to her engagement ; why then should she want to get to work again instead of enjoying society like other girls of her world ?

But a visit from Kavanagh had the effect of disarming Lady Dare completely. Although as much puzzled as her mother by Rosamund's craving for work, Kavanagh's Celtic imagination came to his rescue, and he found himself eloquently depicting the urge that such a girl as Rosamund must feel to find a scope for her energies—after all, public affairs must now be of interest to every thinking man or woman. His voice with its faint suggestion of a brogue, his charming manners and good looks, had their effect, and by the end of twenty minutes Lady Dare had fallen completely beneath his spell. Terence, as his friends said, " had a way with him " that few people could resist.

It was not, however, a mere matter of fascination. After all, Lady Dare reasoned, here was a man, young, rich, and charming, in every respect a most desirable *parti* ; if Rosamund were to be constantly with him, who knew to what it might lead ? The conclusion was identical with Kavanagh's own. So it was settled. The very next morning the door-bell of his flat rang, and Rosamund appeared in a neat washing frock of crêpe de Chine with a new leather attaché case in her hand—" Quite the efficient secretary ! " as Kavanagh observed with a laugh.

Then she got to work on his papers, arranging them in neat piles, affixing labels, collecting newspaper cuttings from odd corners of his desk.

"Haven't you got a book to paste these in?" she asked, holding up a bundle.

"No. I just jam them into envelopes," he said, pointing to a bursting packet.

"Well, we must buy a book straight away. And you haven't a typewriter, I suppose?"

"Lord, no. We must get one."

It ended by their going off together and spending a glorious morning at a store that specialised in office equipment. And because they really could not wait for their purchases to be delivered by the firm's motor-van, they returned at one o'clock in a taxi bearing triumphantly the latest thing in typewriters, files, clips, labels, and all the paraphernalia of a really perfectly equipped office. When they had deposited all these in the right places around the smoking-room, Kavanagh said with a smile:

"Well, that's done. Now let's go to lunch at the Berkeley!"

But Rosamund shook her head. "No, the secretary doesn't lunch with her employer the first day. That comes later. You don't even know whether I'm satisfactory yet. I may get the sack in a week."

So Kavanagh had to be content with a lonely luncheon at his club.

But he was very happy. As the days went by he marvelled more and more at the transformation in Rosamund. All her languor had vanished, there was no longer the veiled look in her eyes nor the dragging note in her voice that had so intrigued him. At the same time there was something feverish in her energy, as if she were working so as not to think. And some days there were dark lines beneath her eyes that made Kavanagh wonder whether she had lain awake at night.

Sometimes they went together to Brandon's, or Brandon dropped in at Half Moon Street at the end of the day's work.

"Funny," he said to Kavanagh when they were alone together, "how one sees people without taking them in. I've met Rosamund Dare at parties often since the old days in the square, and only thought of her as a pretty girl. Now of course I see there's something more, something much more. That girl's very curious, Terence."

"You think so? I used to feel that too—at first."

"There's been something in her life. I can't think what. Not simply an ordinary love-affair; something more complex."

After a while Brandon went on:

"It's time you settled down, you know, and found a *châtelaine* for that old barn of yours."

"Speak for yourself, Jimmy."

Brandon laughed bitterly. "My dear fellow. What girl would look at me—a man who never smiles and whose face takes to pieces! Besides, my work keeps me always on the move—here to-day and gone to-morrow. Nice sort of husband I should make. It's quite different for you, Terence."

"Well, if Rosamund will have me—" and Kavanagh told Brandon what had happened in the country. Brandon listened sympathetically.

"That girl's all right," he said slowly. "And I believe she can be trusted."

"Can we let her into the secret of your work?"

"Not yet. We must study her a little longer first. But it would be worth while putting out a feeler. I have an idea, a very distinct idea, that she knows something about the line we're on. In that case she might be very useful to us, Terence."

CHAPTER V

THE ZODIAC

AN incident that occurred a few days later gave them the required opportunity. They had all three foregathered in Brandon's studio late one afternoon, when a roll of drums sounded from the street. Brandon crossed to the window and looked out. A Communist procession was approaching, composed of the usual crowd of degenerates, most of them mere boys, wearing the family likeness that characterises the revolutionaries of all ages and all countries, and holding aloft dingy red flags and the banners of the N.U.W.M.

"Poor fools," said Brandon, "cannon fodder for the class war!"

"What do they hope to get out of these demonstrations?" said Kavanagh, looking over Brandon's shoulder.

"To put the wind up people. Their leaders have told them that all London quakes at their approach. And in one way they serve a purpose."

"How?"

"By concentrating the attention of the public on the outward manifestations of Bolshevism instead of on what's behind it."

"Ah!" said Rosamund, with a catch in her voice, "you understand then?"

"Understand what?" asked Brandon.

"That Bolshevism's only the outward manifestation of something far deeper, far more formidable. It's

like the lava that overflows a village, but the earthquake that shakes a whole country is the real evidence of the forces at work underground."

The two men looked at each other in surprise.

"How do you know that, Roasmund?" said Kavanagh. "Of course I realise it, because I'm up against it all the time."

"Ah!" said Rosamund. "I wonder whether you understand what you're really fighting, the terrible power of the forces against which you've pitted your strength? I'm not talking of course about the mere organisation of Bolshevism—though that's marvellous enough—but of the secret powers behind the whole world movement, the master minds directing it!"

"And who are they?" said Brandon enigmatically.

In a voice so low that it could only just be heard, Rosamund murmured:

"The Hidden Chiefs."

Brandon gave a start: "What did you say, Rosamund?"

"The Hidden and Secret Chiefs of the Inner Order," the girl repeated dreamily.

"You know that?" said Brandon, tense with suppressed excitement.

Rosamund made no reply, but moved to the door; then suddenly she turned, and going up to Kavanagh laid her hand on his arm.

"Terence," she said earnestly and her voice trembled slightly. "You're fighting for a great cause. And remember I'm with you in the fight."

The next moment she was gone.

"What can it mean?" said Kavanagh.

"It means that Rosamund has been very near the heart of things. She spoke of the Hidden Chiefs!"

" Yes. But that conveyed nothing to me."

" Ah ! But it's of the first importance. You remember what I said, when we first discussed this question, about the real rulers of the world ? "

" Yes, and you said you thought they were twelve. I've always meant to get you back on to that point."

" Well, I'll try to explain. But I must begin with a rough outline of the way the revolutionary movement's organised. Broadly speaking, it's on two lines—the political and the occult, each divided into a number of different groups. The occult lot, that is to say the rank and file amongst them, usually knows nothing about the political side of the business, and the political lot, the avowed revolutionaries, knows nothing about the occult side. And even the groups on the same side often know little about each other. They're carefully kept apart in water-tight compartments lest they should compare notes and find out what's behind it all.

" To take the occult side first. The rank and file consist mainly of harmless individuals with an innocent love of mystery who imagine they're being initiated into all the secrets of the Universe—usually people who would not be bothered to study deeply on their own and who really imagine that all the wisdom of Greece and Egypt is being instilled in their minds. That there's any connection between their group and the revolutionary movement probably never enters their heads ; they're content to be led by their own particular teachers, and to know that behind these teachers are what they call the Hidden Chiefs, or, in full, the Hidden and Secret Chiefs of the Inner Order."

" Ah, then they know there is this secret council ? " asked Kavanagh.

"Certainly. The existence of these unknown and exalted beings lies at the back of all occult tradition and is a cardinal point in the teaching of every occult group."

"But do you think that they really exist?"

"Not in the sense that their would-be disciples imagine—as depositaries of supernatural wisdom. I don't believe in the pretensions of the seventeenth-century Rosicrucians any more than I believe in the three sages of Agarttha of whom the Polaires speak to-day. But I do think it possible that there have been and still are people who have in some way mastered the art of projecting thought and floating ideas in a way unknown to the rest of the world. And I've also wondered often whether personal magnetism isn't more used in political life than most people have any conception of.

"Now the political side of the movement is run on the same lines as the occult side, that is to say, on the old secret society system. The Communist Party in each country is in reality a secret society—few members know who are the real heads or where the direction comes from. Moreover, in the secret correspondence of leading Communists—not the sort of 'secret documents' that the Press occasionally produces as a marvellous scoop, but the really secret communications that I've got hold of from time to time—the phraseology used is absolutely that of the secret conspirators known as the Illuminati in the Eighteenth Century. There is the same plan of using a calendar of their own, much like the one adopted during the French Revolution, the same system of classical pseudonyms for places and people; there are the same references to a secret council who direct the movement in the back-

ground. Now, twelve is the number one finds in the past controlling occult groups—and twelve is still the number of the Hidden Chiefs. Come upstairs, and I'll show you evidence that it is also the number controlling the revolutionary movement."

Once in the room where he kept his collection, Brandon took a paper out of a file of documents and handed it to Kavanagh.

"Do you notice the signature to this letter, addressed by one leading Communist to another?"

Kavanagh read the following typewritten words:

"The cause is progressing. The brethren in Macedonia have met in conclave and decided to allocate £100,000 for the work in Memphis. Damocles will bring instructions from the Twelve and preparations have been made to hasten the Great Day."

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"Signed M.," Kavanagh said reflectively.

"That's what I thought at first. But it's not an M at all. This is what gave me the clue. See?" And Brandon pushed forward another slip of paper on which was written:

"Damocles has arrived in safety."

♏

"Well, you've got me beat this time," Kavanagh said. "What on earth is that hieroglyphic?"

"A sign of the Zodiac—Capricornus. And the first, like an M, is the sign of Scorpio. Now do you begin to understand?"

"Of course. There are twelve signs in the Zodiac. So there must be twelve behind the revolutionary

movement, and that is evidently the name by which they are known."

"And if I'm right," said Brandon, "the Zodiac is divided into trigons or four sets of three, representing earth, air, fire, and water. Each trigon no doubt has its own particular function."

"And you think," said Kavanagh, "that the Twelve composing the Zodiac and controlling the revolutionary movement are the same as those known to the occult groups as the Hidden Chiefs?"

"Yes, since both acknowledge the existence of a secret directorate, which in both cases is seen to consist of twelve, and since both are working towards the same end, it seems to me highly probable."

"But if the occult groups, at any rate the rank and file amongst them, are not consciously working for revolution, what is their common aim?"

"The absolute destruction of the existing order of things. One might describe it as the philosophy of the *tabula rasa*. No doubt some of them are genuine idealists; they believe that the world at present is all wrong, that the human race has got off the track, and that everything must be swept away and started afresh. Others again are simply out for themselves. One must remember that to work for the destructionists is a very paying job. A soap-box orator who might get two pounds a week speaking for the Conservatives can make four or five times that sum preaching Communism. An author who glorifies vice or ridicules patriotism is certain of a big boost in the Press and consequently of sales running into thousands. As you once said—*all the money's on that side*. As long as they'll help in the work of destruction any writer, speaker, or publicist of average ability can be sure of

funds. With this end in view, they work along different lines. Some are out to destroy our political institutions, some to do away with what they call 'conventional morality,' others to reverse our accepted canons of art or literature, others again to undermine patriotism and the national traditions on which our civilisation is built. And all, practically all, whether on the political or the occult side of the movement, are out to do away with Christianity. In this whole scheme of demolition, which they call the 'Great Work,' all see the realisation either of their philosophic dreams or of their own racial or individual ambitions, for whilst actuated by different motives, on one point they are all united—the necessity for the *clean sweep*. Until they've brought that off they'll work together and enlist supporters all over the world. The call to destruction makes a tremendous appeal."

"Still," said Kavanagh, "I can't conceive of a vast world movement organised merely by destructionists. There must be some more definite motive at the back of it all."

"Of course, the destructionists are only the instruments—the dynamic force set in motion by the controlling brains of the Zodiac. *They* have a definite enough motive."

"Which is——"

"World power. Already powerful, they want to sweep away everything that stands between them and absolute domination of the world."

"And who are they?"

"Ah! that's the great mystery—the mystery that's puzzled every investigator for a hundred and fifty years. What Joseph de Maistre called 'the great European secret' perhaps. Only it's no longer

European, it's world-wide. If we could discover that, the whole conspiracy might be laid bare. Their secret has been marvellously well kept."

"Do you think it's baffled even the Secret Service?"

"I don't suppose the Secret Service has ever got on to it. As I said to you once before, it's not their job to enquire into hidden causes, but merely to follow current events. They're not out, as I am, to get to the bottom of the world movement of which Bolshevism is only one phase."

"And you've no idea yourself?"

"Nothing definite—only surmises. The one thing I feel certain of is that they control colossal wealth. Remember, I say *control*, not possess. It's not a case of merely rich men, even of very rich men, with millions invested in national industries that bring them in gigantic incomes. What we've got to realise is the existence of men who control vast sources of wealth, not single industries, not even a series of mines or factories, but large shares in many different industries in their own countries, together with their affiliated interests abroad—part of the coal here, part of the steel here, part of the shipping elsewhere, so that their resources are beyond reckoning. Take Ludwig Schneewald, for example, whose operations extend over the whole world. He owns railways in one country, fifty per cent. of the iron and steel trade in a second, so that no one else can get a monopoly—he's always just strong enough to defeat them. Then he runs the army of a certain small republic, the navy of another, controls armament works in different countries likely to be at war with each other, so that whichever loses Ludwig Schneewald stands to win. If one could draw a sketch of Schneewald's spider web all over the

world it would make your brain whirl. And Schneewald's only one of these spiders. There must be half a dozen or more controlling as many interests—Geldbeutel of Frankfurt, Aaron Fuchsbein of the U.S.A., Oscar Franklin of New York and London, Nahum Zimarkara all over the east of Europe, and Fritz Chaikoff all over the south. Then of course there's Sir Paul Greenworthy, formerly Grünwald, one of the men most interested in the artificial silk trade of London, a bank or two abroad, besides owning big interests in ships, acetic acid, cotton and forests in different parts of the world."

"Yes, of course the power such men wield must be terrific. You think they're members of the Zodiac?"

"Who can say? One mustn't jump to conclusions. But given the existence of a vast reservoir of wealth on which the revolutionaries can draw for their war chest, I don't see who is more likely to provide it. In fact, I see no other answer to the question you once asked me: 'Where does all the money come from?' It can't come from national capitalists who could have no interest in promoting wars or revolutions and who depend on stability."

"But how can revolutions profit even international financiers?"

"One can make profit out of anything provided one knows beforehand what's going to happen."

"And do they know?"

"Yes. Their Intelligence Service is the most marvellous in the world."

Brandon paused for a moment and then went on:

"If I'm right in identifying these men—or some of these men—with the Zodiac, I'm inclined to think that money is not their only asset. In other words,

I think that some of the Zodiac may not be men of vast wealth but of vast intelligence, providing the organising brains behind the movement. And also the mass hypnotism that's exercised over the minds of the public to-day. How else are we to explain the fact that for no apparent cause, in defiance of all reason, we find everyone repeating the same thing at the same moment, even though it contradicts all they said yesterday—swayed now in this direction, now in that, as at the wave of a conductor's baton? The direction must come from somewhere."

"Don't you think largely from the Press?"

"Yes. But who controls the Press? What makes so-called constitutional papers boom every subversive theory and suppress contrary propaganda? There must be some powerful influence in the background working, not only through the Press, but through every means of publicity—broadcasting, the cinema, and so on."

"And that power is the Zodiac? Twelve super-men like sort of wireless stations sending out messages all over the world?"

"Yes. I don't mean that I think twelve men alone could supply the whole force of the movement, but, given twelve controlling minds with, perhaps, a trigon of three as an inner directorate and one Supreme Head above the Twelve, it is possible to imagine how through the outer rings of agents running into thousands, all over the world, vast currents of thought may be set in motion. And if, in opposition to all this, there is no body of dominating thought nor any organisation worthy of the name, if, on the contrary, the opposing forces are all disunited and quarrelling amongst themselves, what is there to stop the Zodiac

obtaining control of the whole world ? ”

“ I wonder why they should want to be more powerful than they are already.”

“ Oh, at present there are limits to their powers. As long as national traditions, private property, and religion exist, as long as there are Kings, Presidents, and Cabinets, they can't become the absolute masters of the world. They want a completely free hand. Believing themselves to be supermen—as to a certain extent they are, if only by their manipulation of finance and their power of controlling opinions by careful propaganda and mass suggestion—they feel themselves called upon to control the destinies of the human race and to remodel the world according to their own ideas.”

“ Then you think that in a sense they are idealists ? ”

“ Not for a moment. They are simply out for power. But regarding the majority of the human race as mere cattle, they believe their rôle should be to drive them. And they may possibly reason that the cattle would be better off under their control than when allowed to gore each other or run amok as they do at present. Democracy of course is the last thing they've any use for.”

“ Though they work through democratic movements ? ”

“ Yes, in order to turn the cattle against their present drivers.”

“ I see. It's ingenious and horrible. Diabolical, in fact. So diabolical that I can't help wondering—don't think this idiotic, Jimmy—whether there's not some supernatural power at the back of it all. You don't believe that ? ”

“ Yes, I do,” Brandon said slowly. He was silent

for a moment and then added : " I quite believe the Powers of Darkness are behind it. How else can one account for the anti-religious frenzy of the revolutionaries from the Jacobins to the Bolsheviks ? Still, the devil must work through human agents. One can't imagine Satan editing a newspaper or running a cinema. The Zodiac are his ministers, ready for love of wealth or power to carry out his purpose."

" And there's no way of defeating them," said Kavanagh, " but with the help of the Powers of Light. That's why we ought to invoke them, and organise. The only hope would be a mass thought movement on our side. But have we got any dominating minds to start it or to control it once it has been started ?"

" I think we have minds capable of dominating but not working in unison and without the knowledge how to use their power. The other side have made a definite study of how to work on the minds of others, to capture them and make them serve their purpose. We have never attempted to master the art of mass suggestion and propaganda."

" Yet the masses in England remain remarkably sound *au fond*," said Kavanagh. " Look how they responded to the country's call in 1914. The whole nation, with the exception of a few Socialists, was one blazing mass of patriotic fervour. The same thing began again during the General Strike in 1926 ; if it had gone on ten days longer I believe Bolshevism in this country would have been killed for ever."

" Which is perhaps why it was brought to a hasty and inconclusive ending ! The occult forces found themselves up against a great tidal wave of national feeling they had not reckoned on. As you say, the

British people are perfectly sound *au fond*. But they are not given to thinking out problems, which makes them excellent material for dominating minds to work on. Too often they are subjected to influences from the other side. But because of their inherent soundness they're quite ready to follow the right lead when it's given them. In 1914, for example, it was given them. The dominating minds on our side then were united and organised. Confronted by a tangible and physical danger the best brains in the army, navy, and elsewhere formed themselves into a body and, supported by the popular Press, were able to generate the wave of patriotic fervour that swept the country. For the time being the secret forces at work were powerless to withstand it. This development of the war was a frightful blow to their plans. They had counted on England not coming in. But they continued to work in the background in the way that came to be known as the Hidden Hand.

" Since 1914 the dominating personalities on our side have either been killed off or have grown old and tired, or in some way or another have been relegated to obscurity—the mass force they once exercised was broken up. For with the Armistice the nation's destinies ceased to be influenced by military leaders and passed into the hands of politicians—with what results we know. Then the hidden powers could muster their forces, raising up only those statesmen whom they could control and placing their agents in every key position. It's true, as you say, that for a few days in 1926 something of the spirit that animated the nation during the war revived again under the influence of a fresh set of personalities, less commanding than those of 1914, yet capable of giving the required lead in view

of the national emergency. But the moment was too brief to turn the tide."

"Yes, to-day the public has abjured nearly everything it thought in 1914. It collects in masses round the Cenotaph on Armistice Day, it wears its poppies dutifully, but it repudiates everything the men it mourns died for," Kavanagh said bitterly. "It has become the fashion to make heroes of politicians who betrayed us then and who to-day would sacrifice every interest of the British Empire."

"The effect of mass suggestion and unceasing propaganda. One can't believe that in twenty years the character of the nation can have changed fundamentally."

"Then it will take a fresh crisis to produce counter-mass suggestion, since in between the crises our forces are disbanded."

"Yes, whilst those of the other side remain permanently mobilised. They never cease to carry on their work of disintegration; we only stand together when tangible disaster threatens. What is needed is a permanent group of dominating minds on our side to send out counter-currents."

"A sort of counter-Zodiac!" said Kavanagh.

"Just so. That's the very idea I'm working up to. Once we've got the facts about the plot and, if possible, the names of the Twelve forming the Zodiac, we can put the whole thing before the country."

CHAPTER VI

ROSAMUND'S STORY

THE next morning Rosamund arrived at Kavanagh's rooms paler than ever and with the dark shadows he had sometimes noticed round her eyes.

"I can't think what's the matter with her," he said to Brandon as they went off to lunch together at the Carlton Club. "She swears it isn't simply that she's been dancing late."

"No, and it isn't physical fatigue. She's got something on her mind, Terence."

"I've always felt that. But I can't for the life of me make out what it can be." To himself he added: "But it's connected in some way with that odd mark on her arm I noticed in the punt. Why did she get so hot and bothered when I asked about it?"

"Do you mind if I try to get it out of her?" said Brandon. "I know a little about psychology, and I think I might be able to help her."

"Go ahead then by all means." Anything to lay the ghost in that haunted room of her mind about which she had spoken on the terrace of the House!

As if by chance Brandon dropped in that evening at Kavanagh's rooms just as Rosamund was tidying up the day's work. She was looking still so shaken and made so little effort to appear herself that no diplomacy was required to lead up to the subject.

"Well, Rosamund," Brandon said, going straight up to her, "not feeling well? Been sleeping badly?"

Rosamund made no answer, but crossed to the window and looked out. Then, turning round, she said in a stifled voice :

"Something dreadful happened last night."

"Ah?" said Brandon.

"I don't know how to describe it. Perhaps you'll think me mad. But—but——"

"Go on. Whatever it is, we shall understand and try to help you."

"Well, when I went up to my room last night I suddenly had the most terrible sensation of evil all around me. It seemed as if all the Powers of Darkness were attacking me—it was hideous. I've had dreams like this before, but never felt anything like it when I was awake."

She paused and went on :

"I think it all began with the talk we had here yesterday. D'you remember something I said to Terence just before I left?"

"Yes," said Kavanagh. "You said: 'You're fighting for a great cause and I'm with you in the fight.'"

Rosamund nodded.

"That was it. That was what brought things to a crisis and made them muster all their forces. I'd definitely gone over to the other side, you see, and they were determined not to lose their hold on me. So they gathered in one terrific onslaught. I felt as if all hell was closing round me."

"But who are 'they'?" Kavanagh asked bewildered.

"Wait a minute, Terence," said Brandon; "I think I understand. Come and sit down and try to tell us quite calmly about it."

Rosamund sank down obediently on the divan beside him as if exhausted.

"That's all. There's nothing more to tell you," she said faintly.

"Oh yes, there is," Brandon said in a voice at the same time practical and sympathetic. "There's lots more to tell. You've had these dreams a long while, Rosamund?"

"Yes, for seven years."

"Ever since you've had something on your mind?"

"How do you know that?" Rosamund asked in surprise.

"Because the bad dreams and experiences you had last night don't come to sane and normal people like yourself without some reason. There's something in your life, something you've done in the past, you bitterly regret. You can't shake off the memory of it. It lies there, deep down in your subconsciousness, and rises to your mind in dreams. Let's have it up to the surface now and see if we can't get rid of it once and for all."

And as Rosamund still hesitated Brandon went on:

"You must make an effort. Tell us how it all started and how 'they,' whoever 'they' are, came to have a hold over you."

Rosamund was silent for a moment. Then, as if making a sudden decision, she said:

"Yes, I believe it would help me—and you too, perhaps. But it's a long story. Have you time to listen?"

"All the time there is," said Kavanagh.

"Well, seven years ago," began Rosamund, "I was up at the 'Varsity going in for a degree in philosophy and history. I'd always had a craving to study

metaphysics, and though Mother thought it was a silly whim, she gave in at last and let me go. If only she hadn't ! ”

Rosamund paused a moment and then went on :

“ Philosophy's a risky subject to embark on, shakes your faith in everything, starts you questioning all the settled solid things you've taken so far for granted. Gradually I got drawn into occultism. You see, when you've had your mind swept and garnished, then it's the chance for the seven devils to get in. So when two friends of mine, Peter Markham and Jack Edgingly, took up occult study, I turned to it with a sort of relief from the materialism to which psychology had reduced me. Peter was a boy whom I'd known slightly all my life, but up at Oxford we often met and at last we got engaged. We'd a lot in common, and now occultism seemed to draw us close together.”

Rosamund was silent for a moment, evidently absorbed by the memories her story called up. Then brushing them aside, she said :

“ There was a small set of people up at the 'Varsity who were keen on that kind of thing. The centre of this group was Doctor Hensley, a Fellow of Saint Stephen's—a man with a strong magnetic personality. The others looked upon him with great respect, so we were naturally flattered when he asked all us three to dine. After that we were often at his house, where we met all sorts of what we called 'interesting people'—writers, artists, politicians, foreigners as well as English. The one that impressed me most was Doctor Otto Brinkdorff, the German philosopher, as he was called—in reality, as I see now, simply a propagandist working on occult lines. Of course I didn't realise it at the time ; I thought him wonderful, as everyone else did in

that set. Doctor Hensley had got him down to Oxford to lecture, and everybody crowded to hear him. I don't know what he said that impressed them, for afterwards one could remember nothing in particular, but I suppose it was a sort of mass hypnotism that made them all admire him as they did. The reason Doctor Hensley picked us out for attention was evidently because our interest in occultism made him think we should be easily open to that sort of suggestion. That was why he and his circle wanted to rope us in, and rope us in they did !

" Looking back on it all, I see now that the whole thing was mixed up with politics. They gradually undermined all our ideas of patriotism as well as religion. It was only afterwards I heard Doctor Hensley had been pro-German during the war and had tried to check recruiting. A good many of the undergraduates at Oxford were Pacifists and Socialists, and all sorts of things of that kind. Atheists too, of course. They seemed to become like that automatically soon after they arrived. I've seen boys come up to the 'Varsity quite ordinary, cheery, patriotic boys, and by the time they'd been there a month or two they had changed completely. This didn't strike me so much at the time—it's only now I realise what it all meant."

Brandon nodded at Kavanagh.

" You see, Terence, the two lines I told you of—the political and occult, both leading to the same thing in the end."

" Yes. I wonder how much of the anti-patriotism in the Oxford debating societies—resolutions not to fight for king or country, and so on—are due to influences we know nothing of. Apart from the ideas

pumped into them by Hensley, if they have an alien of the type of Brinkdorff down to lecture to them, it's not likely to fire them with much enthusiasm for the Empire."

"And Brinkdorff wasn't the only one," said Rosamund. "There were others. Krovsky, for example, who talked about the wonders of Soviet Russia and ran a settlement himself near Amiens. They all seemed to have a curious kind of assurance as if—I don't quite know how to express it—they were not mere individuals expressing their personal opinions, but members of some powerful organisation that was bound one day to get the upper hand."

Rosamund paused reflectively and then went on again :

"After a while we began to feel that there was something behind this group of Doctor Hensley's—something like a secret society, in fact. At first they only dropped hints about it, but gradually they became more explicit, and one day Doctor Hensley definitely told us that there was an occult society called 'The Order of the Phoenix,' to which he and his friends belonged, and asked if we would like to join it. Of course we said we would—we were young, you see, and game for any adventures. And to belong to a secret society seemed frightfully thrilling."

"Like long ago in the Square garden?" Kavanagh said with a smile.

Rosamund smiled too, for the first time.

"Yes. Rather childish of us really, wasn't it? But we were so dominated by Doctor Hensley that we'd have done anything he told us—followed him into a lion's cage if he'd ordered it. So the following week we were all three—Peter, Jack, and I—initiated into

the first degree of the Order of the Phoenix in Holland Park. A certain Countess Zapraksy was one of the leading members."

"Ah!" said Kavanagh. "That's interesting."

"You've heard of her?"

"Yes. But go on."

"Part of the ceremony consisted in branding us each with the seal of the Order—a circle with a dot in the middle. It was done with a small red-hot iron."

There was silence. Then Rosamund said in a voice that trembled slightly:

"Now you understand, Terence, why I didn't want you to see the mark on my shoulder that evening in the punt?"

And with a sudden movement she slipped off the shoulder-strap of her frock and showed the red mark on the smooth skin.

Kavanagh turned away with an involuntary shudder. The sight jarred on him unaccountably. Rosamund saw this, and quickly replacing her shoulder-strap, went on with her story.

"Of course in the Temple everything was made to appear very beautiful—the dim lights, the incense, the weird sort of Eastern chants seemed to cast a spell over our minds, and for months when we attended the meetings at the Temple we never dreamt there was anything more behind it. The Chiefs told us that if we studied diligently the books and manuscripts they gave us to read, meditated, and did the prescribed exercises, we should gradually develop latent faculties that would give us powers of which ordinary people knew nothing. And the promise of power is very tempting, especially when one's quite young. So in this way we got led on from one thing to another.

"I can't tell you what happened at some of these ceremonies in the Temple. I don't even remember very clearly—only an odd sense of unreality, of being in a dream. There was a horrible person who used to come there sometimes—Gustav Mervine. Normally I should have loathed him, but somehow all one's natural instinct to recoil from such a creature seemed withered up—do you wonder that I hated to tell you all this, Terence?—but that's the effect of occultism, it turns everything upside down, changes all values, so that you love what you once hated and hated what you used to love. It destroys all sense of truth, too. People who've gone in long for occultism have lived so much in that unreal world that they can't distinguish truth from falsehood and lie without knowing it. Perhaps I didn't get so far as that, but I must have got pretty far, for after about a year the Chiefs of the Temple, evidently feeling they were sure of us, let us know there was an inner Order to which we could be admitted if we wished. We were told, however, that for this purpose we should have to go and stay at Charenton in order to study under a high initiate called Raskoff. We all agreed to go and spent some months there. Raskoff was certainly an extraordinary man, a very powerful occultist whose system consisted mainly in low diet and hard manual labour."

Brandon nodded. "In order to induce anæmia of the brain and make it easier for him to gain control."

Rosamund looked surprised.

"Do you know about him?"

"Yes, but go on."

"Raskoff really is a superman—more so than

Brinkdorff, the German occultist, whom we met again at Charenton. Well, Raskoff thought he had got us all cold. We'd gone obediently through his course, agreeing to everything, submitted to his plan of bending our wills to his by spoiling the work he'd made us do. One day, when he'd ordered us to make a garden bench, and we'd toiled from morning to night to get it finished, he briefly ordered us to break it up for firewood! We did it without a murmur. And so, not unnaturally, he thought we were his—body and soul—like all the other wretched creatures at Charenton, whom he'd reduced to mere spineless automatons ready to say or do anything he told them.

“So one morning—it was Good Friday, I remember—Raskoff told us we were to be taken a step farther by being initiated into the more secret Order to which he belonged, at the head Temple in Paris. We were to go there that night by motor, and all that day, in preparation for the ceremony, we were given nothing to eat and drink but a little bread and water. It was already dark when the car arrived; we all three got in and Raskoff with us. During the long drive no one spoke—we were supposed to be engaged in meditation. As soon as we entered the fortifications Raskoff took out three black silk handkerchiefs and bound them over our eyes, explaining that every new initiate must enter the Lodge blindfold. We were too much under his domination to make any protest, but I remember thinking that the real object of this was to prevent us seeing where we were being taken. So when the car stopped I contrived to slip the bandage from my eyes for a second whilst Raskoff was helping the other two out of the car. I saw then that we were in a narrow street in front of an old *porte-cochère*, at the

side of which I noticed a small tobacconist's which I tried to memorise. I had only time for this one glimpse before pushing the bandage back into place. Then I felt myself led across the pavement, and by the feel of cobblestones under my feet I guessed we were being taken through the *porte-cochère* across a courtyard, where we were halted and could hear Raskoff opening a door. After that we seemed to be going down a passage, then another door was opened, and at the same time the bandages were taken off our eyes.

"We found ourselves at the entrance of a long, low, narrow room, feebly lit by a few wax tapers. It looked like a sort of chapel, with a tawdry altar at the end and a priest with a veil across his face standing before it intoning something in Latin. The rows of *prie-Dieu* were filled with people, and we took our places with the rest. Some of them looked queer and decadent, but others quite ordinary. There was an old man with a beautiful face—noble and benevolent looking. I don't know whether it was the oppressive smell of Eastern incense or the horrible sense of evil in the air that made me feel faintly sick. Gradually I realised that the ceremony which was going on was a parody of the Catholic Mass. After a while the priest began to utter incantations, first in Latin, then in Hebrew. From the first I understood that these were evocations addressed to Satan, the Prince of Darkness. Then followed terrible imprecations in which the "congregation" joined, cursing God and Christ and the Holy Virgin—the so-called worshippers working themselves up into a frenzy of hate and fury. The old man with the benevolent face was one of the loudest."

Rosamund paused, pale and trembling, and covered her face with her hands.

"But that was not all," she said at last in a stifled voice. "There was worse, far worse to come. At last, with the horror of it all, I fainted. At any rate, I remember no more. I never went through the ceremony of initiation for which we had been brought there, and I knew nothing more until I found myself back in my bed at Charenton. The next morning I was very ill, but Raskoff insisted on our all three appearing before him. As we went towards his room Peter managed to whisper to me that after I had been taken out of the Temple the black mass had been celebrated, followed by the ceremony of initiation, that he had refused to be initiated, but that Jack Edgingly had gone through with it. And he added: 'We've got to get out of this as quickly as possible.' Raskoff was white with rage when we entered, but he controlled himself, and said that now we had gone so far along the road of occult knowledge the time had come for us to make our choice as to which turning we should take. We had to choose between the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness, between the White Lodge of which we had visited a Temple the night before or the Black Lodges in which we had been brought up. We knew enough of his perverted phraseology to understand that by the powers of light he meant what we called the powers of darkness and by the Black Lodge the Christian Church. He ended by saying with a contemptuous glance at Peter: 'If you are afraid, I have no further use for you—otherwise great powers may be conferred on you. So I ask you finally: Do you stand for God or Lucifer?'

"I suppose it was this direct challenge that brought

us to our senses. Peter and I looked at each other, then with one voice we cried : ' We stand for God and we leave you for ever.' Raskoff flashed one look of fury on us, then quickly recovering himself, he smiled a diabolical smile and waved us to the door. Wretched Jack Edgingly said nothing. We left him to his fate and came away. Afterwards we heard he was on the streets of Paris—a shattered wreck, for Raskoff, having tested him in various ways, and seeing that he hadn't the force of character to become an expert occultist, had no further use for him and threw him over, ruined body and soul. That was what made Peter see red—for he was always fond of Jack in spite of his weakness—and as soon as we got back to England he told me he'd determined to embark on a crusade against occultism and show the whole thing up.

"He tried to enlist the help of several parsons he knew, but either they didn't care or they didn't dare to stand by him, so he went over to the Church of Rome and got all the encouragement he needed. Then he started in—hired halls and gave lectures, to which people came out of curiosity and murmured, ' Isn't it too dreadful ? ' then went away and forgot all about it. No politicians would take the matter up ; the Home Office and the police were too busy seeing that people didn't buy chocolate or cigarettes after eight o'clock to bother about secret societies or even black masses. For black masses—not perhaps so horrible as those in Paris—do take place in London under the direction of high initiates. But members of secret societies are to be found in Government Departments and even holding responsible posts in the Church. Of course they were all terrified of Peter's revelations, and tried to stop him by ridicule. Then when that

failed they started a whisper-drive that he was mad, that there was insanity in the family, that he'd been in an asylum, and in a few weeks all the parrots of the London and Oxford drawing-rooms were repeating that lie. Peter was as sane as you two are to-day—not a soul in his family had ever been mad—but from that moment they tried to work on his mind by occult methods. They'd always boasted they could make people ill and even die by means of what they called punitive currents set in motion by thought; the heart and the brain were their special points of attack."

Brandon shook his head. "They may say so. But their real weapon is fear."

"Well, anyhow, it was the brain they went for with Peter, because you see they wanted to prove him mad. At first he held out, but the power they had over him was too great—too great."

"How was that?" asked Kavanagh. "Surely by that time he'd broken away from them?"

"Physically—yes. He never went near them. But they had a hold over him as they had over all of us. You see, we'd taken the oath at our initiation into the Order of the Phoenix." And seeing Kavanagh's puzzled expression she went on:

"Perhaps you don't know what that means—the occult power of the oath. It's the greatest weapon of all secret societies. Outsiders sometimes wonder why one should be made to take an oath—wouldn't a simple promise do? What they don't understand is that it's the fact of taking the solemn oath of secrecy and blind obedience under pain of terrible penalties that gives secret societies the power they exercise over their members. It's by that they hold them. That's why it's such folly for people to think they can go into

occult societies in order to find out their secrets and come out unscathed. Peter hadn't realised their power. He thought that as he'd been tricked into joining these societies by false pretences he had a right to expose them publicly. He even thought he could defy them. But by degrees a change came over him. I noticed that his mind was becoming confused—his memory seemed to be failing."

Then in a low voice, staring straight before her as if looking at some distant vision, Rosamund said :

"At last—in the end Peter went mad. One day I was called to him—his mind was a blank. He's been in an asylum now for five years—a hopeless case, they say. Sometimes I go to see him, but I don't think he knows me. Only once in a lucid interval he seemed his old self again and said : 'Rosamund, what's the matter with me?' I said : 'You've been ill a long time, Peter.' Then he said : 'Yes, I remember, and it all happened through Doctor Hensley.' After that his mind went again. That's the end of the story."

There was a long silence. Kavanagh sat bewildered, his clean outdoor mind refusing to grasp such things as these. Then he said :

"It's a terrible story, Rosamund. It was good of you to tell us. But I'm afraid it must have been very painful for you, going all over it again."

"I wouldn't have done it for the world if it hadn't been to help you. But now I know what you and Jimmy are doing, I felt you ought to know more about what you are up against. It's not really a political battle, but a war between the powers of good and evil."

"But the powers of evil can't hurt us," said Kavanagh.

"Not you, perhaps. You've never established any contact with them, they might sit round for ever directing punitive currents against you, and you'd never feel it. Still, they'll try to get at you by other means. They tried to down me as soon as they knew I had turned against them. Sometimes the telephone bell would ring, and when I answered it, voices would say: 'Don't think you can escape us! We're going to ruin you—to ruin you. We shall pursue you wherever you go to the last day of your life!' Think what that would mean to you in your political career, Terence! For they'll ruin you if they can, once you come out openly against them. Remember, they have their agents everywhere."

Kavanagh looked across at Brandon. Was all this possible in twentieth-century England? For the moment he couldn't help wondering whether Rosamund had been carried away by her imagination. But Brandon nodded assent.

"There are some queer cases of this sort on record," he said. "It almost seems as if they have been able sometimes to injure people. Remember some of the mysterious deaths and illnesses we've discussed that have seemed, to say the least of it, too opportune. But of course there may be some natural explanation. Poison, for example. Anyhow, whatever powers they may profess, the great thing is not to fear them. For the so-called power of occultism and black magic is really a sort of hypnotism working on minds weakened by fear. If really they've been able to injure people it is those who, as Rosamund says, have established a contact with them by taking an oath and joining some occult group, and who are then afraid of their vengeance. Believe me, Rosamund, there's no

'occult power' in the oath itself, there's only the fear of what may happen if you break it that can hurt you. It was that that preyed on Peter's mind and sent him off his head."

"But Peter didn't seem to be afraid."

"No. But deep down in his subconsciousness fear was lurking. It's the same with you, although you may not know it. That's the real cause of the dreams that trouble you."

Rosamund shook her head.

"I can't stop myself dreaming."

"Yes, you can. Quite simply. Listen, Rosamund, you've got to get all this out of your mind. Come and talk to me about it whenever you feel inclined, and I'll soon show you how these dreams and experiences like you had last night can be prevented. It's really that you're afraid to face things in your past life. But haven't we all done things in our past we're sorry for, that we're ashamed of? I'm sure I have—done worse things than you have. If you'll let me, I'll make you see that there's nothing to be afraid of. It's all over and done with. Put it behind you once and for all, and you'll find that these dreams and memories will cease to trouble you."

"Ah, if only I could feel that!" Rosamund said with a sigh.

"You can, my dear, believe me—and trust me too," said Brandon, with a feeling in his voice that surprised both his companions and himself. "I've had some experience of this sort of thing before, and I believe I can help you. Remember, the object of occultism is to enslave the mind, so the cure is to set it free by thinking for oneself."

"Ah, you're right there, Jimmy. I'd realised that

already. That's why I wanted to work for Terence. You see, I'd discovered that part of the cure for myself. I felt I must get right away from the whole thing. But more than that, I mustn't love or hate or feel—I must have no emotions. I must only work."

"There you're hopelessly wrong, my dear Rosamund!" cried Brandon. "You must love and hate, but in the right way, as you'll see in time."

Rosamund smiled, half sadly. "Well, who knows?"

CHAPTER VII

KAVANAGH HUNTS FOR DRAGONS

ROSAMUND's story had the effect of further changing Kavanagh's outlook. His political development had advanced in three stages. At first his interest in world affairs had been quite impersonal and dispassionate. He had felt it his duty to offer himself as a parliamentary candidate to the only Party he believed to be capable of stopping the rot that was spreading through the country and of defeating the Bolshevik conspiracy. For to him, at that date, as to others of his kind, it was Bolshevism as a system, organised by the present rulers of Russia, that constituted the menace; once the Soviet regime fell—as it must do sooner or later—he had imagined that the trouble would be ended.

Then his talks with Brandon had taken him a step farther, and shown him that Moscow was only the visible headquarters of the world conspiracy, and consequently that the fight against Bolshevism was only a part of the war to be waged. But still he had continued to occupy himself mainly with the political side of the situation and to regard the secret forces, of which Brandon had spoken, as a "side show," the very existence of which was more or less hypothetical. It was not that he underrated the value of Brandon's investigations, for he knew the amazing industry and exactness he brought to his work, only he felt vaguely that Brandon's interest in this particular line of

research might have led him to over-estimate its importance.

But now Rosamund's story had brought the whole thing home to him in a way no amount of type-written documents or secret files could have done. "The Hidden Power" had ceased to be a vague term denoting something that need never come within the range of his experience, but a very real force, a force so potent that it had been able to blast the life of the woman he loved. And as he thought of all she had passed through, his whole soul rose in revolt at the system of legislation that could let such things be whilst D.O.R.A. interfered with the most harmless distractions and amenities of everyday existence. Well, if the defence of the realm did not consist in defending youth and innocence against these diabolical influences, it was up to everyone who called himself a man to rise and fight them on his own account. In his attitude there was something of the knight-errant as well as the crusader. It was no longer only a sacred cause to which he wanted to devote himself, he longed also to go out and slay the dragons that had lain in his lady's path.

But were the dragons to be found? How was he, a simple soldier, who had never dabbled in the occult, to find his way into a Temple of the Phoenix or strike the path that led obscurely to the Hidden Chiefs?

"If only Rosamund could put us on the track of some of these people!" he said to Brandon. "By the way, now that she's told us her story, don't you think the time has come to take her more into our confidence?"

Brandon thought for a moment and then answered slowly:

"Yes, I think it has. It's terribly difficult of course to know whom one can trust. Lots of fellows in our line of business go on the tack of trusting no one. It's easy to do that, but it gets you nowhere. If you're a complete clam you'll find everyone else a clam too. The thing is to know just how much one can say and to whom one can say it."

"Exactly. It seems to me that one may lose as much by saying nothing as by saying too much. It was the little we did say to Rosamund that opened her lips and led to her telling us all she did."

"And she must know a good deal more. Yes, I believe she can be trusted, and she might be very useful to us. The line she's been on is the one I'm just now keenest on following up because it's the most difficult to get on to. The Communists' game is comparatively easy to keep track of; they make no secret of what they're out for or of the fact they're run by Moscow, and investigations lead no farther than that."

"No. I suppose one might call Moscow merely the G.H.Q. on the front of the revolutionary movement. What we want to get at is the War Office or the brains at the back of it all."

"I don't think I should give Moscow even as much importance as that. I should call it merely the G.H.Q. of the class war, which is only a part of the revolutionary movement."

"But which surely includes the war against religion?"

"As an accessory to the class war. You can't make the working classes see red as long as they believe in a Hereafter. Convince them that this life is all, and they're ready to turn and pillage everything—we all would, it's human nature. Inhibitions

produced by generations of religious belief and religious teaching are all that stand between us and the jungle. The revolutionaries of all ages have recognised that."

"But don't you think that there's a real war against religion for its own sake as well? Waged for the pure love of evil?"

"Yes, and that's not done by violence. Peaceful undermining of all religious beliefs is far more effectual than the ravings of the Bezbojniki of Russia. It's the brains behind all that sort of thing we want to get at. And one's more likely to do it by following up the kind of people Rosamund's been in touch with than by tracking down Communists. They're much nearer the centre of things. I doubt whether any of our native 'Reds' know anything about the Zodiac or ever heard of its existence. I doubt whether even the present rulers of Russia have ever come directly into touch with it. But men like Doctor Hensley may very well be in contact with one or more of the Hidden Twelve. That's the sort of clue Rosamund might help us to follow. Let's ring her up and ask if we can drop in this evening—then we can talk it all over with her."

The three had often foregathered lately in Rosamund's sitting-room on the ground floor of the little house in Hertford Street, where she lived with her mother. And sometimes Kavanagh, feeling that Brandon could do more to help Rosamund if they were left alone, kept tactfully away, and the two would sit on into the night talking—Rosamund unburdening her mind of the memories that tormented her, Brandon showing her step by step how these latent fears might be met and conquered. It was extraordinary, the girl felt, the way Jimmy seemed to understand and to give her strength. Gradually

dreams ceased to trouble her and her peace of mind returned.

So this evening they met again, and Rosamund was let into the secret of Brandon's "double life" and of the quest on which he and Kavanagh were engaged.

"It's frightfully interesting," she said at last, "and frightfully important. And if all I've been through can be made of use to you it won't have been in vain."

For a moment she sat looking at them thoughtfully and then said:

"Now that you've got on to the occult side of the business, I think you ought to know more."

"Yes, what we want most is documentary evidence," said Brandon. "All you've told us is extraordinarily interesting, but we want names, dates, facts that no one can dispute."

"Then would these help you?"

And getting up, Rosamund went to a cupboard from which she took out a large pile of documents and placed them on the table.

"The papers of the Order of the Phoenix and some other groups of the same kind."

"Capital," said Brandon. "That's just the sort of thing we want."

"I suppose," Rosamund went on meditatively, "that some people might say it was a breach of confidence for me to show them to you. For of course they're absolutely secret—only for the eyes of members. But Peter and I both felt that considering the way we were deceived on entering the Order, we were justified in treating our obligations as null and void. What do you say?"

"I say that of course you're justified," said Kava-

nagh. "If I pay for a course of Professor Robinson's Memory Training which I promise to regard as confidential, and then find it's a scheme for blowing up the Houses of Parliament, I'm not bound to keep it dark, am I? You went into this in all good faith, and found you had been trapped. Innocent people who are tricked into an oath of secrecy not to reveal what they believe to be harmless mysteries and then discover that they've been roped into a conspiracy, have every right to give the show away. In fact, it's their duty to prevent other victims being caught in the same way."

"Exactly," said Brandon. "So let's have a look at the documents, Rosamund."

"Right. Here they are. The little paper books are rituals—you can keep them if you like, Jimmy."

"Thanks," said Brandon. "They'll be an addition to my collection of masonic manuals. It's been a hobby of mine for years. I've got the rituals of the oddest kinds of Orders. The United States teem with them. By the way, do these give any signs and pass-words?" he added, picking up one of the books and turning over the pages.

"Yes, a few. And I can tell you others," said Rosamund.

"Good. It's always useful to learn a new grip or sign. One never knows when one may want to use it."

"But supposing anyone gives you a sign that you don't know the answer to?" asked Kavanagh.

"Then I invent one, and they imagine I've reached a higher grade than they have, and respect me accordingly. Oh! there's lots of fun to be got out of secret societies."

"Yes, as long as you keep outside them," Rosamund

said with a faint shudder. "It's no joke when you get into their power. They'll try to do something pretty hideous to me if they ever find out I've given them away."

"The only thing is to expose them before they can do that," Kavanagh said firmly.

"Terence, if you value your political career, don't attempt anything of the kind," said Rosamund. "Never give the slightest hint that you know anything about occult matters. Above all, don't breathe the words 'secret societies.'"

"But why? Publicity is the one way to kill them."

"Of course. But people won't believe you. They'll only think you're mad. And those who know better will make out you are in order to discredit you."

"Rosamund's right," said Brandon. "It's much better to keep this sort of thing to ourselves—to work underground as they do. Then, as I've said before, when we've got the whole plot with proofs that no one can dispute, we'll give it to the world."

"The first thing," said Kavanagh, "is surely to find out who some of the people are. Is there a list of membership amongst these papers, Rosamund?"

"Yes, here are some of the members of the Order of the Phoenix."

"Ah!" said Brandon. "Names and pseudonyms. That'll be jolly useful. Here we are: '*Celer ad Astra*' alias Doctor Hensley, '*Ora et vigila*,' Mrs. Murray Bateman—I suspect that good lady does more watching than praying, Terence—and here's Isidore Franklin, '*Cavendo tutus*.'"

"Yes, I expect Isidore takes jolly good care of his skin," laughed Kavanagh. "By the way," he went on, looking over Brandon's shoulder, "I see there's

Countess Zapraksy *alias* 'Quæro Lucem,' which reminds me that I've just had an invitation from Mrs. Murray Bateman to go and hear her speak at her house on Thursday. Shall I go?"

"I think it might be worth while," said Rosamund, "though I don't imagine she's a very high initiate. I only met her once. She lives abroad, in Italy, I believe, and only comes to England on visits."

"Go by all means, Terence," interposed Brandon. "From other things I've heard, I imagine the lady might be well worth studying—especially if Mrs. Murray Bateman is helping to run her."

Accordingly a hot afternoon on the following Thursday found Kavanagh struggling up the marble staircase of Mrs. Murray Bateman's house in Curzon Street with the usual crowd of curious women and odd-looking men who habitually flock to meetings where any new cult is to be discussed.

Countess Zapraksy, a robust lady with red hair and singularly piercing green eyes, was standing in the window shaking hands with the favoured few whom her hostess held worthy to be introduced to the prophetess of the New Psychism. Amongst these Kavanagh was not included, for which he felt thankful, as he was thus able to slip into a place near the doorway whence he could make his escape unobserved should the atmosphere become unbearable. Here he found himself seated next to Lady Caroline Wentlock, who greeted him with effusion.

"I'm so glad you've come to hear the Countess, she's simply wonderful. Have you studied the New Psychism before?"

"I can't say I have. But I'm longing to hear all about it."

Kavanagh's eyes wandered round the room. There was the usual contingent of old ladies who habitually frequent drawing-room meetings for whatever cause they may be held, and inevitably drop off to sleep as soon as the speaker has got under way. But there were a few young people too and quite a number of men. Amongst these Kavanagh recognised Isidore Franklin, looking on at the proceedings through half-shut eyes with his usual derisive smile playing around his lips. A middle-aged man with a singularly high-souled countenance was standing in the background, surrounded by a group of admiring women. A very remarkable face, thought Kavanagh. Who could he be? He decided to ask Lady Caroline.

"Why, don't you know?" she answered in surprise, "that is Doctor Hensley, the Fellow of Saint Stephen's, Oxford. A marvellous man, absolutely inspired, Major Kavanagh. I must introduce you to him."

So that was Dr. Hensley, the man with the saintly face and the diabolical powers of whom Rosamund had spoken! Kavanagh, thrilled at the discovery, was about to accept Lady Caroline's proposal with eagerness when the buzz of conversation suddenly ceased. For the Countess had ascended a small platform in front of the fireplace and was beginning her discourse. From this it appeared that about three years ago, when she was recovering from typhoid fever in Budapest, the Countess was transported—on the astral plane, of course—into a monastery in the very heart of the Gobi Desert, where she was initiated into all the mysteries of the universe.

"Rather a large order," Kavanagh could not refrain from murmuring to Lady Caroline. But she only put her fingers to her lips and whispered:

"Sh! it's all perfectly true. Listen to what she has to tell us."

As a result of this initiation, Countess Zapraksy went on to say, she was admitted into the inner circle of that ancient fraternity which had existed from the very beginning of time, though shrouded throughout the ages in secrecy and silence. In consequence, marvellous powers were conferred on her, and it was her one desire to use them in the service of humanity. Of course she could not disclose to them the secret of these powers, since that was a matter of long and strenuous initiation, and on that point her lips were sealed, but she would explain to them how by simple processes they could learn to develop certain latent faculties to a surprising degree. Kavanagh listened bewildered, whilst she described a system of deep breathing to be practised daily at the open window facing east, with one hand placed on the crown of the head in contact with the pineal gland, which was the seat of man's undeveloped powers. Then there were various formulæ to be repeated, hours to be spent in meditation, animal food to be abjured, and pulse preferred as a staple article of diet. It was also highly desirable to wear a string of blue glass beads round one's waist, next to the skin—but they *must* be blue, no other colour would have the same effect of charging the solar plexus with magnetic force. The body of adepts of the New Psychism, thus fortified, would be able to exercise an immense influence on the destinies of the human race, not only in the sphere of scientific and intellectual progress, but in the realm of politics, for they alone would be able to present an obstacle to the tide of Bolshevism that threatened to engulf the world. At this point even Kavanagh felt himself

carried away by the Countess's eloquence as she described the menace that the destructive theories of Moscow offered to the civilised world.

But before ending her lecture, Countess Zapraksy went on to say, she wished to draw the attention of her audience to a wonderful experiment that was being made in the art of healing. She herself lived in a villa—the Villa Pax Mundi—at Bogazzo, on the Italian Lakes, and only half a mile away on the Swiss side of the frontier a clinic named "Nirvana" had been recently established under the auspices of the New Psychism, where remarkable cures were effected by doctors who had studied the latest methods of osteopathy and electric treatment combined with the psychic methods of development she had already described. Funds, however, were needed to continue this great work, and she appealed to all present to contribute generously to the collection that would now be made in aid of the hospital. A plate was then handed round and returned to the Countess piled with notes and silver.

Throughout the lecture the audience had listened spellbound and, as the speaker descended heavily from the platform, women crowded round her begging for further details of her system.

Kavanagh, anxious to glean more information, made his way closer to the lady, and suddenly felt her eyes fixed on him with particular intentness. Disregarding the clamorous women at her side, she stretched out her hand and, beckoning him nearer, observed abruptly :

"I saw you listening very attentively to what I had to say. Is there anything you wish to ask me?"

Faced with this direct appeal even the Irishman's ready wit momentarily deserted him. There were

plenty of things he would like to ask her, but how could he throw a bomb into the midst of the faithful by a practical enquiry of the kind that rose to his lips?

But Countess Zapraksky was accustomed to be obeyed. "I see," she said firmly, "that you have a question to ask me. What is it?"

"Well, since you press me," began Kavanagh with some embarrassment, "I should like to ask, if it is not an impertinent question, What *are* the powers that have been conferred on you? I mean," he added, noticing the shocked look on the faces around him and the quickly repressed flash of annoyance in the eyes of the Countess, "I mean, what sort of powers are they? Are they muscular—or——"

"Of course they are not muscular," the lady answered sharply. "They have nothing at all to do with the physical plane, though undoubtedly they contribute to bodily vigour. No, the powers I possess are psychic—spiritual, if you will."

"But," persisted Kavanagh, now determined to go through with it, "what do they enable you to *do*?"

At this a murmur of dissent arose around him.

"Oh, Major Kavanagh," said Lady Caroline Wentlock, "how can the Countess tell you that? Don't you *feel* how marvellous she is!"

Countess Zapraksky flashed a grateful glance at the speaker. "Of course," she said, looking again at Kavanagh, "that is a matter I cannot explain. You must study my system for yourself and then you will understand." And turning a stalwart shoulder on him she moved away, escorted by an admiring throng in the direction of the dining-room, where tea was laid.

"That was very naughty of you, Major Kavanagh," said a voice at his side, and Kavanagh looked round

to see Myra Greenworthy smiling up into his face.

He had met her several times at dances since the dinner-party at the House of Commons, and rather liked her. She was so alive, so full of eager interest in everything going on around her that, provided one did not happen to be feeling below par, one felt exhilarated by her conversation. Kavanagh was quite glad to find her here, amongst this crowd of queer people.

"Come and have some tea or strawberries and cream," he said, nodding towards the laden refreshment table. Myra needed no pressing.

"I'm so glad I was born greedy," she said, sinking into a chair in a corner of the dining-room and beginning to attack the pile of strawberries wrested by Kavanagh from a passing waiter.

"You remember Voltaire's maxim: 'Soyez gourmand et gai.' Do you think that's the secret of happiness?" said Kavanagh.

"Yes, but Voltaire couldn't put his maxim into practice. He had a wretched digestion. Perhaps that was what made him so impious. Tell me, what did you really think of the Countess's lecture?"

"Well—er—frankly I thought it the most unmitigated bunkum."

"Of course."

"Ah, you thought so too? Then I wonder why you came to hear her?"

"I came because Aunt Sarah—Mrs. Schutzheim, you know, insisted on bringing me. She's one of her coadjutors. And after all, I've been amused."

"You don't believe in the Countess's soul being transported into the Gobi Desert?"

"Of course not. But then, you see, I don't believe

in souls at all. I'm a complete materialist."

Kavanagh was conscious of a slight jar. Myra perceived this immediately and added :

" Have I shocked you ? "

" No, not exactly. But——"

" But what ? "

" Well, I was thinking of what Napoleon said about a materialist—' What can I have in common with a man who says he is a lump of mud ? ' "

" Say clay then ; it sounds nicer. After all, that's what the Bible says : ' Clay you are and to clay you shall return.' I'd rather that than go on being re-incarnated as the Countess describes—something like being an old umbrella re-covered and re-covered. I'm sure the spokes aren't worth it." Then dropping her tone of light banter she went on : " All the same, I'm interested in Countess Zapraksy. She has certain powers."

" You think so ? "

" Yes, she understands something of what is popularly called the influence of mind over matter—an absurd expression really, because mind is matter, only matter of a different kind to the body. Both are equally worked by natural laws, only we haven't yet learnt much about them. The Countess has, I believe. But it isn't through the ' New Psychism ' that she does her most important work—that's only camouflage for the rank and file."

" How does she work then ? "

Myra sank her voice to a whisper. " Have you never heard of the Order of the Phoenix ? "

" What do you know about it ? " said Kavanagh, evading the question.

" No, well, don't say I mentioned it to you, for it's

a secret society, but that's the real hub of Countess Zapraksy's activities—she's one of the Ruling Chiefs. And Aunt Sarah is another. It sometimes holds meetings at the Olympian Club, which goes in specially for that sort of thing."

"And are you a member?"

"Heavens, no! They tried to rope me in, though, so that's how I've heard about it. But you won't breathe a word to anyone, will you? I only told you because you seem interested in this sort of thing."

"Indeed I am. I should like to hear more."

"Well, come and dine one evening and we'll have another talk. And I'd like you to meet Father."

"I should be delighted."

"Good. Now I must be going. I see Aunt Sarah beckoning. We've got to go on to the 'At Home' at 10 Downing Street." And with a radiant smile Myra vanished.

The merely curious amongst the crowd were now drifting towards the door, but an admiring circle still remained around the Countess. Kavanagh as he approached could hear them repeating rapturously to each other:

"Isn't she marvellous?"—"Yes, my dear, too wonderful!"

"Marvellous, wonderful!" said Kavanagh to himself; "but they never say what her marvel or wonder consists in. I don't believe they know themselves."

Then Mrs. Murray Bateman could be heard saying:

"We must give a ball in the autumn in aid of 'Nirvana'"—a proposal that met with rapturous applause. After that a fresh chorus arose:

"Dear Countess, do say you will!" and Lady

Caroline Wentlock's voice rose above the rest saying :

" Yes, indeed we *must* have a portrait of our Teacher for the Olympian Club. Mrs. Bateman, do try and persuade her ! "

The Countess made a modest gesture as if to say she was unworthy of this honour, but her hostess eagerly took up the tale, exclaiming : " Yes, Countess, do consent. We long to have a picture of you to preside over our meetings when you have left us ! "

" Well, if you wish it ! " said the Countess with a shrug.

A chorus of satisfaction greeted this concession :

" Who shall we get to do it ? "—" Grindell Smith ? "—" Razenko ? "—" Mollinari ? "—" What about Captain Brandon ? "—" Oh, of course, Brandon would be the best, but he's so booked up ! "—" Yes, and so difficult to get. If only we could persuade him ! "

Everyone seemed to agree on this point.

" If only Captain Brandon would do it ! "—" Does anybody here know him ? "

Kavanagh saw his opportunity and seized it :

" I know Brandon well. I think I could persuade him, if you wish it, to undertake the Countess's portrait."

Everyone turned appreciatively in his direction. Countess Zapraksy herself now smiled graciously and said :

" Ah ? So ? I shall be pleased to sit to Captain Brandon. But the picture cannot be made here. To-morrow I return to my villa at Bogazzo. Do you think Captain Brandon would consent to come and paint me there ? It would be better in my own atmosphere. Here the air is too full of disturbing influences."

" I can certainly ask him," said Kavanagh, anxious

not to appear too eager. Brandon, he knew, would jump at the suggestion ; painting a portrait, he had often said, offered the best opportunity for finding out more about a person in whom he was interested ; " especially when they get tired," he would say, " they are apt to talk less guardedly." And Italy was the place he liked most for a holiday.

Kavanagh departed amongst a chorus of thanks, and made straight for Brandon's studio.

" Well, the afternoon has not been unfruitful," he said to his friend, who was busy cleaning up his palette ; " I'm now quite *persona grata* in the Countess's circle, and they want you to paint her portrait."

Jimmy gave a low whistle. " Good. You've managed splendidly, Terence. When are we to begin ? "

" You'll have to go to Bogazzo ; she is leaving England to-morrow, and says she must be painted in her own atmosphere."

" Better and better. Bogazzo is the one spot I should like to visit."

" Ah, then you know all about it."

" No, that's the worst of it. I don't know all about it—only that in some way it seems to be a focus for Bolshevik activities."

" Good Lord, but the Countess was eloquent in her denunciation of Bolshevism this afternoon ! "

" Very likely. She depends, as you know, for a good deal of her support on the Conservative Party. Anti-Bolshevism is the best window-dressing she can provide. Denouncing Bolshevism does the Bolsheviks no harm—provided that one doesn't hint that there's anything behind it. A lot of their best agents are in that line of business."

" Do you think Countess Zapraksy works through the

Order of the Phoenix ? ” and Kavanagh related what Myra had told him on the subject.

Brandon listened attentively.

“ Very interesting,” he said at last, “ you’ve done a good day’s work, Terence. But I don’t think the Order of the Phoenix is consciously Bolshevistic. Being part of the occult side of the show, it is more or less cut off from the political movement. But it acts as a sort of training ground where likely subjects can be chosen for indoctrination into more definitely destructive ideas. The danger spot there is Doctor Hensley.”

“ Ah, he was at the meeting this afternoon.”

“ He would be. Doctor Hensley,” Brandon went on after a pause, “ is a real initiate—one of the Twenty-Five and very near the Zodiac. As a powerful hypnotist he exercises an immense influence over the minds of the undergraduates—a positively devastating influence. That’s a man to watch, Terence.”

“ I’ll cultivate his acquaintance. And what about dining with the Greenworthys ? ”

“ Oh, go by all means. I’m interested in that old man. In fact, I shouldn’t be surprised if he were actually a member of the Zodiac. He’s certainly one of the twelve richest men in the world, and with his international connections he might well be exercising a powerful influence on the economic situation of the world.”

Mrs. Murray Bateman lost no time in ringing Kavanagh up about the Countess’s portrait, and was overjoyed to hear that Captain Brandon had agreed to undertake it. All arrangements were quickly made. It was now the end of July ; in a fortnight’s time

Brandon would start for Bogazzo, and Kavanagh would go with him to enjoy the scenery and the society at the Villa Pax Mundi. As the Villa was small and they would be together, it was decided that they should stay at the inn in the village and Brandon would go daily to paint the Countess in her garden. It was a charming prospect and one that offered interesting possibilities.

Myra Greenworthy meanwhile did not forget her promised invitation to dine, and one evening a week later Kavanagh alighted from a taxi at the door of the millionaire's magnificent mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens. About a dozen guests were already assembled in the vast drawing-room, where Myra, looking really beautiful in an orange-coloured gown and a long rope of marvellous pearls, was doing the honours with her usual animation. She greeted Kavanagh with a radiant smile and, under cover of the buzz of conversation, said in an undertone :

"If only Father hadn't insisted on having all this crowd! I shan't be able to sit next to you at dinner, I've got to be taken in by Lord Mendlestone, but we'll have a talk afterwards. Father, this is Major Kavanagh," she went on, going up to a short thick-set man who stood a few paces away shaking hands with fresh arrivals.

"Glad to welcome you, Major Kavanagh," he said with a slight German accent. "My daughter tells me you are going into Parliament."

"I hope to."

Did a derisive smile cross Sir Paul's dark features? Kavanagh could hardly tell. But he took an instant dislike to him. The heavy nose turning down towards

the rather thick lips, the lower of which protruded slightly, giving a bitter and sneering expression to the whole face, the hard eyes looking out from beneath beetling brows, as if estimating one's value and setting it at a very low figure—all combined to convey a far from pleasing impression.

"Sinister," Kavanagh said to himself. Yes, that was the word for it. But as he watched him turning to other guests he realised that the contemptuous expression which had so repelled him was not reserved for himself, Kavanagh, alone ; it was directed on everyone in turn and seemed to be the form into which his face had set. Throughout dinner it never changed, even when he smiled. For whilst seated at the head of the table playing his part as the genial host, his mouth widened frequently into smiles, but the bitterness still lingered round the corners.

Kavanagh, bored between two neighbours—one who talked to him of all the Grand Hotels she had visited on the Continent, the other of the gaieties she was enjoying through the London season—had leisure to study his fellow-guests. Looking round the table he noticed that most of them had a certain family resemblance. Asiatics, he said to himself, and though the fact inspired him with no antagonism, for he was entirely free from racial prejudices, he was still fresh enough from India to feel that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." The mistake these people made was to try to occidentalise themselves. After all, he reflected, it's really our Western clothes that handicap and vulgarise them. All Orientals—Chinese, Japanese, Indian or whatever they may be—appear at a disadvantage when they adopt our way of dressing. Once back in their native dress

they'd lose at once that sort of common air that makes us smile. Put the massive middle-aged woman opposite into Eastern robes, with jewels glittering on her forehead, and she'd be marvellously picturesque, whilst Greenworthy himself, who in his black dress suit looked ill at ease, would appear almost handsome and dignified clothed like a Hebrew prophet of the Sunday picture-books. Only Isidore Franklin, sitting opposite him, Kavanagh could not visualise under a pleasing aspect; he alone, in black coat or kaftan, in top hat or in tarboosh must be equally repellent. Kavanagh had never felt so strong a feeling of aversion towards any human being.

After dinner, when the men joined the women in the drawing-room, the party broke up into little groups, and Kavanagh, feeling rather out of it amongst these people who all seemed somehow related to each other, walked to the open French window and looked out at the garden grimly adorned with grey statues and clumps of speckled laurels. Suddenly he felt a light touch on his coat sleeve. It was Myra looking up into his face with a gleam in her dark eyes.

"Come out into the garden," she said softly, "they're all busy talking. We shan't be missed."

And she led the way through the window, a subtle and delicious perfume floating in her wake.

They made their way towards a summer-house and sat down upon a stone seat.

"Tell me what you thought of the dinner," said Myra.

"I thought it excellent," Kavanagh answered heartily; "you have a first-rate *chef*."

"I didn't mean the food," Myra said with a laugh, "but the people. Not very exhilarating, were they?"

" Oh, I liked them. They seemed so—so—well, so satisfied." He couldn't think of any other word.

" No doubt they were. You see, they were eating. But, be frank now, you didn't like Izzy ! "

" Izzy ? "

" Isidore Franklin. He's always called Izzy. And you can't bear him, you know ! "

" Why should you think so ? " said Kavanagh, hedging.

" Oh, I saw it in your eyes. Besides, no one could really like him."

" Need we talk of Izzy ? Surely there are pleasanter topics of conversation."

" Ah, but I've got to think of him ! You see——" she paused and added abruptly : " Well, they want me to marry him."

" Good Lord ! " There was genuine concern in Kavanagh's voice. It seemed to him horrible that this young and, yes, charming girl, should be destined to be the wife of " that little reptile," as Kavanagh mentally designated him. " But who are ' they ' ? " he asked.

" Oh, his father and, I suppose, mine. Oscar Franklin's very keen about it, and though Father doesn't like Izzy it would be difficult for him to go against him."

" Why difficult if he doesn't like the fellow ? "

" Well, Oscar Franklin is one of the richest and most influential financiers in the world, and as Father has no heir, the idea is to unite the two fortunes. Of course Izzy is considered a very brilliant *parti*."

" But you wouldn't like it a bit, would you, Myra ? " said Kavanagh, unable to check the note of affectionate sympathy that inevitably crept into his voice when he was confronted by a woman in distress. But he was

quite unprepared for Myra slipping her hand into his and murmuring as she looked up into his eyes :

" Oh, Terence, what do you think ? "

Kavanagh felt horribly embarrassed. There was no mistaking Myra's meaning. Her glossy black head was so close that it almost rested on his shoulder, and that strange seductive scent rose to his nostrils—six months ago he might have had difficulty in keeping his head under these circumstances. But the thought of Rosamund steadied him. Besides, if he had the Irishman's susceptibility to feminine charms, he had also the Irishman's ready wit. So, quickly recovering his presence of mind, he patted her hand with his free one whilst releasing the one she had imprisoned and said cheerfully :

" Of course I think you mustn't dream of marrying him—if you don't like the fellow. And he certainly isn't nearly good enough. You must wait until you meet the right man, Myra," he added in a fatherly tone.

" But I *have* met him ! " wailed Myra ; the next moment she had flung herself into his arms, whilst her slender body was shaken with sobs.

" Hush, Myra, you mustn't give way like this ! " said Kavanagh, gently disengaging himself and rising to his feet. " Someone may be listening. I'm sure I heard a sound in the bushes."

Myra stopped in the middle of a sob and held her breath. " Yes, there is someone," she whispered, and suddenly breaking away from Kavanagh she darted to the front of the summer-house and peeped out. But nothing was to be seen.

The distraction, however, had provided a way out of a very awkward situation. Kavanagh now led the way firmly back to the house, continuing to talk in the

same fatherly tone he had adopted before Myra's outburst.

"You must take a pull, keep a tight hold on yourself. You're still so young, and you've got life before you—life and happiness—lots of happiness."

Myra looked up at him through her tears and answered nothing. In this way they reached the drawing-room safely and found the party breaking up. Myra, controlling herself admirably, shook hands with the departing guests, and Kavanagh, having also taken his leave, strolled out to the open front door. It was too fine a night, he felt, to be boxed up in a taxi, so he decided to walk back to his rooms and set off along the road to Kensington High Street. Looking up at the stars, he breathed a deep sigh of relief. It had been a "very near thing" this evening, but he had really got out of it rather neatly—that bird in the bushes was a marvellous bit of luck. But what a waste it all seemed! Some fellows would have been only too thankful for a colossal heiress to fling herself into their arms! Why couldn't he have been a penniless subaltern and not in love with Rosamund? Myra was really very sweet, her dark eyes wet with tears and her white shoulders quivering. . . .

But suddenly the sound of a motor approaching from behind roused him from his reflections, and as he stepped aside on to the footpath, the car—a small Bentley—suddenly swerved in his direction. He had only time to skip agilely behind a lamppost before it had rushed past him with the roar of an open exhaust.

"What an extraordinary bit of driving!" he said to himself. "The fellow inside must be drunk!" Yet the Bentley was now pursuing a perfectly straight though rapid course, and cleared the gate-post into the

High Street with well-timed accuracy. Well, this seemed to be an evening of narrow shaves for him, and he was lucky to have escaped so successfully. The unfortunate part of the whole affair was that he would have to see less of Myra in future, and Brandon had counted on his visits to the house in Kensington Palace Gardens to follow up certain clues. The old man was certainly worth watching, still more was Izzy, and where else was the little reptile to be met? And how was he to explain the situation to Jimmy? For even to one's best friend one could not give away a woman. But he consoled himself with the thought that they would soon be starting for Bogazzo, and for a time the Greenworthy *ménage* need not occupy their attention.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VILLA PAX MUNDI

EARLY in August a party of five set forth for Bogazzo. Rosamund, who always took charge of her mother during the summer months they spent out of London, had no difficulty in persuading her to visit that delightful spot. To her gentle worldly soul Rosamund's absorption in her work for Kavanagh was immensely gratifying and could signify only one thing—this young man with the charming manners and "a place in the country" had succeeded in rousing her daughter from her usual languor to the keenest enthusiasm, and now she actually wanted to follow him to Italy! Naturally Lady Dare was ready, as Kavanagh would have expressed it, "to go lepping."

The fifth member of the party was Rigby, Brandon's faithful servant, without whom he never undertook a Continental expedition, for Rigby could easily pass as a Frenchman, and had made a fine art of dropping into cafés or *buvettes* and engaging people in conversation on points of interest.

Before starting, Brandon made a careful assortment of his papers, picking out any that were likely to be useful—dossiers and photographs of people and of course the rituals supplied by Rosamund—to be packed in a despatch-case and carried by Rigby.

Bogazzo, which they reached in the freshness of early morning, proved to be even more enchanting than they had pictured it, a small village just on the

Italian side of the Swiss frontier, lying at the edge of a clear blue lake surrounded by snow-capped mountains. Brandon and Kavanagh put up at an old hotel on the borders of the forest, and Rosamund and her mother at a more modern one overlooking the lake. This arrangement had been decided on so that Rosamund should not be associated with the two men, helping them only in the background ; besides, it was highly probable that members of the Order of the Phoenix might turn up at the Villa Pax Mundi, and once introduced to that circle she would be liable to come up against them. She had no wish to get once more into their atmosphere.

The same afternoon Brandon and Kavanagh set off on a visit to the Countess Zapraksy.

The Villa Pax Mundi, perched on the slope of the hill amidst the vineyards, certainly lived up to its name with its sunny terraces and pergolas of climbing roses. The Countess clothed in an embroidered garment of russet silk reminiscent of an Egyptian fresco, received the new arrivals warmly, and introduced them to the rest of the party—the Dean of Barminster and his wife, Mervyn O'Neil the Irish poet, and Frau Schnorrer, a middle-aged German of ample proportions who, as the Countess explained, had been President of the Women's Section of the Prussian "Return to Nature Movement" until its suppression by Hitler, and who appeared to be attired only in a bath-sheet kept together perilously by a large brooch on one shoulder.

"Dear Frau Schnorrer," the Countess observed to Brandon as they wandered together round the garden, "she is a most remarkable woman. Out of deference to certain prejudices she does not appear in public in a complete state of nature, but of course during the

earlier part of the day we encourage her to follow the system she has found so health-giving."

"And to wear nothing at all?"

"Precisely. I always like my guests to do exactly as they please. Inhibitions are all deleterious to health. You will do just as you like whilst you are here, I hope."

"Thanks awfully. But I think I'll keep my clothes on. And I notice you prefer to do the same?"

"Yes, I have not yet felt the urge to cast off all clothing. The climate perhaps is hardly warm enough. Now, what would you suggest I should wear for my portrait?"

"Well, I think some striking colour . . . purple, I think . . . yes, decidedly a purple robe if you have one."

"Good. I see you have perception. That is the colour that best expresses my aura."

The next morning Brandon set to work. The Countess, enthroned on an old Italian seat at the end of the terrace with sprays of scarlet begonias and pale mauve plumbago framing her head, really made a most striking model, and but for her habit of suddenly dropping off to sleep would have been a first-rate sitter.

"If you could manage to keep awake for about five minutes now," Brandon found himself repeating, but the Countess explained that, owing to her practice of detaching herself from the physical plane, she was apt to float away on to the astral at any moment. Sometimes indeed she remained there so long and presented so odd an appearance with her eyes tightly shut and her mouth half open, that Brandon would put up his brushes and wander away to a shady corner of the

garden to enjoy a cigarette with Kavanagh until a cry from the Countess announced that her soul had once more returned to earth. At this rate the portrait would take some time to finish, but what matter? In this land of *dolce far niente* time was of no account, and the longer they stayed at Bogazzo the more they would be likely to discover about what went on there.

At first nothing of particular interest occurred. The Countess's guests, who succeeded each other at intervals of a few days, seemed, with the exception of Lady Caroline Wentlock, unconcerned with politics of any kind and no connection with secret societies could be detected. Most of them were followers of various odd cults: there was Edmond Vallergues, the well-known author of mystic novels, which it was said he was able to write only under the influence of haschisch; Imogen Meldreth, the American actress, who believed herself to be the reincarnation of Semiramis, and insisted on bringing with her a pet leopard named Ptolemy that smelt abominably and filled Lady Caroline with nervous apprehension for the fate of her cherished Peke. Then there was Heinrich Angstrom, the Austrian playwright, and Eugene Bramber, the editor of the *Scrutator*, who studied Yoga, which necessitated standing on his head for half an hour every morning—a process which he declared he found marvellously clearing to the brain. And in the background there flitted from time to time the silent figure of the Countess's secretary, Miss McNab, a pale Scotch girl with sandy hair whose presence could usually be heard, rather than seen, by the click of a typewriter in a small room off the hall.

When, as sometimes happened, Brandon and Kavanagh remained to meals at the Villa, the conversa-

tion usually turned to literature, art, or the peculiar philosophies of those present. On the rare occasions when public affairs were mentioned, the attitude of the party seemed to be that of superior tolerance towards the foolish people who chose to wear themselves out over such mundane questions as frontiers, tariffs, national defence, and so on; once the New Psychism had been universally accepted, all national and international problems would be settled automatically, and the world would enter on the millennium which only human errors prevented it from enjoying at the present time. Meanwhile one need not bother one's head about these things. The only topic that seemed to excite some passion was Fascism, which was evidently abhorrent to the whole company. Extraordinary incidents were constantly reported as having occurred close by, and as Brandon kept discreetly to his rôle of portrait painter, Kavanagh was left alone to defend Mussolini against the succeeding barbarities attributed to him.

"Yes, I assure you, my dear," one lady observed impressively, "it is positively dangerous to mention his name anywhere in public—one is liable to be thrown into prison immediately. A friend of mine went to buy some muslin for mosquito-nets, and asked for 'mussolina' in a shop, and everyone looked furious, thinking she was referring to the Duce. And she was shadowed by the police for days afterwards!"

"Oh, the terror in Italy is just as great as in Russia!" said an Italian journalist. "One lives in constant fear of listening ears—it is like being under the Cheka!"

"Yet," Kavanagh could not help interposing, "you are not afraid to speak your mind here and you

yourself live in Rome. How many Russians could talk in this way in the provinces, especially if they were going back to Moscow? Have you no fear of being reported?"

To this enquiry, however, the journalist remained conveniently deaf.

Kavanagh found himself wondering what Alessandro, the Countess's Italian manservant, thought as he handed the dishes during these conversations. But perhaps he did not understand English or was hostile to Fascism. At any rate, his dark impassive countenance showed no signs of either approval or resentment.

Much was of course heard at the Villa of "Nirvana," the clinic about which the Countess had spoken during her lecture in London, and before Brandon and Kavanagh had been three days in Bogazzo, she insisted on taking them to visit that remarkable institution. It was an unpretentious building of what would be called in England the "cottage hospital" type, situated in the heart of the forest at a considerable distance from the nearest village or from any other human habitation. The surrounding garden with its sparse lawns and newly planted flower-beds had evidently not long been reclaimed from the encircling woodland. The house itself was built after the most modern hygienic fashion with wide balconies divided by partitions, and at one end a covered *liege-halle* where several patients could be seen lying on *chaises longues*, "A charming spot, don't you think so?" said Countess Zapraksy as they descended from the car and rang the bell at the gate.

"Yes, delightful and so restful!" both agreed but Brandon added: "Rather shut in by trees, though, isn't it? In wet weather——"

"That is just the charm of it!" cried the Countess. "The aroma of the forest is so health-giving! The very thing the patients need in order to purify their lungs after breathing the air of cities. Ah! here comes the doctor himself to receive us!" and she turned to greet a man with a short pointed beard dressed in a white linen overall who came forward from the entrance.

"Welcome, dear Contessa!" he said, kissing the Countess's hand.

"I have brought two guests with me from England to visit your wonderful clinic," she said, introducing Brandon and Kavanagh, to whom she added: "We are fortunate in finding Doctor Weingold himself here to-day. His work calls him to so many other places that he is only able to spend part of his time at the clinic—he comes for a few days, and is then obliged to go on elsewhere to attend to patients all over Europe. There is no one else, you see, who possesses his marvellous knowledge!"

The doctor made a modest gesture of disclaimer.

"Still, I have an admirable *remplaçant*—and our matron, la Sœur Célestine, is unrivalled in her care of the sick. She will come herself to receive you."

Sœur Célestine, a largely built woman of about forty, with an olive skin and crisp black hair, was not long in making her appearance, and led the visitors into the salon—a room furnished with Spartan simplicity—where she proceeded to tell them of the marvellous cures effected by osteopathic and electric treatment.

"Would it be possible to see the room where this is carried out?" Brandon enquired.

"Unfortunately no. The doctor absolutely forbids any strangers entering those apartments—they are

liable to disturb the vibrations."

"I understand. You have not many patients at the moment?" Brandon went on in a tone of polite interest. Except in the *liege-halle* there had seemed to be nobody about.

"No," Sœur Célestine answered, looking at him sharply. "At this time of year we are never very busy. And in general we do not have a great number of patients. We are very particular whom we receive."

"Ah! And why is that?"

"Because the treatment we give is suited only to those who have reached a certain stage of spiritual development, and they are few in number. Those who remain on the purely physical plane can be attended in ordinary hospitals and clinics."

"Should I be admitted?" Kavanagh could not refrain from asking.

Sœur Célestine, glancing at his obviously robust physique, answered cautiously:

"That depends on what you are suffering from and on your spiritual condition. It is necessary before entering to pass certain tests." And then, evidently anxious to change the subject, she began to speak of the walks that might be taken in the mountains above the forest and the health-giving properties of the pine-laden air.

"It's all very queer," Kavanagh said after they had returned to the hotel that evening. "Why on earth do they have a clinic stuck right away in the forest? It must be very inconvenient to be cut off like that from communication with the outer world."

"I suppose they have a telephone. Still, there *is* something odd about it. We must get Rigby," Bran-

don went on, "to do some sleuth work in the neighbourhood. He knows enough Italian to pick up a good deal that's going on."

But Rigby had already been improving the shining hours by drinking at cafés and listening to village gossip which sometimes touched on the clinic in the forest. "An odd sort of hospital," the villagers would say, "for sometimes it appears to be uninhabited, and when the doctor and nurses are there they go their way silently and speak of nothing to the tradespeople from whom they buy their supplies." The most tactful questioning could elicit nothing more definite. It seemed almost as if the inhabitants of Bogazzo were afraid to speak out on the matter.

One morning, however, Brandon, finding that he had left his cigarette-case at the Villa, sent Rigby up at an early hour to find it. He himself never arrived there with Kavanagh before eleven o'clock—no one, with the exception of Frau Schnorrer, left their rooms before that time. When Rigby returned with the cigarette-case it was evident that he had something to report :

"What is it, Rigby?" Brandon asked.

"Well, sir, there was a very odd sort of gentleman coming out of the gate as I went in."

"What was he like?"

"A dark sort of little fellow with a pointed black beard and wearing black spectacles, black alpaca coat, and a dirty Panama on his head. An ugly customer, I should say, sir."

"Was he carrying anything?"

"No, sir. Nothing but a stick. But I noticed that his pockets were bulging, and he kept a hand in one as if he was holding on to something."

"Did you note the time?"

"Yes, sir; nine thirty-five precisely."

"Good. It looks as if we'd got to be up at the Villa earlier in future. Meanwhile you'd better see if you can get on the track of the man somewhere in the village and find out who he is. After all, he may be only a harmless tradesman."

Rigby shook his head. "He's not that, sir. Came from the East of Europe, unless I'm very much mistaken. But I'll keep a look out for him."

The same day when Brandon and Kavanagh returned to the hotel for luncheon, Rigby padded into the room as was his wont when he had something of importance to communicate.

"Excuse me, sir, but the little feller I saw this morning coming out of the gate of the Villa is sitting in the café opposite."

"We'll drop in there for an *apéritif*, shall we Terence?" And the two men strolled across the street and took their places at a small marble-topped table.

"Two Vermouths," said Brandon, looking round him carelessly. Ah, that was evidently Rigby's man, seated at a table in the corner drinking *grappa*! Where had he seen that face before? Somehow those features seemed vaguely familiar. Ah, it was slowly coming to him—was it possible? Could this be Schwartzmann, the principal Bolshevik courier between Berlin and Moscow? Yes, it *was* Schwartzmann—there could be no doubt of that.

"We're on a hot scent, Terence," he said as he and Kavanagh made their way back to the hotel. "If Schwartzmann is employed for this work there must be something important on hand. He'll probably be off by the first train; it leaves at two-thirty, so we're not

likely to catch a glimpse of him again. But we must keep a watch on the Villa in case any other emissaries arrive."

It was evident that only the early bird would catch whatever worms frequented the Villa Pax Mundi; 9.30 appeared to be the most likely hour. Did they come for secret interviews with the Countess before her guests had left their rooms, or was there any other object for their visits? At any rate, Brandon and Kavanagh decided that they must be there to see. It might be difficult to explain their presence two hours before their usual hour for arrival, but Alessandro was the only person likely to be about at that time, and should he appear surprised they resolved to bluff it out by remarking that they had merely come to enjoy the freshness of the early hour in the garden. The Countess had repeatedly invited them to drop in at any moment they felt inclined, and Alessandro could hardly suspect them of any sinister intentions.

Accordingly the next morning they were up betimes and arrived at the Villa at 9.15 precisely. At one end of the verandah Alessandro in a striped cotton coat could be seen shaking out mats and arranging the chairs. "If you can, engage him in conversation," said Brandon. "I'll stroll round to the front door and see if anything is going on there."

But they had reckoned without Frau Schnorrer. On reaching the terrace they found to their consternation the President of the Women's Return to Nature Movement enjoying a sun-bath in a deck-chair on the pathway leading to the front door, in the exact garb with which she had entered the world. Without a trace of embarrassment she beckoned to them to approach and take places at her side. Kavanagh, too astonished to

refuse, accepted the proffered chair, whilst Brandon, remarking, "Excuse me, but I think I left my paint brushes in the hall!" vanished round the corner in the direction of the hall door.

"Coward, to leave me alone to face this situation!" Kavanagh said grimly to himself. How on earth was he to get through a *tête-à-tête* with a lady not wearing a stitch of clothing? However, he resolved to look straight in front of him and not once turn his head in the direction of his companion.

But Frau Schnorrer saved him the effort of breaking the ice.

"You gannot imagine, Commander Kavanagh," she remarked in guttural English, "whad beace one enchoys when one hass redurned to Nature—der ublift one exberiences as soon as one is gombletely ungllothed!"

"Well, I can't say I have ever felt that—in a Turkish bath, for example," Kavanagh answered.

"Ach, no, one must be oud in der oben air, amidst der vlowers and der drees! Denn one veels immediately dat one is a bart of Nature—a vonderful sensation! So bure! So elefating!"

"Still efen indoors," she continued after a pause, "once one hass really grasbed der inwardness of der mofement, der same sense of exhilaration bersists. At our dinner-barties in vinter, vat freedom of dought, vat shparkling gonversation! I wish I could bersuade you to join our Nudist golony on the Seine!"

"I wonder," said Kavanagh meditatively, "whether that's what the poor things feel in lunatic asylums——"

"How? Vot do you mean? In lunadic asylums?" said Frau Schnorrer indignantly.

"Oh, well, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. I

was really thinking out loud. But, you see, in asylums I've been told that the lunatics' first impulse is to tear off all their clothes, and they have to be prevented from doing so by force. However, perhaps they've caught a glimpse of the truths you have discovered and ought not to be restrained."

"Of gourse dey ought nod do pe restrained," said Frau Schnorrer, somewhat pacified by Kavanagh's last remark. "One should nefer rebress Nature. Animals are happy pegause dey liif vree und undrammelled, aple to gife blay to all deir natural instincts. Dat is vot is so peautiful about dem—ach!" the sentence ended in a shriek.

Kavanagh started, and looking round for the first time in the direction of his Nature-clad companion, saw, beyond her quivering shoulder, the crouching form of Imogen's leopard preparing to spring.

In an instant Frau Schnorrer was out of her chair and tearing madly along the terrace uttering shrill cries like the siren of a yacht, whilst the leopard bounded after her in a series of long leaps, each of which brought him nearer to his prey. Kavanagh, checking his first impulse to burst into unseemly laughter at the amazing spectacle of the flying Rubens figure with the leopard at its heels, was preparing to start in pursuit, armed only with a walking-stick, when a clear voice rang out from the verandah: "Ptolemy, to heel!" It was Imogen Meldreth, who, with the other inhabitants of the Villa, had rushed out in their night clothes at the sound of Frau Schnorrer's screams. For an instant the leopard paused, but was evidently about to spring forward again when Countess Zapraksy suddenly emerged from a window and placed herself in its path.

"Halt!" she said briefly, with a wave of the hand that threw the leopard back on its haunches. Then, making a rapid pass before its eyes she seemed to hold it in motionless rigidity. The next moment the huge cat crept meekly back to its mistress on the verandah.

Meanwhile a hubbub had arisen there.

"I told you the animal was dangerous!" said Lady Caroline, who had followed in the wake of Imogen, clasping her Peke closer. "Now perhaps you will believe me!"

"Ptolemy is not dangerous!" Imogen retorted indignantly. "He is perfectly safe with people who have clothes on. But the sight of that mass of bare flesh would be enough to give ideas to any leopard." And she nodded in the direction of Frau Schnorrer's fainting form, which had collapsed at the end of the terrace and was now being carried into the house by Alessandro and the Irish poet. "Poor Ptolemy!" she added, stroking the leopard's head affectionately.

There was certainly something to be said for Ptolemy, reflected Kavanagh. The lady's opulent limbs might well have appeared tempting, and, after all, had she not herself declared that a wild animal should be allowed to follow its natural instincts? Would she be inclined to take the same view now? Well, if she wanted to go back to the jungle she had had a taste of it that morning.

Meanwhile Brandon had not been wasting his time, and as the two men walked back to the hotel for breakfast they compared notes on their respective adventures.

"I seem to have missed a thrilling sight," said

Brandon, when they had shouted themselves hoarse over Kavanagh's story. "And an interesting one too," he added. "The Countess's control over the leopard certainly suggests that she really has hypnotic powers. The cat tribe are peculiarly sensitive to such influences. But now I must tell you the result of my investigations. Under cover of the commotion—for I realised that there was something unusual going on—I was able to make certain observations. I think I've discovered the rôle of the Villa Pax Mundi."

"What is that?"

"It seems to be a house of call for correspondence. Lying on the hall table were a number of letters addressed to names which are certainly not those of people staying in the house. They're probably not real names. The contents are presumably too dangerous to send by post into countries where supervision is at all strict. I noticed that one or two were unstamped and must therefore have been left by hand. Evidently the same courier who fetches letters leaves them. If only we could get hold of some of them!"

"You didn't think of abstracting any when you had the chance?"

"Too dangerous. Any letter that had been removed would be missed at once. We don't want to rouse suspicions yet."

"I suppose the Countess must know all about it?"

"I don't see how she can fail to. The whole thing must be arranged with her. I wonder whether Alessandro's in the plot. We must get Rigby to cultivate his acquaintance."

But an incident that occurred a day or two later settled this question. Kavanagh and Brandon were sitting on the verandah after tea whilst the other

guests wandered away along the terrace. Only Alessandro remained, flicking the crumbs off the table with a napkin.

"Hullo, what's this?" said Kavanagh, picking up the *Corriere della Sera*, which had just arrived. "An attempt on the life of the Duce!"

"What?" cried Alessandro, dropping the napkin with a start—there was no mistaking the consternation on his face.

"Oh, it's all right!" smiled Kavanagh. "The attempt failed. The Duce is perfectly safe."

"God be thanked!" murmured the Italian.

"Ah! Then you are a Fascist, Alessandro?" said Kavanagh.

"Sicuro. What true Italian is not? But I do not say so in this house."

"But you can say it to me."

"I know," said Alessandro, with a gleam of his white teeth. "I have heard the Signore speak at meals of the Duce. I understand some English, you see. As for me," he added, with a quick glance over his shoulder to make sure he was not overheard, "I keep my ears open and my mouth shut. In that way one learns."

"You are here to learn, perhaps?" asked Brandon, and as the man made no reply he added to himself: "A Fascist agent evidently—this is excellent!"

"Listen, Alessandro," he went on in a low voice, speaking rapidly in Italian, "we are both friends. You can talk to us with perfect safety. And you notice strange things happening in—in this neighbourhood?"

"Very strange," Alessandro answered cryptically.

"Perhaps you can tell us something about them?"

"Perhaps. When no one is near. Every evening at ten o'clock I go down to post the letters. At the Gate of the Villa it is quiet. If the Signori were to walk in that direction——" Then seeing the rest of the party approaching, he went on loudly in a cheerful tone: "Yes, truly, the scenery in this part of Italy is superb; far superior to that of the Riviera."

"It looks to me as if Alessandro was our man," Kavanagh said to Brandon as the two made their way back to the hotel.

"Yes, he may be uncommonly useful. But we must be careful not to be seen speaking to him at the Villa. And it would be dangerous for him to come to our hotel. The village is probably full of anti-Fascist spies and his movements would be watched. I think we'll take a stroll after dinner this evening. Rigby can keep guard on the road outside."

It was a fine moonlight night when the two men, followed at a short distance by Rigby, slipped in at the gate of the Villa and took up their stand in the shade of some dark cypress trees to await the arrival of Alessandro. The Italian was not long in making his appearance, and spotting the Englishmen immediately tiptoed up to them with a finger on his lips and said in a whisper:

"We must be careful. Sometimes they are about at this hour. One never knows."

"Who are *they*, Alessandro?"

"The people who call for letters. Usually they come in the morning, but sometimes also at night. But perhaps for days they do not come at all."

"There was one two days ago, is that not so?"

"Yes, the Signore in black spectacles with the dirty hat. A rat of Moscow! Che mascalzone!" and

Alessandro spat energetically into the bushes. "He told the German Signora that he would be back here on the fourteenth. If only our people could get hold of him, they would settle him very quickly! They know how to do things!"

"Ah! then it was Schwartzmann!" thought Brandon.

"Now tell me, Alessandro," he began aloud, then broke off suddenly, turning to Kavanagh. "Isn't that Rigby whistling 'La donna e mobile' at the gate? A danger signal!"

The three men had only just time to step farther back into the shadows when the gate of the Villa clicked open and a woman entered with a valise in her hand. In the light of the moon her dark eyes and Slavonic features could be clearly seen.

"The typical revolutionary female that used to throw bombs in the good old days," murmured Brandon when she had passed out of hearing.

"She will return quickly," said Alessandro; "she has only come for the letters." And sure enough in five minutes the same figure passed out of the gate again.

"I wonder where she's going?" said Kavanagh.

"There!" answered Alessandro, nodding his head in the direction of the frontier. "They always go that way."

"Into Switzerland? Follow her, Alessandro, for a few moments, and see what road she takes."

Alessandro needed no urging, and was out in the road like lightning and following the now distant figure of the messenger with stealthy footsteps. For a quarter of an hour the two men waited at the gate until Alessandro returned heated and breathless.

"I could not go a long way," he explained, "for I

must be back at the Villa, but I followed her as far as the turning into the forest. There she disappeared from sight."

"Where could she be going to in the forest?" said Brandon meditatively. "The pathway leads to nowhere except—except, ah! the clinic 'Nirvana'!"

"Yes, that accursed house!" said Alessandro.

"You think that—why?"

But Alessandro would say no more than the inhabitants of Bogazzo—strange things went on there, what he either did not know or would not say.

"But why should messengers secretly take letters from the Villa to the Clinic?" asked Kavanagh.

"For the simple reason," answered Brandon, "that the frontier runs through the forest, and couriers between Italy and Switzerland get them across that way. The Clinic is evidently their house of call on that side, the Villa on this. I wish," he went on, "we could get at the contents of these letters. Have you ever had a look at them, Alessandro?"

"Only at the envelopes. I have noted the names sometimes."

"And they are probably not real ones. Have you never opened them?"

"How should I do that?"

Alessandro was evidently not an expert in these matters.

"Listen," said Brandon, "would you like to hand some of them over to us?"

"But, Signore, they would be missed."

"What time are they called for in the morning?"

"At half-past nine. Never before a quarter-past, at any rate."

"And they are left the day before?"

"Yes. The Signora who has just departed has probably left some now. But the Contessa goes to bed very late, sometimes not till after midnight. They cannot be removed till she has retired."

"Good. Then bring them down early in the morning, not later than seven o'clock, and place them here in this hole in the wall," said Brandon, removing a loose stone in the masonry; "replace the stone and then come back at nine o'clock and you will find them there safe."

"And without the appearance of having been opened?" Alessandro enquired anxiously.

"Without the appearance of having been touched. Is that understood, Alessandro?"

"It is understood, Signore, the letters will be there." And Alessandro departed with the Fascist salute which was answered in the same manner by the two Englishmen.

It was arranged that early in the morning Rigby should visit the *cache* in the Villa wall and bring the contents back to his master. Accordingly at 7.45 a.m., the trusted batman duly arrived with a packet of some half-dozen unstamped letters and several newspapers in wrappers bearing the stamps of different countries, including Germany and Russia.

"What a rum collection!" said Kavanagh.

It was certainly a strange assortment—envelopes addressed, some in type, some in various foreign hand-writings, to "Herr Otto Schmidt," "Ivan Levinsky," "Madame Rosalie Dupont," etc., at the Villa Pax Mundi.

"Evidently cover names used for correspondence," said Brandon, for none were known to him or were those of people staying at the Villa. "Now we must

hurry up. The sooner they're returned to their place the less chance there is of their little trip down to the gate of the Villa being discovered. Get out the camera, Rigby, whilst I start on the envelopes."

The three men worked swiftly and quietly. The flaps of the envelopes were deftly raised, and seals were sliced under with a hot palette knife so that no trace of their having been tampered with could be detected. Then the contents of each were taken out and those of which it seemed advisable to keep copies quickly photographed. It was a matter of half an hour to go through the whole collection. Then the letters were carefully replaced in the envelopes, the flaps fastened down again, and the package handed back to Rigby. A quarter of an hour later the letters were once more reposing peacefully on the hall-table at the Villa.

The first lot yielded nothing of particular interest, but the same process was repeated at intervals of a day or two for nearly a fortnight, by the end of which time Brandon, with the aid of Rosamund, had been able to pick up the threads of the whole correspondence. From this it was evident that Brandon had been right in his surmise that the letters were passing between the two houses of call—the Villa on the Italian and the Clinic on the Swiss side of the frontier.

Rosamund's experiences in occult groups had proved invaluable to Brandon, who had hitherto occupied himself mainly with the political side of the revolutionary movement. In this correspondence the two lines could be clearly followed—the political concerning itself with the organisation of Communism and the occult working through Masonic, Theosophical, or Rosicrucian groups for moral and intellectual subversion.

"You'll notice," observed Brandon, "that the two

sections employ a slightly different phraseology, but each really means the same. For example, both make use of classical pseudonyms, but whilst in the political movement these take the form of one proper name—Damocles, Cerberus, and so on—in the occult movement they form phrases like those in the list of members amongst Rosamund's papers—'Fiat Lux,' 'Potens inter Potentes,' etc."

"Yes," said Rosamund, "and whilst in the occult groups they always speak of 'the Great Work,' the political revolutionaries refer to 'the Great Day.' Both evidently mean the same thing viewed from their respective angles."

"Which is——?" asked Kavanagh.

"The collapse of our present civilisation," answered Brandon.

"I'm inclined to think, though," Rosamund said thoughtfully, "that sometimes the two lines overlap. I feel sure that some of the higher initiates of the occult groups are consciously working for political revolution."

"Ah!" said Brandon. "Then that would account for the fact that some of these people seem to have two or three pseudonyms. Evidently these are used according to which group is in question—the single name being the one they bear in revolutionary circles and the phrases those by which they are known in occult groups. 'Fiat Lux,' for example, seems to be identical with Damocles in the inner ring of revolutionaries, whilst Frau Schnorrer's *alias* 'Sola in Sole'—a good name for her that!—is evidently also Ariadne. But the most interesting point is the identity of the doctor at the Clinic—Doctor Weingold—who is referred to variously as Catiline and 'Omnia possumus.' I always suspected that Weingold was an assumed name, and

he struck me as a man with highly developed hypnotic powers. Did you notice his eyes ? ”

“ Yes, and the odd way he kept them fixed on us,” said Kavanagh.

“ Well, listen to this,” and Brandon pointed to a passage in one of the letters. “ ‘ Catiline must return immediately to Thebes ’—do you remember hearing the Countess say the doctor was called away on the fourteenth to Paris ? Now here is a post card, dated the seventeenth, saying simply : ‘ O.P. has arrived safely.’ But the postmark is Charenton. Doesn’t that remind you of anything ? ”

“ Ah yes, of Raskoff, about whom I told you once,” said Rosamund breathlessly. “ You think the doctor went to see Raskoff ? ”

“ I’m rather inclined to think the doctor *is* Raskoff. What do you say to taking a stroll round the Clinic on the chance of getting a glimpse of him and seeing if you recognise him ? It would be easy to keep a look-out without being seen—the forest comes right up to the edge of the garden.”

Rosamund eagerly agreed. As long as she did not have to get in touch with these people she was only too ready to help in sleuth work. So that afternoon the three made their way through the forest, and stationing themselves behind a clump of thick bushes on the edge of the garden awaited events.

They had chosen four o’clock as the hour when food was likely to be served to the patients in the *liege-halle* and the doctor might be expected to take a moment’s relaxation. Sure enough, before long, two white-coated figures could be seen emerging from the verandah and lighting cigarettes as they sauntered along the garden path.

"Weingold and his assistant, I suppose," whispered Brandon—"the *remplaçant* of whom he told us, no doubt. What is it, Rosamund? Do you recognise Raskoff?"

For Rosamund had clutched Brandon sharply by the arm.

"Yes, that's Raskoff all right. But the other man——"

"Well, what about him?"

"Gustav Mervine!" Rosamund said with bated breath. "Yes, I'm certain it's Mervine!"

Brandon gave a low whistle. "Of course, Mervine the Satanist! I ought to have recognised him from my photographs. Come on, we've seen enough. We'd better creep away quietly."

Once out of earshot, Kavanagh said:

"What's the excitement, Jimmy? Is Mervine of so much importance?"

"No, not of great importance in himself. He's really only a sort of vulgar black magician. But the queer thing is to find him here masquerading as a doctor. I wonder what on earth he's up to!"

"It looks more than ever as if there's something *louche* about the clinic."

"Yes. And I'd like to get at the real identity of Sœur Célestine. I feel somehow I know that face. . . . Hullo! I've had an idea! Wait till we get back to the hotel."

Arrived there, Brandon opened his despatch-box and took out a bundle of photographs. From amongst these he drew a small snapshot of a woman in a Russian fur-cap. Underneath something was written in Russian.

"What does that mean?" asked Kavanagh.

"Krovavaya Katya—Bloody Catherine—of the Cheka or Russian Secret Police now known as the Ogpu or the G.P.U. She's the woman who used to amuse herself by holding a lighted cigarette against the eyes of victims. Do you recognise her, Terence?"

"Yes. Without a doubt—Sœur Célestine. What the hell's she doing here?"

"That's what remains to be discovered. And what's the real purpose of the clinic? That's what I'd give a good deal to know."

CHAPTER IX

WITHIN THE TEMPLE

THERE was a new guest at the Villa when Brandon arrived next morning to finish the Countess's portrait. It was unusually hot, and Kavanagh had gone off with Rosamund to bathe in the lake, so Brandon made his way alone up the steep garden path to the terrace. There in the shade of large yellow beach umbrellas the house-party had assembled in an admiring group around a good-looking man of about forty who, seated at the head of the circle, was evidently engaged in delivering a discourse.

Drawing nearer, Brandon could hear him saying in an impressive tone :

" Wars will become impossible when men refuse to fight——" a remark which was greeted with a chorus of approval.

" Ah, Captain Brandon, I must introduce you to Doctor Hensley ! " the Countess said, rising and leading Brandon up to the speaker, who, without moving from his chair, bowed graciously.

So this was Dr. Hensley, the Fellow of St. Stephen's ! Taking his place in the circle, Brandon studied the calm, clean-shaven face of the man of whose " occult " powers Rosamund had spoken.

" Dr. Hensley was just saying," the Countess explained, " that wars will cease when men refuse to fight."

" No doubt. That—er—seems fairly obvious,

doesn't it ? " Brandon answered.

Dr. Hensley looked at him sharply.

" Yes, but we ourselves must set the example."

" Aren't we setting the example ? Of course I don't pretend to know much about these things, but I had an idea we'd scrapped quite a lot of cruisers lately."

" But we still retain armaments. As long as we retain any armaments we are furthering the cause of war."

" Even armaments for self-defence ! "

" Certainly. The only way to meet attack is by non-resistance."

" I see," said Brandon, anxious not to cramp Dr. Hensley's style by offering objections. " I suppose if the Belgians had not resisted in nineteen-fourteen there'd have been no further trouble ? "

" Precisely," answered Dr. Hensley, putting the tips of his fingers together and nodding sagaciously.

" And the Germans would just have gone home again ? Or settled down peacefully in France and Belgium ? "

But Dr. Hensley had no intention of being nailed down to details of this kind, so ignoring Brandon's question he continued to utter a series of generalisations in the same slow impressive voice, pausing at length between each :

" Love of country must give way to love of humanity. . . . Patriotism must cease to be regarded as a virtue. . . . It is for us to hasten the dawn of the new era. . . . Love will become the law of human life. . . ."

Brandon listened with interest. He understood now what Rosamund had meant in speaking of Dr. Hensley's hypnotic powers.

"Poisonous platitudes!" he said to himself. And those that were not poisonous were simply meaningless—phrases that, produced in cold print, would not attract a moment's attention. Yet this man contrived to make them sound full of meaning. His way of keeping his eyes fixed soulfully on the tree-tops, his slow utterance, the trick of oratory by which each sentence appeared to contain some profound truth, above all, those long quivering silences, clearly produced a deep effect on his audience—almost as if a spell had been cast on them.

"Like a lot of hypnotised hens with chalk-lines drawn from their beaks!" thought Brandon.

It was a relief when the circle broke up, and Dr. Hensley, remarking that he would take a stroll by the lake, the Countess settled down again for her portrait.

Rosamund took the news of Dr. Hensley's arrival quite calmly when Brandon told her of their meeting at the Villa.

"Then it *was* him we spotted on the road as we were coming back from bathing, Terence," she said.

"Yes," answered Kavanagh. "Rosamund thought she saw him coming, so we turned off down a side-lane."

"Not afraid of him any longer, Rosamund?" asked Brandon.

"No. Not afraid. Still, I'd rather keep out of reach of his *rayons*. Oh! I know you don't believe in anything of the kind, Jimmy!" she added with a laugh.

"I certainly don't. All the same, I see now what you mean by his hypnotic powers. He's mastered the art of swaying audiences just as a clever comedian

can set the house in a roar without saying anything funny but merely by a certain tone of voice. Do you call that hypnotism ? ”

“ Well, yes, I think I do. How else do you explain it ? ”

“ By the fact that people go to the theatre to be amused and are ready to laugh at anything. These people collect round Doctor Hensley to be impressed so that everything he says seems wonderful. He makes them feel his influence—but only those who are receptive to it. You’re that no longer, so you needn’t fear him.”

“ By the way,” Kavanagh said after a pause, “ we seem to be getting quite an interesting collection of members of the Order of the Phoenix here ; besides the Countess, there are Raskoff, Gustav Mervine, and now Doctor Hensley. I wonder whether there’s a Temple of the Order here ! ”

“ I’m almost sure there is,” Rosamund answered, “ for I remember members often used to visit Bogazzo. I wish we could find out where it is.”

The question was finally settled a few days later. When Rigby arrived one morning with the letters, it was evident that he again had something important to communicate.

“ What is it now, Rigby ? ” said Brandon.

“ I’ve been hearing a few things from Alessandro, sir, and there’s going to be some sort of meeting in the neighbourhood one night soon.”

“ How did Alessandro discover this ? ”

“ From a conversation he overheard between the German lady and Doctor Hensley. The lady was enjoying her morning sun-bath at the end of the terrace, and Alessandro had gone out to pick some

herbs at the corner of the terrace; you understand, sir?"

"Perfectly. In other words, Alessandro was hiding in the bushes whilst Frau Schnorrer and Doctor Hensley were talking. Good. Did they mention when the meeting was to take place?"

"On Tuesday next, sir."

"Well, we'll see if the letters throw any light on the matter."

Most of the morning's batch contained little of interest and one proved almost impossible to open. But Brandon's efforts were at last rewarded, for inside lay a letter consisting of these few lines of typescript:

ELEUSIS.

FRATRES ET SORORES,—

A great honour is to be paid to you. *Fiat Lux* himself will be present with you in the Temple on Tuesday evening bearing a message from the Hidden Chiefs. He will arrive about midday by road, accompanied by his *Fidus Achates*, and will stay at the inn on the lake, where he will remain only one night, returning to Eleusis on the morrow. The afternoon of his arrival he will spend in rest and meditation. But at 10 o'clock in the evening you must send a messenger, who will give the Tau sign, to guide him to the Temple. Greeting.

PER TENEBRAS AD ASTRA.

"So there *is* a Temple here," said Brandon, handing the letter to Rosamund, "and *Fiat Lux* is to be present at a meeting there. Have you any idea who he can be?"

"No," said Rosamund. "I've often wondered.

We used to hear of him as a very high initiate ; in fact, as the nearest we could get to the Hidden Chiefs. But he's evidently not one of them, for, as you discovered, Jimmy, he's also known as Damocles, not by the name of one of the signs of the Zodiac."

"No, therefore he's in both the political and the occult movements. Probably one of the outer ring of the inner circle—who number about twenty-five. So if we can discover his identity it will be a great step forward."

But no Machiavellian methods were required in order to find out the identity of "Fiat Lux," for conversation at the Villa Pax Mundi turned quite openly on the expected arrival of Dr. Otto Brinkdorff on the following Tuesday. The event seemed to occasion much suppressed excitement, for Dr. Brinkdorff was apparently a recluse, a personage too lofty by reason of his powers and occult knowledge to mingle with the humbler followers of the New Psychism. No one present at the Villa, except Dr. Hensley, had ever seen him, and all were longing to hear the words of wisdom that fell from his lips. It was disappointing of course that he would not accept the Countess's hospitality and preferred to put up at the inn, but the asthma from which he suffered was liable to be increased by the pollen from the plants and flowering shrubs in the garden of the Villa—the inn looking out on the lake would be better for his complaint.

Rosamund was thrilled to hear of this discovery. "I always felt," she said, "that Brinkdorff was playing an important part in the world movement, and of course if he is 'Fiat Lux' that explains it."

"Yes," said Brandon, "Brinkdorff's a man whose movements are well worth following. I've linked

him up before now with all sorts of queer cults and political intrigues. I believe I have his dossier with me." And opening his despatch-box Brandon took out a bundle of papers from amongst which he drew a long typewritten document.

"Have a look at this, Terence."

Kavanagh read the opening words of the report aloud:

"Brinkdorff, Otto. Born in Salzburg 1880, but claims to be a native of Lausanne. Illegitimate."

"Odd how many of these people are illegitimate," interposed Brandon. "The fact seems to give them a sort of grudge against society which makes them want to destroy it. Go on."

Kavanagh continued. "Mother was in employment of Archduke Leopold as a governess to his children. Father believed to be Fleischmann, the well-known Frankfurt banker. Brinkdorff was at Ingeborg University, where would have occupied Chair of Philosophy if health had not given way owing to occult practices. Suffers from occasional lapses of memory and addicted to cocaine, otherwise faculties unimpaired. Brinkdorff is a Rose Croix, a 33° Grand Orient and 90° Rite of Misraim."

Further details followed with regard to Brinkdorff's relations with the underground Communist movement and certain Pan-German secret societies. At the same time a number of discreditable incidents were recorded against him during his stay at the University. His visit to Oxford in 1928, of which Rosamund had spoken, was also mentioned, and the fact that he had enlisted supporters amongst the undergraduates.

"Do you think all this is known to the authorities

in England ? ” asked Kavanagh.

“ His Communist activities are bound to be,” Brandon answered. “ Their files in that respect are fairly complete. But his connection with secret societies would not come into their sphere of observation—the police know nothing about them. I once mentioned the Grand Orient to the Home Secretary and he had never heard of it.”

“ Yet, in spite of all that is known about Brinkdorff, he is allowed to come to England and rope in recruits at the universities ? ”

“ Oh yes,” said Rosamund, “ he’s much respected at Oxford. And he has a number of influential supporters—the Dean of Barminster, Brogden, who was Minister for Education, not to speak of Doctor Hensley. In fact, the Prime Minister himself had him to lunch.”

“ But, good heavens, why didn’t the authorities warn him ? ”

“ As a matter of fact,” answered Brandon, “ I believe the P.M. was warned, but was afraid of being thought ‘ reactionary.’ Besides, he was understood to say that someone he wanted to do a favour to asked him to invite Brinkdorff.”

“ That ‘ someone ’ being Oscar Franklin, I’ll bet,” laughed Kavanagh. “ I’m told the P.M. consults him about everything.”

“ More than likely. But to return to the matter in hand. What use are we going to make of Brinkdorff’s visit to Bogazzo ? ”

“ I wish we could get into the Temple on Tuesday and hear what he has to say.”

“ So do I. But I can’t for the life of me see how we’re to manage that.”

Brandon was silent for a moment and then added :

"At any rate, let's go and have a look at him on his arrival. We can be hovering round the inn—the Capello Nero, isn't it?—about midday and watch for cars arriving. I should like uncommonly to see that gentleman at close quarters."

Accordingly at a quarter to twelve on Tuesday Brandon and Kavanagh, strolling along the village street, became deeply engrossed in studying the picture post cards displayed for sale in the small stationer's shop opposite the Capello Nero. But half an hour went by and no car showed signs of stopping at the door of the inn.

"What about going inside and ordering *apéritifs*?" suggested Brandon.

"Good. We can put in a good deal of time over that," Kavanagh agreed.

Crossing the road, they entered the Capello Nero and asked for a couple of *vermouths* to be served them in the hall. The waiter, a striking-looking personage with the head of a Roman Emperor, was fortunately slow in carrying out the order, and the two men were able to spin out the drinking of their *apéritifs* for another half-hour. At last, just as the clock was striking one o'clock, the sound of a motor could be heard drawing up at the door.

The next moment two travellers entered the hall—a lean, sickly-looking man in a black felt hat, with lank black hair falling over his forehead and penetrating black eyes framed in horn spectacles, followed by what was evidently his *Fidus Achates*, a short man with a small pointed black beard, wearing a Tyrolean hat.

"Do you see who that is?" Brandon whispered, looking at the latter.

"Yes. Schwartzmann, isn't it?"

Brandon nodded.

"Interesting to find them travelling together—'Fiat Lux' and the emissary of Moscow. I wonder what name he's travelling under—listen!"

For the innkeeper, a German Swiss, had hurried forward to receive the new arrivals and was addressing the lean man with the words:

"Herr Doktor Otto Brinkdorff, nicht wahr?"

The doctor bowed assent and, indicating his companion, answered in the same language:

"And my secretary Herr Emil Wolff."

Then, having removed his hat and remarked on the extreme heat of the journey, he went on to explain in a precise and pedantic manner that, being extremely fatigued, he and Herr Wolff would take their *colazione* in his private sitting-room. After that he would rest and must not be disturbed. Dinner must be served them at nineteen o'clock in the same manner. He hoped that both the rooms reserved for him were quiet so that he would be undisturbed by the traffic in the village street.

"Ja, mein Herr," the innkeeper assured him, "they look out on the lake. Not a sound from the street can be heard there. If the Herren will come this way——"

Taking a couple of keys from a hook the innkeeper prepared to lead the doctor and his companion towards the staircase when, from the back of the hall, there suddenly stepped forth the figure of Alessandro holding in his hand a large bouquet of flowers.

"With the compliments of the Signora Contessa Zapraksy," he said with his usual gleaming smile and bowing as he handed the bouquet to the doctor. "She desired to present the Signor dottore with some

flowers from the Villa Pax Mundi on his arrival."

"Please convey my thanks to the Signora Contessa," Brinkdorff replied in halting Italian. At that moment Alessandro's eyes fell on his companion, and as they did so the smile faded from his face. But this change of expression passed unnoticed by the travellers, who were making their way towards the staircase in the wake of the innkeeper.

Alessandro, watching them, remained for a moment transfixed, then stepping up to the waiter who had been standing by throughout the scene, said a few words to him in a rapid undertone, whereat a look of malevolent fury flashed out on the face of the Roman Emperor.

"Come outside, Terence, I've had an idea," whispered Brandon. The two men made their way into the street.

"Well, what is it?" Kavanagh asked as soon as they were safely out of earshot.

"It's this. I've been watching Brinkdorff carefully and I believe I could make up to look like him."

"And then?"

"And then impersonate him at the meeting in the Temple to-night."

"It's a marvellous idea, Jimmy. But what will you do meanwhile with the real Brinkdorff and his companion?"

"That's just it—where we've got to get Alessandro to help us. You noticed the look he gave Schwartzmann the moment he recognised him?"

"Rather. Enough to kill the little beast stone dead."

"Just so. And if we tell Alessandro what is true—that Schwartzmann is an active member of the Inter-

national Anti-Mussolini League, he'll be game for anything. When it's a case of tackling an anti-Fascist, Alessandro can be depended on to put his back into the job. Wait, I see him coming. We'll tackle him at once."

The street was very quiet, sunk in its midday slumber, and there seemed little danger of listening ears when the manservant reached the spot where the two Englishmen were standing.

"Well, Alessandro," said Brandon in a low voice, "so you recognised our friend Schwartzmann?"

"Yes, Signore—the rat of Moscow!" the man snarled angrily, grinding his white teeth together.

"And you pointed him out to the waiter at the Capello Nero?"

"Sicuro. Carlo is a friend of mine. He also is a Fascista."

"Ah! And what did Carlo say?"

"He said it would be a good opportunity to——" and Alessandro drew his hand across his throat with a significant gesture.

Brandon nodded.

"H'm. Carlo said that? Now I wonder whether he could manage to keep Schwartzmann and the doctor as well, prisoners in their rooms this evening. Prevent them forcibly from going out, I mean?"

Alessandro stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"In that case it would be necessary to gag and bind them? Or perhaps to hit them over the head?"

"No, nothing so violent. Carlo perhaps will take their dinner up to them this evening?"

"Yes, Signore."

"Then if he could manage to slip something into their soup."

"Poison?" Alessandro interposed eagerly.

"No, no, Alessandro, not poison—only a drug. Something that will give them both a good night's rest and ensure their not waking for at least ten hours. Give one of these to Carlo," Brandon went on, taking two one-hundred lire notes from his pocket-book and handing them to the Italian. "Tell him that if he is able to do as I have suggested he shall have five times as much as this to-night."

"Bene," answered Alessandro, slipping the notes into his pocket. "But if the Signore can provide me with what is necessary?"

"That's all right. Come along to the hotel and I'll fix you up."

Brandon habitually travelled with a variety of drugs in case of emergency, and had therefore no difficulty in supplying Alessandro with the required dose of a tasteless and innocuous narcotic that could be depended on to keep Brinkdorff and his companion in a deep sleep till morning.

"Remember, Alessandro, we shall be on the look out at nine-thirty this evening. If all has gone well, Carlo will make a signal at the door of the inn with the napkin he carries over his shoulder. Then we shall know that we can enter safely and Carlo will show us up to the doctor's rooms."

"Benissimo, Signore." And Alessandro, evidently entering whole-heartedly into the spirit of the adventure, set forth for the Capello Nero, to carry out his mission.

The next thing was to enlist the help of Rosamund in coaching Brandon for the evening's ceremony.

"It's a frightfully bold thing to attempt," was her comment when Brandon had unfolded his scheme.

"I can't imagine how you're going to pass yourself off as Doctor Brinkdorff."

"Ah, you haven't realised the possibilities of my adaptable face. I don't think I shall have much difficulty in making it a very fair imitation of Brinkdorff's cadaverous countenance. Remember that none of the people at the Villa have ever apparently seen him except Doctor Hensley, who is short-sighted. Besides, it will be night-time. There's no electric light at the inn, and I conclude the ceremony in the Temple will take place in semi-darkness?"

"Yes. By the light of a few black candles."

"Good. Under those conditions I think I shall pass all right. Now I must mug up the ritual—luckily I have the one you gave me here. And you must help me with the signs, passwords, and anything else I shall have to know. Do you think I shall have to take any part in the proceedings?"

"No, Brinkdorff would probably only be expected to look on and deliver the message from the Hidden Chiefs."

"Then I'll have that ready. Wait—I've got an idea!"

"What is it?"

"If only," Brandon said slowly, "it was possible to send an adept of the Order off on an errand to one of these mysterious beings, we might——"

"I see," Kavanagh interposed eagerly; "follow him up and see where the track led to?"

Brandon nodded. "It's a bit of a gamble, but worth trying. In this sort of work it's the wildest chances that often come off best."

That evening at 9.30 the waiter at the Capello Nero was seen to appear at the door of the inn and

whisk away some crumbs from one of the tables in front of the door. A moment later, Brandon and Kavanagh entered the inn and, addressing the aforesaid waiter, asked to be shown up to Dr. Brinkdorff's apartment. Carlo, without betraying the least emotion on his imperial countenance, turned impassively and led the way up the staircase to the first floor. Only as he opened the door of Dr. Brinkdorff's sitting-room he said in a low voice with a jerk of his head in the direction of the bedroom opening out of it :

"He sleeps." And with a gesture towards a room on the other side of the passage, he added : "The other one, he sleeps also."

"Good. You had no difficulty, Carlo ? "

"None, Signore. The dottore after taking his dinner found himself overcome with slumber, and observing to his secretary that he would take some repose before going out this evening, went to lie down. The secretary did the same. They will not wake till morning. See, Signore ! " and opening the bedroom door noisily, Carlo indicated the sleeping form of Dr. Brinkdorff—attired in his underclothes—which the rattle of the handle failed to disturb.

"Shake him gently, Carlo."

The man obeyed. But still Brinkdorff did not stir.

"That's all right," said Brandon, slipping five hundred lire into the waiter's hand. "Now in about half an hour they will come from the Villa Pax Mundi to fetch the doctor—possibly it will be the Contessa Zapraksy herself. Whoever it is, you will show them up here to the sitting-room. Soon after you will see the doctor going out with them. That will not surprise you ? "

"No, certainly," replied Carlo, over whose face the light of comprehension had been gradually breaking and whose mouth now widened into a joyful grin. "It will seem the most natural thing in the world, Signore."

Carlo having departed with a chuckle, Brandon turned to Kavanagh and said :

"Now we must get to work. The first thing is to find his ceremonial robes and insignia that I shall have to take with me to the meeting. Have a hunt for them, Terence, whilst I start on my make-up."

Kavanagh began ransacking drawers and cupboards. Meanwhile Brandon, discarding his own suit of clothes, slipped into the loose black garments of the unconscious "Master," tied his black silk necktie loosely round his throat, drew forward a lock of his own hair, stained it with a dark hair-dye he had brought with him, and let it flop over one eye as he drew Brinkdorff's black felt hat down over his head. Then he started on his features.

"To people who have never seen Brinkdorff in the flesh," he announced at last, "I really think I should appear to be his spit and image !"

Kavanagh, who had found Brinkdorff's ceremonial get-up and was busily stuffing it into a bag, looked round to see what indeed seemed to be the doctor standing before him—cadaverous cheeks and large front teeth all complete.

"Jimmy, it's amazing ; how on earth did you manage it ?"

"Prachtvoll, nicht wahr ?" said Brandon, mimicking Brinkdorff's pedantic pronunciation.

"But I don't understand—you've made *both* eyes black !"

"Yes—a fine black glass-eye, isn't it? And a spot of belladonna in the other to enlarge the pupil. I don't see with it very well, but Brinkdorff's known to be myopic. By the way, I'd better be rather ill to start with in case I get into a tight place and have to be taken worse in order to get out of it. What about this?" and Brandon assumed a tragically sick and sorry expression.

"Magnificent, Jimmy—hullo, is that someone knocking at the sitting-room door?"

"Yes, they've come to fetch me. So long, old fellow."

"So long, and good luck. I'll follow when you're off the premises."

Brandon went into the sitting-room, carefully closing the door behind him and arranging a solitary candle behind his chair so that his face remained in shadow. "*Herein!*" he called out quaveringly.

The door opened, and the Countess with her secretary, Miss McNab, entered, making the Tau sign as they came towards him.

Brandon responded in the same manner.

"You find me weak and ill, Sorores," he said in a weary voice, "yet ready nevertheless to accompany you to the Temple."

Much to his embarrassment, both women fell on their knees before him, clasping the hand held out to them; whilst the Countess exclaimed rapturously:

"At last I am in the presence of the Master!"

"And these," thought Brandon, "are the people who talk about freeing humanity from the thralldom of the priesthood!" But aloud he said in the jargon of the cult: "Sorores, I salute you in the mystic title of Amen-ra. Now lead me to the Temple."

Overcome by the honour that had befallen them of guiding the Master's footsteps, the two disciples led Brandon downstairs, past Carlo, who stood, gravely saluting, in the hall, and out of the inn, where the Countess said in a low voice :

" We are leading you on foot, Honourable Master, since you decided the fatigue would not be too great for you. To go by road entails a long *détour*. On foot we can take a short cut through the forest by which we shall reach the Temple in ten minutes."

Kavanagh had determined not to let Brandon out of sight without discovering whither he was being taken and, as soon as they started off, followed in their wake until from the distance he saw them finally turn in at the gate of the clinic " Nirvana."

Throughout the walk hardly a word had been spoken ; the Countess, having enquired after the doctor's health and received the answer that he was far from well, relapsed into silence.

Opening the gate beside the brass plate which indicated that massage and osteopathic treatment might be had within, the Countess led the way to the door, on which she knocked three times. It was instantly opened by a neophyte wearing the insignia of the Order of the Phoenix.

" Welcome, Honourable Frater," he said in a low voice, making the Tau sign, to which Brandon again responded. Beckoning to him to follow, the young man led him downstairs and along a narrow passage into a small dark room, where, from the garments hanging round the walls, Brandon concluded he was intended to change into his ceremonial robes. Left alone, he dived into the bag packed for him by Kavanagh and drew out a long purple silk garment adorned

with cabalistic symbols, a sort of Egyptian headdress which he recognised as the "Nemys" described to him by Rosamund, a couple of silk sashes of different colours, and the ornaments composing the Insignia belonging to his rank. After slipping into the purple robe, he placed the Nemys on his head, crossed the two sashes over his shoulders, and affixed the Insignia to his breast—on one side a Phoenix rising from the flames and on the other a Serpent twined around a large red rose in coloured stones. Thus attired he made his way out of the dressing-room and following the Neophyte, who stood waiting in the passage, walked towards the door which, in answer to three more knocks, opened to reveal the Temple.

It was a long, low, dark chamber, illumined only by the light of seven black wax candles placed on a sort of stand in the middle. A heavy smell of incense filled the air. Around the walls he could dimly distinguish the figures of men and women in different varieties of ceremonial robes seated on long low benches, whilst two others sat apart on a raised dais at the end of the room. As Brandon appeared in the doorway, one of the two rose, and descending from the dais came towards him, making the Tau sign. Brandon again responded, and stretching his arms out before him with the swimming stroke described by Rosamund, allowed himself to be led up to a sort of throne upon the dais.

A silence ensued, during which Brandon was able to take in the details of the scene before him. In the middle of the floor was a vault made of concrete in which the outline of a coffin could be dimly discerned. At one end of the room was the altar, made of black wood in the form of a double cube, on which was placed a large red rose in a crystal vase, a red lamp, a blue

glass cup with what looked like water in it, and a red cross surmounting a white triangle that seemed to be made of ivory.

In front of the altar was a table on which five white marble tablets and a pack of tarot cards were laid. Incense was burning in a small brazier on a tripod near-by.

Immediately before him on the dais, Brandon noticed a small pedestal on which a variety of objects were spread out—a pair of bellows, a glass of water, a clod of earth, and a small bowl of oil with a burning wick floating in the middle. What the devil was he to do with these? Then he remembered their significance—earth, air, fire, and water of course. Repressing a smile, he tried to identify the different office-bearers described in the ritual. Yes, they were all there—the Hierophant seated on another throne facing the dais, holding in one hand a sceptre ending in a Tau cross and in the other a silver aspergillus such as Catholics use for sprinkling holy water. Between two marble pillars, one black, one rose colour, at the west of the altar sat the Hegemon, on the other side was the Hiereus, whilst the Kerux, the Stolistria, and the Dadouchos sat on seats apart against the wall.

Of the two men seated beside him on the dais Brandon had only been able to catch a glimpse; in one he recognised Dr. Hensley, whilst the other—a stout man with a short beard—seemed to him vaguely familiar. He was now unable to take a further look without turning his head and appearing to stare into his neighbour's face, so he sat rigidly motionless, only allowing his eyes to wander over the assembly. Amongst the figures ranged round the walls he now perceived Countess Zapraksy, Miss McNab, and Frau

Schnorrer, whilst one of the three blindfolded candidates for initiation seated near the door was clearly no other than that shining light of Conservative drawing-rooms—Lady Caroline Wentlock.

During the continued silence Brandon wondered anxiously whether he would be called upon to begin the ceremony, but his mental tension was soon relieved by the voice of the Hegemon announcing: "The Master of the Gateway will now open the Temple." Whereupon the Hierophant from his throne called upon each officer in turn to state his office and duty. As one after another rose and responded to the summons Brandon breathed a sigh of relief—evidently Rosamund had been right in concluding his rôle was only to be that of the presiding genius.

The Hierophant now left his throne and advanced towards the altar, followed by the Kerux carrying a lamp, the Stolistria bearing cups of water, and the Dadouchos wielding fire censers. Then passing to each corner of the Temple the Celebrant proceeded to sprinkle water to the four points of the compass from the silver aspergillus, intoning the while a sort of incantation in what appeared to be a mixture of German and Hebrew:

"Water descending from Binah . . . pure water . . . water of contemplation . . . fire of Geburah . . . fire of aspiration. . . ."

Brandon, seated motionless on the dais, felt a sense of unreality creeping over him, the dim light, the voluptuous Eastern smell of the incense, the chanting voice of the Hierophant, to which other chanting voices responded in the same key, the bizarre decorations of the Temple, the silent figures in their strange robes seated round the walls—all seemed like some

mad dream from which unhappily there seemed no hope of soon awakening. For the ceremony—in parts like a parody of the Catholic Mass—went on endlessly. Brandon judged at last that quite an hour must have gone by since he entered the Temple. How could people spend their nights in this weary kind of masquerade?

Now came the ceremony of initiation, when three candidates, their eyes bandaged, were solemnly paraded round the Temple and then led up to the altar, where they knelt down asking for Light, and with their hands placed upon the marble tablets took the obligation to secrecy under penalty of expulsion and death or palsy from punitive current of will.

The Hierophant then seated himself again on his throne and after a discourse on the Hebrew Cabbala, proceeded to make the following announcement:

“Fratres et Sorores, our very honoured Frater Fiat Lux will now deliver the message communicated to him by the Secret and Hidden Chiefs of the Inner Order.”

Brandon was quite ready. His plan of campaign had been carefully thought out. From certain passages in the intercepted correspondence he had gathered that another member of the Twenty-five, who was in touch with one of the Hidden Chiefs located in Bavaria, and referred to as Semper Paratus, was to be present this evening. If this person could be despatched to the Hidden Chief or member of the Zodiac in question, it would be possible, by following on his track, to discover the identity of at least one member of that mysterious circle.

Accordingly in a solemn voice he delivered the following oration in German:

“Fratres et Sorores. The Secret and Hidden Chiefs

of the Inner Order send you greeting. They commend you for your zeal in carrying out the Great Work. Before long your efforts will be rewarded. The world is awaking. The light shines from the East, and soon the whole Western hemisphere will be illumined by its beams. Then will dawn the Golden Age of which the sages dreamed and the sacred tradition handed down through generations of great Initiates will become the law of human life. Then wars and political strife will be no more and the Great White Lodge will rule supreme over the destinies of mankind. Yours is the glorious task of hastening that day by shedding the light on all around you and by developing those powers which have already raised you above the common herd of men.

"But further instructions of a precise nature must be made to you. Therefore it is desired that Semper Paratus shall present himself before the Hidden Chief in Bavaria without delay. He will start to-morrow morning and journey without pause until he reaches his destination."

Everyone bowed and a voice from a shadowy figure in the corner answered:

"The Order shall be obeyed."

Who could this be? With a rapid glance in the direction of the speaker Brandon recognised Grünberg, an agent of the Soviet Government and a man of far more importance than Schwartzmann. This was interesting, providing as it did a direct link between the occult and the revolutionary movement.

The ceremony concluded with another "prayer" from the Hierophant and the exchange of mystic signs, after which the whole assembly rose and moved to the door.

Brandon was just congratulating himself on having got through his part with brilliant success when Dr. Hensley and the man with the beard who had sat beside him on the dais came towards him and said :

"It is our desire to accompany Frater Fiat Lux home through the forest."

Brandon could only bow assent, and after everyone had changed out of their ceremonial robes, the two men placed themselves at each side of him and all three made their way out of the house.

"You must excuse me if I do not converse at length to-night, I am feeling far from well," Brandon observed in an exhausted voice, feeling that the moment might be approaching when he would have to be taken ill.

His companions made no reply, but after a few minutes, when well out of earshot of the house and alone in the silence of the forest, they glanced at each other, halted, and the man with the beard said abruptly :

"I am sorry, Brinkdorff, but we must ask you for your proofs." The tone was authoritative—the supposed Brinkdorff was evidently in the presence of one of his superiors.

"My proofs? I do not understand—what proofs?" Brandon asked faintly.

"Your proofs of identity. We must tell you frankly that we have doubts as to whether you are really Brinkdorff. If so you have certainly changed since we last met. We did not wish to challenge you before the assembly, but now that we are alone we must submit you to certain tests. First of all—this." And Brandon observed that he was making a masonic sign. Recollecting Brinkdorff's masonic degrees,

Brandon quickly adjusted himself to the situation and made the answering sign. The man then put out his hand and Brandon gave him the grip of the same degree. His interlocutor looked relieved and then uttered the sacred words :

"Nekamah bealim."

"Pharasch-chol," Brandon answered instantly.

"Can you go further?"

"Frederick," said Brandon.

"Of Prussia. Good. Now to try the path of Sophia."

"Isis."

"Osiris. That is well."

Brandon breathed a sigh of relief. He had passed both the Grand Orient and Rite of Misraim tests successfully.

"All the same," the man went on, "I must ask you for an explanation of what has happened to-night, Brinkdorff. How is it that you, who are only of the Twenty-five, are commissioned by Sagittarius to deliver a message of which I, who am also of the Twelve, have been kept in ignorance?"

Brandon suppressed a start. This was an uncommonly awkward situation for which he had been entirely unprepared. He had not counted on meeting one of the Hidden Chiefs themselves. At the same time the discovery was a thrilling one. If the Hidden Chief of Bavaria was known as Sagittarius and this man was "also of the Twelve," then the Zodiac and the Hidden Chiefs must be identical—as he supposed. But how did a member of that mysterious circle come to be present at a gathering of this obscure secret society? Who could he be? Scanning his features by the faint light of the moon that flickered through

the branches of the forest trees Brandon racked his brains to think where he had seen that thick neck, that heavy jaw, those bulging black eyes before. Suddenly he remembered—this was Oscar Franklin! And Oscar Franklin was of the Twelve! As these thoughts passed like a flash through his mind Brandon resolved to put his theory to a final test, and quickly recovering his presence of mind said humbly :

“ I must ask your forgiveness ; my sight is somewhat defective. I did not recognise you at once. Besides, I was not prepared to meet one of the Zodiac in such an assembly.”

He had hardly time to finish the sentence before Franklin said hastily : “ Stop ! Do you not know that word must never be mentioned ? ”

“ But we three are alone.”

“ Never mind. You must train yourself to caution.”

“ Well, then, one of the Hidden Chiefs——”

Franklin nodded, and Brandon, having proved this all-important point, went on :

“ I did not expect that one of the Hidden Chiefs would be present to-night.”

“ No doubt that may seem to you surprising,” answered Franklin. “ But it happened accidentally. I am now on my way to Venice. My car broke down close to Bogazzo ; it was necessary to stop for repairs. The Countess being a friend of mine, I asked her hospitality. She explained that there was to be a meeting in the Temple this evening and begged me as a special favour to attend. I could not refuse. She is aware only that I am a high member of the Order ; of my position as one of the Twelve she knows of course nothing. But I thought it advisable to inform you that I should be at the ceremony in the Temple

and therefore communicated with you at the inn. Did you not receive my note ? ”

“ I received no note.”

“ That is extraordinary. I sent a sealed letter saying : ‘ I shall be present this evening,’ signed with the symbol of Capricornus.”

Brandon shook his head.

“ The letter was not given to me. It must have been overlooked.” To himself he added : “ So Capricornus of the Zodiac is Oscar Franklin ! ” For a moment the exhilaration caused by this fresh discovery almost made him forget the dangers of the situation.

“ But the other letter—in cypher—that I wrote to you a week ago ? ” Franklin persisted.

“ Ah, of course, to be sure,” said Brandon, “ I received that safely, but having momentarily mislaid the key to the cypher there were portions I was not able to decode completely.”

Franklin raised his eyebrows and looked across at Dr. Hensley, who nodded his head as if in assent.

“ All this is very strange,” said Franklin.

“ Very strange indeed,” Dr. Hensley agreed.

Both men fixed their eyes searchingly on Brandon, and as they did so he became acutely conscious of their powerful personalities—clearly they were trying to hypnotise him, but Brandon was proof against such methods, and kept his eyes fixed on the lips of his interlocutors. This momentarily disconcerted them, and in the pause that ensued Brandon was able to think out his next move. He decided that the time had come to be taken ill.

“ Excuse me,” he said, “ if I do not continue this conversation, but since my illness some years ago I have been subject to acute attacks of exhaustion.

And," passing his hand wearily across his brow, "I am feeling far from well to-night and am anxious to retire to rest."

His two companions looked at each other, then Franklin said with a nod to Dr. Hensley, "I will bid you good-night—you will doubtless wish to return to the Villa. Meanwhile, I will accompany Brinkdorff to the inn and see him safely to his room."

"Oh, I assure you there is no necessity for that," said Brandon, appalled at the suggestion. What on earth was he to do if Franklin persisted in following him to the bedside of the unconscious Brinkdorff? Besides, on arriving at the inn his features might be exposed to a stronger light than that of the Temple or the forest. But nothing would induce the financier to leave him. Fortunately, however, the inn had remained extremely primitive, and the hall, when they entered, was only dimly illumined by a single oil-lamp.

Still remaining firmly at his side, Franklin insisted on helping the supposed Brinkdorff up the stairs to his sitting-room. Brandon struck a match and lit a candle carefully, placing it in such a position as to throw as little light as possible on his face.

"Where is your secretary?" Franklin said, looking round the room.

"I don't know. He went out for a walk late in the evening and has probably retired to bed. If you will excuse me I will now do the same," said Brandon faintly. And he made hastily for the bedroom door.

"No, Brinkdorff, I cannot leave you alone in this state of exhaustion." And he came forward as if to go through the door into the bedroom.

Brandon's head whirled. It was the tightest

situation he had ever been in, and for a moment his inventive faculties failed him. Then recovering himself he grasped the financier's arm and said earnestly :

"Listen, since you're kind enough to take such good care of me, perhaps you wouldn't mind calling a waiter to bring me a glass of Schnapps—it's the only thing that brings me round when I get one of these attacks."

If only Franklin could be got out of the room for a moment it might be possible to escape through the window! But the financier crossed over to the bell and pressed it. "I can ring for the waiter," he said calmly.

Brandon, now really desperate, started on another tack. "All right," he said, "I'll say good-night to you and go to bed." And he moved once more towards the bedroom door.

Franklin nodded amiably and answered : "Good. But I remain till the waiter has brought the Schnapps. Then when I have seen you drink it, I retire." And he seated himself firmly in an armchair.

"Very well," said Brandon, "then if you'll excuse me I will go and prepare for bed," and he vanished through the door into the bedroom, closing it behind him.

There on the bed lay Brinkdorff, still sunk in drugged slumber.

It was the matter of a moment for Brandon to discard the doctor's clothes, but there was no time to put on his own, for were Franklin to make a sudden incursion the game would be up. So hastily rolling them up into a bundle he dropped them out of the window on to the terrace below. Then climbing on to the sill he prepared to follow them, clad only in his underclothes. Whew! it would be a nasty drop

on to the stone flags beneath, but mercifully a few creepers straggled up the side of the house. Swinging himself out by the wooden rail that ran along the window-ledge he contrived to grasp the thick stem of a wistaria by which he descended gradually to within ten feet of the ground, then with the agility of a cat he jumped the remaining space and landed on the top of a small shrub in safety.

"That was a near thing!" he said to himself, taking a deep breath, and snatching up his clothes from the ground, he disappeared like lightning round the corner. As he pulled on his coat and trousers under the friendly shelter of an oleander by the gate a storm of laughter shook him at the thought of the financier sitting patiently in his chair waiting for Schnapps to revive the fainting Brinkdorff. By the way, what *would* happen when the real Brinkdorff was discovered?

CHAPTER X

ON THE TRACK OF THE CONSPIRACY

BRANDON'S adventure in the Temple had led to more than he had dared to hope. Franklin's question: "How is it that you who are only of the Twenty-five are commissioned by Sagittarius to deliver a message of which I, who am of the Twelve, have been kept in ignorance?" and his further reference to himself as Capricornus, definitely confirmed his theory that the Zodiac and the Hidden Chiefs were identical, and that the former name was known only to the Twelve and to the Twenty-five forming the outer ring of the Inner Circle. Not once had a Zodiacal name been used in the Lodge, where Franklin, who had afterwards revealed himself as Capricornus, had been addressed as *Potens inter Potentes*.

The identity of one member of the Zodiac, *alias* the Hidden Chiefs, had thus been definitely established: in order to discover a second, Sagittarius, the Hidden Chief of Bavaria, it was only necessary to follow Grünberg and find out whither his quest led.

There would be no difficulty in leaving Bogazzo, for the Countess's portrait was now finished. Rosamund and her mother were to leave for England on the following day. Meanwhile, the departure of Brandon and Kavanagh had been duly announced and a farewell visit paid by them at the Villa Pax Mundi on the previous afternoon. They decided, however, not to leave together, as Brandon would be freer to shadow

Grünberg if he were on his own. Besides, it would be advisable to assume a disguise. In order not to be seen in this on leaving the inn it was arranged that he should go early in the morning to the Villa, dress himself for the part with the help of Alessandro, and then go on to the station and wait for the Bolshevik to arrive. As soon as he discovered Grünberg's destination he would take a ticket for the same place and pass the information on to Rigby, who would be hovering around. Rigby would then return to Kavanagh to tell him whither Brandon had gone. Kavanagh and Rigby would then follow by a later train.

"But what are you going to do about a passport?" Kavanagh had asked when Brandon unfolded this scheme.

Brandon's face formed itself into the crease that did duty for a smile.

"Seen this?" he asked, taking a green case from his pocket and handing it to Kavanagh.

It was a German passport made out in the name of Johann Straube, with an address in Berlin, and bearing on the first page a photograph of a full-faced Teuton with a brushed-up moustache and a slight cast in one eye.

"Who on earth is this?" Kavanagh asked in surprise.

"Oh, a German pal of mine in London who kindly lends me his passport on occasion. Pleasant-looking fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, far pleasanter than you. But surely you can't make up to look like that?"

"Wait and see," Brandon said with a laugh, putting the case back into his pocket.

In accordance with this plan, Brandon, in the guise

of Johann Straube, arrived at Bogazzo station in time for the 8.45 train, and as soon as Grünberg appeared on the scene contrived to place himself in the queue at the ticket office, where he was able to hear him say distinctly :

“ A first-class ticket for Brandesheim.”

Brandon then procured a third-class ticket to the same Bavarian town, passed its name on to Rigby, and took his own place in the train.

Throughout the journey into Germany he kept a close watch on Grünberg, making sure that he was not descending at any intermediate station. When at last they reached Brandesheim, Brandon again placed himself close to Grünberg at the exit of the station, where the latter hailed a taxi and ordered the chauffeur to take him to the Hôtel International. Brandon, entering another cab, followed in his wake, and put up at an inn not far from the hotel.

All had now worked out according to plan. Kavanagh might be expected to arrive by the next train, and would call at the post-office for the letter left there by Brandon telling him where both he and Grünberg were staying. Kavanagh and Rigby would then put up at the Hôtel International so that a treble watch would be kept on Grünberg's movements.

Meanwhile, Brandon kept the man under close observation. Calculating that he would certainly take some food on arrival, he himself consumed a hasty meal and then going out into the street strolled about for an hour, keeping his eyes on the door of the hotel. At last Grünberg was seen to emerge and make his way towards the residential part of the town. Brandon followed behind him as he turned out of the main street, and after about ten minutes reached an

avenue of magnificent villas, each in its own garden. At the gate of one of the most opulent of these, decorated floridly with wreaths and elaborate cornices, Grünberg halted and pulled the bell.

Brandon, with his coat over his arm and his handkerchief spread over his head beneath his straw hat like a typical German tourist feeling the heat, reached the spot just as the porter opened the gate in response to Grünberg's peal and recognised him with a friendly nod.

"Good-day. The gnädige Herr is not at home."

"Not at home?" Grünberg repeated in astonishment. "But I come by command. The message was brought me by word of mouth. I have travelled far in obedience to the summons."

"There must be some mistake. The gnädige Herr has left home. He went away yesterday on a visit to the General von Rauschenberg at Stolzenbach."

With an impatient grunt Grünberg drew a slip of paper from his pocket-book, scribbled something on it, and handed it to the porter with the words:

"Well, then, give him that on his return."

And turning on his heel he walked back in the direction whence he came.

Brandon strolled on along the avenue. His quest, as far as Grünberg was concerned, was ended. It had led him, however, to the house of Sagittarius, for Grünberg's words, "I come by command . . . I have travelled far in obedience to a summons," could signify only one thing—that he had obeyed the order given in the Temple to present himself before the Hidden Chief of Bavaria. And Franklin had supplied the further information that Sagittarius was the name by which that Hidden Chief was known.

But who was Sagittarius? Brandon determined to discover. It would not be difficult ; there could be no secret about the owner of this pretentious villa. So after taking several turns up and down the avenue he kept a look out for some local inhabitant such as a tradesman on his rounds, who would be likely to supply the missing clue. Ah ! there was the postman approaching from the distance and stopping at each house in turn.

Placing himself in an attitude of gaping admiration in front of the villa owned by Sagittarius, Brandon waited until the man reached the gate and observed with a nod at the garlanded cornice of the villa :

" A fine house that ! To whom does it belong ? "

" You are a stranger to Brandesheim, then ? "

" Yes. On a walking tour. From Bremen."

" Ach, that accounts for it. Everyone here knows that is the house of the great financier Geldbeutel."

And with a brief "*Guten Abend*" the man went his way.

So Sagittarius was Geldbeutel of Frankfurt ! This was evidently his summer villa. The discovery was of first-class importance. There was nothing to be gained by remaining on in Brandesheim. Kavanagh and Rigby must be stopped at the station. Collecting his valise from the inn, Brandon decided to meet the train which might be expected in an hour's time.

The two travellers duly arrived, and Kavanagh on descending from the carriage swore roundly at being bumped into by a heavy German with a rucksack on his back. But to his surprise the man, instead of apologising, leant towards him and said in an undertone :

" Hold hard, Terence. Come and have a glass of

beer in the station restaurant."

"Jimmy! By Jove!" Kavanagh said under his breath. He had never seen Brandon before in his rôle of Johann Straube and could hardly believe his eyes. That the same man could impersonate the cadaverous and intellectual Brinkdorff and this gross middle-class German tourist seemed incredible until one remembered the resources of what Brandon called his adjustable features and the effect that a different set of false teeth, an eye with a cast in it, and "plumpers" could produce. But this would have been nothing without Brandon's capacity for changing his expression and suiting his movements to the part. It was less the plump contours induced by face-pads, than the heavy German look, the clumsy manner of moving, and the general bourgeois air he had been able to assume that made him unrecognisable. Even before his accident, Kavanagh remembered that as a mimic he had been able to change his whole face at will.

"Well, Terence, how did you leave Bogazzo?" Brandon said as the three seated themselves at a table in the restaurant.

"Quite well, except for one contretemps. Rosamund's mother slipped on a rock walking up a mountain road yesterday evening, and is laid up with a badly sprained ankle. So they won't be able to leave for some days. I don't quite like the idea of Rosamund being there without us. If the affair of Brinkdorff comes out, there'll be a bit of a fracas, I expect."

"No doubt. But I don't see how it could involve Rosamund even if suspicion falls on us. No one at the Villa knows anything about her connection with us or knows she's in Bogazzo—except Hensley, perhaps."

"Yes, that's true. It's lucky we kept her dark. But now what have you been able to discover here?"

Brandon related his experiences.

"It's a great step forward to have found out the name of a second member of the Zodiac," Kavanagh said when he had finished; "now we've two—Franklin—Capricornus, and Sagittarius—Geldbeutel. What's the next thing to be done? There seems no object in following Grünberg to Stolzenbach."

"No. But it might be worth while going on there. I should like uncommonly to know what Geldbeutel's up to with von Rauschenberg—von Rauschenberg, one of the Kaiser's most famous generals in the war, and a bitter enemy of England. And Stolzenbach is still in Bavaria, only half an hour away by train and quite a pleasant spot, I believe. What do you say to putting in a few days there? We might get hold of some information by a lucky chance."

"Right. I'm game."

So it was decided that the three confederates should go on to Stolzenbach, keeping apart as before, and staying at different hotels in the village.

On arrival, Brandon put up at an unpretentious inn and inscribed himself in the visitors' book as Johann Straube. To the landlord he explained that he was on a walking tour, but as he had heard that there was some excellent fishing to be had in the neighbourhood, he thought of remaining for a few days at Stolzenbach. But he found he had made a bad *gaffe*, for the landlord answered gruffly:

"There is no fishing here for visitors. All the fishing in the neighbourhood belongs to the Herr General up at the Castle. To fish there is *streng verboten*."

This was unfortunate, since fishing is an excellent occupation for anyone who wants to find out about a country district by chatting to the inhabitants. However, Brandon decided that walks with a camera might prove equally instructive, so he answered cheerfully :

" Well, anyhow, the scenery is magnificent, I shall be able to do some photography."

" Be careful then not to photograph the Castle," the landlord said in the same gruff tone, " that also is *streng verboten*."

" And why is that ? " Brandon asked in surprise.

" Oh, it's a way these military folk have—rules and regulations about everything. And then the Herr General lives in constant fear of assassination. No one is allowed to enter his property without permission and the gates are always kept locked."

It would evidently be difficult to obtain a glimpse of Geldbeutel. Still, some news about him might be picked up from village gossip. Brandon and Kavanagh resolved to spend as much time as possible in cafés listening to the conversation of the inhabitants. Kavanagh, though unable like Brandon to pass as a German, knew the language well enough to take in all that was going on around him, whilst Rigby as a prisoner in Germany had learnt to understand a good deal. It was decided that he should explain himself to be Kavanagh's French valet, an ardent Republican, somewhat hostile to England, and sympathetic to Germany. In this way the three might be able to find out something about what was going on at the Castle and incidentally to gauge the various shades of opinion with regard to international affairs.

In general the Bavarians showed themselves quite

friendly ; the joy of a new and regenerated Germany glowed in all their hearts. Only when international questions were touched on latent animosities came to the surface. Mingled with resentment at the policy pursued by the Allies after the Great War was a certain pity for these same Allies who had failed to strike the path of salvation blazed for them by Hitler. But these opinions were expressed discreetly according to whoever happened to be present.

Kavanagh as an Englishman—for his Irish name passed unnoticed by the Stolzenbachers—heard no harsh criticism of England, only regrets that in that country Germany should be so misjudged.

“ Ach ! the English ! ” one would say, “ with them we should be friends. Are we not both of Nordic race, bound by all the ties of blood ? The war was a great mistake ; our English cousins should not have taken up arms on behalf of France. An effete race, the French. For fifty years their population has been at a standstill.”

Rigby, however, as a supposed Frenchman heard a different story.

“ How can you endure to live in England, that land of wooden-heads ? The English do not understand government. Look at their unemployed, who are paid to do nothing ! A fine country that ! The French, now, they are a spirited people, clever, industrious, thrifty ; they know how to work. With them we ought to come to an understanding.”

It was reserved for Brandon as a German tourist to hear their real opinions of both nations.

At a café one evening a political discussion arose.

“ The French and English have no national spirit,” observed a Nazi. “ They are both content to be ruled

by the Jews—France by those of the masonic lodges, England by those in her Government and public offices.”

“England is rotten with Pacifism,” said another ; “her young men declare they will not fight for King or country. A race like that is finished.”

“Yes,” said the first man, “Communism is the real force there. Already the English revolution has begun. Some time ago the King’s Palace was besieged by the mob. I saw a picture of it in an American paper a tourist left here at the time.”

“And when our leader’s representatives were over in London,” said the other, leaning forward eagerly, “they were surrounded with Communists who broke into the hotel where they were staying in the West End and made an uproar. Shouted and knocked over the tables where English lords were drinking coffee. Hans Schaeffer, who was there, wrote and told me all about it. But nothing was done to the rioters. The Government was afraid to act.”

“Ach, England is done for. We have nothing to fear from her. Look at her statesmen ! Already they have lost India. *We* have a leader, and we shall soon show the world what we can do !”

“And now that our Government is Jew-clean we shall no longer be betrayed !” added one young man more truculent than the rest, with a triumphant glance at a Semitic neighbour.

“We are as good Germans as you,” the Jew replied meekly ; “we fought with you in the war. And we conquered Russia.”

“Yes, you were good for that. But your bankers sold us in return for Palestine. We were never beaten in the field. If we go to war again we shall be victorious.

And this time Russia will be with us."

"Then perhaps we shall have a Socialist Germany!" a Social Democrat ventured to observe, whereat a brawl arose, and the landlord of the café had to interfere and separate the combatants.

But on one point both Nazis and Social Democrats were agreed—the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations were both absurd. Germany must be allowed freedom to arm. Eternal peace was idle talk. Force was the only thing that counted—a sentiment with which Brandon was able truthfully to express his agreement.

General von Rauschenberg appeared to be unpopular with both Nazis and Social Democrats; the Social Democrats disliking him as a supporter of the monarchy and the Nazis distrusting him for his lack of ardour in the cause of anti-Semitism. "He would never consent to getting rid of the Jewish business men," they would say. "But then his grandmother was a Rosenblatt, of Frankfurt, so what can one expect?"

At stated hours of the day Brandon and Kavanagh arranged to meet on a bridge outside the village and stroll into the wood close by so as to compare notes far from listening ears.

"What I can't understand," Kavanagh said, "is why a Pan-German General should be fraternising with a member of the Zodiac, who in his turn is giving orders to a representative of the Soviet Government."

"Yes, it may seem odd, but Geldbeutel is one of the principal controllers of German industry, and was the representative of the Entwaffnungs Commission of the V.V.I.D., whose avowed job was to carry out the Treaty of Versailles, but whose real aim was to arm Germany. They worked in with the Bolsheviks to

make forbidden arms, submarines, poison gas, and so on. The General being one of the old Monarchist gang which believed in co-operating with Moscow to bring about a war of revenge, therefore finds a useful ally in Geldbeutel. Some years ago at any rate he was a member of the Druidenorden, whose idea was to help Communist propaganda to spread in other countries and so start the rot. These people think they're clever enough to stop it in Germany, whilst the Bolsheviks on their part feel sure they can out-manceuvre the Germans when the share-out comes. Their real aims of course are poles apart, but the means to the end—world revolution outside Germany—is the same. They'll work together till France and England are down and out."

"Then you think the General's not altogether hostile to Moscow?"

"I think he'll be prepared to use anything that would serve his purpose—even the German Communists if their violence could be turned against the Allies of the Great War. That's where he and his kind differ from the Nazis. *They're* for tearing up Communism root and branch. He's for using it. That seems to me his game in fraternising with Geldbeutel."

"There is news to-day," a Nazi observed one evening, sitting down at a table close to Brandon. "You know that Geldbeutel the banker is staying at the Castle. And now some English swine-hounds are to arrive to-morrow. I heard it from the General's manservant. He believes they are Labour members of the English Parliament."

"No doubt they are here to intrigue with Geldbeutel," said another. "We ought to have got him

out of the country long ago."

Brandon meeting Kavanagh that evening at their usual rendezvous in the wood by the river, told him the news of the expected visitors at the Castle.

"We'd better keep a look out to-morrow evening," said Kavanagh, "and see who they are. If you manage to be at the station, I'll be strolling along the road past the Castle. We ought to be able to get a glimpse of them like that."

But recognition presented no difficulty. When the train came in, the well-known figures of Jos. Bagnall, James Pudsey, and George Renton—three prominent members of the British Labour Party—could be clearly seen entering the General's large Mercédès, but, more surprising, they were preceded by another figure, still more familiar, a charming vision in a light silk overcoat and a hat to which only the Rue de la Paix could have given birth—Mrs. Murray Bateman.

"That's a rum show!" Kavanagh said to Brandon when they met again by appointment on the bridge that afternoon. "What on earth is Mrs. Murray Bateman doing in that party?"

"I don't know it's as rum as you think," answered Brandon. "I've always told you that lady's movements were worth following. Remember, Bateman has a lot of money in Germany. He's an intimate friend of Oscar Franklin. And Oscar Franklin's a member of the Zodiac—why shouldn't Mrs. Bateman visit another member of that interesting collection? By the way, I saw in the paper this morning that she'd gone abroad to drink the waters at Schlangenbad."

"Oh, so this little trip is evidently being kept quiet. I'd give anything to know what they're up to at the Castle."

"That's what we've got to find out. I've been reconnoitring round the walls, by the way, and there's one point where they stop and end in a rusty iron gate that looks as if it was never used. It's locked of course, but one might get in that way. At any rate I mean to try."

"It's a horrid risk, Jimmy ; you'll be shot if you're caught."

"Perhaps ! More likely put into jail in Munich or somewhere. We'd better have a code ready in case I'm caught and manage to send you a message. It's got to be in German of course, and have cover names for people."

Brandon began to jot down some suggestions.

"Suppose you get away all right this evening, how will you let us know ? Shall we meet on the bridge ? " asked Kavanagh.

Brandon thought for a moment. "No. It's quite simple—watch for the light in my window at the pub. If it doesn't go on you'll know I'm not back."

"Right. In that case we'll be on the look out along the road from the Castle. So long, old chap."

At six o'clock that evening Brandon set forth on his expedition. The way to the Castle lay through the village, up a steep lane to the right, then along the edge of a ravine for about a mile. There on the left, at the bottom of a zigzag drive, were the entrance gates with a porter's lodge and a placard bearing the inscription "*Verbotener Weg.*"

From this point, the terrace of the Castle was clearly visible, and the General could be seen walking up and down it with the three Labour members, talking eagerly. Meanwhile a solitary figure, its hands clasped behind its back, stood looking out over the

balustrade to the country beyond as if sunk in meditation. Raising his field-glasses to his eyes, Brandon recognised the saturnine features of Geldbeutel.

"Keeps 'isself to 'isself, does Sagittarius!" he reflected. "Yet he's probably directing operations all the while. Ah, the others have settled down for a confidential talk!" For at this moment the General and his three companions entered a stone pavilion at the end of the terrace and were lost to sight. If only, Brandon said to himself, he could get to the other side of that high wall and conceal himself in the bushes that surrounded their retreat! He resolved to try.

Making his way round to the rusty gate at the back of the Castle grounds, he began to examine the lock and found to his surprise that with the application of a touch of oil and the introduction of a strong steel wire he had brought with him it could be pushed back without great difficulty. Then opening the gate he found himself inside the walls. "This is too easy," he said to himself, "something's bound to happen." And so it did. For, having passed safely through the woodland that bordered on the garden, he was just about to creep through the bushes at the back of the pavilion when a loud voice called:

"Halt!"

Brandon stopped as if he had indeed been shot as Kavanagh had predicted, and turned to see a powerful Jäger on the path only ten feet away pointing a revolver at his head. Instantly he threw up his arms. The man, still covering him with the weapon, advanced towards him:

"What are you doing here?" he said gruffly.

Remembering his rôle of German hiker, Brandon answered:

" I desired an interview with His Excellency."

" What for ? "

" Well, the Herr General is a famous man. And I had never seen him."

" This is not the way to approach him. Keep your hands up while I go through your pockets."

Brandon had been careful to leave the oil and steel wire at the gate and to carry nothing more compromising than a clasp knife and a pencil on his person. The Jäger, after a careful search, seemed somewhat reassured.

" I don't know whether you're a fool or a knave," he said, " but anyhow, you'll have to be locked up till His Excellency says what's to be done with you. Come on."

And grasping Brandon firmly by the arm he marched him through the back door of the Castle, and along a stone passage, at the end of which he opened a door into a small dark room with windows raised high from the ground.

" In here ! " he said briefly and, signing to Brandon to enter, he went out, locking the door behind him.

" A nasty hole to have got into," Brandon said to himself as the man's footsteps died away in the distance. The lock of this door, without a wire to help him, would certainly not be so easy to pick. Besides, once outside it he would certainly be re-arrested. The window offered no hope of escape. Placing a chair beneath it, he found that he could only just reach it with his hands, and the stone framework being rounded offered no edge that could be grasped with the fingers.

Well, there was nothing to be done but wait and hope that his native wit would help him to explain matters to

the formidable Herr General. If necessary he could feign to be a harmless lunatic anxious to obtain a glimpse of a celebrity. Meanwhile mercifully he had his cigarette-case with him.

Hours seemed to pass. A sonorous gong sounded the dinner-hour of the Castle.

Suddenly a key grated in the lock, the door opened, and the Jäger entered, carrying a plate of food and a glass of water in his hands.

"The Herr General is engaged to-night. He can't see you till to-morrow. You'll have to spend the night here. Here's some supper. We don't want you to starve to death." And turning on his heel he left the room again.

"Looks exactly like a dog's dinner!" Brandon thought as he contemplated the large chunks of meat, bread, and potatoes jumbled together on the plate. However, he was hungry and managed to consume the far from tempting meal.

All at once the sound of music struck on his ears—in the distance someone was playing Dvořák's "Humoresque" on the piano, just as he remembered hearing Mrs. Murray Bateman play it after a dinner-party in London. Was she playing it to-night? Moving to the door he listened at the keyhole, thinking the sound would be clearer there, but on the contrary it seemed farther away. Where was it coming from? At the other end of the room he could hear it plainly—ah! he had got it! It was coming down the chimney! Close up to the old-fashioned fireplace it was quite distinct; stooping he pushed his head inside it above the fireplace grate. By Jove! how wide it was, though! Much wider than one would have guessed from the outside, which had been modernised. It was

evidently one of those queer old chimneys up which little sweeps used to be sent in the old days as in *Water Babies*. Would it be possible to climb it and escape that way? It was worth trying—but not yet, the Castle was still awake; he would wait till everything had settled down for the night and the great clock which sounded the hours had struck that of midnight.

Soon the music ceased. People could be heard hurrying about in the passage outside, doors banging, everything being shut up for the night evidently. The key grated again in the lock and the Jäger entered, carrying a grey military blanket.

“You can wrap yourself in this for the night, we don’t want you to die of cold either. The nights are chilly. *Bis Morgen.*”

And he went out, taking the empty plate with him.

All was now silent, and before long the hour of midnight sounded. Brandon prepared for his adventure. First his coat and trousers must be removed, for should he fail to make his escape and be obliged to return whence he came no traces of soot must be found upon his clothing. To have attempted to escape by way of the chimney would make his situation worse. Clothed now only in his undergarments, he crept inside the chimney and looked up. Far, far above, the stars were shining. Feeling round the chimney breast his fingers grasped a projecting bit of stone—ah! there were footholds in the masonry. His foot found a support, slowly he pulled himself upwards. The climb seemed interminable until he reached the top, breathless, with grazed hands and feet and perspiring freely. At last, at last he was out on the roof and in the open air. Stepping carefully between the chimney stacks

he peered over the edge of the ramparts—no escape that way, the Castle walls went sheer down to the valley below. Well, he would try the front, looking over the garden. Equally hopeless! An inspection of the two remaining sides revealed the same situation—nowhere a friendly drain-pipe, a creeper, a gargoyle, or anything by which even a cat could reach the ground. Escape, he now realised, was impossible. He would have to return to his prison and face the interview with the General in the morning.

There was, however, no hurry, and seating himself on a corner of the wall he looked out over the surrounding country. Everything was wrapped in darkness, only in the distance a few lights in the village still twinkled. He looked up at the stars shining peacefully. Did they really control the destinies of human life as astrologers made out in their Zodiacal charts? Well, he was certainly under a sign of the Zodiac to-night—in the Castle that sheltered Sagittarius himself. Sagittarius, the Archer, one of the Trigon of Fire. . . .

Suddenly a hollow sound from one of the chimney-stacks near roused him from his meditations. Springing up, he went towards it and leant over the top. Voices down below! Voices that could be heard quite plainly; evidently the chimney acted as a sort of megaphone, increasing the volume of sound. He remembered in a flash reading somewhere that Louis XV, wandering on the roof at Versailles, had overheard the conversation of two of his disgruntled courtiers sitting over the fire and rewarded them the next day with a *lettre de cachet*. . . . Surely that was the General's voice. Looking down, Brandon saw a glow of light from the room below. Creeping inside the chimney he managed to lower himself some way until

the sounds became still more distinct, whilst at the same time the odour of cigar smoke floated to his nostrils.

"Good," said the voice of von Rauschenberg, "all will be done as you direct. These Englishmen are ready to agree to anything that will bring them back to power."

"To what they will imagine to be power," answered another voice, which was clearly that of Geldbeutel.

"Just so. And the money will be provided?"

"Yes. Through Franklin. The first instalment will be paid to them immediately on their return. The rest when they have carried out their compact. Now I will retire and leave you to complete the negotiations."

Footsteps sounded over the parquet—a door opened—"Schlafen Sie wohl" could be heard. For some moments there was silence. Then the door opened again and a hum of voices began, this time speaking English. There followed the clinking of glasses, the sound of a soda-water siphon fizzing into tumblers—denser clouds of cigar smoke wafted up the chimney.

"Then the matter is settled," von Rauschenberg could be heard saying in excellent English. "On these conditions the money will be provided. You think you have a good chance of winning the election?"

"Yes," answered a British voice, which Brandon recognised as Jos. Bagnall's. "We are pretty sure of our agents at Tory H.Q. They won't allow the other side to put up much of a fight."

"They haven't got a man with brains amongst them," said another voice that sounded like Pudsey's, "except Philip Archbold, and they hate him as a Diehard. They hate the Diehards far more than they do us."

"The Tories always hate anyone who *does* anything," said Bagnall with a laugh, "wakes 'em out of their confounded laziness—they're bone lazy, the lot of 'em."

"And what about the House of Lords," said the General; "do you think the Conservatives will go as far as that?"

"I think I can answer for them in that matter," said a woman's voice, which could be no other than Mrs. Murray Bateman's. "My husband, you know, has great influence in the Party."

"So! That is well. As long as the Lords remain the destruction of the monarchy becomes impossible. Even then you will have the resistance of the people."

"Yes, that's going to be the most difficult job of all"—this time it seemed to be Renton speaking—"worse than the break-up of the Empire. The people are dead set on the King. They won't mind doing away with the Lords, they won't mind our signing an alliance with Russia, they'll stick anything as long as they've plenty of cinemas, greyhound racing, and football going, but the Royal Family's another thing."

"Well, the Free Transport Bill will help to keep them quiet. Now for your signatures."

A long silence followed. Something was being signed. Then heavy footsteps crossed the parquet—the sound of rattling keys followed, the bang of a metal door.

"Now, what on earth's going on," Brandon said to himself. "Somebody's signed something, and they've shoved it into a safe. I'd like to have a look at that bit of paper. But how?" His thoughts stopped; somebody was speaking.

"I keep the duplicate then," said Bagnall.

"Right. Now to bed."

Good nights were exchanged. The party were breaking up. Soon a door could be heard shutting and the extinguishing of the glow at the bottom of the chimney indicated that the lights had been turned off. The party had gone to bed.

"So that's their little game," said Brandon to himself, pacing the roof. He had heard all he wanted, yet he could do nothing with it unless he could find some means of escape from the Castle. Desperately he looked down again over the battlements, only to realise once more that flight that way was quite impossible. There was nothing for it but to go back to his room and face the ordeal of the morrow. Slowly he descended the chimney, painfully clinging to the stonework, painfully groping for a foothold, and found himself once more in his prison.

What was to be done now? If he did not succeed in convincing the General of his innocence he might conceivably be shot or, more probably, be sent under armed escort to prison. In that case, how was he to let Kavanagh know what had happened?

Looking round the room, he spotted an old newspaper in a corner. A hunt through his pockets led to the stump of a pencil, for the Jäger in searching him for arms had removed none of his few belongings. Tearing off a piece of the paper, he proceeded to write in a minute hand, and in the code prearranged with Kavanagh, a brief summary of the conversation he had overheard, ending with the information that the pact signed with von Rauschenberg would be found in Bagnall's pocket. It was unlikely, he calculated, that having once been searched the process would be repeated, and he could therefore keep this scrap of

paper on his person in the hope that either Kavanagh or Rigby would be on the look out near the Castle and some means might be found of getting it to them.

Then wrapping himself in the grey blanket provided by the Jäger, he lay down in a corner of the room and slept a deep sleep until morning.

Soon after the breakfast of coffee and dry bread brought him by the Jäger, Brandon was summoned to appear before the General. The Jäger led the way, passing along the stone passage into a great hall, decorated with stags' heads and historic armour. Then opening the door into the General's study he signed to Brandon to enter and take up his stand beside the writing-table at which the General was seated, conversing in a low voice with a young man, apparently a secretary, who was handing him some small slips of paper.

"And taken quite without their knowledge?" Brandon could hear the General say.

"Entirely without their knowledge," the young man answered.

"Good." Putting the slips of paper down on the writing-table, the General, taking no notice of Brandon, rose, and moving towards the door with the secretary said a few words in a whisper. Brandon standing close to the table glanced down quickly and saw that what had appeared to be bits of paper were evidently snapshot photographs laid face downwards. During the instant that the General's back was turned, he contrived with a lightning movement to put out his hand and slip one of them into his trouser pocket.

The next moment the General had wheeled round

and, after glancing at him fiercely beneath bushy eyebrows, seated himself on a heavy oak chair at the table. With a military gesture he now signed to Brandon to stand in front of him.

"What is your name?" he said in a voice like a pistol-shot.

"Johann Straube."

"Where do you live?"

"In Berlin."

"And what were you doing in my grounds last night?"

"I wanted to see you, Herr General."

"Why did you want to see me?"

"Because you are a famous general. I wanted to see what you were like," Brandon answered with a weak-minded expression.

"Nonsense," said the General sharply, "one does not break into the property of a famous person merely to see what he's like. You forced the lock of the gate, no doubt?"

"Yes."

"That is not the act of one who is merely curious, but of a criminal. You came to assassinate me?"

"How could I assassinate you when I had no weapons? The Jäger will tell you I was unarmed."

"That is true. Then you came to spy. Come, tell me the truth, it will be better for you. Who and what are you?"

"Herr General," stammered Brandon with well-simulated confusion, "I will confess all and trust to your mercy. I am a Communist."

"Ach, so? You are a Communist. That is why you are my enemy?"

"We Communists look upon all the late Kaiser's

generals as our enemies—as the enemies of the working-classes.”

Turning to the Jäger, who had taken up his stand by the door, the General ordered him to leave the room. Then addressing Brandon again, he said :

“ So that is why you want to assassinate me ? ”

“ I do not want to assassinate you, Herr General. But I have to obey orders. I belong, you see, to a secret Communist group which desires your death. I did not vote for it. But it was decided that someone must be sent to reconnoitre, to see how well you were guarded, and the lot fell on me. I could not disobey on pain of—— ” and Brandon drew his hand with a sharp gesture across his throat.

The General looked at him fixedly.

“ You’re a brave fellow,” he said at last, “ but you’re a fool. Why should you think I am an enemy of the working-classes ? ”

Brandon now produced his trump card.

“ Because,” he said, looking the General in the eye, “ because belonging to the class you do, you are naturally an enemy of the Bolsheviki. The Bolsheviki are our friends. We want the Fatherland to become like Russia—a free land for the workers.”

“ But *Dummkopf* (blockhead)! ” cried von Rauschenberg, “ how do you know that the Bolsheviki are not my friends also ? One does not always think like one’s class. I too wish to see the Fatherland free and happy, but how could that be under the bourgeois Social-Democrats and the fetters of the Allied Governments ? Now we have a National Government, but until the Treaty of Versailles has been torn to shreds we can never be free. Only Russia can help us to recover our freedom, that is why I, like you, regard the

Soviet rulers as our allies."

Brandon gazed at the General with well-feigned surprise.

"If my comrades could know this," he said naïvely, "they would no longer desire your death."

"Well, tell them I am not the enemy of the Soviet Government. For the present I cannot declare myself, but I have spoken to you confidentially because, although you are a fool, you are a brave man and I think you can be trusted. If I let you go free now will you promise me not to work for my enemies in future?"

"More than that, Your Excellency, I will do everything to prevent any attempts being made on your life. I will use all my influence with the comrades, and I am sure they will see they have been mistaken."

"Good. You can go back to your home."

Ringling a bell on the table that brought the Jäger into the room, the General said peremptorily:

"Take this fellow down to the station and see him into the train for Berlin."

And with a gesture of dismissal he turned back to his writing-table.

"So you have been set free?" the Jäger said, as with a second Jäger on the other side of Brandon, they walked down the drive to the Castle gate.

"Yes, His Excellency understands I did not wish to harm him."

"Well, you have got off very lightly. The last man who got into the Castle grounds was shot dead by the forester. You are lucky to be allowed to go back to Berlin. The next train starts in an hour," he added.

Brandon made no reply. He was thinking rapidly how he could get his message to Kavanagh before being put into the train for Munich en route for the

German capital. Whilst he pondered, looking ahead of him he perceived, just as he had hoped, the figure of Rigby at a turning of the road.

Putting his hand in his pocket he felt for the scrap of paper which he had folded carefully into a diminutive square and now contrived to get inside his handkerchief. Then as they passed Rigby he drew the handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose with it loudly, and in replacing it dropped the square of paper to the ground, at the same time saying loudly: "At what hour shall I arrive in Berlin?"

"At about eight o'clock this evening," answered one of the Jägers, evidently noticing nothing. Brandon heaved a sigh of relief.

"Would you allow me to fetch my bag from the inn?" he said as they made their way through the village.

"Well, yes, there could be no harm in that."

Before starting on his adventure, Brandon had taken the precaution of leaving any of his belongings that could be identified in charge of Rigby, and there was nothing in his bag at the inn except the necessities a German hiker would carry with him, also a spare set of false teeth, and, concealed in the lining of the bag, a spare glass eye. Having secured this and paid his bill at the inn, Brandon allowed himself to be conducted to the station.

A quarter of an hour later he was in a third-class carriage steaming northward to Berlin.

Whilst Brandon was engaged on his adventures in the Castle, Kavanagh and Rigby waited breathlessly for his return. When midnight came and still no light appeared in his window at the inn they began to

fear the worst. If he were caught and taken away from Stolzenbach, he would have to pass through the village. They decided therefore to take it in turns to watch the road to the Castle, and so it happened that Rigby was on guard when Brandon, walking between the two Jägers, came in sight. Without giving the faintest sign of recognition Rigby kept his ears and eyes open, and caught the words: "At what hour do I arrive in Berlin?" and quickly spotted the square of paper that fell from Brandon's hand. As soon as the trio had disappeared from sight, the batman retrieved the paper and carried it to Kavanagh.

"Thank heaven," said Kavanagh; "at any rate he's alive. But where can they be taking him in Berlin? Well, anyhow, I'd better decode this message."

The story, translated from German code into plain English, was certainly astounding. But until Brandon succeeded in escaping from his captors—and Kavanagh had no doubt that his fertile brain would find some way of eluding them—no use could be made of it, unless—unless——

"If only we could get hold of the document Bagnall has in his pocket!" he said to Rigby. This had evidently been the idea in Brandon's mind when adding the last sentence to his message.

"Looks to me," was Rigby's comment, "as if those three fellows will be lucky to get away with whole skins. Some of the Nazi chaps have got wind that something's been going on at the Castle and suspect treason. I shouldn't be surprised if there was a hold-up."

"Then let's be there to see!" said Kavanagh. "I wonder when they're leaving."

"To-night, the General's manservant was saying."

"If there's a hold-up it will be on their way to the station. I think I'll take a stroll this evening in that direction."

The train to Frankfurt, by which travellers to England would most likely travel, left at ten o'clock, so at 9.30 Kavanagh set forth in the direction of the Castle. The lonely road along the ravine was the most likely spot for waylaying travellers. But all was quiet; no sign of lurking Nazis was apparent. Ah, that must be the General's car descending the zigzag drive from the Castle! Kavanagh watched the glowing head-lights appearing and disappearing as it rounded the corners, and turning out of the gates it came rushing full speed along the road towards him. He stepped aside to let it pass, when suddenly there was a rending crack, the lights swerved wildly sideways and the car, after crashing into a tree with a terrific impact, turned over on its side. The shattering of glass and rending of the framework mingled with an agonised cry from those inside it; then for a moment there was silence. There was also darkness, for the lamps of the car had gone out, and it was only by the light of his pocket torch that Kavanagh, hurrying to the spot, was able to view the wreckage. The sight that met his eyes was frightful; the chauffeur alone had been thrown clear and was lying face downwards on the road, but the top of the car had been ripped off and the three Labour members could be seen huddled together amidst the splintered woodwork. The cause of the accident was evident, for several strands of thick steel wire which had evidently been stretched across the road lay broken in the dust beside the shattered bonnet. So the Nazis had brought off their

coup and Kavanagh was here to profit by it! The victims were all clearly unconscious, and only one, Renton, was now groaning loudly.

Seizing Bagnall under the shoulders Kavanagh dragged him from the car and laid him by the side of the road. Then kneeling beside him he opened his coat and passed his hand swiftly over the man's body, prepared, if anyone arrived on the scene, to appear to be rendering first-aid. It would be easy, he reflected, to say that he was feeling for the beating of the heart. Ah, there it was, a stiff patch inside the waistcoat that could only be caused by a folded paper! In an instant Kavanagh had whipped out his penknife, cut the stitches of the waistcoat lining, and extracted the document that had been sewn inside it. Yes, this was it—von Rauschenberg's signature at the foot was clearly visible. Thrusting the paper into his pocket, Kavanagh sprang to his feet, and switching off his torch ran hell for leather back to the outskirts of the village. Then by a *détour* he contrived to arrive at the inn from the direction opposite to that of the Castle.

Meanwhile where was Brandon? The thought gave Kavanagh cause for far from pleasant speculation.

As soon as the train had left Stolzenbach Brandon drew from his pocket the snapshot he had abstracted from the General's table. Oho! This might come in very useful! It was a picture of a group comprising von Rauschenberg seated with his English guests on the terrace of the Castle. Brandon understood now what the secretary had meant by the words "without their knowledge." This had evidently been taken with a camera concealed from view, since the Labour

members would hardly desire to be photographed in so compromising a situation. But the General was clever enough to make sure of holding sufficiently incriminating evidence in the event of their defection.

Had Brandon himself been photographed in the same manner? For all von Rauschenberg's apparent geniality at the close of their interview, Brandon had noticed that the Jäger exchanged a few confidential words with the guard before the train started. Doubtless that official was being instructed to see that the released Communist reached his destination safely, and most probably someone would be sent to meet the train in Berlin and make sure that he returned to the address he had given. Then the fat would be in the fire, for the address was that of a cheap lodging-house once lived in by the real Johann Straube where Brandon would not be known. At each station on the branch line from Stolzenbach to Munich he observed that the guard glanced in at his compartment as he passed along the train; clearly he was being kept under supervision.

What was to be done? At all costs he must contrive to leave the train before it arrived in Berlin. But how could this be managed? Brandon began to think out a plan.

The only other occupant of the carriage was an Italian who, after his midday meal, had settled down in a corner, placed his large felt hat in the rack above his head, and was evidently preparing for a siesta. Before long his eyes closed, his mouth opened, and a deep even breathing announced that he was well away in dreamland.

Brandon's mind was now made up. Shortly before reaching Munich he made his way quietly to the

neighbouring lavatory with the valise containing his few belongings. Taking out of this a pair of scissors he quickly removed his fair moustache, leaving his upper lip covered with dark bristles to which the dye had not penetrated. After changing his grey glass-eye for the brown one that matched his real eye, he replaced his plate of long teeth by one he wore in ordinary life, and at the same time removed his face-pads so as to resume his normal appearance. Then just as the train entered the outskirts of Munich he slipped back into his compartment, noiselessly pinched the felt hat from the rack over the head of the still slumbering Italian, jammed it over his own forehead, walked swiftly through several carriages to the front of the train, stepped out the instant it drew up at the platform and was past the guard and the ticket collector and out in the street before an alarm could be raised. Then after making his way on foot to the Oberwiesenfeld Airport he boarded the first aeroplane which happened to be bound for Frankfurt.

But here, owing to the passport system, a hitch occurred. To get out of Germany with the passport of Johann Straube, the only one he had with him, would be impossible, since he no longer resembled the portrait of that mythical personage pasted on to it, and to change back to the disguise of Straube would be a risk in view of the possibility that his escape from the train might have aroused the suspicions of the authorities and set sleuths on his track. There was nothing for it then but to wire to Rigby to join him at Frankfurt with his luggage, which contained his other passports, including the one representing him as himself, and to wait patiently until the faithful manservant arrived.

He had soon reason to congratulate himself on the precautions he had taken, for the next evening when seated in a café he happened to pick up a paper where the words in large lettering "Have you seen this man?" appeared over two pictures reproducing the familiar features of Johann Straube both full-face and profile. Underneath them a short paragraph explained that a mysterious person giving this as his name, believed to be a Communist, had been caught trespassing in the grounds of General von Rauschenberg at Brandesheim, and was suspected of intending to make an attempt on his life; that he had been sent back under supervision to Berlin, where he stated that he lived, but had disappeared from the train somewhere between Stolzenbach and Munich. A description of his appearance followed—fair moustache, full cheeks, one eye brown, one grey, with a slight cast in the grey one, etc.—and a reward was offered for his capture.

It was lucky, Brandon reflected, that he had not attempted to cross the frontier; no doubt the passport officials would be on the look-out for the missing Straube.

"A dangerous fellow that!" a man at a neighbouring table observed to Brandon, seeing him reading the paragraph. The news had evidently created some sensation in Frankfurt, for the General was a public character, and an attempt on his life provided an incident of first-class importance.

"Yes, he looks a thorough ruffian," Brandon agreed.

"The true criminal type," the man went on. "I happen to have made a particular study of the human skull, and I can recognise the head of a murderer at a glance. Observe," and he pointed to the profile

picture, "the formation of the back of that head, how it bulges outward!"

Brandon nodded. Yes, it was certainly very different from the typical German head, going sheer up at the back, which this man evidently regarded as the model of perfection.

"That protuberance," he continued, "is the seat of criminal instincts. A man with a head like that will commit any act of violence. Look at the normal skull now, yours and mine," and he turned with a smile to contemplate Brandon.

Then suddenly the smile faded out and a look of surprise overspread his features.

"No, but this is strange," he said, "your head is not at all unlike the one in the picture; your ears also," he went on, rapidly glancing at the paper and then again at Brandon; "there is really an extraordinary resemblance."

"I hope you do not imagine that I am Johann Straube," Brandon said indignantly, expecting to be met with a shocked disclaimer.

But the man only answered: "I do not say so. I only say there is a remarkable resemblance."

"Well, look here," Brandon said, turning round and facing him boldly, "have I got one brown eye and one grey one with a cast in it?"

"No, that is true," the man answered, evidently reassured. "Your eyes are both the same colour. And they are straight. That is conclusive." And with a grumpy *Guten Abend* he got up and walked out into the street.

On receiving Brandon's telegram Kavanagh decided to go himself to Frankfurt with his friend's luggage,

but so as to avoid taking the stolen document about in Germany it was arranged that Rigby should go home with it to England and deposit it in a place of safety.

Kavanagh duly arrived with the luggage and Brandon's passport, so that it would now be a simple matter for him to leave Germany. His joy at hearing of Kavanagh's coup knew no bounds. Armed with this documentary evidence of the intrigue between Bagnall and his companions on one side and the Pan-German General on the other, they should have no difficulty in convincing the heads of the Secret Service and even of the most placid Conservative politicians of the reality of the plot and then, through the Press, of rousing the country to the dangers of the situation. It would be a sensation compared to which the famous Zinoviev letter would pale into insignificance.

"All that remains," said Brandon, "is to follow up some of the threads at home and find out who is at the back of Bagnall and Co. I see their accident is reported in the *Continental Post* as having taken place on their way home from a Socialist congress in Geneva. And they're described as not seriously injured."

"That's so?—hullo, a telegram!" Kavanagh broke off suddenly as a waiter came towards him with a yellow envelope on a tray.

"Who on earth can it be from?" said Brandon. "No one knows our address here."

"Only one person. I took the precaution of letting Rosamund know our whereabouts each time we moved, in case of emergencies. As I told you, I wasn't quite happy about her staying on at Bogazzo. By Jove, I was right!"

Kavanagh had torn open the envelope and thrust the message before his friend :

“ S.O.S. ROSAMUND.”

Brandon gave a low whistle.

“ Things must be pretty serious for her to wire that. Rosamund's not a girl to panic. We'll be off by the first train, Terence.”

CHAPTER XI

THE CHEKA

WHILST Brandon and Kavanagh were pursuing the quest of the Hidden Chiefs in Germany, events had been moving forward in Bogazzo.

Brandon had often wondered what happened after his escape through the window of Dr. Brinkdorff's bedroom. The story may be briefly told.

After pressing the bell in the sitting-room Oscar Franklin sat down in an armchair and waited five minutes before the waiter, who had been roused from slumber, replied to the summons. Peremptorily ordering him to bring a glass of *Schnapps* at once Franklin waited another five minutes before the required restorative arrived. Taking up the glass he then walked to the bedroom door and tapped gently. There was no reply. Franklin knocked again, this time more loudly, and still meeting with complete silence he at last opened the door quietly and peeped in. The room was in darkness. Lighting a match, he saw to his surprise that Brinkdorff was on the bed asleep, with his face turned to the wall. Franklin listened for a moment to his even breathing and then decided that the doctor, having evidently succumbed to natural exhaustion following on the long ceremony in which he had taken part, the best thing was to leave him to sleep in peace.

It was therefore not till next morning that anything unusual was discovered. The doctor's friends, fore-

most amongst them Oscar Franklin, on calling at the inn to enquire after his health, were concerned to find the doctor looking paler than ever and in a dazed condition, for which his secretary, "Herr Wolff," who seemed no less confused in mind, could offer no explanation. Gathered around him in his sitting-room the leading members of the Order of the Phoenix plied him with questions about the previous night's happenings, but found to their astonishment that he did not even realise that he had been present at the ceremony in the Temple. His mind appeared to have become a perfect blank.

"I remember nothing," he said finally, "since dining last night here in this room with Schwartzmann. Afterwards we felt unaccountably sleepy, and went to take some rest before starting for the ceremony. But I have no recollection of attending it or of anything until I woke this morning in my bed."

"Then there has been treachery!" Franklin said triumphantly. "And my suspicions were right. Both Hensley and I doubted whether the person who visited the Temple last night was really Fiat Lux, but he passed all the tests we put to him successfully. Now that I see your face in daylight, Brinkdorff, I see that I was right at first, and that someone has been impersonating you!"

A cry of horror went round the group. Brinkdorff himself sat gazing at them helplessly.

"It is evidently true," he said at last. "I was certainly not last night at the Temple!"

"Then the message from the Hidden Chief of Bavaria was a fraud," said Dr. Hensley. "And it is now too late to stop *Semper Paratus*; he has already started."

Worse still, no one knew what address would find him, for he had left no directions as to where he would be staying.

"This is terrible," said Franklin, rising and walking furiously up and down the room. "A spy has evidently been at work amongst us. Who can he be?"

"I can throw no light on the matter," Dr. Brinkdorff said gloomily, "unless this provides a clue." And he held out a large handkerchief stained with paint and the letter B. in one corner. "I found this in the pocket of my coat this morning. It is not mine."

"Ah!" said Franklin, grasping the handkerchief eagerly. "The owner of this must be found. Whoever impersonated Brinkdorff evidently left his own handkerchief in the pocket of the coat into which he changed. No stone must be left unturned in order to track him down."

"Whoever he is," Countess Zapraksy observed, "he must be someone familiar with the ritual of our Order. How otherwise could he have known the signs and given the right passwords on entering the Temple? Who in Bogazzo should know all this?"

"There is one person," Dr. Hensley said quietly.

Everyone looked with a start in his direction.

"Who?" they asked in chorus.

"Rosamund Dare," answered Dr. Hensley.

"Rosamund Dare!" echoed the Countess. "The girl who used to be in the Order and left it with young Peter Markham? You don't mean she is in Bogazzo?"

"She was here a few days ago. I saw her on the road. She was with a young man whom I did not notice. I only recognised Rosamund Dare herself."

"Then he," Oscar Franklin said firmly, "must have

been her accomplice to whom she betrayed the Order. And she will incur the penalty," he added significantly.

"The first thing is to find out where she is," said Dr. Hensley. "That should not be difficult. There are only four or five inns and hotels in Bogazzo. Enquiries must be made at each."

The search, as Dr. Hensley had predicted, proved easy. At the end of a few hours Rosamund and her mother had been located at the Hôtel Monte Rosa. The same evening Dr. Hensley, accompanied by Countess Zapraksy, called at the hotel and asked to see Miss Dare. But the answer was returned that the signora being ill, the signorina was occupied in looking after her and could see no one. The two callers retired baffled.

Rosamund was careful after this to remain indoors as much as possible. She had not been given the names of both visitors, but since one had been announced as Countess Zapraksy she quickly scented emissaries from the Order of the Phoenix, and for a week never ventured into the village street, only breathing fresh air at intervals on the terrace of the hotel.

But one evening Lady Dare being in pain and needing a fresh bottle of liniment for her ankle, Rosamund, casting caution momentarily to the winds, hurried up the street to the chemist. She was just returning safely with the bottle when at the gate of the hotel garden she found herself face to face with Dr. Hensley.

Avoiding his glance, she attempted to turn in at the gate; but Dr. Hensley barred her way.

"I am sorry, Miss Dare, but I must detain you for a moment."

Rosamund stopped as if paralysed ; all the blood ebbed away from her face, leaving it as white as the gardenia to which Kavanagh had compared her.

" I must ask you," the doctor went on in the authoritative voice she knew so well, " whether you know to whom this belongs ? " And he held out a large paint-stained handkerchief.

Rosamund gave a little gasp of relief. So this was all he wanted to know ! The handkerchief of course was Jimmy Brandon's—no one else she knew used a fine linen handkerchief as a painting-rag—she had often laughed at him for this strange habit. The recollection following on the moment of fear she had just passed through, brought with it such a sudden reaction as almost to make her laugh now. But she had sufficient presence of mind to answer hastily :

" I don't know anything about it. Is a lost pocket handkerchief of so much importance ? "

" It is of considerable importance in this case. This handkerchief," Dr. Hensley went on, looking at her keenly as he spoke, " was found in the coat pocket of Doctor Brinkdorff."

" Of Doctor Brinkdorff ? " Rosamund repeated, momentarily puzzled. Then suddenly the whole truth dawned on her. Jimmy's escape through Brinkdorff's window had been graphically described to her by Terence before he left Bogazzo ; evidently Jimmy had slipped his own pocket handkerchief into the coat of Brinkdorff's he had put on in order to attend the ceremony in the Temple, and in his haste to change Brinkdorff's clothes for his own he had forgotten to remove it. It was unlike Jimmy to commit such a blunder, but even the most expert sleuth is liable to make a slip under absolutely unforeseen circumstances.

Dr. Hensley was quick to detect the look of comprehension that passed, though only in a flash, over Rosamund's face.

"You know all about this—about the impersonation of Brinkdorff!" he said, keeping his eyes fixed on her as if to see into her very soul.

"I know nothing," Rosamund said faintly.

All her old terror of this man revived: never before had she felt his dominating personality so keenly, and she trembled lest it should force her into some fatal admission.

"It is no good denying it," Doctor Hensley said firmly; "you cannot deceive me. You know all about this. The man who impersonated Brinkdorff is your accomplice, to whom you betrayed the secrets of the Order."

Rosamund felt her knees literally swaying under her; was she going to faint? Then suddenly pulling herself together she threw up her head and said:

"I repeat that I know nothing, and if I did know I would not tell you. You have done enough harm in your time, Doctor Hensley, but you can't hurt me now. I know all about you, and I'm not afraid of you. There are powers greater than yours that will protect me!"

Doctor Hensley stepped back petrified. His cold calm face was white with anger. No one had ever dared to speak to the saintly Fellow of St. Stephen's in this way before.

"Very well," he said freezingly, moving aside to let Rosamund pass. "But you know the penalty that awaits the traitor!"

And turning on his heel he walked away in the direction of the Villa.

Rosamund's first thought on seeing Doctor Hensley's figure retreating in the distance was one of overpowering relief. He had threatened and she had defied him ; for the moment the danger had passed. But was it over ? Might not there be some truth in the claims these people made to have occult powers ? Apart from this, who knew what they might attempt ? This was not London with a friendly " Bobby " at each street corner ; strange things happened on the Continent, and she had no friends in Bogazzo. If only Terence and Jimmy were still here ! To them danger presented no terrors, but only the spice of life. Suddenly she came to a decision. Terence had wired her his address that morning. Walking hastily up the village street she entered the post-office and wrote out a telegram : " S.O.S. ROSAMUND."

After that she felt calmer. Once Brandon and Kavanagh had returned there would be nothing more to fear ; meanwhile, she would not venture outside the house again. That night she sat out late on the balcony of her room on the first floor, looking out over the lake, breathing the flower-scented air that rose from the garden below. If only peace were possible ! But the meeting with Doctor Hensley had brought all the sad and terrible memories of the past crowding back into her mind. " They are trying to reach me," she said to herself with a shudder, " directing punitive currents of thought against me." And moving into her room she knelt by her bed and prayed as she had never prayed before. After a while it seemed as if a great peace were settling on her, and getting into bed she lay down and closed her eyes.

Gradually she felt herself sinking into sleep. And as she slept she dreamed—pleasant dreams at first,

then suddenly it seemed as if she could not draw breath. She was at the bottom of a dark pit, struggling upwards to the daylight, and each time she reached the top hands grasped her and pushed her downwards. Then at last she sank back exhausted to the bottom and blackness closed around her.

Kavanagh had never known time pass so slowly as during the flight that he and Brandon made across Germany. Rosamund's telegram, despatched at 8 p.m., had not reached them till the following morning. On looking up time tables they found that it would take them at least twenty-four hours to reach Bogazzo from Frankfurt by rail, so they had decided to charter an aeroplane. But since there was no landing-place in the neighbourhood of Bogazzo, they were obliged to finish the journey by car. It was evening by the time they reached their destination and, driving straight to the Hôtel Monte Rosa, they enquired for Miss Dare.

"Ah, then the signori have not heard?" said the hotel-keeper, raising his hands with a tragic gesture.

"No. What has happened?" Kavanagh asked breathlessly.

"The signorina has disappeared. If the signori will go up to the signora's room they will hear the whole story."

Lady Day received them in silence, only holding out her hands towards them; for the moment it seemed as if she could not trust herself to speak.

"Rosamund has been taken away," she said at last brokenly. "She vanished from her bed during the night."

"You mean she has been kidnapped?" said Brandon.

"There is no other conclusion. Rosamund would never go away without a word. One of the sheets off her bed is missing, so it seems that she was let down in it from the balcony. There were marks on the flower bed below and the plants were crushed as if several people had stood there."

"But how is it that she didn't scream for help?" asked Brandon.

"Apparently she was unconscious. A wad of cotton wool that seems to have been soaked with chloroform was found beneath the window. It must have been held over her mouth in her sleep. Who can they be? Who would want to kidnap Rosamund?"

Brandon and Kavanagh looked at each other blankly. It was difficult to enlighten Lady Dare, for she knew nothing of her daughter's experiences in occult societies. Rosamund had never dared to tell her, knowing that they would only shock and pain her needlessly.

"Leave it to us, Lady Dare," Brandon said soothingly. "We'll try and get to the bottom of the whole affair. I suppose the police have been informed, by the way?"

"Oh yes, but they seemed unable to do anything. Thank God you've come," she added fervently.

"I think our best plan is to go at once to the Villa Pax Mundi," Brandon said as the two men made their way out of the Hôtel Monte Rosa. "The Countess must know if any of her lot are concerned in this, and we may be able to get some information out of her."

"Yes," said Kavanagh, "Rosamund always maintained that she was not really 'in the plot,' so it seems to me that if we could open her eyes to the whole thing she might be willing to say what she knows."

"That's quite possible. But we shall have to go very carefully to work. It never would do to rush her."

"No. But the trouble is, there's no time to lose. Anything may be happening. At any rate, Alessandro is sure to play up. He may be able to help us a good deal."

The Italian received them with his usual gleaming smile on opening the door of the Villa, and the Countess seemed overjoyed to welcome them back to Bogazzo. She was alone now, she explained, as all her visitors had left; the last, Doctor Hensley, had returned only that morning to England.

But Brandon cut short the flow of her conversation by saying firmly:

"We've come to see you about a very urgent matter, Countess. An English girl, Rosamund Dare, has been kidnapped from the Hôtel Monte Rosa."

"Kidnapped?" the Countess repeated blankly, turning pale around the rouge on her cheeks and lips.

"Yes, kidnapped—last night from her bed. We think you may be able to throw some light on the matter."

"I? How should I know anything about it?" the Countess said indignantly.

"I think you know Rosamund Dare," Brandon said quietly, looking the Countess in the eye.

"Certainly I know who you mean. I knew her once, that is to say."

"When she belonged to the Order of the Phoenix?"

The Countess gave a start. "What do you know about that?"

"I know a good deal about it. I know also what a risk Rosamund ran in leaving it."

"Ah, then it was perhaps to you that she betrayed it? And in that case it was you who impersonated Doctor Brinkdorff? Another time," the Countess went on sarcastically, "when you wear someone else's clothes be careful not to leave your handkerchief in the pocket!" And opening a drawer she drew out the paint-stained square of linen and handed it to Brandon.

Brandon looked at it, cold with horror. Had he really committed this ghastly blunder, thereby incriminating Rosamund? The idea was so terrible that for a moment his presence of mind deserted him, but quickly recovering it he said:

"Never mind about Brinkdorff now; the point is that Rosamund has been kidnapped. Whatever she has done you cannot be a party to that!"

"Certainly I am not a party to it. All violence is hateful to me. If what you say is true, I will certainly give you all the help I can."

"Then tell us the names of the people likely to be concerned in this."

And as the Countess hesitated Kavanagh interposed vehemently:

"Don't you understand, Countess, that this is a matter of life and death? To put it bluntly, we are afraid of Rosamund Dare being murdered by Bolsheviks."

"By Bolsheviks?" cried the Countess, "but what should I know about Bolsheviks? You know that Bolshevism has always been abhorrent to me."

"I believe it has," said Brandon, and he spoke the truth, for there could be little doubt now the woman was sincere. No one could simulate the panic-stricken expression of her face. But it was necessary

to open her eyes completely in order to enlist her help. So curbing Kavanagh's impatience with a glance, Brandon went on speaking rapidly :

" It is time you should hear the truth. Do you really not know the true character of the people with whom you have been associated ? Do you not know that your Villa is being used as a clearing-house by Bolshevik couriers ? That Schwartzmann, the emissary of Moscow, was here recently ? That Grünberg, one of the principal agents of the Soviet Government, was present at the meeting in your Temple ? "

" This is impossible ! " Countess Zapraksy answered with a cry of horror. " I can't believe all this. "

" Well, if you don't believe me, ask Alessandro. He will tell you everything. "

" Call Alessandro then to come here immediately. "

The man, responding quickly to the summons, and having been told briefly about the kidnapping of Rosamund, needed no urging to give his evidence. The Countess listened in dismay. It was perfectly clear now that she had been the tool of more cunning brains. Wrapped in her occult imaginings she had never dreamt that Bolshevism, which was really abhorrent to her, played any part in the background.

" It is terrible, " she said at last, " to think that my house, the Villa Pax Mundi, that I desired to be a centre of peace and enlightenment for the world, should have been used for such a purpose. It had been represented to me that the correspondence which was left here would be called for by messengers of the Great White Lodge, some of them emissaries from the Chiefs of a high spiritual Order. That they were emissaries of Moscow never entered my thoughts. Why did you never tell me all this, Alessandro ? "

"I feared the Countess would not believe me. And until the signori inglesi came I had no proof."

"But now you do know, Countess," urged Kavanagh, frantic to get back to the real business of the evening, "will you help us to find Rosamund Dare? And will you lend us Alessandro?"

"Of course. But where should the search begin?"

"At the clinic Nirvana," said Alessandro, nodding his head knowingly.

"At Nirvana!" cried the Countess. "What do you mean, Alessandro?"

"The Contessa does not know what they say in the village!"

"No. What do they say?"

"They say," the Italian went on, no longer afraid to speak out on the subject and pouring forth a torrent of words, "they say that strange and terrible things take place at the clinic, that cries have been heard there—gridi, gridi"—and he rolled the r's on his tongue—"at dead of night—cries as of souls in pain. Giuseppe, who was once passing through the forest at two in the morning, heard this with his own ears. And others have heard it too. They say also that patients arrive only in cars, never by train, usually at night, and that no one knows what becomes of them. They say the doctor himself is a devil in human form, and that la Sorella Célestina has the evil eye; they say——"

"But why did no one in the village say this to me?" broke in the Countess, momentarily stemming the torrent.

"They were all afraid!" said Alessandro, starting off again. "They feared the vengeance of these accursed ones. Old Teresa Gelotti, who, as the Con-

tessa knows, is well educated and reads the newspapers, once said something fearful about the clinic, and immediately her best goat died mysteriously as if a spell had been cast on it. After that no one dared to speak of 'Nirvana' except in a whisper—they feared black magic."

"But you need not fear black magic here," interposed Brandon; "speak out, Alessandro, tell us what old Teresa said?"

"She said," and Alessandro's voice sank to an awe-struck whisper, "that she believed *Nirvana was a Cheka!*—a Ghépéu!"

"Good Lord!" shouted both the Englishmen, starting to their feet. And seeing the Countess's bewildered expression, Brandon added: "The G.P.U. or OGPU—once known as the Cheka. It has branches, you know, all over the world. Can 'Nirvana' be one? I might have suspected it was something of the kind when I recognised Krovavaya Katya of the G.P.U. in Sœur Célestine."

"What?" cried the Countess in amazement, for knowing Russian, she understood the meaning of this ghastly title. "Sœur Célestine—Bloody Catherine! Nirvana a Cheka! And I who believed it was a place of peace and healing! This is too horrible! Too horrible!"

There was now no holding Kavanagh. Cutting short the Countess's lamentations, he grasped first Brandon, then Alessandro, with a grip of iron and almost dragged them to the door, shouting like a man demented: "Rosamund in a Cheka! For heaven's sake let's start at once for the clinic! There's not a moment to be lost!"

"You shall have my car," the Countess said, now

thoroughly roused. "It will take you there in a quarter of an hour. And I will give you the key of 'Nirvana.' At this time of the night it will be locked. But I have one of my own that was left here when I had the clinic built. Take it." And she handed it to Brandon.

"Thanks. Then we'll be off."

Hardly waiting to take leave of the Countess, the three men hurried to the garage and Alessandro seated himself at the wheel.

"If the signori permit," he said, "we will stop on our way through the village and pick up two or three of my comrades to go with us. Who knows what we may meet with at the Ghépéu! It is as well to be prepared."

It was very dark when the six men descended from the car at a short distance from the clinic and made their way stealthily towards the gate, Brandon and Kavanagh each with an automatic in his pocket, whilst the Italians—Alessandro and his Fascist allies—had armed themselves with stilettos and also, in spite of the Duce's prohibition, of that most potent weapon of Fascism—a huge bottle of castor oil.

The house, when they reached it, was wrapped in darkness, the shutters were all closed, and not a glimmer of light could be seen between any of them.

"Hush!" said Brandon, signalling to his companions, who were talking in an undertone, "we mustn't make a sound. No warning must be given of our approach."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a piercing shriek from within the house rent the silence of the forest.

"Rosamund!" said Kavanagh in an agonised whisper. "I'm certain that was her voice!"

Brandon nodded grimly, but said nothing.

"They are assassinating her, certainly they are assassinating her," Alessandro said excitedly. "Dio mio!"

"Keep quiet, Alessandro, there's no time to lose, we must get in as quickly as possible."

Moving forward on tiptoe the six men opened the gate noiselessly and crept up to the door, which, as the Countess had said, opened with the key they had brought from the Villa. Here again everything was dark and silent. On reaching the hall they paused and listened, but still not a sound was to be heard.

"The silence of death!" whispered Alessandro, and did nothing thereby to relieve Kavanagh's apprehensions.

"Half a minute," said Brandon softly. "We'll go to the Temple. Come on!" And he moved quickly towards the stairs leading to the underground chamber into which he had been taken as Doctor Brinkdorff.

As soon as they had reached the lower passage a dim shaft of light met their eyes. It came from a small window in the wall at the side of the door opening into this chamber, being used presumably as a peep-hole through which the person performing the office of a "tyler" in masonic lodges could keep a watch on those who entered. No such precautions had evidently been held necessary to-night, for as they advanced towards the window and looked through nothing obstructed their view of what was going on inside.

The strangest spectacle now met their eyes. On the dais were seated three masked men clothed in the robes and insignia of some mystic Order—not that of

the Phoenix—and facing them on a stool, with her hands tied behind her back, sat Rosamund Dare, dressed in a red kimono thrown over her long white silk nightgown, pale as death, and her eyes wide with terror—like a white dove, thought Kavanagh, confronted by a cobra.

“My God! I can’t stand this!” he whispered, about to rush forward. But Brandon interposed.

“Shut up, Terence. I *must* hear what that fellow’s going to say.”

For the central of the three masked figures had stretched out his hand towards the girl’s trembling form and was beginning to speak.

“So,” he said in a voice vibrating with anger, “you refuse to reveal the name of your accomplice who practised this imposture on the Order, profaning the precincts of the Temple itself?”

It was the voice of Oscar Franklin—in the ears of Brandon and Kavanagh there was no mistaking the guttural accents of the financier—Capricornus, of the Zodiac!

Rosamund made no reply.

At this moment there moved forward from the shadows at the end of the room two figures, hitherto out of the range of vision of the watchers at the peephole. These two were unmasked and could be instantly recognised as Gustav Mervine and Sœur Célestine *alias* Krovavaya Katya, of the Cheka.

“We have questioned the culprit throughout the whole day, honourable Master,” said Mervine, his small evil eyes gleaming from his fleshy face, “but not a word could we obtain from her.”

“Third degree methods no doubt,” whispered Brandon, and again Kavanagh started forward to enter

the room. But again Brandon clutched him by the arm saying :

"No, wait. We must see what they mean to do. There'll be time to stop them."

"We have not resorted to the severest measures," said Krovavaya Katya, casting a venomous glance at Rosamund, with cherished memories of the Lubianka evidently simmering in her brain ; "if the honourable Master will permit we will attempt a method that will soon open her lips."

Kavanagh shuddered ; never had he looked on a more fiendish countenance than that of the woman whose clutching fingers itched to seize her trembling victim.

"It is useless," said another of the masked figures on the dais, and the listeners recognised the voice of Doctor Hensley. "I know something of the prisoner. Nothing will make her speak."

"Then," said Franklin, "she must incur the extreme penalty." And assuming the rôle of judge, he addressed the prisoner in the following words :

"You must hear the sentence, once Soror Stella Lucida, now a renegade brought to justice. For betraying the Order and violating your obligations of secrecy, you are condemned by command of the Hidden Chiefs to incur the penalty defined in the solemn oath you took on your initiation. A punitive current will now be directed against you ! Frater Laboro per Obscurum and Soror Nihil nisi Benevolens, place the delinquent in the chair !"

Like some fierce beast of prey, her eyes gleaming and her cruel mouth set remorselessly, Krovavaya Katya advanced towards Rosamund, and grasping her by the shoulders was about, with the help of Mervine, to

drag her towards a chair placed on a small platform at one side of the room, when the girl, opening her lips at last, uttered another piercing scream and started to struggle madly.

"Do you see what they're going to do?" Brandon whispered excitedly. "That's the chair used for high-frequency treatment! They're going to electrocute her! Now all together, come!"

And at the signal from Brandon, the six men burst into the room.

There was a moment of palpitating silence. Then Kavanagh, dashing forward, snatched Rosamund from her captors.

"You damned devils!" he yelled; "you filthy swine!" he repeated, holding the almost fainting girl closely in his arms.

There was now no holding the Fascists. With one accord they flew first at the throats of Gustav Mervine and Krovavaya Katya as if to choke the life out of them; then rushing the dais they dragged the masked figures from their seats, tearing off their masks to disclose the features of Oscar Franklin, Doctor Hensley, and Raskoff. Turning from one to another of the five they shook them like rats, howling imprecations:

"Scellerati! Canaglia! Mascalzoni! Bisogna ammazarle!"

Stiletos flashed in the air.

But Brandon interposed:

"Hold hard, Alessandro. I want these birds. They're more useful alive than dead."

"But they were going to electrocute the signorina!" Alessandro cried excitedly. "You understand?" he repeated in Italian to his companions, "they were going to place her in the electric chair?"

"Then they shall be placed there themselves!" the men shouted.

"Yes, yes!" echoed Alessandro. "To the electric chair!"

"This is going to be murder," Kavanagh whispered hurriedly to Brandon under cover of the pandemonium which arose whilst the Italians discussed who should be the first victim. "Shouldn't we stop them and call in the police?"

"Yes, later. But I wouldn't count too much on the police. Remember, we're in Switzerland, where the Grand Orient is all powerful and Franklin is a thirty-third degree mason. Anyhow, let the Fascists give them the fright of their lives first. They can do that without turning on the current. Listen, Alessandro," he went on in Italian, going up to the manservant, and grasping him by the shoulder, he whispered a few words into his ear.

Alessandro nodded comprehension, then with a wink at Brandon seized the nearest of the five, who happened to be Doctor Hensley, and frogmarched him towards the chair, whilst the other members of the rescue-party formed a cordon round the remaining four to prevent them intervening. The Fellow of St. Stephen's, who had not caught Brandon's whispered instructions, seemed too paralysed with terror to resist. But hardly had they time to force him into the chair before he gave a gasping choke and his body fell forward with his head upon his knees.

"Hullo," said Brandon, momentarily startled, and dashing to the doubled-up figure in the chair. Grasping him by the shoulders he raised them upwards, but the head still drooping forward, he lifted it by the chin, and as he did so a gasp of horror arose from Franklin,

Raskoff, Mervine, and Krovavaya Katya.

Doctor Hensley was dead.

There could be no mistake about it. Feeling his heart Brandon at once realised that it had stopped beating.

This was an unexpected development. He had never intended that the current should be turned on, but simply that the man should be given a taste of the terror he had inspired in Rosamund. That one moment, however, had done it, and he had literally died of fright.

Whilst his four accomplices, appalled at his fate, cringed for mercy to the rescue-party, Brandon did some rapid thinking.

The situation was really uncommonly awkward. He had intended all along to restrain the Fascists if possible from actually killing the culprits, for much as they deserved this fate, he was Englishman enough to recoil from lynch-law methods. It was true that he had no great faith in the Swiss police; still, after giving them the fright of their lives, he had meant to have them handed over to the authorities in the hope that some justice would be done. But now if he, Kavanagh, and Alessandro were to be involved in a legal enquiry into the whole affair, how were they to prove their own innocence in the matter of Doctor Hensley's death? The four accomplices would of course give evidence against them; they might even declare that they had actually turned on the electric current and killed the doctor. Would an inquest reveal the contrary? Brandon could not feel quite sure.

What was to be done, then? Leave the Fascists to finish off the culprits so that there would be none

left to tell the tale? But could they be depended on to do it so skilfully that no traces of the slaughter would be found? Brandon hardly thought so. Then an enquiry would follow, and the English members of the party would be held up in Switzerland over an affair which might take months and seriously hamper their plan of campaign at home. No, the only thing was to get out of it all as quickly as possible, even though it might mean sparing the would-be murderers from being brought to justice.

"Look here, Alessandro," he said, taking the Italian aside and speaking in a rapid undertone. "This business has gone far enough. We've got to get the lady out of here—into the car. And you and your friends had better clear out, too. Leave these miserable creatures alone, they've had fright enough."

"But not without a drink at parting!" cried Alessandro, advancing towards them with a gleaming smile, and the bottle of castor oil held triumphantly aloft. Grasping first Franklin, then Mervine, Raskoff, and Krovavaya Katya firmly by the throats, the three Fascists then proceeded to pour the contents of the bottle down their gullets. In vain they struggled; the Italians' iron muscles were more than a match for Franklin's and Mervine's flabby resistance, for Raskoff's puny blows, or the woman's catlike squirmings.

Leaving their wretched victims spluttering and heaving in a corner of the room, the rescue-party made their way upstairs, Kavanagh supporting Rosamund, the Fascists carrying the body of Doctor Hensley, which they took out into the forest and deposited on a pathway. By this means it was hoped that all legal enquiries would be avoided, for Doctor Hensley, when discovered, would appear to have died of heart failure

whilst walking in the woods, and the only four people who knew the truth would certainly be very careful to keep their mouths shut.

Brandon and Kavanagh had taken the precaution to keep the aeroplane in which they had flown from Frankfurt ready in case of emergency at the neighbouring aerodrome, so that it was only a matter of an hour or two to transport Rosamund in the Countess's car back to the hotel to rejoin her mother, pick up Lady Dare, and drive on all together to the starting-point for England.

Dawn found them winging their way across Switzerland, leaving Bogazzo and its terrible memories far behind them.

CHAPTER XII

COSMOS

It was many weeks before Rosamund recovered from her terrible experiences. The shock of her capture, the mental strain induced by twenty hours of ceaseless questioning by one cross-examiner after another without food or sleep, the horror of feeling herself dragged to her death by the clutching fingers of Krovavaya Katya, had brought about a complete collapse. For ten days she lay in a darkened room, unable to talk, and hearing nothing, but answering, coherently, though faintly, when spoken to.

But as her strength gradually returned it became evident that this collapse was purely physical ; there was no sign of the mental distress her earlier experiences in occult circles had induced. In a word, she was no longer afraid of the power these people could exercise over her.

" I've always felt somehow," she said to Kavanagh when at last he was allowed to come and sit beside the divan on which she lay, " that if I could once get up against them, meet them in the open, put up a fight and get the best of it, I should be free for ever from their influence. Jimmy helped me a lot, but I suppose there was still a lurking fear in my mind that after all they might be able to get at me in the way they profess to be able to do. Well, they did their worst and failed. The fact that they had to resort to physical violence showed that, didn't it ? "

"Of course it did. You beat them all along the line."

"Yes. I think I did. Even if they'd killed me, I should have got the best of it, really."

Suddenly she began to laugh, whilst tears induced by sheer physical weakness welled up into her eyes. "Oh, Terence, if only I could have seen them when Alessandro gave them the castor oil! It must have been a marvellous sight."

"It was. And to crown everything the Fascists turned the key in the lock before leaving the Temple. They must have had a pleasant night of it."

At that Rosamund laughed so uncontrollably that Kavanagh, fearing she might become hysterical, hastily dropped the subject and went on talking in a calm and soothing voice:

"Well, that's all over and done with. And you're not afraid of them any more."

"How could I be? I'd only have to picture them——" her voice quavered suspiciously, in a moment she might be off again in a storm of laughter.

"Rosamund," Kavanagh said seriously, "do you remember saying once, long ago, that you felt you must have no emotions. That you must not love or hate?"

She nodded. "Yes. I remember."

"Well, you don't think that any longer? Oh, darling, can't you love me now?"

There was a moment's silence. This time there were tears, not of laughter, in her eyes.

"My very valiant knight!" she said softly.

"No, only your very true and loving knight," Terence answered. And with his arms around her the terrible past vanished for ever like some evil dream.

It was arranged that Terence and Rosamund should not be married for some months and that their engagement should not even be announced for the present. For the quest on which Brandon and Kavanagh had set out was not yet ended, and nothing must be allowed to interfere with their work together.

"You belong to the country, Terence," Rosamund said firmly. "You've got to save that before we think of our own happiness."

And though he demurred, Kavanagh knew in his heart that Rosamund was right. Once married his first thoughts would be for her, and he must give his whole mind to the cause.

Now they were back in London Brandon and Kavanagh found themselves confronted by fresh problems of a complicated kind. Their investigations on the Continent had enabled them to collect the threads of both occult and political intrigues abroad; the difficulty now was to link up these threads with contacts at home, and to find out who was pulling the strings between England and abroad. Moreover, only two members of the Zodiac had been identified—Capricornus of New York and Sagittarius of Bavaria. The remaining ten, and particularly the London member of that interesting circle, had yet to be discovered.

But where was the search to begin? Doctor Hensley, one of the principal contacts in England, was dead, Oscar Franklin still walked the earth, but he was reported in the society columns of the Press to be entertaining a house-party, including the Prime Minister, at his grouse moor in Scotland. The Frenshams were also away in the country. The Batemans were cruising in the Mediterranean. The Greenworthys were at Bath. Evidently for the moment

there was little doing.

But everything comes to him who waits, and at the beginning of October the Press announced that in view of the growing menace presented by Soviet Russia, a large anti-Bolshevist meeting was to be held in the Albert Hall, at which the leading members of the Conservative Party would be present. "Mr. Murray Bateman, M.P., the Countess of Buntingford, and General Brighorn" were to be amongst the speakers, and Mr. Oscar Franklin would take the chair.

Brandon and Kavanagh decided that it would be amusing to go and see how Capricornus acquitted himself on this occasion, when a somewhat different attitude would be required of him from the one in which they had last seen him, choking and heaving on the floor of the clinic.

The meeting was large and enthusiastic, that is to say, the boxes and the body of the hall were completely filled by an audience that needed no convincing of the evils of Bolshevism. Grey or bald heads predominated amongst the men, whilst the feminine element—except for the usual contingent of somnolent dowagers in the front rows—was largely provided by the gallant widows and elderly daughters of soldiers and sailors who can always be depended on to rally to any patriotic cause, and who make the contemptuous term of "old woman" an anomaly in days when young men shudder at the idea of putting up a fight in defence of their country.

The platform was expensively decorated with palms and chrysanthemums in pots, forming a pleasing foreground to the rows of titled or important personages who had given their support to the proceedings—two dukes, three duchesses, one or two well-known

millionaires, Mr. Bloxham, the Chief Agent of the Conservative Party, and several leading Members of Parliament. The humble workers who bore the heat and burden of the day were relegated to the upper circle. If the idea had been to illustrate the Socialists' conception of anti-Bolshevism as a class movement of the Have-Nots against the Haves, it could not have been better staged. The Communists, who constituted almost the only occupants of the gallery, would have little difficulty in providing a burlesque report to this effect for the columns of the *Daily Worker*.

The proceedings opened with an excellent speech by Mr. Oscar Franklin, deploring the apathy of the British public with regard to the Bolshevik menace, and expressing the hope that all those present would contribute generously to the collection for the new campaign of propaganda that the meeting was to inaugurate. Letters from the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were read aloud expressing their deep regret at their inability to be present on this auspicious occasion.

A powerful speech was delivered by General Brighorn describing the horrors of Bolshevism in terms so lurid that even the old ladies in the front rows woke up for a few moments and shivered.

Mr. Murray Bateman, M.P., in a calmer and more Parliamentary vein, explained the necessity for differentiating between Communism and Socialism, and his reminder that "we are all Socialists now" met with warm applause from a small section of his audience. The British Labour Party, he went on to say, was composed of men who could by no stretch of the imagination be suspected of Bolshevistic tendencies.

Lady Buntingford was certainly extremely well

documented, and read aloud statistics showing the progress of the second Five Years' Plan, which however, she added, was doomed to failure. ("Then why worry about it?" shouted a Communist from the gallery, who was instantly silenced.) Her figures were remarkably correct as well indeed they might be, since they had already been published in the *Pravda* and passed on to her in translation by a most charming and well-informed Russian who had been presented to her at a party, and who kindly offered to supply her with all the propaganda she might require.

A star turn followed in the shape of a speech in somewhat halting English by a victim of the Russian Revolution, Madame Krapotsky, whose markedly Asiatic features seemed vaguely familiar to Brandon and Kavanagh.

"I can't think where on earth I've seen her, can you?" whispered the former.

"No, but it's coming back to me—wait, Jimmy—ah! I've got it! The woman we saw going out of the gate of the Villa Pax Mundi—the typical revolutionary female you called her—do you remember?"

"By Jove. Of course. You've got it. I wonder what she's doing in England."

They were soon to know. Madame Krapotsky, the Chairman informed the meeting, was to be employed as translator by the movement. They were fortunate in securing the services of this accomplished lady.

The meeting, everyone agreed as the audience streamed out, had been a brilliant success. The collecting plates had been returned piled with notes, and the well-known soap magnate, Mr. Schutzheim, had sent up a cheque of £1,000 to the platform.

The Communist hecklers on the whole had behaved

remarkably well, and after emitting a few cat-calls had subsided into silence. After all there seemed no reason for creating a disturbance and risking ejection by the stewards. Not a word had been said that could damage the Bolshevik cause in the eyes of anyone not already convinced of its iniquities.

Going out into the foggy atmosphere of the October night, Kavanagh found himself suddenly confronted by Myra Greenworthy. They had not met since the somewhat painful scene in the garden of her father's house, but Myra evidently harboured no resentment, for she smiled up at Kavanagh and said mischievously :

"What *did* you think of it all, Terence ? "

"I thought it most impressive," Kavanagh answered firmly, duly noting that General Brighorn was standing at his elbow.

Myra put her head nearer and whispered :

"Did you see Izzy ? "

"No. Was he on the platform ? "

Myra laughed. "I think even Izzy could hardly do that."

Kavanagh remembered hearing that young Franklin had not achieved his father's popularity with "the Party," that in fact he was reported to hold "advanced views," and was believed to have frequently visited Soviet Russia. But before he could make any reply Myra had nodded good night and was whirled away in Sir Paul Greenworthy's luxurious Mercédès in the direction of Kensington Palace Gardens.

A few nights later Brandon and Kavanagh were sitting over the fire in the latter's rooms, when the manservant entered to say that a lady was at the door and wished to see the Major.

"What sort of a lady?" asked Kavanagh.

"Young, sir, and wearing a handsome fur coat. Seems to be a bit upset, sir."

Kavanagh rose and went to the door. On the threshold stood Myra Greenworthy, evidently in a state bordering on hysteria.

"Come in, Myra," he said; "what on earth's the matter?"

The girl entered hurriedly. Kavanagh led her into the sitting-room and introduced Brandon. "The famous portrait-painter, you know."

"I want to speak to you alone," she said in a trembling voice, turning to Kavanagh.

"But, Myra, Captain Brandon's my greatest pal and as wise as an owl. If you're in any difficulties he's the man to help you," said Kavanagh, determined that if any revelations were to be made Jimmy should be there to hear them.

"Well, if he can be depended upon not to talk—what I've come to tell you is terribly secret, you understand?"

"Jimmy won't say a word. Go on, Myra."

Myra hesitated. Then the words came out with a rush:

"Oh, Terence, I believe Father's in some dreadful danger."

"How can Sir Paul be in danger?" asked Kavanagh, puzzled.

"That's what I wondered." Suddenly Myra's eyes filled with tears. "You know what Father has been to me—since Leopold died and Mother was taken ill."

Kavanagh nodded. He remembered hearing that Myra's brother had been killed in the war and that

her mother had gone mad with grief.

"But though Father and I are such friends," Myra went on, "he doesn't confide in me about his affairs. And lately he has seemed terribly worried about something. I couldn't find out what. Only he seemed always worse when Oscar or Isidore Franklin had been with him. I concluded it must be something to do with business.

"One day Oscar Franklin came and was shut up with Father in the library for ever so long. I was in the morning-room opening out of it, you know, and I could hear their voices through the door, as if they were arguing, and here and there I could hear a word, sometimes English, sometimes German. Then at last I heard Oscar Franklin say in a loud angry voice: 'Very well, Paul; then you are a traitor. You know that by rights you should have taken your place in the Zodiac, and that all together we should rule the world. Now that place will have to be given to another.' 'I can't help that,' Father said helplessly, and I could hear him pacing to and fro over the parquet. For a moment there was silence, then Father said loudly: 'I tell you, Issachar,'—Issachar, you see, is Oscar's real name—'I tell you, I once felt just as you do about this country, but I've come to love it. I don't want to see it go under. After all, my boy died fighting for it.' I couldn't hear what Franklin said to this, but it must have been some sort of sneer, for it seemed to send Father almost mad. 'You dare to call him that?' he shouted, 'my son, my first-born!' And it seemed to me that he was making a rush at Franklin. I was so frightened of what might happen that I opened the door and went in.

"Father and Franklin stood and stared at me

aghast. Then Franklin turned to me and said with bitter sarcasm : ' I congratulate you, Myra, on your father's patriotism. A true Englishman ! ' With that he turned on his heel and left the room.

" Father was white and shaken, but he would say nothing of what had taken place. Since then he has hardly eaten anything, and sits for hours sunk in silence brooding over something. And I watch him and tremble, for I fear their vengeance. That is why I came to you, Terence ; I felt I must tell someone or I should go mad." And sinking her head into the cushions of the chair Myra burst into passionate sobs.

" Stop, Myra," said Kavanagh soothingly, patting her shoulder as he had done that night in the garden ; " don't give way to despair. We've got to do something."

" What can we do ? " asked Myra, sitting up and looking at him through her tears. " We are powerless. They are too strong for us."

" Who are too strong for us ? " asked Brandon quietly.

" The Zodiac—whatever that may be."

" You never heard of it before ? "

" Only once. That was when I came into the room one day and found Father going through some papers at his writing-table. One of these was headed ' The Zodiac,' and underneath was what looked like a list of names and curious symbols. But when Father saw me he hastily put it away. He has some secret papers that he keeps in a hiding-place of his own—not in his writing desk or despatch-box, to which his secretary has access, and he allows no one to see those papers but himself. I conclude the one about the Zodiac is put away amongst them."

" And you've no idea what the Zodiac is ? "

" I imagined it must be some sort of financial combine. But I think now it's more important than that—and more secret. I think," and Myra lowered her voice mysteriously, " it's some terrible conspiracy which Father knows about, but won't be drawn into. Izzy, you see, is a Communist ; I believe he's in the very thick of the Bolshevist conspiracy. By the way, he hates *you*, Terence ! "

" Me ? What have I done to Izzy ? "

" Well, you remember that evening in the garden last summer, when—when—I—— " blushing faintly, Myra ended the sentence with a nervous laugh.

" Yes, I remember. You were feeling rather overwrought. Go on, Myra."

" And you remember too that we heard a bird in the bushes behind the summer-house ? "

Kavanagh nodded.

" Well, that bird was Izzy ! " said Myra, laughing this time outright. " The little wretch had followed us out into the garden and was hiding behind the summer-house, where he heard the whole of our conversation. Just the sort of sneaky thing Izzy would do ! So you can imagine he's no love for you, Terence. You see," she went on, turning to Brandon, " it had been arranged I should marry Izzy, and what he heard that night showed him what I felt about the question. And now he hates Terence with a deadly hatred."

" Has he got a two-seater Bentley ? " Kavanagh enquired with apparent irrelevance.

" Yes. Why do you ask ? "

" Only because a car of that make nearly ran me down as I was walking home that evening."

" Ah, I'll bet it was Izzy's ! His car is a Bentley."

He was driving himself, I remember, that evening, and he left directly after you did. Oh!" Myra added uncontrollably, "if only we could get Izzy arrested!"

Once safe in gaol, she was evidently reflecting, any matrimonial intentions on the part of Isidore would be effectually thwarted.

"I don't know what we could get him on," Kavanagh said meditatively.

"If we could track him to some Communist haunt," Myra began. Then fumbling in her gold bag she drew out a scrap of very crumpled paper. "I wonder whether this means anything?" she said, handing it to Kavanagh. "It fell out of Izzy's pocket the other day, and I picked it up. I thought it might be useful."

Kavanagh read it and passed it on to Brandon. Only these words were written on it:

"Cosmos 11 o'clock."

"But there's something on the other side," said Myra.

Brandon turned it over and read: "'The night is fine. And the stars are shining.' What on earth can that mean?"

"Odd," said Kavanagh. "You've no idea what Cosmos is, Myra? Is it a person or a place?"

"I haven't a notion."

"It might be Izzy's barber," Brandon suggested with a laugh. "Anyhow, let's look up the name in the Telephone Directory."

But no Cosmos was registered in its columns.

"If it's a place, it's evidently not a resort that wants to advertise its existence," said Brandon, adding: "Which makes it all the more interesting."

"And therefore worth following up," said Kavanagh. "I'll do all I can, Myra."

He was careful to use the first person singular. It would be imprudent to let the girl know of Brandon's activities outside his studio.

Myra, now evidently restored to her normal cheerfulness, rose to go. The thought of getting a line on Izzy seemed to exhilarate her.

"I'm so glad you'll *do* something," she said, pulling her mink coat around her shoulders.

"And if you could find out a little more about the Zodiac," Brandon said with well-affected detachment, "it might perhaps be useful."

"If only I could get hold of that list!" Myra answered, looking enquiringly at Kavanagh. "Do you think that would help, Terence?"

"Help? I should think it would help!" And less cautious than Brandon, Kavanagh put his hand on Myra's shoulder and said impressively: "Myra, you must do your level best to get that paper!"

He had gauged the girl's psychology better than Brandon, knowing as Brandon did not, the emotions he had stirred in her heart. For Kavanagh's sake she was ready to do and dare anything.

"Very well, Terence, if you say so, I'll get it—by fair means or foul." Her eyes flashed with determination. And pressing Kavanagh's hand she moved to the door.

"It's an ugly business," Brandon said after the flat door had closed behind her. "I'm afraid old Greenworthy's for it. The orders of the Zodiac are not to be lightly disobeyed."

"If only we could get Isidore rounded up," said Kavanagh, "we might put a spoke in their wheel. I

have a feeling that if there's any dirty work to be done, he's the man for it."

"Yes. And the first step is to find out who or what is Cosmos. I'll get on to that straight away."

During the course of his "double life" Brandon had had occasion to make many strange friends in all walks of life. Newspaper boys, flower-sellers, rag and bone men, had all in turn served their purpose when information was to be gleaned from the circles in which they moved, and none of them would have recognised in Captain Brandon, the society portrait painter, the odd-looking man in the dirty felt hat and shabby overcoat who had entered into conversation with them at street corners or at the bar in public-houses. Some of them doubtless suspected the fellow was a police "nark," or in the employ of some detective agency, but the half-crowns that he fished out of his trouser pocket were always welcome, and no questions need be asked as to the use made of the news they supplied. In this way Brandon had collected a small army of investigators upon whom he could depend when anything in what is known as "low life" had to be discovered.

One of the strangest of this army was Sally Wicks. Brandon had made her acquaintance some years ago when, going along one of the by-streets out of Shaftesbury Avenue late at night, he came upon a brawl going on outside the door of a public-house. The central figure, a girl whose profession was clearly stamped on her face, was shrinking back in terror from the advances of a half-caste, obviously drunk, who reeled before her on the pavement, whilst a small crowd stood round and jeered. Brandon, pushing his

way amongst them, had taken in the situation at a glance and rescued the wretched woman from her tormentor. After that night he had often passed her in the street, when she never failed to give him a wan smile and word of greeting. One evening, moved by pity, he had taken Sally into an Italian restaurant and given her a meal. The warmth of the place and human sympathy loosed her tongue, and she talked of her life, her troubles, and what might have been, for she had once had visions of better things. She had her loyalties, too.

In the course of further meetings Brandon discovered that the Royal Family occupied a peculiar place in her affections. He had come upon her during the King's illness in 1929, standing in the crowd around Buckingham Palace with the tears welling between her blackened eyelids and making grimy channels in the rouge of her cheeks. This suggested possibilities, and Brandon took to employing her for little jobs. Owing to the fact that she looked so plainly what she was she could penetrate into places where a respectable woman would be regarded with suspicion and where useful information was sometimes to be obtained. Brandon found he could trust her too, and, though he remained Mr. Peters to her, she became one of the few to whom he disclosed something of the true nature of his investigations. Communism in itself meant nothing to her, but the insults to the Royal Family uttered by Communist orators roused her to fury and nerved her to undertake any enterprise for their undoing, however hazardous. The money she earned in this way counted for little compared to the glory of feeling she was working for the King.

A day or two after Myra's visit to Kavanagh's flat,

Brandon, crossing Piccadilly Circus towards midnight, found himself face to face with Sally Wicks.

"Sally," he said, "would you like to do a job of work?"

"Wouldn't I just? Anything to do with those b—— Reds?"

"Yes. I want you to find out, if you can, who or what is 'Cosmos.' Here, I'll write it down for you." And he handed her a slip of paper.

Sally looked at it and screwed up her nose.

"Sounds nasty, don't it, dearie? How do I set to work?"

"Better drop in for a meal at some of the small restaurants in Soho, and see if you can pick up anything," Brandon said, slipping a pound note into her hand.

"Right-o. I'll see what I can do, Mr. Peters. Same address as usual?"

And with a nod she disappeared into the crowd.

The address was that of Rigby's sister, who kept a small sweet shop in Chelsea. Four days later a letter duly arrived there addressed to Mr. Peters in Sally's sprawling hand. It was short and to the point:

"I've found out what it is. Its a restarrong. Don't know where yet but hope to soon. I'll be by the Palace tomorrow evening at seven."

Brandon, impatient for further news, kept the rendezvous in Shaftesbury Avenue. Sally, her face aglow with triumph, was waiting for him.

"It's in Pond Street. Got it out of a waiter at Bonino's, where I dropped in last night. Spaniard he was, I should say; seemed a chatty sort of fellow, so I

just said: ' Know Cosmos?' Looked a bit queer, told me where it was. So I thought I'd step that way and have a look. There it was large as life."

" What's it like ? "

" Oh, a beastly hole! " Sally said, making a face.

" Well, if you don't mind, I think we'll go and have a meal there."

" Right-o. This evening ? "

" Yes, I'll be back here at eleven."

At the appointed hour Brandon, in the guise of a German Communist, joined Sally near the Palace and followed as she led the way to Pond Street. After passing a small Kosher restaurant they came to a sign with the words " Café Cosmos " written in small lettering over a circle with a point in the middle.

Opening the door they entered a long room with no tables but a bar at the end, behind which sat a man of swarthy appearance smoking a thin Spanish cigar and reading the *Moscow News*. Putting down the paper he looked at the new arrivals enquiringly and not without suspicion.

" Good evening, comrade," said Brandon, speaking English with a well-assumed German accent.

The man at the desk returned the greeting gruffly and then added as if expecting a reply :

" The night is fine."

Where had Brandon heard these words recently? Suddenly remembering the note on Izzy's scrap of paper, he answered with only an instant's hesitation :

" And the stars are shining."

" That was last week," said the man at the desk.

" Where are you from ? "

" From Hamburg. The comrades there told me I

should be welcome here." And Brandon produced a card of membership to the K.P.D. in the name of Otto Schmidt.

The man looked reassured.

"Good. But they should have kept you up to date. And your companion?"

"An Englishwoman. A friend, but not yet one of ours."

"Then she can't come in."

Brandon looked at Sally, who immediately understood.

"All right," she said, nodding. "Good night, Mr. Schmidt, see you another evening." And moving to the door, she went out into the street.

"You can go through now, comrade," said the man, jerking his head in the direction of a door at the side of the desk.

Brandon entered and found himself in a back room, where some dozen men and women were seated at small tables evidently more engrossed in conversation than in the meagre refreshments placed before them by a girl with short black hair brushed straight back from her forehead, wearing a greasy scarlet blouse.

The assembled company looked at Brandon enquiringly as he sat down at an empty table in the corner and asked for a glass of vodka.

After a moment's silence the conversation was resumed again in low voices and in a variety of languages—Spanish, German, Yiddish, and Russian. Brandon could catch only a few words here and there—"capitalism—the bourgeois—tovarisch," the usual phraseology of Communism.

"You are a stranger," said the girl in the red blouse, putting the vodka down before Brandon, and he felt

that the rest of the company were listening for his reply.

"Yes, I have only just arrived in London. I'm from Hamburg."

"Ach so?" said a man sitting near him. "And how are things going there?"

"Badly," answered Brandon briefly. For the moment, he decided, the less he said the better.

The man, after a few desultory remarks, turned again to his companions, leaving Brandon to consume his vodka in silence. After a while he got up and went out. The evening had yielded little, but one visit could not be expected to lead to anything of interest. It was evidently necessary to become an habitu .

"One can come again, comrade?" he said, as he went out to the man at the desk, who nodded assent.

After this Brandon took to dropping in every few nights and was soon on friendly though not confidential terms with his neighbours. No longer curious as to his identity, they seemed to have decided that he was a comrade of little importance. But their voices were now raised at moments so that Brandon could catch interesting fragments of conversation.

"But the English, what can one do with them?" said one in Yiddish. "A wooden-headed race. They will never make a revolution."

"No," said another, "that is why we've got to make it for them. By the spring you'll see—things will begin to happen——" and the speaker's voice sank into a whisper.

Another time a discussion was taking place in Russian. "But Welsky, he is their mascot," said a voice, and Brandon listened with all his ears, for "Prinz Welsky" is Russian for the Prince of Wales.

Again the conversation became inaudible. Then someone said in a louder tone: "But, Mangin, that was simple, he attended a banquet."

Of what followed only one word could be heard. That word was "pneumonia." Brandon duly noted it on the tablets of his memory.

One evening a curious incident occurred. A group of five men occupying a table in the corner had been doing themselves better than usual and were talking with unaccustomed freedom in Yiddish. Suddenly one of them put on his hat and began to mutter what sounded like a prayer in a language unknown to Brandon.

"But surely, Jakov," said a young man—a newcomer—in evident surprise, "as a Communist you do not believe in religion? Then why do you recite the Schema?"

"You fool," retorted the other, "what is Communism to us? Don't you know it is only the means by which we mean to attain the mastery of the world?"

The others nodded assent, and the young man relapsed into silence.

Two points Brandon remarked as of particular interest. One was that none of the leaders of the British Communist Party with whose faces he was perfectly familiar were to be seen here. Evidently they were not in the inner councils of the movement—"Dummkopfe" he heard them once referred to in the course of a conversation.

The second point was that the phraseology employed by these people had nothing of the occult ring noticeable in the correspondence he had gone through at Bogazzo. The Zodiac was never mentioned, nor were any classical pseudonyms employed; the language, in

fact, was that of pure Communism. Brandon judged that these people formed an inner circle for carrying out the dictates of Moscow, but were some way removed from the Hidden Chiefs who composed the secret inner ring of the world movement.

Meanwhile, not a sign had been seen of the main object of Brandon's search—Isidore Franklin. Brandon began to wonder if he had failed to recognise him, for he had only met him once at a dinner-party carefully groomed with highly polished hair and in smart black evening clothes, a shirt front straight from the Rue de la Paix, and a large cabochon ruby gleaming on his little finger. This was certainly not the get-up in which he would be likely to visit Cosmos, and Brandon kept his eyes open for a camouflaged edition of that enterprising young man. Then one night when Brandon had stayed later than usual and was preparing to get up from his table in a corner of the room, the door opened, and a new "comrade" entered. This time there could be no doubt it was "Izzy," in spite of the shabby black coat, the voluminous red tie, the felt hat well pulled down to his eyes, which were concealed by a pair of thick black spectacles. It was certainly not the spruce and opulent Izzy of West-End dinner-tables, but it was Izzy all the same, and on the little finger of his right hand he still wore the large cabochon ruby.

His entrance appeared to create no small stir amongst the habitués of Cosmos, for several rose respectfully and made room for him at a table.

"Things are going well," he said in German, sitting down with his back to Brandon, who, from the movement of his shoulders, guessed that he was taking something from an inner pocket of his coat.

Turning from one to another of the group, Izzy spoke in short sharp sentences :

" You have worked well, Reuben Aaronovitch," or " Yasha Jidovski, your work has not been entirely satisfactory. You must show more energy in future." And so on.

" He is distributing money," Brandon said to himself, though the shoulders of the group were pressed too closely together for him to see what was taking place on the table. Each man received Izzy's remarks and, presumably, the notes handed to him, humbly as coming from a superior, though one or two grumbled about the difficulty of making headway here.

" What can one do in London, the stronghold of Capitalism ? " said one, louder than the rest.

Brandon sipped his vodka thoughtfully. So Izzy was the intermediary between the Zodiac and the inner circle of the foreign Communists in London, passing on to them the funds provided by that mysterious source of wealth which financed all phases of the world movement in turn.

At this moment Izzy rose to go, and on his way to the door spotted Brandon in the far corner of the room.

" Who is that fellow ? " he asked, stopping suddenly with a gesture in Brandon's direction.

" He is a German comrade," answered one of the group. " He comes here often."

" Have you asked him for his proofs ? " demanded Isidore.

" Pedro admitted him, so he must have given the word."

" Well, let him give it now ! You have fared well ? " he added, turning to Brandon, and evidently waiting for a reply.

"Excellently," said Brandon, saying the first thing that came into his head.

"That is not the answer."

"But, comrade, I did not know that a new pass-word was necessary each time one came here. I understood that all comrades were welcome."

"Of course. But you should have been able to answer that," said Isidore peremptorily.

Brandon was now completely at a loss. With the higher initiates such as Brinkdorff and Oscar Franklin it had been easier to get out of the situation with masonic grips and pass-words, but at Cosmos something else was needed—evidently a pass-word, that was changed weekly. He had not anticipated this situation; usually this kind of test formed the prelude to admission, once that Rubicon had been passed he had concluded that no direct challenge of the kind would be offered. But Isidore Franklin was evidently more vigilant than his companions; moreover, the transactions of that evening demanded greater secrecy than the desultory conversation that went on at Cosmos. Brandon's failure to give the required pass-word therefore roused him to furious suspicion.

"Call in Pedro!" he said to the comrade at the door.

The order was obeyed, and the sullen bar-keeper entered the room.

"What did you mean by admitting this fellow without the proper tests?" he said in German.

"But he answered nearly right the first evening. And he showed his card of membership to the K.P.D."

"Nearly right is not enough. And he cannot answer now. Show your card of membership," he went on, turning to Brandon, who produced it from an inner pocket.

Isidore looked at it critically.

"Who knows whether this is genuine? For all we can tell the fellow is an impostor, a spy of the British Secret Service. However, we shall soon find out. He will appear before the G.P.U. and prove himself—if he is able."

"Decidedly troublesome," Brandon thought to himself, for he well knew the impossibility of escaping from the room with the steel doors which formed the London branch of the Cheka, now more euphoniously renamed the G.P.U. Determined not to be captured without a struggle, he made a dash for the exit, but half a dozen men closed around him and he was overpowered.

Isidore stood by issuing his commands:

"Morris, place a gag over the fellow's mouth. Reuben, pinion his arms behind his back and lead him to the door. My car is waiting a little farther up the street. Summon Maimun to come up to the door and push him into the car as quickly as possible."

The order was instantly obeyed. Brandon felt himself seized from behind, his arms bound tightly with a leather belt that one of the comrades removed from his own body, a handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth and another tied across it and knotted at the back of his head. Then he was led through the bar to the entrance, where the car, driven by Franklin's negro chauffeur, waited.

But just as he was being hurried across the pavement a sudden pandemonium arose, and Brandon found himself the centre of a struggling crowd, blows rained like hail on the heads of his captors, Isidore dashed through the open door of the car and was driven rapidly away. The next moment Brandon felt his arms released, the

gag torn from his mouth, friendly hands gripped his, whilst Sally, with her arms round his neck, was kissing him soundly on both cheeks.

From the moment Brandon had taken to frequenting Cosmos, Sally had lived in a state of acute anxiety. "Mr. Peters," the strange man in the shabby overcoat was what the "Confession Books" called her "greatest hero in real life." Not only had he come to her rescue that night several years ago like the knight in a story book saving a damsel in distress, but he was the only man who had ever shown her any human sympathy and given her honourable work to do, the work that above all other raised her in her own eyes as being performed in the service of the King. If "anything happened" to Mr. Peters all that side of Sally's sordid life would be at an end. And in going alone to Cosmos she felt convinced that he was running a terrible risk. In vain she had begged him to take a companion with him, but, as he had pointed out, no one unprovided with the necessary credentials would be able to gain admittance. He alone was capable of carrying the thing through. But Sally determined not to leave things to chance. If Mr. Peters would not take care of himself she would see to his safety. It happened that she had a lover amongst the young fish-porters in Billingsgate, some of whom were as loyal as herself. Hatred of the alien ran high in the minds of these men, and it was as aliens that they loathed the Communists who frequented that part of London. It was therefore to Bill Hodgett that Sally confided her fears for the safety of Mr. Peters when he took to frequenting Cosmos, and thus, unknown to Brandon, every night that he had spent there, Sally with Bill and several of his

heftiest mates had wandered round the restaurant, keeping guard on the entrance and never returning home until they had seen " Mr. Peters " emerge safely from the doorway.

Bill and his band were therefore all ready when, on the fateful evening Brandon, gagged and bound, was seen in the act of being hustled into the waiting motor and the opportunity for a scrap with the alien Reds gave them no less satisfaction than the rescue of Sally's hero, Mr. Peters. They would have liked to pursue them and get in a few more punches as bruised and battered they took to their heels in all directions, but a word from Brandon brought them to a halt. So far the whole affair had happened so quickly that neither the police nor a curious crowd had been attracted to the spot, and " Mr. Peters," having thanked his rescuers with a warm handshake all round and a " Good night, Sally ; God bless you," was able to slip away unobserved from the scene of action.

It was the proudest moment of Sally's life. Those words " God bless you " echoed in her ears as she made her way homewards, walking as if to the strains of a triumphal march.

Once out of danger, Brandon, as was his wont, put his personal experiences at Cosmos out of his mind, and set to work on the clues he had collected there. It was not till a week later that the circumstances of his rescue were suddenly recalled to his memory. He had entered a train on the District Railway and picked up the evening paper when a small paragraph caught his eye.

" Sarah Wicks, aged 27, of no occupation, was found stabbed to the heart last night in a passage leading off

Pond Street, Covent Garden. A young Russian, Reuben Aaronsohn, seen in the vicinity, was detained by the police, but released for lack of evidence connecting him with the crime. The matter is in the hands of Scotland Yard."

Brandon put down the paper with a spasm of impotent fury at these miserable things being possible in a civilised country. So Sally had paid for his life with her own! Nothing had ever touched him so poignantly in the course of his adventurous career.

CHAPTER XIII

A KENSINGTON TRAGEDY

WHILST these events had been taking place Myra was passing through alternating moments of hope and despair. Her father's depression seemed to be growing deeper, and she dreaded he might be driven to some desperate deed. But at the same time she had faith in Kavanagh, for she was convinced that Isidore was in some way connected with the trouble weighing on her father's mind ; once Izzy had been rounded up she felt the danger that threatened him would be averted. Meanwhile, she had her own work to do. She could still feel the touch of Kavanagh's hand on her shoulders and his voice, with that light suspicion of a brogue, saying : " Myra, you must do your level best to get that paper ! " Well, she would find its hiding-place—show what she was able to do for him, then Terence would love her and all would be well.

One evening Kavanagh, sitting over the fire in his rooms with Brandon, heard the telephone bell ring and took up the receiver. A startled look came over his face.

" What is it ? " said Brandon.

" A most extraordinary sound—the sound of laboured breathing—coming in gasps—who is it ? " Kavanagh said quickly, speaking into the receiver.

Still the same gasping sound.

" Who is it ? " he repeated.

Then a voice said faintly :

"It's—it's—My—My—Myra——"

"Myra! What's the matter?"

A pause followed, then the same gasping whisper said:

"Come—come—quickly. I'm—dying."

The last word was almost inaudible. Then complete silence followed.

"Good Lord!" said Kavanagh. "What can have happened? Jimmy! We've got to get busy, come on."

Followed by Brandon, to whom he rapidly explained what he had heard, Kavanagh ran into the hall and flung on his overcoat. Hurrying downstairs the two men hailed a taxi, telling the chauffeur to drive with all speed to Kensington Palace Gardens. Fortunately, the streets at this hour were clear, and they arrived in less than ten minutes at their destination.

"Is Miss Greenworthy ill?" said Kavanagh to the footman who opened the door—an intelligent-looking young man whom Kavanagh remembered as "Albert," and who gave him a quick look of recognition. The man looked surprised.

"Not that I know of, sir. She's in the library, I believe, with Sir Paul—at least, she was about twenty minutes ago. If you'll come this way, sir," and he led the way through the hall and opened the library door.

At first the room appeared to be empty. The dim light from one electric reading-lamp left the corners in almost complete darkness. The heavy, rather delicious perfume Kavanagh remembered noticing that evening in the garden hung in the air.

"Is there no one here?" he said, going forward, and even as he spoke he suddenly saw through the shadows at the farther end of the room two forms lying prostrate on the floor.

"Sir Paul and Myra!" he said under his breath.
"And they're dead."

The three men approached quickly. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. That was Sir Paul, his eyes closed in death, with a round hole in his temple from which the blood was slowly trickling, and an old Browning pistol lying close to his right hand. Myra too seemed to have ceased breathing, but no wound was visible, only on examining her blue velvet gown a dull red stain over the left breast was visible. Beside her, overturned on the floor, was the telephone which she had evidently pulled down from the table near at hand in order to breathe her last words to Terence.

Throwing himself on his knees beside her, Kavanagh put his hand on hers; it was still warm, and the pulse was very feebly beating.

"She's not dead yet," he whispered. "Fetch some brandy—quick!"

Albert, who had remained rooted to the ground with terror, awoke as from a dream, and hurrying from the room returned with a glass of brandy. Brandon had knelt down on the other side of Myra and gently held her lips apart as Kavanagh with one arm beneath her head poured the liquid between them.

At first she did not move, then after a while she gave a shuddering sigh and opened her eyes.

"Terence," she whispered.

"Yes, Myra, what has happened?"

"Father did it—he found—out—I had—spoken——" she said in the same gasping whisper that had sounded through the telephone, pausing between each word. "He was——" and her voice failed her.

"He was what, Myra?" said Brandon, determined to obtain what evidence he could before it was too late.

For his practised eye told him that Myra had only a few moments to live.

"Afraid—of—their—their vengeance."

And her eyes closed again.

"That's the end," Brandon said softly.

But it was not quite the end. Once more Myra opened her eyes, and looking straight into Kavanagh's smiled faintly. Then, as if with a superhuman effort, she whispered :

"Ta—tal—talisman !"

Her eyes closed again, another shuddering sigh broke from her lips, and she lay still with Kavanagh's arms around her.

"It's all over, Terence," said Brandon, rising. And turning to the footman, he added : "Run out and get a policeman as quick as you can. We'll stay here till he comes."

As soon as Albert returned Brandon said to him :

"Have you any idea how all this happened ?"

"None, sir. Only the master's not been himself for some time. Seemed as if he had something on his mind. And this evening, when he came back from the City, he seemed more upset than usual. Hardly touched his dinner, sat looking at his plate without speaking. I could see Miss Myra was worried about him. Afterwards, when they'd gone into the library, I was passing the door and heard him talking aloud—shouting if I might say so, sir—as if he was going for Miss Myra about something. There seemed to be a regular row going on, so to speak."

"You heard nothing that he said ?"

"I'm not given to listening, sir."

"No, but if he was talking so loud you might have heard something without listening," said Brandon.

"Come on, Albert, tell us what you know. It's really important."

"It's not for me to speak, sir."

"Yes, it is—if you can throw any light on the matter."

Albert hesitated and then said :

"Well, sir, it was only a few words. I heard the master say angrily : ' You have spoken ! You can't deny it ! ' And Miss Myra cried out : ' It was to save you. I knew you were in danger. I couldn't stand by and see you threatened ! ' That seemed to send him almost mad. He raged up and down the room shouting : ' You've ruined me. You've ruined me ! They'll take their revenge. ' "

"Was that all, Albert ? "

"Yes, sir, after that I went back to the pantry. It's a good way from the library, you understand, sir. One can't hear nothing there that goes on in this part of the house."

"And you've no idea what was troubling Sir Paul ? "

"Well, sir, I hardly like to say."

"Yes, speak out, Albert. We won't give you away. What do you think was the matter ? "

Sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, Albert said :

"I should say that it's all along of Mr. Oscar Franklin or his son Mr. Isidore—the master always seemed worse when he'd been with them," and the man's face took on a sudden look of hatred.

"You don't like Mr. Isidore ? "

"No, sir, I don't, and that's a fact. Always nosing into everything, if you understand what I mean, sir."

"Perfectly," nodded Brandon. "What you've told us is very useful, Albert."

By this time the police had arrived and began to take

copious notes of the affair. It was soon evident that Sir Paul Greenworthy had shot his daughter through the heart and then turned the weapon on himself. As to the motive of the double crime that was a matter for speculation. "Did Miss Greenworthy say nothing more to this effect?" asked the police. Yes, she had said: "He was afraid of their vengeance." The phrase was duly noted in their pocket-books. This was as much as was necessary for them to know, and the enquiry being ended, Brandon and Kavanagh left by permission of the police. But before going out into the night Brandon contrived to slip his card and a pound note into Albert's hand, saying in an undertone:

"Good night, Albert. You'll be wanting a drop of something to pull you round after all this. Here's my address and telephone number in case you may have anything to communicate. You understand?" he added significantly.

"Perfectly, sir," the man answered with a quick look of intelligence.

"I think Albert may be useful to us," Brandon said as they made their way home through the darkness. "He seems to know more than he'll say at present. It's just as well to keep in touch with him."

"Yes," Kavanagh answered in an abstracted voice. For the moment he could not get his mind back on to the track of investigation; the horror of the tragedy they had just witnessed was still close around him. He had looked death in the face often during the war, but to Terence, always tender where women were concerned, this seemed different. Myra, poor Myra, always so full of life and gaiety, had died in his arms. This thought occupied him to the exclusion of all other considerations. But after a while as he went over the

scene again in his mind her last words of all recurred to him, and he broke a long silence by saying :

" By the way, Jimmy, what do you think Myra meant by ' talisman ' ? "

" I've been wondering about that myself. She must have meant something—something important, too. Her mind wasn't wandering, poor girl! But I can't imagine what she did mean."

" Do you think she carried a talisman on her she wanted us to have ? "

" It's possible. We may find out through the servants. I've a feeling we're not at the end of the mystery."

They had not long to wait for further developments. The next night at two o'clock in the morning the telephone bell at Brandon's bedside rang.

" It's Albert, sir," said a voice.

" Yes, what is it ? "

" I think you and Major Kavanagh had better come along at once, sir. There's some men in the house—not ordinary burglars, you understand, sir. If you could come round to the back door I'd let you in quietly and take them by surprise."

" Good. We'll be round immediately."

Quickly ringing up Kavanagh, Brandon threw on his clothes and taxied rapidly to Kensington Palace Gardens, arriving there almost at the same moment as his friend. Albert, advancing on tiptoe, opened the back door noiselessly.

" They're in the library," he said in an undertone, " going through the master's papers, I suspect. There were some he kept very secret, you understand, sir."

" Ah, and have you any idea who the men are ? "

" Mr. Isidore Franklin and some of his lot, if I'm not

mistaken. They got in through the billiard-room window where the latch was broken. Only Mr. Isidore would know that, for he heard the master giving orders for it to be repaired."

"Good. We'll go straight for them," said Brandon. And walking to the library door they threw it boldly open.

Albert was right. At the writing desk beside a carefully shaded light sat Isidore Franklin turning over a mass of papers, whilst his two men were engaged in pulling out drawers and evidently hunting desperately for some missing document.

"May I ask what you people are doing here?" said Kavanagh.

Isidore sprang to his feet as if he had been shot, but quickly recovering his composure, he answered in his usual derisive tone:

"If it comes to that, what are *you* doing here?"

"We came because we heard the house had been broken into. Now we find you are the burglar."

"Yes, I am the burglar," Isidore said calmly, and signing to his men to leave the room he took up his stand on the hearthrug and lit a cigarette. It was evident that he entirely failed to identify Brandon with Otto Schmidt of Cosmos. Albert discreetly retired, leaving Kavanagh and Brandon to deal with the situation.

"Yes," Isidore repeated, "I am the burglar. I was looking for something amongst Greenworthy's papers. What are you going to do about it?"

"Call in the police."

"Capital. And what do you suppose they will do?"

"Arrest you for feloniously entering this house," said Kavanagh.

"I think they would find that more difficult than you imagine," Isidore said with an enigmatic smile.

And in the same cool voice he went on :

"Perhaps you think they could get me on some other count ? For my Communist activities, for example ? Oh yes, Major Kavanagh, I know that as a candidate of the Conservative Party you must be interested in these questions. And from something Myra let fall one day in a moment of—shall we say petulance ?—I gathered she suspected me of Bolshevik sympathies. As Myra's dear friend and confidant," Izzy went on with a derisive bow in Kavanagh's direction, "she no doubt spoke of this to you. In that case you're probably anxious to find out more about what you call the Communist conspiracy. As I happen to be in the thick of it, there is no one who can tell you about it better than I. Is there anything you would like to ask me ? Take a cigarette," and Isidore held out a jewel-studded case with a smile.

Ignoring the outstretched hand and taking a cigarette from his own case, Kavanagh said :

"Yes. When do you propose to bring off the Revolution ? "

"The Revolution ? " Isidore answered with a shrug. "Do you really think one will be necessary ? There was a time, some ten to fifteen years ago, when Capitalism stood firm in this country and its overthrow seemed only possible by violence. But that time has passed. Lenin was right in saying that the best method was boring from within. Now that process has been accomplished, and the financial structure of this country has been shaken to its foundations, why should our people risk their lives by bombs and barricades ? Why break down an open door ? We can obtain all we want by legislation."

"This is interesting, Mr. Franklin," said Brandon, seating himself comfortably in an armchair ; "pray go on."

"Certainly. Where had I got to ? Ah, I was saying we could obtain all we want by legislation. The Labour Party are under our direction. Our pact with them is concluded. The Liberals are dominated by our people. As to the Conservatives, to which you"—smiling again at Kavanagh—"propose to attach yourself, we have our men or women in every key position behind the scenes. All that goes on in the secret councils of the Party is known to us immediately, so that we can counter every measure that is opposed to our interests. At the next election it will take its third defeat and go out once and for all."

"And what do you propose to do then ? Set up a Soviet Republic ?"

"That will depend. The same methods are not suited to every country. In Russia the Soviet system has so far answered our purpose very well. When it ceases to do so we shall replace it by another that will suit us equally. Here we shall probably start in quite a different manner."

"By taking over the banks and nationalising industry ?"

"Certainly we shall take over the banks and, as you call it, 'nationalise' industry, that is to say, run it ourselves. A great part of it is already in our hands. Your native bankers will offer no resistance, for it is on us they depend for advice, and up to the last moment they will continue to believe they still control the finances of the country."

"The people will rise against you," said Kavanagh. "You've not got mere moujiks to deal with here."

"The people! They will never rise as long as we keep them amused and fed, which we shall do until the time comes for us to take over power openly. The people dance to any tune we play for them. Already we decide what they shall eat, drink, wear, read, and listen to. The stupid public accepts what it is given by us. The cinemas are ours. The radio all over the world broadcasts our propaganda. The literary world is under our control. No writer who dares to attack us can obtain a hearing; only those who serve our purpose can hope to succeed. We arrange this success for them, for we can make any author, speaker, artist that we please. As to the Press, not one word can be printed in the newspapers that we do not approve. No editor could hold his post a day who dared to publish what is detrimental to us."

"But the Press," said Kavanagh, "constantly publishes columns against Bolshevism."

"Against Bolshevism—yes, the façade—and even then in such a way as not to injure it. Those columns merely serve to advertise the power of the Soviet Government just as the anti-Godless campaign in this country gives publicity to our propaganda by reproducing cartoons and what it calls 'blasphemies' that we could never hope to get into the Capitalist Press. But soon the Press will be absolutely ours; then we shall print everything that we please. Already we have our agents in every newspaper office, in every Government Department, in the Home Office, in Scotland Yard. Don't you understand," and Izzy's voice rose triumphantly, "don't you understand that we are already *the masters of the world!* What can you do against us?"

There was a moment's silence whilst Izzy, panting with excitement, squared his shoulders, tucked his

thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and flashed defiance at his listeners.

"As a mere matter of curiosity," Brandon said at last, taking his cigarette slowly out of his mouth, "why do you tell us all this, Mr. Franklin? It's surely somewhat indiscreet to let us into all your plans in this way?"

"Why do I tell you all this?" Isidore repeated, breaking into a derisive laugh. "For the simple reason that it doesn't matter what you know, for *you can make no use of it!*"

"Yes," he went on in the same jeering tone of triumph, "you can do what you like with the information I have given you to-night. Go to the Home Office, to Scotland Yard, to all the heads of the Secret Service, to the Prime Minister, and to the Press, and tell them what I have told you. Tell them we intend to overthrow the Monarchy and the Government of this country, to take over finally that derelict concern the British Empire, to place the banks under our control, to sweep away the last remnants of the Christianity we hate, for it is true, all this is true! But no one will believe you! We shall spread the rumour that you are mad, as we have done in the case of others who have become dangerous to us. For the power is already in our hands, and we know how to use it."

Then suddenly dropping his tone of light irony, Isidore came close up to Kavanagh, and with flashing eyes, clenched fists, and a look of malignant fury, almost spat these words into his face:

"We know also how to deal with those who dare to oppose us!"

Quick as lightning Kavanagh dealt the young man a stinging blow with his open hand which sent him

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reeling across the room. It was the action of a school-boy, he told himself the next moment, but the impulse to hit back in answer to Izzy's insolent threat had been irresistible, and he had obeyed it before he knew what he was doing. Taking a step backwards he squared his elbows to resist the counterblow which Izzy might be expected to deliver, but to his amazement a look of abject terror spread over Izzy's countenance ; for the first time he ceased to look derisive, his hands dropped to his sides, his fingers crooked nervously, then with head bent forward between his hunched shoulders he made for the door, opened it quickly, and went out.

Brandon and Kavanagh looked at each other and burst into a shout of laughter.

" Well, you've won Isidore's respect ! " said Brandon, " he'll think twice before he threatens a white man again. He forgot that you're not yet a politician to be intimidated."

" No ; it would take more than Izzy to intimidate me. Still, I'm afraid there's a certain amount of truth in what he said. We couldn't get him on what he told us to-night. He was careful, you see, not to give us any data we could go on. Now, if only we could get the list of the Zodiac of which Myra spoke that would be documentary evidence."

" Yes, but I doubt their really committing themselves by putting names on paper—in plain language at any rate. Still, Myra must have seen something written—some very secret document old Greenworthy kept amongst his most private papers. I shouldn't be surprised if those are what Izzy was hunting for to-night when we surprised him ! "

" By Jove, I never thought of that. What's more, he evidently didn't find them, so the document may be

still here somewhere—probably in the room at this moment. If only we knew where to look for it. D’you know, Jimmy,” Kavanagh went on meditatively, “I feel sure those last words of poor Myra’s had something to do with it.”

“Yes, I’ve thought that several times. But I can’t for the life of me imagine what she could mean by the talisman.”

Brandon was pacing the room as he spoke, and suddenly stopped dead in front of one of the bookshelves that ran round the library walls.

“Good Lord! I’ve had an idea. Old Greenworthy seems to have made a jolly good collection.”

“‘The hundred best books’ I should think to start with—I don’t imagine he was much of a reader.”

“No. But he’d be bound to have Walter Scott amongst them,” Brandon said, running his eye along the shelves. “Ah, yes, here we are! What about this?” and he pointed to a volume.

“*The Talisman!* By Jove, Jimmy, I quite forgot that was the name of one of Scott’s novels. Could that be what Myra meant? Haul it out quickly!”

Brandon took the book from the shelf, opened and shook it. Out from between the pages there floated a sheet of paper. He stooped quickly and picked it up.

“What is it?” Kavanagh asked breathlessly.

“A list of names—and symbols—the Zodiac!”

Yes, there could be no doubt about it. There were the twelve names, each followed by its Zodiacal symbol, together with the sphere of action assigned to each. They appeared to have been scribbled down hastily as a sort of temporary memorandum, not as a document intended for preservation. The handwriting was unmistakably that of Sir Paul Greenworthy.

"This must be the list Myra told us about," said Brandon, "and that she evidently managed to get hold of—probably the night she died. Otherwise she'd have got it to us. I expect she heard her father coming, and was afraid of being caught, so shoved it into this book for safety."

"And told us with her last breath where to find it ! Good Myra !"

"Yes. She took a big risk in pinching it. I never thought she'd really be able to get hold of anything of the kind," said Brandon.

"Because you felt sure the names would never have been put on paper ?"

"Nor would they—by the Zodiac themselves. But this list wasn't drawn up by them, it was drawn up by Greenworthy, who refused to be one of them. You notice there is an empty space in front of the sign of Taurus ? That corroborates Myra's story of the scene that took place between him and Franklin."

"Then I wonder how he managed to get hold of the list ?"

Brandon thought a moment.

"It seems to me that it may have been like this," he said slowly. "In the past Greenworthy had evidently stood in with the Zodiac. You remember what Myra heard him saying : ' I felt just as you do once, Issachar.' So no doubt they thought they could count on him. And in inviting him to take his place amongst them as their London member they must have told him who the others were. But to their surprise and fury, when it came to the point of actually joining the Zodiac and helping to bring about the downfall of the British Empire, his feeling for this country got the better of him and he backed out. They'd probably

never realised he'd do that, or they wouldn't have committed themselves. That's what made them threaten him with their vengeance."

"Lest he should give away the secret?"

"He'd hardly have dared to do that, knowing the power of the Zodiac. But having been told the names of the members he probably jotted them down afterwards on this scrap of paper for his own use, only taking the precaution to put it away in a place of safety. For though he'd refused to be one of them, he wanted to remember who they were—possibly so as to keep a watch on their movements."

"For what purpose?"

"Oh, these supermen of finance are not above spying on each other—there are hatreds and rivalries amongst them just as amongst lesser men. Even the Zodiac are probably not entirely at one, though they work together for a common end."

"I see," said Kavanagh; "and if your theory's true, Greenworthy may have taken out the list some time to remind himself who was operating in a given part of the world, and that's how Myra came to get a glimpse of it."

"Yes. Anyhow, we've got it now, and we'd better be off quickly or *we* shall be suspected of burgling."

"Which is just about what we have been doing," laughed Kavanagh. "I think another *douceur* to Albert is indicated."

But the footman, tired of waiting to show the visitors out, had sunk into a peaceful slumber on a seat in the hall, and the two men let themselves out of the house without disturbing his dreams.

CHAPTER XIV

THE END OF THE QUEST

So the great secret was disclosed at last. The list of the Zodiac, together with their spheres of "government," lay spread out on Brandon's desk. And neither he nor Kavanagh were much the wiser. For the names were mostly those of men entirely unknown to them.

Sagittarius was duly entered as Geldbeutel and Capricornus as Oscar Franklin. Virgo was seen to be Schneewald, Aries was Fuchsbein of the U.S.A., Leo was Zimarkara, whilst Cancer, "governing" the British Empire, was no other than Lord Farbenstein!

But what of Scorpio *alias* Fung Tsi Kun in the Far East? Or Pisces *alias* Simon ben Amon in Africa?—and so on. Above all, what of that other unknown name, the thirteenth, with no Zodiacal sign, placed at the top of the list, as if denoting the Sun and Head of the whole system?

"It's a bit disappointing," said Kavanagh, who had hoped for a more sensational *dénouement*.

"I don't know about that," answered Brandon. "Of course it would have been interesting if all the Twelve had turned out to be public figures we know all about. But the very fact that these men have remained wrapped in mystery adds to their importance. Remember that the unvarying rule of world revolution is that the real authors never show themselves. Look back on all the great revolutions of the past hundred

and fifty years. Who before 1789 had ever heard of Robespierre? Who before 1917 of Lenin? When revolution comes, leaders seem to spring from the ground ready armed like the dragons' teeth of Cadmus. If this is so with the visible leaders, how much more so with the secret powers behind them?"

"Still, Oscar Franklin comes out enough into the limelight."

"Yes," laughed Brandon, "as the supporter of constitutional government and purveyor of elevating films! But as you say, he does appear on the scene in some capacity instead of keeping his actual existence dark like Gemini, Libra, Aquarius, and the rest."

"Well, how do you account for that?"

"By the probability that Franklin is not one of the controlling brains of the Zodiac. He never struck me as up to Zodiac standard. A man who'd mix himself up with occultism and join the Order of the Phoenix could hardly be regarded as a superman of intellect. Geldbeutel seemed to me in a very different class. He 'kept himself to himself,' so to speak. But even he may not be one of the controlling brains."

"Then you think that all the Zodiac are not supermen?"

"Not intellectually. If my theory's right, the Zodiac is divided into the four trigons of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. And Capricornus of New York, *alias* Franklin, is in the trigon of Earth. So are Taurus of London and Virgo of Schneewald. Presumably a trigon of bankers chosen more for their control of wealth and business connections than for their intellects. Aries of the U.S.A. and Leo of the Near East are, like Geldbeutel, in the trigon of Fire. That is to say, they are fighters, men of enormous wealth and at the same time

organising capacity—and known to the public as such. But I suspect that the greatest brains of all, the men of really stupendous intellect, are located in the trigon of Air, that is to say, they are the thinkers directing movements and mass propaganda all over the world. That is why they remain wrapped in mystery, so that we have never heard of them."

"And now that we've discovered who they are," said Kavanagh, "what can we do about it? They still remain only names to us. How can we find out more about them, discover their methods of working in order to be able to counter them? We can't go and live in Thibet and in the Sahara and in the U.S.A. and the other places they inhabit all in turn so as to keep them under observation."

"No, and if we did go and live there, we should probably never get a chance of observing them. The members of the Zodiac are not likely to be very approachable. Sagittarius certainly didn't seem very sociable at Stolzenbach," remarked Brandon. "But, seriously," he went on, "I'm afraid we're about at the end of our tether. This is the sort of thing that makes us realise our limitations as independent investigators. We've discovered who the individuals are at the back of the conspiracy, but only men with an organisation at their disposal can attempt to defeat it. That's why I think the time has come to hand the matter over to the Secret Service. They have their agents everywhere, and within a week could probably procure a dossier of every member of the Zodiac. I don't say such dossiers would be exhaustive, but they would provide more details than we could collect in a year. The Secret Service may not be much use in solving world problems, but give it a definite concrete line of investigation to

follow, and you'll find its way of working absolutely amazing. When it comes to practical sleuth work I take my hat off to it every time."

"Well, after all, we've got pretty definite evidence to go on now—photographs of the correspondence we intercepted at Bogazzo, the story of what happened in the Temple and at the clinic, the actual document signed between von Rauschenberg and the British Socialists at Stolzenbach, notes of all you discovered at the Cosmos Restaurant, and finally the inside story of the Greenworthy tragedy and the list of the Zodiac. I don't think even the most incredulous of officials can maintain now that your theory lacks proof."

"It all depends on whom one gets in touch with. My old colonel, 'Bronx,' would be the best man to go to. Anyhow, I'll ring him up and try to get an interview as soon as possible."

Colonel Brock—irreverently known as "Bronx"—when approached on the telephone proved most cordial. "Of course, my dear fellow, I'll be delighted to see you again. Come in to-morrow at eleven o'clock and have a glass of sherry."

Brandon had only ten minutes to wait next morning before being ushered into the presence of the great man, who lost no time in handing him a glass of the promised Amontillado, at the same time offering him a cigar. "Try one of these, really Ar. I was lucky in being able to get a hundred of them at the sale of poor Gregson's things last week. Bad luck his going broke, eh? Well, now about yourself, Brandon, doing first-rate, I hear, with the painting business—your pictures are all the rage amongst the ladies, what?"

"Yes," said Brandon. "I'm doing quite well in that line. But it was really my other work I came to talk to

you about. You may remember I started on a line of investigation of my own."

"Ah, of course. I was sorry you wouldn't come into my Department. You always had a flair for that kind of work. However, you know your own business best. Now I come to think of it, my people tell me you've given them very useful bits of information from time to time."

"I'm glad of that, sir. But what I've come to tell you to-day is more than a bit of information; it's practically the result of my whole life's work since the war."

"Really! And what's that?"

"Well, that at last I've discovered what's at the back of the whole world movement."

"World movement?" Colonel Brock repeated with a puzzled expression. "What do you mean precisely by that?"

"The revolutionary movement. I don't mean only the political, but the occult side of the show."

"Occult?" Colonel Brock said, frowning. "My dear fellow, I really can't follow you. I don't see what occultism has to do with revolution."

"But it has everything to do with it. If you can spare the time, sir, I'll tell you the whole story."

Colonel Brock looked at the clock. "I've got another half-hour before my next appointment, so get on with it, Brandon. Have another glass of sherry, no? And are you really enjoying that cigar? By Jove, you haven't got it lit!" Colonel Brock held out a match, then, filling up his glass, he settled down to listen.

Beginning with Rosamund's story Brandon related all the events of the past six months, his adventures on the Continent and amongst the Communists in London,

ending up with the Greenworthy affair and the finding of the list of the Zodiac.

Colonel Brock heard him out patiently ; only now and then a slightly bored expression crossed his plump features, and once or twice he glanced again at the clock.

" My dear fellow," he said at last when Brandon had finished, " all this may be very interesting, but I'm inclined to think you over-estimate the importance of what you call ' occult influences.' It strikes me that you've been working a bit too hard and got the whole thing rather on your nerves. If I were you I'd go away for a good rest and change—a Mediterranean cruise, for example. They say this new Italian liner is remarkably comfortable. I thought of taking a holiday in her myself."

" Thanks, but I don't feel in the least in need of a rest and change. What I want is to get on with the business in hand. And if you think I've exaggerated the importance of the occult power, you'll surely admit the danger this presents to the country." And taking the pact signed between von Rauschenberg and the Socialist M.P.s from his pocket Brandon laid it on the table before " Bronx." " There's nothing occult about that, is there, sir ? "

Colonel Brock ran his eye over the document and screwed up his mouth and nose as if sniffing a bad smell.

" A nasty bit of business," he said. " But what else do you expect of those fellows ? However, as you see it all depends on their getting into office again, and as they may never get into office again we really needn't take them too seriously. At any rate, the present National Government is good for another year or so, I'm told."

"Et après cela le déluge!" Brandon said with a mirthless hoot. "But meanwhile I don't see why they shouldn't be proceeded against for high treason."

"Oh, Parbury would never agree to that. You know the sort of man he is—wouldn't do anything to antagonise the Labour Party. I think he's wrong there, but what can one do? He certainly has the Conservative electorate behind him. What he says goes."

"Yes, I suppose it does," said Brandon, rising. "Then you think there's nothing to be done, sir?"

"I don't see anything at present—not just at present, but I'll think it over. Meanwhile, don't forget about that Mediterranean cruise—you're looking a bit overstrained, my dear fellow." And with a hearty handshake he took leave of Brandon.

So this was all the world plot meant to the official mind. The Secret Service, Brandon knew from experience, comprised many young men of brilliant intellect and sterling honesty, men he could trust up to the hilt, but they occupied subordinate positions. It was only through their Chiefs that the wheels of the Secret Service activity could be set in motion, and the Chiefs knew little of the secrets contained in the files of their departments, which no doubt would corroborate the evidence he himself had been able to collect.

Sunk in gloom Brandon made his way to Kavanagh's flat, where the prospective candidate for South Mer-shire was to be found dictating correspondence to his secretary.

"It's no go," he said, sinking into a chair by the fire, and he related the events of the morning.

"Amazing, isn't it?" said Kavanagh when Brandon had finished. "Will nothing open the eyes of these

people to the danger threatening the country ? ”

“ Nothing but the crash itself,” said Brandon, “ and when that comes it will be too late.”

“ It seems to me,” said Rosamund slowly, “ that in trying to convince the official mind it’s no good dealing in abstractions. And anything like occult powers are abstractions to them. Not one of them would believe the story I told you and Terence—they’d only think I was mad and suffering from delusions. But talk to them of guns or bomb plots and they’ll take you seriously. They can’t see that there are more destructive forces in the world than phosgene or T.N.T.”

“ I think Rosamund’s right,” said Kavanagh. “ I don’t believe it is any use talking to them of what’s behind the world movement. The story of the Zodiac, for example, only appears to them fantastic. However, in the pact signed with von Rauschenberg we’ve something tangible. It seems to me that it would be better to bank on that and leave the rest out of the question for the moment.”

“ Yes,” said Brandon, “ but that’s more a matter for statesmen to deal with. Bagnall and Co. have the complete confidence of the Tories at present ; if we could shake that we should have accomplished something. There’s every prospect of another General Election before long, with the Tories as usual avoiding ‘ personalities ’ so as to enable the Socialists to get back to office, but even the Tories could hardly say that the publication of a document such as this went beyond the bounds of fair play. Guy Fawkes’s gunpowder plot was a mild practical joke compared to the coup Bagnall and his friends propose to bring off.”

“ Why don’t you go to the Prime Minister yourself, Terence ? ” said Rosamund. “ He’d be simply bound

to sit up and take notice of a thing like this."

"I believe that would be the best plan," said Kavanagh. "Parbury was quite friendly down at Lingford in the summer—wished me well, and said he hoped I'd drop in to Mrs. Parbury's 'At Homes' at Number Ten sometimes, which I dutifully did. Parbury was still amiable on these occasions, although no doubt he'd been warned against me as a Diehard. At any rate, his manner was quite different to Bloxham's."

"Oh, Parbury's the most good-natured fellow in the world," said Brandon. "A man whose motto is 'anything for a quiet life' could hardly be otherwise. Tackle him by all means, Terence. Whether he'll do anything is another question."

So it was finally decided that Kavanagh should write to the Prime Minister telling him he wished to speak to him on a matter of the highest national importance.

The request met with a cordial reply from Mr. Parbury's secretary, and at the appointed hour Kavanagh, armed with the fateful document—which Brandon had been careful to photograph—presented himself at 10 Downing Street.

"Good morning, Major Kavanagh," the arbiter of the nation's destinies said in a friendly tone. "Glad to see you looking so well. What a pleasant time we had that week-end last June! A lovely bit of country that. I've always been so attached to the Weald of Sussex. If only one could throw off the cares of State and settle down there in peace to sheep-farming."

"I don't know that I've ever been particularly drawn to sheep," answered Kavanagh. "They're rather unresponsive animals, aren't they?"

"Not when you know them, not when you know them," Mr. Parbury said heartily. "I had an old ram

now——” and he went off into extensive ovine reminiscences.

Kavanagh listened with well-concealed impatience.

“ Well, sir,” he said at last when Parbury left him an opportunity to speak. “ I really came to see you about a matter of some importance.”

“ Ah, yes, to be sure,” the Prime Minister replied, glancing at Kavanagh’s letter that lay before him on the table. “ Tell me all about it,” he added with a pleasant smile, lighting his pipe.

“ In view of the present situation,” Kavanagh began, choosing his words very carefully, “ it seemed to me advisable that certain facts should be brought to your notice. I understand that a General Election in the near future is not improbable.”

“ It is by no means impossible,” Parbury agreed.

“ And that it is equally not impossible,” continued Kavanagh, “ that the Socialist Party might this time be returned with a majority.”

“ I think not,” said Parbury, but his voice conveyed no conviction. “ Bloxham at the Central Office tells me we are not likely to lose much ground. Reports from the provinces are on the whole quite reassuring.”

“ Still, considering the violence of the present leader of the so-called Labour Party, Hanley, you will agree that the mere possibility of their taking over the reins of power is alarming ? ”

“ I don’t know about that, Major Kavanagh. Hanley is, as you say, at present somewhat of an extremist, but office has a remarkably sobering effect on men of his stamp. Besides, if he went too far there would always be the more moderate men of his Party to keep him in check. Such men as Bagnall, for example, could be safely relied on not to support any

really extreme measures."

"That is precisely what I wanted to put before you, Mr. Parbury. If you are depending on Bagnall and his friends to maintain the constitution of this country, I am afraid you are mistaken."

For the first time a shade of annoyance crossed the Prime Minister's brow. He was not accustomed to be told he was mistaken by Conservative back-benchers, let alone a mere aspirant to those lowly seats. But he contented himself with saying good-humouredly :

"Come, come, Kavanagh, you are allowing yourself to be carried away by your prejudices. Bagnall, Pudsey, and the others of their kind are excellent fellows at bottom ; they have the interests of the Empire just as much at heart as you or I. When it came to the point they would never agree to anything unconstitutional."

"What would you say then," said Kavanagh, leaning forward and looking Parbury in the eye, "if I could prove to you that they are prepared to bring about the downfall of the British Empire ?"

"My dear fellow, you certainly could not prove that to me," Parbury answered, with a doubting smile.

"Then will you read this ?" Kavanagh said, taking the Rauschenberg pact out of his pocket and laying it before the Prime Minister.

Mr. Parbury ran his eyes over it with a puzzled expression. "Bagnall—Pudsey—Renton—and signed by von Rauschenberg," he repeated, reading out the signatures.

"Yes," said Kavanagh. "A pact between these three Socialist members and the great Pan-German General, to form an Anglo-Soviet alliance, to destroy the Constitution of this country, abolish the Monarchy,

and break up the British Empire. What more do you want as evidence of high treason ? ”

Mr. Parbury pushed the paper away meditatively. He had ceased to smile, but his face betrayed neither alarm nor indignation.

“ High treason is a strong word,” he said slowly, “ a somewhat obsolete word, if you don’t mind my saying so. We are not living in the Elizabethan era. I don’t mean to minimise the seriousness of the thing, you understand ; it is serious, quite serious. But it would be possible to exaggerate its importance. The fulfilment of this pact,” and he tapped the paper, “ depends, you see, on the Labour Party getting into office again after the next General Election, and, as I said just now, they are unlikely to be returned with a majority. If they are, well, wild promises made when in Opposition are not likely to be fulfilled by men who have assumed the responsibility of government.”

“ But this is not a case of wild promises,” Kavanagh interposed, “ it is a case of a definite treasonable pact, signed, sealed and delivered——”

Mr. Parbury put up his hand. “ I know all that, my dear Kavanagh, but even signed pacts are not always adhered to.”

“ But why risk the possibility of its being carried out ? ” said Kavanagh uncontrollably ; “ now that you know what these men’s commitments are, why allow them ever to take office ? Why not impeach them now before Parliament, before the whole country, and let the nation understand their real character ? ”

“ I hardly think that would serve any useful purpose. We do not wish to appear vindictive. And at any rate, before taking action I should like to submit this document to my expert advisers. I have at first

to be assured that it is genuine."

"But I took it myself out of Bagnall's pocket! How could it be a forgery?" And Kavanagh briefly related the incident of the motor-car accident at Stolzenbach.

"I can't help being sorry you did that, Kavanagh. It was hardly playing the game."

"But this isn't a game, it's war, deadly warfare against the Monarchy and the British Empire. Surely any means are justified to defeat such a plot?"

"Well, well, that's a matter of opinion. Personally I consider that it wasn't cricket. However, the thing is done. I will ask you now to leave the document with me."

Kavanagh demurred. "I'd rather not let it out of my hands, sir. You see, if anything happened to it the whole case would fall to the ground."

"You need have no fear for its safety. It is absolutely necessary I should have it to lay before the Cabinet when it meets on Tuesday."

This seemed unanswerable. The Prime Minister could not be expected to deal with the matter alone, and he evidently judged it to be of considerable importance after all, since he proposed to discuss it at a Cabinet meeting. And as Kavanagh could hardly expect to be present on such an occasion, there was nothing for it but to leave the document in the Prime Minister's hands.

"May I ask you, sir," he said, getting up to go, "if you will see me again after the Cabinet meeting, and if possible let me have the document back then?"

"That depends, that depends. I will see you however on Wednesday, if you call at the same hour. I can then let you know what has taken place."

And with a rather less cordial handshake than he had given Kavanagh on entering, the Prime Minister closed the interview.

Punctually at the appointed hour on Wednesday, Kavanagh presented himself again at Downing Street.

Mr. Parbury was seated at his table with a distinctly harassed expression on his usually placid countenance.

"Good morning, Major Kavanagh. I am sorry that I have no news for you so far. We were unable to discuss the matter of your document at the Cabinet meeting yesterday. The fact is, that by some unfortunate oversight it was not returned to me in time by the expert adviser to whom I had submitted it. In fact, I have not yet received it back from the hands in which it has been placed."

"Whose hands?" asked Kavanagh, taken aback.

"Well, I can hardly tell you that," said the Prime Minister, beginning to fidget nervously with a paper knife. "We have, you understand, certain advisers whom we are accustomed to consult on matters of importance, especially those relating to international affairs. I think you can safely rely on my judgment in this question."

"But—but——" stammered Kavanagh, becoming more and more alarmed, "supposing the document had got into the hands of—of—well, Oscar Franklin, for example?"

"It is curious you should say that. As it happens—I think I may tell you this—it *was* Mr. Oscar Franklin I consulted on this occasion."

"Good God!" Kavanagh cried frantically, starting out of his chair and clasping his head with his hands.

"Good God! You gave the document to Oscar

Franklin ! " And he began to pace the room like one demented.

" Calm yourself, Kavanagh," the Prime Minister said, looking at him with surprised annoyance. " There is nothing to excite yourself about in this way. Mr. Oscar Franklin, as you should know, is one of our most powerful supporters. He has regularly contributed substantial sums to the funds of the Party. And the position he occupies in the financial world makes him a most valuable authority on international questions. No one is more qualified to pronounce a judgment on a delicate question such as the document you handed me, both as regards its authenticity and the interpretation that must be placed on it. Mr. Franklin is a man of the highest integrity."

" Oscar Franklin a man of the highest integrity ! Would you like me to tell you what I know about the man ? " Kavanagh said uncontrollably, wondering where he should begin if he were called on to relate the history of " Capricornus." Should he say he was a member of the Zodiac ? No, that would mean nothing to the ingenuous Mr. Parbury, and even if the facts about the Zodiac were explained to him he would simply refuse to believe them. What then about his rôle in the Clinic Nirvana, as the would-be murderer of Rosamund, or as the virtual murderer of Greenworthy and his daughter ? No, that also would appear fantastic ; truth too often is so much stranger than fiction. So suiting himself to the mentality of his audience of one, Kavanagh said briefly :

" I can tell you that Oscar Franklin is one of the most dangerous men in the world ; he is in the very hub of the Bolshevik conspiracy."

" Come, come, come, Major Kavanagh, you have

allowed your imagination to run away with you. What you say is absurd. Franklin is one of the most resolute opponents of Bolshevism and, as I have already told you, a strong supporter of the Conservative cause. As to his failure to return the document in time for the Cabinet meeting, it was of course most unfortunate, but you will understand that in the case of a man as busy as Franklin a matter of this kind might escape his attention and the document be momentarily mislaid."

" Ah, then you know it has been mislaid ? "

" Yes, a telephone message was sent to him just before the Cabinet meeting requesting him to return it without delay, but his secretary replied that he was unfortunately not able at the moment to lay his hand on it. He added, however, that a search would be made and the paper returned to me without fail."

Kavanagh listened, stunned. For a moment he had lost the power of speech. He knew the difficulty of securing interviews with official personages where any awkward situation was involved, he knew that once the door had closed behind him he might never again succeed in penetrating into Mr. Parbury's sanctum. So realising that this was probably his last chance, he pulled himself together and, almost forgetting whom he was addressing, he said vehemently :

" Mr. Parbury, you must *demand* the return of the document immediately. For once in your life show some energy ! Ring up Franklin and insist on its return this very moment."

Too surprised, or perhaps too hypnotised by Kavanagh's authoritative tone, to resist, Mr. Parbury summoned his secretary and requested to be put on to Mr. Oscar Franklin.

A moment later the bell rang. Mr. Parbury held the receiver to his ear, listened silently, then answering : " I see ; I thank you," replaced the receiver and turned towards Kavanagh :

" I am sorry, extremely sorry that I am unable to meet your request. Mr. Oscar Franklin sailed for America in the *Caronia* this morning."

Kavanagh never knew how he got out of Downing Street that day. Afterwards he had only a confused memory of staring wildly at Mr. Parbury, uttering a few incoherent phrases accompanied by violent gestures, and staggering to the door. He was never quite sure that he had not taken that imperturbable figure at the desk by the shoulders and shaken it with all his might. He knew that he felt inclined to do so, but he hoped he had refrained. For a Conservative candidate to shake the Prime Minister would certainly be without precedent.

Brandon listened horror-struck to the story Kavanagh had to relate when he reached his friend's studio.

" It's a ghastly business," he said. " Of course we must make up our minds to the original document having been done away with. Still, we have mercifully got the photographs. Some use might be made of them."

" Not with the politicians. They're all too terrified of Franklin to take any steps that would lead to an exposure of the part he has played in the matter. Parbury, I could see, was genuinely upset about it ; he evidently had complete confidence in the man. So they all have. It would take more than this to shake it."

" Then you absolve Parbury of all complicity ? "

"Absolutely. I believe he still thinks it was an oversight of Franklin's."

"But when he finds that the document has disappeared for good?"

"By the time that becomes evident, Parbury will have forgotten all about it."

Kavanagh began to pace the room feverishly, then coming to a sudden stop, he said:

"Look here, Jimmy, there's only one thing for us now."

"And that is——?"

"The Press."

And resuming his walk about the room, Kavanagh went on vehemently: "I'll go to every newspaper in London with the story. We've got the photograph of the document and the snapshot of the party at Schloss Stolzenbach. What more can they want? They made enough of the Zinoviev letter, which, as you've often said, was child's play compared to the Rauschenberg pact. Why shouldn't they feature this?"

"Try it by all means, my dear fellow. But you forget that the Zinoviev letter didn't involve a single member of the Zodiac. It only involved the Bolshevik façade at which the public are allowed to gaze to their hearts' content. This is a very different matter. However, go ahead, and more power to your elbow—you'll need it to get into some of these newspaper offices."

So Kavanagh started on his quest. Beginning with the most "moderate" of the Constitutional dailies, he went from door to door asking to see the editor. In two cases the editor was said to be engaged; in four, however, he succeeded in gaining admittance to the

editorial sanctum, and met with a cordial reception. The papers were just now hard up for news. The Prince of Wales had happily recovered from the attack of pneumonia that had kept the country on tenterhooks all the previous week. The Greenworthy tragedy, satisfactorily ascribed to Sir Paul's financial anxieties, had proved less than a nine days' wonder. If Major Kavanagh had anything of a really sensational nature to communicate he was more than welcome.

Kavanagh explained that what he had to relate was sensational to the highest degree, involving as it did the whole fate of the British Empire.

The editors, each in turn, scenting a scoop, listened attentively, but each ended by shaking his head and saying firmly :

"I'm much obliged to you for bringing me this story. It's interesting of course—and most extraordinary. But I'm afraid we can't touch it."

One alone, Dartford, the editor of the *London Argus*, an ardently patriotic paper, took a bolder line.

"This is stupendous, Major Kavanagh. Of course it must be published. I quite understand, though, papers refusing it. There's considerable risk attaching to it. You see, it doesn't only involve these Labour men, but also Oscar Franklin over the disappearance of the original document. And the power he and his allies exercise over the Press is formidable—in the matter of advertisements, you understand. Of course a paper can't live without advertisements.

"Still," he went on cheerfully, "in a case of this importance the *London Argus* would be prepared to take the risk. It may affect us financially, but what's going to become of the country if this plot comes off ?

That's the first consideration. I'll take the matter up at once with Mr. Parbury, and if he confirms your evidence—as I conclude he will—we'll come out with the whole thing, giving it a leader as well. It will be a bombshell to the country. Thank you again for coming to me. You may have saved the country."

Kavanagh returned triumphantly to Brandon.

"If Dartford sticks to his guns," said Brandon, "the thing is done."

It was hard to control their impatience until the *London Argus* arrived two days later—ah! there was the promised leader and on the opposite page the incriminating document reproduced and featured, together with the snapshot of the group at Stolzenbach. Kavanagh breathed a sigh of relief. There could be no question that the country would be stirred to its depths.

Early in the afternoon he strolled round to his club in Piccadilly and found some of the members languidly discussing the new political sensation. A few of the older "Die-Hards" were indignant, declaring that the three Labour members should be impeached for high treason. But in general it was agreed that the *London Argus*, always prone to take an "extreme" view, had made too much of the affair.

"After all, what have Bagnall and his friends done? Signed a pact with von Rauschenberg? Well, he showed himself a very gallant foe during the War. And he's been received over here by plenty of important people since."

"And if they did accept foreign money, it was only on behalf of their Party—to pay for Election expenses. No great harm in that!"

"Good Lord!" expostulated a ninety-year-old

General in the corner. "But they were plotting the overthrow of the Monarchy and the break-up of the British Empire!"

"Oh, well, they think that would be for the good of the world! We don't agree with them, of course; still, everyone has a right to his own opinions. And the Socialists have always professed Republican sentiments. As to the Empire, all Empires have passed away in time. We can't expect ours to last for ever."

And so on.

By the end of a week it was plain that what society referred to as the *London Argus's* "latest stunt" had fallen completely flat. A writ for libel had been issued against the paper, but the case was never set down for trial. Why remind the public of what it had now forgotten? The Christmas holidays provided pleasanter food for thought.

"I'm just wondering," Brandon said to Kavanagh when they finally realised the situation; "I'm just wondering whether the whole thing is a tragedy or a roaring farce. We've gone through fire and flood to get all this information on the world plot, and now we can do nothing with it."

"No," said Kavanagh, "we can do nothing with it. Absolutely nothing."

CHAPTER XV

THE DEBACLE

EARLY in the following year Lady Dare died of influenza, and Rosamund being left alone, Kavanagh urged that they should be married without further delay. After a quiet wedding, with only a few friends present in the church and a brief honeymoon in Portugal, they settled down in Kavanagh's rooms in Half Moon Street and got to work again.

For Terence Kavanagh was not the man to sit down long under defeat. His resolve to stand for Parliament remained unshaken, the more so since the second National Government had failed and a General Election was to be held on the issue of Conservatism versus Socialism—unhappily with the same leaders at the head of the Conservative Party.

So, with Rosamund as his companion in arms, Kavanagh went down to South Mershire and started on a vigorous campaign against his Socialist opponent. He understood the working-class mind well enough to realise that it has no use for the compromises and concessions dear to the heart of the Intelligentsia, and his habit of hard hitting won him support on all sides. Even the people who did not agree with him respected his courage and warmed involuntarily to the fire of enthusiasm that flashed out in his speeches, whilst Rosamund's charm and reasoned arguments ensured her a sympathetic hearing.

In spite of his secret discouragement at the inertia of

his Party and the lack of support given him by its Central Office, Kavanagh fought on undismayed. He was determined that if possible there should be at least one man at Westminster who knew the truth and *would have the right* to tell it to the country.

But his successes evidently did not enhance his popularity in official circles. Apart from his own particular friends, he found a gulf widening around him, and the other members, when he dropped in at the Carlton Club ; men who would formerly come up with a hearty, "Hullo ! old chap !" or settle down beside him for a talk, now nodded coldly or moved away if he sat down near them.

"I can't think what's the matter with these fellows," he said one day to General Brighorn, whom he had grown rather to like in spite of his crossword complex. There was something wholesome, frank, and cheery about him that gave one the feeling of sitting over an open fire and was pleasant if one happened to be feeling the draught. Besides, Brighorn was a man everybody talked to and who knew what was going on.

"I feel they're not particularly friendly just now," Kavanagh went on, throwing out a feeler.

"Well, as you've noticed that——" the General began. Then clearing his throat he added : "I fancy it's gone round that you're a bit extreme, Kavanagh. Fellows don't like that, you know. They've heard of course about your electioneering campaign in the Midlands and they feel you're rather an *alarmist*."

"An alarmist ! But if they knew what I know," said Kavanagh, "they'd jolly well realise that there's something to be alarmed about." Would it be possible to confide in Brighorn and get him to help in opening

the eyes of members ? But no, he was too comfortable to wish to make himself unpopular.

" Oh yes, my dear fellow," the General was saying, " of course you and I know the dangers of the Bolshevik menace. I've spoken out on it loud enough myself. But when it comes to attacking the Labour Party it's different."

" Is it—when we know what some of them have been plotting abroad ? Besides, look at what they say themselves they'll do if they get into power ! Nationalise the land, the banks, transport, electricity, the big industries of the country as a beginning."

" Oh, my dear fellow," interrupted the General with a laugh, " they won't really do that. They may say they will, but when it comes to the point they'll see it's impracticable."

At this moment, however, the member for Mudford claimed the General's attention, and he turned away with evident relief to discuss the prospects of the Cambridgeshire.

" Are all these people mad, or am I ? " Kavanagh said to Brandon that evening as they sat over whiskies and sodas in his rooms. " They make one feel at times that hunting, racing, and tips on the Stock Exchange really are the only things that matter, and that one must be a crank to bother about trifles like the fate of the Empire."

" Well, they'll wake up when their world comes to an end—that's to say when the hunting's stopped and racing is nationalised. That's the only thing that'll get under their skins."

" And by that time it'll be too late. But it's no good warning them. You might as well try to rouse the sleepers in an opium den. Besides, they're perfectly

convinced of getting in again with a thumping majority."

As the fateful date approached a certain liveliness sprang up at the Carlton Club and other haunts of the Party. For a fortnight before the day fixed for the polls, sport ceased to be the main topic of conversation, and the chances of candidates were discussed with almost the same fervour as the chances of horses hitherto. Now that the Election campaign had begun the Labour Party became fair game for attack; "personalities" had of course to be excluded, hence no mention of the Rauschenberg pact could be made, but the published programme of the Party met with eloquent denunciations. The public, however, too long lulled to slumber, refused to be alarmed and the result of the General Election was a crushing defeat for the Conservatives. The former Prime Minister himself, Mr. Nelson Parbury, lost his seat, and the Socialist Party under George Hanley, the leader of the Left Wing, came in with an overwhelming majority.

But Terence Kavanagh, to his astonishment, found himself member for South Mershire and one of the attenuated Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons.

After this events moved rapidly. The House of Lords was immediately abolished, only a handful of members going out into the Conservative lobby in protest. The rest, fearing to appear "reactionary," voted with the Socialists.

The Government knew better than to make the mistake of putting forward measures of internal policy that were likely to meet with hostility not only from the Opposition benches but from the country at large. Instead they proceeded to pass a single act, called the

Emergency Powers Act, giving unlimited powers to the Executive to be promulgated by Orders in Council.

England thus came to be governed much as Germany was governed by Hitler after the drastic change in the Constitution which empowered him to issue decrees prepared by the Chancellor in Cabinet. Only in England this virtual dictatorship, instead of being in the hands of an ardent national patriot, was in those of a Socialist bureaucracy allied with the most implacable enemies of the country.

Their first act was to conclude an alliance between Great Britain and the Soviet Government. Their next was to abolish all titles. For the moment it was deemed advisable not to touch the Monarchy. The people so far would not stand it.

Then came the nationalisation of the banks, placing all national finance and business under the control of the Zodiac and their nominees.

Nationalisation of the land, then of mines, railways, and transport followed. Then the great industries of the country were taken over one by one and placed under "the State."

In vain the "possessing classes" protested; their estates confiscated, their dividends cut off at the source by the State banks and transferred to the Exchequer, they were left without the means to make their voices heard. The former captain of industry now counted for less than the man who swept out his nationalised workshop.

In this way a perfectly bloodless revolution was accomplished.

Meanwhile unemployment had reached gigantic proportions. An attempt had been made to meet it by increased doles and by reducing hours of labour to four

and finally to two a day. But owing to the slump in industry there was still not enough work to go round.

The "people," however, were kept happy by the decrees on "Free Transport" and "Free Entertainment," enabling the "workers"—and the "workers" only—to be carried free by bus, tram or tube to free cinemas, theatres, football matches and greyhound races, at which, owing to the amount of leisure at their disposal, employed and unemployed alike were able to spend most of the day. The golf courses having also been nationalised, were crowded from morning till night, not only with players; and picnic parties on the greens, scattering paper bags and empty salmon tins around them, made putting more a game of chance than of skill. In London the traffic problem had become acute, for the whole proletariat being on the move at once, the streets were almost impassable and blocks lasted for half an hour at a time.

These glorious jaunts had the desired effect, and prevented any popular agitation against the passing of the Government's final Bill, which was duly placed on the table of the House.

The debate had begun with a discussion on the situation in India, where revolt was reported to be breaking out in all directions. The small British forces still remaining faithful to the Viceroy—now only a figurehead, deprived of all real authority—had declared that they found service impossible and their numbers unequal to dealing with revolt on so vast a scale.

Kavanagh then rose to ask whether the Government was prepared at once to reinforce the troops in India and restore order before it was too late.

"The answer was in the negative."

The late Secretary of State for the Colonies under the Conservative Government then asked whether it was true that cables had been received from Australia and New Zealand offering help for the required reinforcement. His Socialist successor in office replied that the cables referred to had been received, but the Government did not propose to avail themselves of the help offered.

"Why? Why?" asked a number of Conservative members.

This was the signal for the Prime Minister, George Hanley, to hurl his bombshell into the Opposition benches. With convulsed features and the light of fanaticism gleaming in his eyes, he embarked on a tirade against the iniquities of "Imperialism—the British Raj more ruthless than any Juggernaut, crushing the life out of the Indian people and battenning on their life-blood." Then passing on to the proffered help from the Dominions, he cried :

"What are Australia and New Zealand but dependencies of that same brutal autocracy? Let them be free as India must be free, as Ireland must be free, free to work out their own destinies under guidance of the workers of each country. Away with colonies, away with the shibboleth of Dominion status! Let us declare that the British Empire is wound up and has ceased to exist!"

Frantic applause from the Government benches greeted this speech, to which the Conservatives listened in consternation, finally breaking out into a chorus of protest.

But it was too late.

The motion put to the House three days later met with whole-hearted support from the Socialist members,

who, at the division, streamed out to a man into the Government lobby.

The Bill was passed by a large majority amidst a pandemonium in which Conservative groans were drowned by the deafening cheers of their opponents.

The British Empire had ceased to exist.

Kavanagh, walking back to Half Moon Street as in a dream that evening, noted the posters at the street corners announcing the usual startling news: "Famous film star divorced," "Former Baronet at Bow Street." . . . Buying a paper he scanned the column headings. No, there was nothing yet about the debate. He turned to the stop press. Ah! there it was! Beneath the cricket scores and latest racing news, two lines of small print: "Replying to Major Kavanagh this afternoon the Prime Minister proposed the complete independence of India and the Dominions."

"So passes the British Empire!" Kavanagh said aloud, crushing the paper into a ball and hurling it into the gutter.

Reaching the rooms which his salary as a legislator still allowed him to retain, Kavanagh found Rosamund busy with the scanty evening meal which, now that domestic service had been abolished, they were wont to prepare for themselves. In a few brief sentences he told her what had occurred.

"So that's the end!" Rosamund said blankly. "Oh, Terence, to think that everything might have been saved if only they'd have listened to you and Jimmy!"

"Yes. It's ghastly. But there's no good in going over the past. We've got to face the future."

"And the only way to do that is to live by the day

and hour," Rosamund said practically. "If only the milkman would come I'd make the coffee."

Under Socialism the State dairyman bringing round the blue liquid that did duty for milk was liable to arrive at any odd hour of the day or night—it all depended on when supplies arrived from the country.

"There's a ring at the bell, perhaps that's the milkman," said Kavanagh, rising and going to the door. "Hullo, it's Jimmy! Come in, old chap."

Brandon, who was now earning a precarious livelihood as a State cinema decorator, entered glumly.

"You've heard then?" asked Kavanagh.

Brandon nodded. The news from Westminster had reached him on his way home from work. Sitting down he took out his pipe and filled it with the rank weed supplied by the State Tobacco Company.

"Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die!" Kavanagh said after a long silence, with a heavy attempt at cheerfulness. "Share our orgy of macaroni and coffee substitute. We're only waiting for the milkman, to begin."

"Talking of macaroni," Brandon answered, pulling a letter out of his pocket, "reminds me that this arrived to-day from Italy. You'd heard Countess Zapraksy died suddenly the other day?"

"Yes. I don't think she ever got over the shock of all that happened at Bogazzo. It must have been a terrible disillusionment to her."

"Well, the strange thing is, that she's left you and me heirs to her property—the Villa Pax Mundi and quite a lot of money. This letter is from her lawyers. What are we to do about it? Go over and claim it?"

"Yes. But we shouldn't be allowed to bring money over here and we can't settle at Bogazzo."

"No. We're not rats to desert the sinking ship."

"Just so. But what about getting Rosamund out of the country?"

"Thanks. I'm not going to be got out," Rosamund said firmly. "I'll stick it as long as you both do. But there's no reason why we shouldn't all go to Bogazzo for a breather now and then, is there? Hullo, I believe that really *is* the milkman this time."

For a rattle of cans had sounded outside. Going to the door Kavanagh took their meagre ration of milk from the man's hand and was surprised to hear him say:

"You don't remember me, Major Kavanagh!"

Where had he heard that voice before? Looking for the first time at the milkman's face, which also seemed familiar, he answered:

"Not for the moment—and yet—and yet—is it possible that you are Mr. Parbury?"

Mr. Parbury, shabby and haggard with a stubbly growth around his chin!

"Is it really you?" Kavanagh repeated in astonishment.

"Yes, Nelson Parbury. Once Prime Minister of England. We little thought we should live to see this day."

It was almost more than Kavanagh could do not to answer: "My good Parbury, I knew it, but you would not believe me!" But on the principle of never saying "I told you so!" he only answered:

"Well, Mr. Parbury, I'm sorry to see you've come to this."

"Oh, I'm lucky to have a job at all," Mr. Parbury answered, with well-assumed cheerfulness; "it's the news I've just heard from the House that's upset me."

Is it really true that they've wound up the Empire ? ”

“ Yes, only too true. You'll see it in the papers to-morrow.”

Mr. Parbury took out a large grey pocket handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

“ The poor old Empire ! ” he muttered, “ the poor old Empire ! To think it's gone ! ”

Shaking his head mournfully, he picked up his milk cans and went on with his rounds.

By the morning the Press had realised that something quite sensational had happened in Westminster. The Test Match was actually relegated to the fourth column, whilst leading articles and glaring headlines dealt with last night's debate. The organ of the Socialist Party of course was jubilant, but the constitutional Press in general expressed disapprobation, rising in one or two cases to almost violent protestations—this thing must not be, the country would not stand it, etc.

But the principal daily mouthpiece of the Conservative Central Office set the example of sanity, warning the country not to give way to hysteria.

“ The present situation,” it wrote, “ must be faced with calmness. Whatever sentimental regrets may be entertained at the passing of so time-honoured an institution as the British Empire, it behoves us to take a larger view than that of narrow nationalism, and to consider the welfare of the world at large. Seen from this angle the action of the Government last night was statesmanlike and far-sighted, a gesture which cannot fail to arouse admiration in every corner of the earth. Britain has shown her strength by surrendering those advantages won in the past by force and by recognising that with the advance of civilisation the word ‘ Im-

perialism ' must be expunged from our vocabulary," etc., etc.

At Geneva the great news was received with acclamations, and the League of Nations, at a special meeting convened for the occasion, passed a unanimous resolution that : " The abolition of the British Empire marks the passing of Imperialism and provides the surest guarantee for the peace of the world." In consequence " the Disarmament Conference which has sat for ten years can now be disbanded."

Although the Empire was gone the Government still dared not touch the Monarchy, and contented itself with depriving it of all authority. The Royal Family became virtually prisoners in the Palace, as it had been in France after 1789.

It was further decided that the Soviet system should not be adopted as it was unsuited to the British people, whose individualistic character might make them less docile members of soviets (or councils) than the Russian workers. The farce of pretending to admit them to the government of the country would be quickly seen through here. Legislation was therefore carried out by the host of officials from East and Central Europe who had swarmed into the country and been placed in key positions in every sphere of distribution.

Up till this moment the orgy of free amusements and unlimited food supplies by the State from the stocks laid in by the previous Government had kept the workers quiet. But now, owing to the dislocation of industry and the decline of national credit, supplies began to fail. Rates and taxes having been abolished since there was no one left to pay them, the dole had to

be done away with, and the population kept alive on rations that grew every week more meagre. An undercurrent of discontent now arose, and the sight of their new masters driving through the streets in luxurious motors with complacent smiles on their Oriental features was gradually rousing the populace to frenzy.

All pretence of Parliamentary Government was finally abandoned, for power had now passed from the hands of legislators into those of the officials who, having all the means of life under their control, were able to hold undisputed sway. The House of Commons was now closed down, and not only the Conservative but the Labour Party was "liquidated." In order to prevent any attempt on the part of the dismissed members to organise an Opposition outside Government circles, all those who had sat as Conservatives were banished, together with any of their supporters who were held to be dangerous enemies of the Socialist regime. On the list of exiles was found the name of James Brandon.

Forced therefore to leave the country, Brandon, together with Kavanagh and Rosamund, found a refuge in the Villa Pax Mundi, where, amidst sunshine and vineyards, they watched sadly from afar the final eclipse of the British Empire.

Others of their fellow-countrymen, less fortunate, wandered poverty-stricken about the world ; there was no country to be found ready to take up the part played in the past by England towards the refugees flying from social revolution. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Parbury, after knocking in turn at all the frontiers of Europe, and finding a welcome nowhere, were finally received unwillingly by the Eskimos.

Meanwhile, the former "Labour" leaders who had

remained in the country, found themselves reduced to the ranks, obliged to seek jobs as best they could in nationalised industry. Hanley, in despair at seeing the reality to which his dreams of a Socialist Paradise had led, flung himself into the river from Westminster Bridge.

This state of affairs was not at all to the taste of those members of the Labour Party who had fared sumptuously in the bad old days of the Capitalist system. Accordingly, Messrs. Bagnall, Pudsey, and Renton decided that the English climate was no longer suited to their health, and bethought themselves of seeking refuge with some of their friends abroad. Who would be more likely to befriend them than General von Rauschenberg whose programme they had carried out so faithfully ?

One summer's day the trio arrived in Stolzenbach and sought an early interview with His Excellency.

"So ?" he said, glaring at them from under his bushy eyebrows. "For what have you come ?"

"We have come to claim your protection. Our own country has become uninhabitable. We wish to live in Germany and to become German citizens."

"Germany has no use for traitors," answered the General, and turning to his Jäger he said abruptly :

"Take these dogs out and shoot them !"

Which was done.

The fiery General had found out his mistake at last. Like many another Continental foe of England he began to find himself hoist with his own petard. The tide of Bolshevism which he had helped to direct against the Allies now threatened to invade his own country.

For with the downfall of the British Empire the

whole structure of civilisation had been shaken to its foundations, and even those who had hated it for its greatness now trembled for their own safety. In France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the Communists began to gain the upper hand. Spain declared a Soviet Republic. Japan, undermined by Bolshevist propaganda, defended itself desperately against the combined attacks of Russia and China.

In India, with the withdrawal of the British Army and Police, fierce racial riots broke out ; soon it was war to the knife between the Moslems and Hindus. In Palestine, no longer under the Protectorate of Great Britain, the Arabs turned upon the Jews ; in South Africa, Dutch and British settlers alike found themselves faced by a rising of the black races ; the United States by an anti-Anglo-Saxon coalition of the alien elements that made up so large a proportion of their population.

The whole world rushed towards chaos.

The Revolution, like Saturn, was eating its own children. The thousands of writers, speakers, artists, propagandists, who had spent their energies in undermining the structure of civilisation, found themselves being gradually buried underneath its ruins. This was no return to Nature, no clean sweep such as they had pictured, but a squalid mess amidst which they wandered trying to pick the means of existence from beneath the wreckage. Powerful to destroy they had no conception how to set about the work of reconstruction. They had killed society and could not live upon its corpse.

Even the Zodiac had overreached itself. Events had moved too quickly for its reckonings. Accustomed to know beforehand what was going to happen and

therefore how to turn everything to profit, the Twelve now found themselves unable to keep pace with the changes taking place simultaneously at all points of the globe. They had wanted revolutions, but ordered revolutions exploding like time fuses at the appointed moment. They had wanted wars, but wars carried out on fixed lines, of which they could calculate the outcome, not sporadic wars breaking out here and there like heath fires in all directions at once. They had wanted to destroy the British Empire, but only in so far as it was British, preserving the framework so that they might take it over. They did not want it reduced to scrap-iron of which no use could be made.

For the Zodiac had set out to rule the world and they had come to reign over ruins. The disciplined organisation they once held at their disposal had been broken up, their agents and agitators, formerly brigaded and prompt to obey, had been reduced to a disorderly rabble. The industries they controlled had been thrown out of gear. The spider's web of finance they had spread out all over the world was breaking at every point. The fabulous wealth they had amassed had turned to dust ; their stores of gold could purchase nothing. Of what use to Virgo were munition works, coal mines, and railways in a dozen different countries, when the workers in them could not be depended on for a moment ? How was Aries to carry on his operations in Wall Street if the New York Stock Exchange had closed down ? How could Scorpio reap the benefit of the boycott of British goods in the East when India and China were in a state of anarchy ? How was Sagittarius to ring up Buenos Ayres if the Argentine telephone system had been put out of action that day by revolutionaries ? And how were Libra,

Gemini, and Aquarius to project thought over a demented multitude? The passivity on which they depended for mass propaganda had been dispelled; men were thinking at last, thinking furiously, for the day of words was done and grim realities stared them in the face.

It was then that from an obscure centre in Italy the secret of the Zodiac was broadcasted to the world; the names of the Twelve and their scheme of world power were published in a score of languages. Then the tide of human passions that the Zodiac had set in motion turned against themselves. Their agents in the Kremlin, no longer able to maintain discipline in the Red Army, were massacred by mutineers from within its ranks; peasant riots and pogroms broke out everywhere. In New York, Oscar and Isidore Franklin were lynched by a maddened crowd; in London Cancer was shot by a hungry workman; a bomb blew Pisces to bits in the streets of Cairo. Stricken with terror, Gemini swallowed poison, Aquarius blew out his brains, Libra died of shock. Gradually all the Twelve were removed from the earth's surface. The Sun and Head of all lost his reason.

The world they left behind them was in chaos; civilisation had been set back a hundred years. But the power of the Zodiac was ended. Humanity was free to work out its own salvation.

THE END